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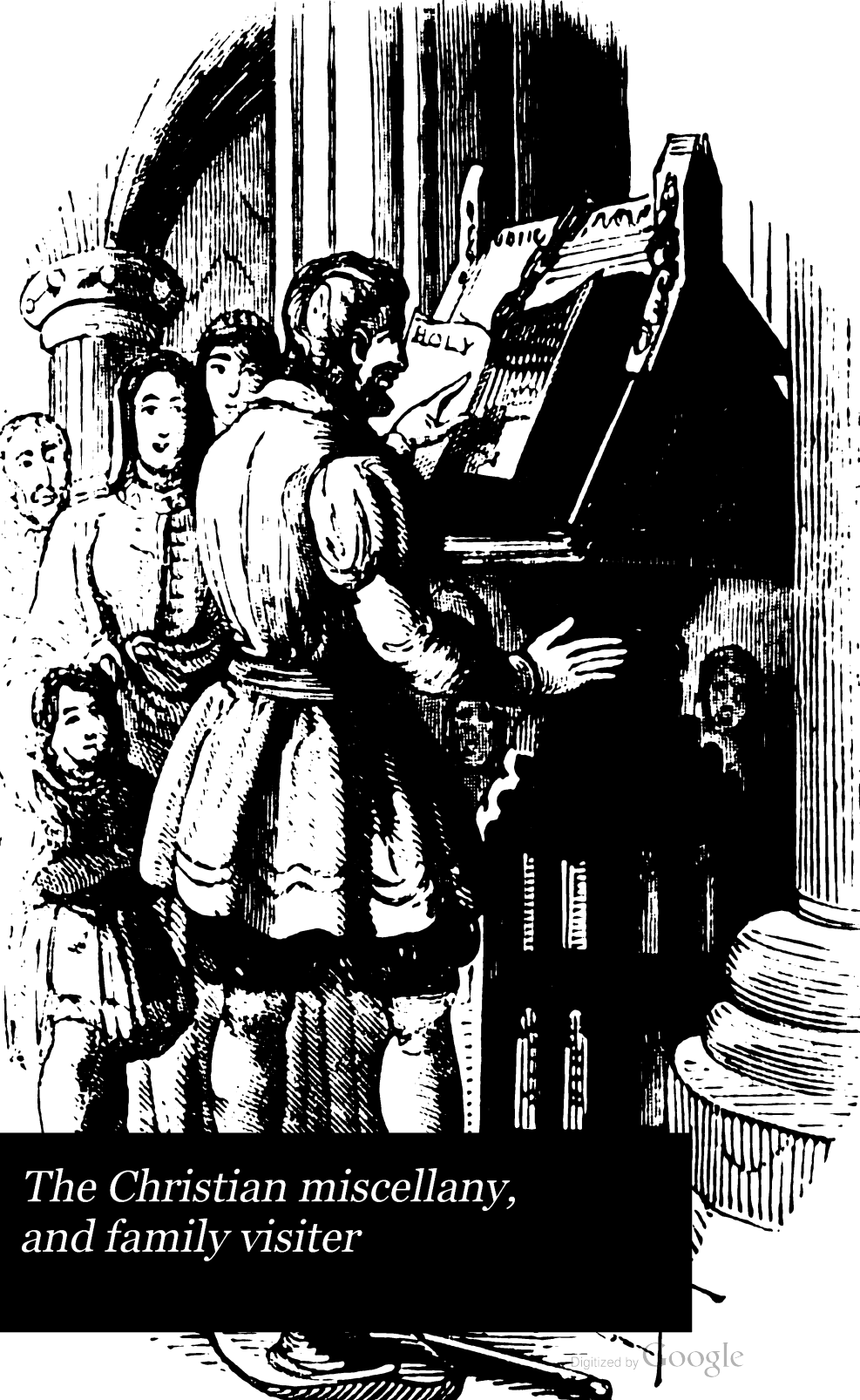

The Christian miscellany, and family visiter

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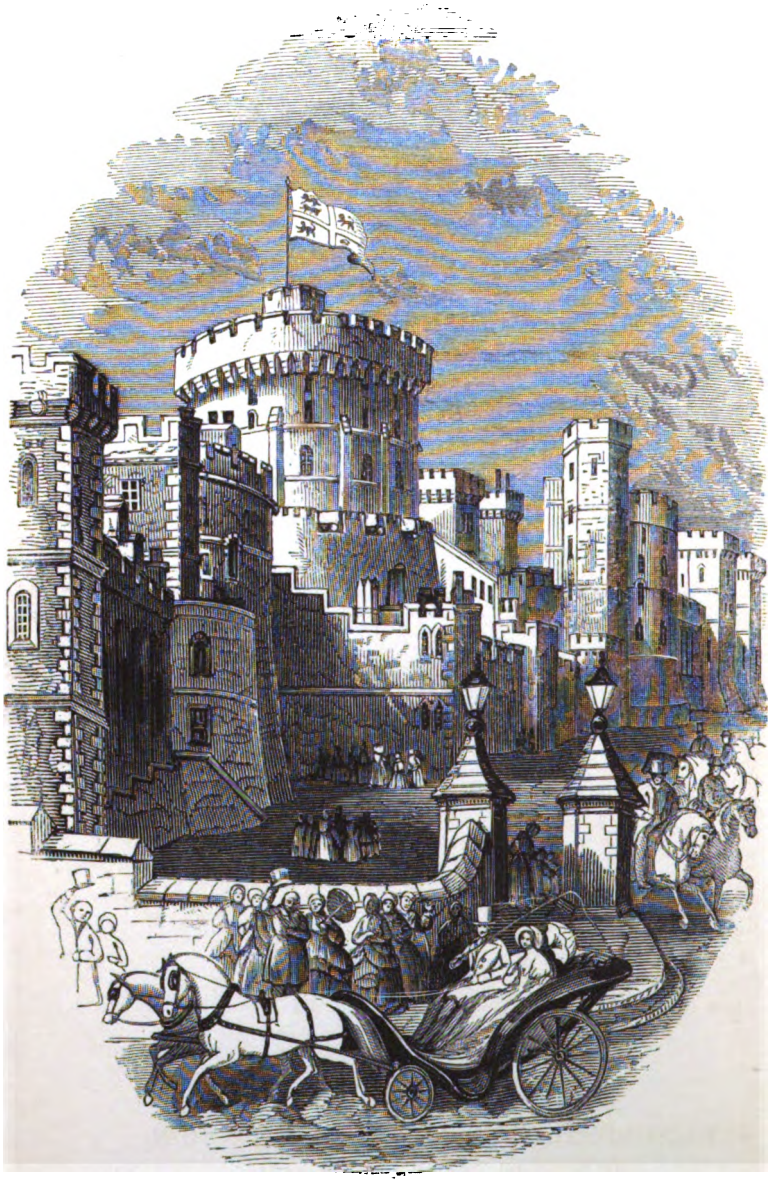

WINDSOR CASTLE.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

FOR THE YEAR 1850.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

JANUARY, 1850.

THE DEATH OF MONICA, MOTHER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

Like most other great men, Augustine was deeply indebted to his mother. She not only instructed him, but when he grew up into forgetfulness of God, she ceased not to follow him with fervent supplications. For him her soul was in agony; so that on one occasion, when she spoke on the subject to a holy man, he said to her, "Go, woman: the child of such prayers and tears cannot perish!" She at length witnessed his conversion, and her joy was full. Resolved to devote himself wholly unto his God and Saviour, he then left Milan, whither he had wandered, followed by his sorrowing and widowed mother, on his way home to Carthage. They had arrived at Ostia, at the mouth of the Tiber, and there had, one evening, an exalted and soul-melting conversation on the blessedness of eternity. Acknowledging that blessedness to be beyond human conception, he yet says that in that conversation their hearts were so opened towards God, and received so largely of the streams of the water of life flowing from Him, that in some degree they were enabled to realize in their own feelings the joys that surpass all understanding. All earthly things appeared as nothing to them; heaven everything, because God is in heaven, and God is all in all.

She told him, in conclusion, that all her desire to live had referred to him and his salvation; and that now she had witnessed this, life seemed objectless to her. She had nothing particular to do, nothing particular to hope for. She ended by saying, "What have I to do here?" In five days she was seized with a violent fever, by which her strength was entirely prostrated. But her mind was all peace. She had previously wished much to die at Carthage, that she might be buried with her husband in the place which she had provided and prepared. Their union had been most happy, and by a natural feeling she desired that their dust might be mingled. She was now far from her family sepulchre. The waves of the Mediterranean were rolling between. She was in a strange land. But the desire was quenched. All places on earth were alike to her whose treasure and heart were in heaven. Some of her friends asked her, seeing that her mortal remains would be committed to Italian earth, whether she *felt* no regret at the thought of leaving her body so far from her own city?

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She replied, "We are never far from God; nor have I any fear that at the last day He will not know where to find me that He may raise me again." She soon after expired. Her son gives this simple record of the event: "Thus, in the ninth day of her sickness, in the fifty-sixth year of her age, and the thirty-third of mine, her devoted and holy spirit was separated from her body." (*Conf.*, l. ix., c. 11.)

Many a conversation had Augustine enjoyed with his beloved mother, but that final one exceeded all. The manner in which he relates it, shows how deeply the remembrance of it was fixed in his soul. It was a remarkable occurrence. Just on the eve of the final separation, the mother and the son stand by a window in a clear Italian evening, looking towards the sky from which sun, moon, and stars shed their light on the earth, and in ardent affection, elevating their spirits higher and yet higher still, nor pausing in their glorious ascent till they arrive in thought and affection at the blessed region of inexhaustible abundance where God for ever nourishes His Israel with the food of truth: and thus standing, they converse till earth fades from their view, and the happy mother, to whom the very hope of heaven had become more blissful by its union with the hope of her converted son, feeling as if her work on earth were done, exclaims, "What do I now here?" In a few days she is taken ill and dies! On her death-bed, seeing her friends were somewhat disturbed at the thought of her dying so far from home, she checks their needless care, and tells them to bury her where they chose.* Happy they who live ever in such a state that the solemnities of a death-bed, and the pains of separation, may be preluded with such celestial music as that which filled with exulting ecstasy Augustine and Monica, the mother and the son, standing by the garden-window of their lodging at Ostia!

THE ATTRACTIONS OF HOME.

Home! How inspiring is the word! What pleasurable emotions it kindles in the soul! Who has not felt its soothing influence? Who has not acknowledged its talismanic power? It is the sacred spot on which the eye of the traveller loves to linger in imagination, while exploring regions far remote. Amidst his wanderings in a land of strangers, nothing can long divert his thoughts from his beloved home. It is the polar-star to which his hopes are pointed. His country, his kindred, and his own fire-side, lie as a cordial at his heart. The hardy *soldier*, whose courage never failed him in the field of battle, has been often known to weep at the recollection of home, even while his ears have been stunned by the din of arms. And the *sailor-boy*, whose cheek is yet warm with the parting kiss of his absent mother,—while traversing the trackless deep,—feels, amidst the roar of the angry billows, a calm serenity of mind, as he dwells on the home of his childhood.

"Home! 'tis the name of all that sweetens life;
It speaks the warm affection of a wife;
The lisping babe that prattles on the knee
In all the playful grace of infancy;
The spot where fond parental love may trace
The growing virtues of a blooming race."

The prodigal son, whose brief career is so pathetically exhibited in the

* Ponite hoc corpus ubicunque; nihil vos ejus cura conturbet.—*Conf.*, l. ix., c. 11.

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volume of inspiration, felt its reviving influence, when sunk in wretchedness and misery, in a "far country." Destitute of friends, and perishing with hunger,—the thought of the peaceful home which he had forsaken, the domestic comforts he had slighted, the affectionate father he had deserted, awakened in his bosom a desire to return. A ray of hope broke through the cloud of his sorrows; and he exclaimed, "I will arise, and go to my father."

Even in those regions where nature has been the most lavish in scattering her bounties,—where she has revealed her loveliest and most attractive features to the eye of the traveller,—where the skies are cloudless, and the teeming earth is clothed with rich and unfading verdure,—where the palm-tree and the orange, the myrtle and the cinnamon, impart the richest fragrance to the senses,—and where the groves are vocal with the sweetest aërial melody,—even *there*, while seated beneath the shade of some spreading tree, and surrounded by beauties such as these, the exile finds his thoughts directed to his native land; and he sighs for the home of his fathers.

> "Sweet hopes of native home! how many a heart
> That pines in cities vast, or climes afar,
> Is soothed by thee!"

"During the expedition to *Buenos Ayres*, a Highland soldier, while a prisoner in the hands of the Spaniards, having formed an attachment to a man of the country, and charmed by the easy life which the tropical fertility of the soil enabled the inhabitants to lead, had resolved to remain and settle in South America. When he disclosed this resolution to his comrade, the latter did not agree with him; but leading him to his tent, he placed him by his side, and sang to him, *Lochabar no more!* The spell was immediately on him; the tears came into his eyes; and wrapping his cloak around him, he murmured, '*Lochabar nae mair!* I maun gang back.' The songs of his childhood were ringing in his ears; and he left that land of plenty for the naked rocks and sterile valleys of Padenook, where, at the close of a life of toil and hardship, he might lay his head on his mother's grave."

The inhabitants of Switzerland are proverbial for their attachment to their native soil. During the Peninsular war, many of the Swiss soldiers, at that time engaged in the French service, were so powerfully affected on hearing the favourite air, *Rans de Vasches*, that they immediately deserted the army. "This tune," says Dr. Beattie, "having been the attendant of their childhood, recalls to their memory those regions of wild beauty and rude magnificence—those days of liberty and peace—those nights of festivity—those tender passions—which formerly endeared to them their country, their homes, and their enjoyments; and which, when compared to the scenes of uproar they are now engaged in, and the servitude they now undergo, awaken such regrets as entirely overpower them."

Home, with all its fond endearments, is indeed a subject which has employed the pen of almost every writer, both in ancient and modern times. And no wonder: for a theme which dwells on early affections, and brings to remembrance the scenes and pursuits of our juvenile days, is one which cannot be exhausted.

> "Age cannot weary it, or custom sate
> Its infinite variety."

Thus Homer represents Ulysses strolling along the beach, lamenting his absence from his family and friends. Calypso was sent to inform him that he might return to Ithaca:—

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"Him pensive on the lonely beach she found,
With streaming eyes, in briny torrents drown'd,
And inly pining for his native shore."

Speaking of the same hero, on a subsequent occasion, Homer describes the intensity of his grief, arising from the recollection of his country and kindred:—

"Ulysses melted, and tear following tear
Fell on his cheeks."

Goldsmith's admirable poem of the "Deserted Village" abounds with passages on the same subject; which cannot fail to find an echo in every heart. How exquisitely tender are the following lines:—

"In all my wanderings round this world of care—
In all my griefs,—and God has given my share,—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down.

* * * * * * * *

"And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first it flew,—
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return,—and die at home at last."

But if the recollections of *home* can produce such a pleasing, melancholy association of thoughts, while distant from its hallowed bourn, a *return* to it must be accompanied by emotions the most delightful and transporting. What heart, professing the slightest claim to feeling, could be stoical at such a time?

"The same keen sense that barbs the pang to *part*,
Points the wild rapture when *return* draws nigh."

With what tumultuous joy does the returning exile gaze upon the spire of his native village, faintly seen tapering above the trees by which it is surrounded! With what heartfelt satisfaction does he tread the well-known path which leads to the paternal dwelling, where first he saw the light, and from whose humble roof he already discerns the curling smoke! The fields through which he rambled, the school-house in which he received the elements of learning, the sun-burnt rustics,—once the companions of his childhood,—alternately arrest his eager attention, and give birth to a train of reflections the most affecting and the most agreeable. At length he reaches the home of his boyhood. With a palpitating heart, he opens the door. In the next instant he is encircled in the embraces of those who smiled on his infancy. During the bursts of parental and filial affection, the anxieties of the *past* are obliterated by the ecstasies of the *present*.

But if, after a long and protracted absence from home, we find on our return, that time has effected mighty changes in the appearance of those objects which imparted joy to our earliest years,—if the fields we have traversed are now covered with buildings,—if the village-green, on which we have often gamboled, has been enclosed by some recent Act of Parliament,—if the cottage in which we first breathed the vital air has been removed to make way for a more stately edifice,—if the flowers we planted, or the vine which our infant hands essayed to train, are withered and decayed,—we hasten to gather up the "relics of our former existence, and, with an exquisitely tender emotion, we press the fragments to our hearts, and bathe them with our tears." And if the friends of our childhood have passed away,—if "the spoiler," with unsparing hand, has removed to an eternal world a *father*, who

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watched over our infant days; and a *mother*, whose gentle bosom beat with tender solicitude for the welfare of those for whom she travailed in birth, and whose last prayers were directed to heaven for the welfare of her offspring,—we feel a mournful pleasure in calling to mind their many virtues; and in lingering near the spot in which their beloved relics have been laid,—"how loved, how honoured once!"

Reader! There is another and a better world!—a fairer, a more glorious, a more abiding home! "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." There is a *kingdom*, whose happy subjects are the holy angels, those morning stars of the creation, who mingled their hallelujahs at the birth of time; and also the redeemed of the Lord, who have "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." There is a *city*, where there shall be no night, nor shall the inhabitants need the light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; "and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away." There is a *country*, beyond the confines of the grave, where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." That is the *home of the righteous*. "Let us therefore fear, lest, a promise being left us of entering into that rest, any of you should seem to come short of it." Here we are at *home in the body*,—there we shall be present with the Lord. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

J. T. Barr.

A WORD TO CLASS-LEADERS.

No. IV.

To one other point we would here direct attention: these remarks would be incomplete without reference to the *Wesleyan* qualification for the Leader's office. It will be admitted that a man may be thoroughly pious, and very talented, and yet be a manifestly improper person to sustain such an office in the Wesleyan Connexion; for he may hold anti-Methodist doctrines, and be thoroughly opposed to the Wesleyan ecclesiastical polity. In addition, therefore, to his other qualifications, a Leader needs a denominational one: he *must be* both a Christian with adequate gifts, and *a thoroughly hearty Wesleyan Methodist*. It has never been the custom to exclude persons from the Wesleyan communion solely on account of diversities of religious opinion: if they hold their notions quietly, and do not interrupt the peace of the societies, they are permitted to remain, on the principle that Methodism is inclined to help all who ask its aid to save their souls, and flee from the wrath to come. But, most obviously, the case of private members and office-bearers, of comparatively uninfluential individuals and Leaders, is widely different; and what may be tolerated in the former, could by no means be suffered in the latter. Among official men it is necessary that there be real soundness in the faith, as received by the body at large; that all the doctrines of Methodism, as taught in its standard works, be understood and cordially embraced; that there be no misgivings, no dislike, with regard to any of them; that there be a thorough conviction that they are the most scriptural and consistent views of divine truth at present taught in Christendom. Such soundness in the faith will be of great service to a Leader, and will be almost always in requisition: the welfare of his class, and the general interests of the body, demand that his views of truth be thoroughly Wesleyan. A Leader

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will, of course, spread his opinions; cases will arise in which there will be a necessity for him to give utterance to them; and if there be a mistiness or want of precision about them, and especially if they are unsound, the mischief done will be most serious. For, as most of the peculiar doctrines of Methodism are vitally connected with religious experience, he who doubts *them* cannot lead to high attainments in *that*. To take one case as an example,—and we mention this the rather, because a Leader was some time ago met with who furnished it,—the doctrine of the direct witness of the Holy Spirit to the personal adoption of the penitent believer, is one of the peculiarities of Methodism, which has been taught in all its writings, and by all its Preachers, from the beginning until now. Suppose a Leader to disbelieve it, or to entertain serious doubts concerning it: will he urge upon his members the necessity of seeking it as a blessing? will he sympathize with those who are distressed at not having found it? will he render any assistance to those who, believing it attainable, are earnestly seeking it? will he not rather repress any desires after it by very plain insinuations that no such state can be enjoyed? Of course the same remarks apply to the doctrine of entire holiness: if a Leader does not believe it, he will dissuade his members from seeking it. We repeat, thorough Wesleyan orthodoxy is an essentially necessary qualification for a Leader.

A Leader should also most cordially approve, and most cheerfully support and defend, the Wesleyan ecclesiastical polity; that is, he should be as much attached to the discipline of Methodism as the most zealous of other parties are to their systems. He should entertain a hearty affection for Methodism, and cherish a growing esteem for its entire economy; and, in order thereto, should make himself thoroughly acquainted with its rules and usages. He should be so thoroughly Methodist, as to keep at the utmost distance from, and have no communication with, factious persons and doings. It is no part of his business to mend, alter, and effect changes in the constitution of the body; much less to sow the seeds of disaffection among the people entrusted to his care. His office requires him to do all in his power to support Methodism, and transmit it, unimpaired, to the next generation; and with the understanding that from principle he will do so, is he chosen to the office. No honest man could become a Leader if he did not thoroughly approve the whole Wesleyan economy, if he did not prefer it to any other; and honour requires that, when his mind changes, and he ceases thus to think of it, he should withdraw from it entirely. A common member loves Methodism more than any other system of church government, or why has he chosen it? and in him disaffection would be criminal. But more especially should a Leader love it: he ought to regard its interests as his own; and, as such, seek to promote them. He should be as zealous for the spread of Methodism, as warmly attached to its institutions, as anxious for its prosperity, as the Jesuit is for the Papacy, the Puseyite for rubrical observances, and the anti-state-church advocate for nonconformity. Not pettish and garrulous, ever looking out for defects, and magnifying blemishes; he should love it too well to expose its weakness and discover its faults. When does the Puseyite complain to the world of the errors of his system, or the Jesuit expose the evils of his order, or the Independent declaim against certain weak points in Congregationalism? Such is not the established order of things. And shall there be more zeal among those bodies than among our Leaders? We may learn from enemies, take counsel from foes, and gather wisdom from those who hate us. A Leader must take no part with the foes of Methodism; but strive to impress all, over whom he has influence, with the idea that, in his opinion, it is the very best system of a Christian church at present

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existing. Latitudinarianism is never good, but in Leaders it is only evil. They need not be bigots, nor so sectarian as to cherish unkindly feelings towards other Christian communities; but they ought to love Methodism more than any church under heaven, and to be able most conscientiously to say of it, "If I forget thee, let my right hand forget its cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer thee not above my chief joy." How else, in seasons of general defection, when evil-minded men try to create disturbances in the body, and spread discord among the people, can they, as their office demands, exert a counteracting influence, and preserve the unity and peace of the societies? Very little mischief could be done, in any locality, if all the Leaders were thus hearty; no serious splits can ordinarily be effected when the Leaders maintain their post boldly and firmly; the members generally will remain true, if their Leaders are so. It is almost impossible to overrate the importance of this qualification: the history of the past teaches that Methodism is all but invulnerable where its Leaders are thoroughly sound. A fact will illustrate the sentiment. In a small town, where there was a united society, an attempt was made, during the last season of Wesleyan agitation, to cause dissatisfaction with the Conference, and promote a division. An influential Leader called together the whole society, bade them beware of men who create strife in religious communities, advised them to receive none of the pamphlets which had been sent for distribution, and urged them to remain faithful to Wesleyan Methodism. Not one member of that society was drawn away. Let Methodism have a constant succession of such men as these, and even in agitation there will be peace, and in peace prosperity.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

The place appointed for Adam's residence was a garden; not an ivory house, or a palace overlain with gold, but a garden, furnished and adorned by nature, not by art. What little reason have men to be proud of stately and magnificent buildings, when it was the happiness of man in innocency that he needed none! As clothes came in with sin, so did houses. The heaven was the roof of Adam's house, and never was any roof so curiously ceiled and painted; the earth was his floor, and never was any floor so richly inlaid; the shadow of the trees was his retirement; under them were his dining-rooms, his sleeping-rooms, and never were any rooms so finely hung as these; Solomon's, in all their glory, were not arrayed like them. The better we can accommodate ourselves to plain things, and the less we indulge ourselves with those artificial delights which have been invented to gratify men's pride and luxury, the nearer we approach to a state of innocency. Nature is content with little, and that which is most natural; grace with less; but lust with nothing.—*Matthew Henry's Commentary, in loco.*

CHOICE SENTENCES.

Deceit is a double-pointed sword, that generally wounds the user.

To be silent is better than to speak foolishly.

To know when to keep silence is frequently as important as to know what to say when the time comes for speaking.

False modesty is sometimes as perfect a revealer of unseemly thoughts as no modesty at all.

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THEOLOGY.

GOD'S GRANT TO MAN OF REPENTANCE UNTO LIFE.

"When they heard these things, they held their peace, and glorified God, saying, Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life."—Acts xi. 18.

The fact of the universal departure of mankind from God is, by the explicit judgment of Scripture, ascribed to themselves. "They did not like to retain God in their knowledge." How was it that after this any knowledge of God was kept up in the world? Plainly, by the election and separation of the Jewish nation to be its depositaries. On many parts of this case deep mystery rests. But this is clear. The conduct of all people, even with the existence of the light of truth in a spot so central as the temple at Jerusalem, proves that so far as *they* were concerned, the whole world would have been wrapped in the most terrible darkness.

The Jewish economy was chiefly one of preservation. When the great manifestation of divine love had been vouchsafed in the incarnation, atoning death, and resurrection of the Son of God, a new economy was established, in which truth was to go forth in aggressive warfare against error, and benevolence visibly engage in seeking the recovery of the lost. Our Lord's command to his disciples was, "Go ye into all nations."

How bewildering and obstinate is prejudice! In Peter it was only overcome by a supernatural visitation. He went to Cornelius, and preached to an assembly of Gentiles. When he came back, the church of Jewish converts contended with him. How did he conquer them? Mark this: not by alleging his supremacy as Vicar of Christ. He, Peter, knew nothing of this. But he rehearsed the matter in order. First, he assigned the supernatural call; and then, God's gracious interposition. God gave the same blessings to believing Gentiles that he had given to believing Jews. Here was God's will, and Peter dared not withstand it. The argument, for the time at least, was convincing. They held their peace. They saw into the new economy by which universal love was to be universally set forth. And for this "they glorified God."

God hath granted to the Gentiles repentance unto life! What a day was that for the world! It is one of the most memorable epochs in the world's history. From this moment did it become true that even by an outward call, addressed to them in such a way as to be evidently the call of God himself, "God calleth all men every where to repent." How God dealt with the Gentiles previously it is not for us to ask. His present dealings are made clearly known. He sends his ambassadors to a rebellious world to call men to reconciliation, and to repentance in order to reconciliation. How the church understood this is evident from their language. Previously, to the Jews only had *visibly* been granted repentance unto life. Now this visible restriction ceases. Gentiles are called in the same manner as Jews. To Jews and Gentiles the call involves three topics. Men are commanded to repent. Mercy is promised to the truly penitent. The obstinately impenitent are threatened with a punishment in proportion to their aggravated guilt. Of the call itself, therefore, addressed in such a manner, and under such circumstances, the church says, "Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life." The call proves that it is God's will that they should repent; and that impenitence is justly threatened, and will be justly punished, because, by the provisions of mercy and grace it is in every instance *avoidable*. Sinner, the Gospel call is now addressed to *thee;* and if thou wilt not obey it, *the fault is all thine own.*

Let us fix our attention on the great subject of this call, this commandment, this grant, of God in the Gospel, "Repentance unto life."

Two facts are implied in this. Men are sinners. Sin is utterly wrong, wrong in relation both to God and themselves. But of these facts they are practically regardless. They neither advert to them, nor feel them. In a country enlightened by that divine revelation which so strongly asserts the fact, they may not be *absolutely* ignorant of it. When it is mentioned, they will acknowledge it in general terms. But they have not what is properly an indwelling, operating knowledge. The conscience is not affected by it. Now re-

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pentance is properly *another mind* on the subject; a complete change of views and feelings in relation to sin.

The commencement of this is conviction of sin, wrought in the soul by the Holy Spirit, and not resisted, but yielded to by the conscience. In consequence of this, sin is seen in its true light; and by that which is thus seen, all the affections of the soul are moved according to their proper nature. We can scarcely mend the terms often used to describe this condition. It is a *sight* and a *sense* of sin, governing the mind and conscience.

Sin is seen and felt in its true character. It is not that we have done certain wrong things against ourselves or others; but that we have sinned against God, by breaking his holy laws, thus practically casting off his supreme authority, and despising the wisdom, holiness, and benevolence of which those laws are the expression. And this is seen in connexion with all its aggravating circumstances; so that we stand before God without excuse, and speechless.

As the transgression of a law which pronounces an awful curse on all offenders, sin is seen to be connected with *guilt*. The sinner sees that he is guilty before God, and exposed to all that weight of woe which the curse includes. Sin, as opposed to the divine will and character, is an evil greater than can be expressed. It *is* evil; *essential* evil. Physical sufferings are only comparatively so. They may issue in good, and often do so issue. Sin is only evil, all evil, ever productive of evil. It is the pollution of the mind in which it dwells, the very corruption of the soul. It is moral deformity and disgrace. And, by the just judgment of God, it exerts a tyrannizing power on those who yield to it. They are the servants of sin, utterly unable to liberate themselves.

All this the repenting sinner sees and acknowledges. And as he sees, so he feels. His feelings are governed by his views. There is sorrow so pungent that he who experiences it is said to have "a broken heart and a contrite spirit." There is self-abasement. The man is humbled before God, and feels the shamefulness of sin. He is humbled, for he feels its vileness and pollution. Who can tell the humiliation and anguish expressed by the language which bursts forth from the lips of the penitent, as expressive of his deep convictions. "Behold, I am vile. I abhor myself. I repent in dust and ashes." Before, actions were seen only in their relation to our own wishes or will. They seemed likely, as we thought, to benefit us, to gratify us. We see them now in the light of God, and judge according to His holy law concerning them. And the condemnation of the law is admitted by the conscience. There is the crushing weight of self-condemnation, with the apprehension and dread of punishment. Sin is hated. The whole soul is opposed to it. There is the most earnest desire of deliverance from it. And very important it is that the true nature of deliverance should be noted. Here it is that true repentance, "repentance unto life," is distinguished from convictions and feelings which may only resemble repentance. True repentance desires, undoubtedly, deliverance from the guilt and punishment of sin. It desires most earnestly pardon and peace. But being, as we have seen, a hatred of sin itself, produced by an enlightened conviction of its essential and infinite evil, the desired deliverance refers to the power of sin, the pollution of sin. The true penitent says, "Pardon me;" he likewise says, "Wash me." In effect, repentance prays that all past sin may be forgiven, and that henceforth inclination and power to be holy may be bestowed in connexion with forgiveness. If it were possible (of course, it is utterly impossible) that the penitent could obtain pardon alone, freedom from deserved wrath, this would not satisfy him. He longs to be enabled to serve God with all his heart, from love to Him as his reconciled Father in Christ. And as all his convictions prompt him to seek *such* a deliverance, so is he guided and encouraged in seeking "by God's merciful promises, declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus our Lord." For this, in effect, every true penitent prays: "Pardon and deliver me from all mine offences: Confirm and strengthen me in all goodness."

And therefore it is that we read of "fruit meet for repentance," suitable to it, and calculated to manifest its nature, and prove its genuineness. As soon as there is sound reason to believe that the awakened sinner is *truly penitent*, he is to be directed to the only method of present, personal salvation, and exhorted to pray, beholding the atoning, interceding Lamb of God. So to speak, empty-handed he is to be sent to lay hold on the hope set before him. Hungry, foodless, moneyless, he is to be exhorted obediently to listen to the glorious invitation, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." But if there be

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seeming delay, and he still continue thus heavy laden and weary, that he truly repents will be seen by this,—he turns away from all sin; he labours, even though he were tied and bound with the chain of his sins, to move towards the ways of a desired obedience. For repentance is "unto life." The way to Zion is inquired *with the face thitherward*. The need of salvation is felt. The desire of salvation is cherished. Salvation itself is sought. Nor is the search hopeless. Prayer is encouraged by promise, and is addressed to Him, the most merciful God, who has added to his royal titles that of the world's Redeemer. Sincere prayer was never yet fruitless prayer. Do you truly repent of all your sins? Do you earnestly desire the very mercy that the promises that preserve you from despair set before you? Do you say, "What must I do to be saved?" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Let us pray that it may please Him to grant us true repentance, and His Holy Spirit, the Spirit of faith, of comfort, and holiness: that so living and walking in the Spirit all the days of our life on earth, we may come at the last to His eternal joy.

THE GRACE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

If we take a retrospect of all recorded in the Apocalypse, we shall see that all has been of grace. What preserved the solitary Seer in his exile of Patmos? What withdrew the mystic veil, and disclosed to him scenes unspeakable and full of glory? Grace. What saved and kept alive the church during the sanguinary reign of a Nero, amid the hot and scorching persecutions of a Domitian? What made crypts and catacombs more glorious than cathedrals, and martyrdom more desirable than the laurel crown, or the wreath of Cæsar? What made the people of God count it all joy when they suffered for the Saviour's sake? It was "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ." What brought it to pass that when Constantine made Bishops Kings, and Presbyters nobles, and the profession of Christianity a passport to political office; when the baptismal font came to be the most popular rallying-point, and the religion of the fishermen of Galilee the religion of a powerful and mighty nation; and when doctrine began to be corrupt, and purity and piety continued to decline, and faithfulness had all but evaporated; what brought it to pass that the church was not utterly extinguished in the sunshine, after she had survived the storm; and was preserved as a woman fleeing into the wilderness for a time, times, and half a time, till the corruption should cease, and she should look forth "bright as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners?" The answer is, It was "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ." What preserved that church when the poisonous floods of Arianism roared and rushed after her to destroy her, and when the dragon stood ready to devour the male-child that she should bring forth? What spared the church from his fury, preserved her in her purity, and prevented the gates of hell from prevailing against her? "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ." What was it, when its terrible and mediæval eclipse spread over Europe, when cathedrals were built by the spoils of widows, and finished amid the protesting cries of orphans; when the Priests assumed the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and only opened its gates, or pretended to do so, to those who paid them most liberally; when the New Testament was a forbidden book; when the truths of the Gospel were unheard in pulpits raised to proclaim them; what was it that, amid all this, preserved the "*Lux lucens in tenebris*," (the beautiful motto of the Waldenses,) "the light shining in darkness," still burning among the Cottian Alps, and in sequestered vales and untrodden moors? What kept these lights still twinkling, till they met and mingled and blazed in the splendour of the blessed Reformation? "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ." What was it that raised up a Luther in Germany, a Knox in Scotland, and a Cranmer in England? It was "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ." And what was it that, when the churches of the empire as established by law were dead, caused a Wesley to appear in England, an Erskine in Scotland, and innumerable others, who followed and rekindled the extinguishing lamps, and began by the blessing of God that second Reformation, the blessed effects of which, with those of the first, shall not cease till they mingle with the glories of the millennial day? What was it in the last century, when Voltaire, Hume, Gibbon, Paine, and all the other infidel spirits of previous and succeeding ages, seemed to have it all their own way, and anticipated the

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utter extinction of Christianity, that interposed, and made the Baptist Missionary Society, the Church Missionary Society, the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the Tract Society, the Bible Society, all suddenly spring up, and, standing on their lofty heights, look down and laugh to scorn the efforts of infidelity and scepticism? The answer is, It was "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ."—*Cumming's Apocalyptic Sketches.*

THEOLOGICAL SCIENCE.*

THEOLOGY, according to the etymology of the term, signifies the doctrine which relates to God. It includes all that teaching which relates to God and divine things; and so, as there are two ways in which this teaching may be conducted,—one, on the principles known by natural light, the other, on those which God has supernaturally opened to us,—there is a twofold aspect under which it is customary to consider theology. The one, that is to say, natural; the other, supernatural.

[At the time when Le Blanc taught, this distinction of the schools was a very favourite one. Indeed, even at the present day, it has many advocates. It has been often so taught as to lead to numerous and even dangerous errors. Infidelity has frequently taken shelter in it, and sought to conceal the true character of its tenets by the employment of language derived from what has been termed, natural theology. The sincere student, incautious, perhaps, because unwarned, may be the more easily led astray in such inquiries by reason of a certain foundation of truth upon which the distinction rests. Undoubtedly, there is a class of subjects to which, from the simple consideration of their character, the term natural theology might with propriety be applied. The mischief consists in distinguishing them from those which are included under the term, revealed theology, in such a manner as that they appear to be opposed to each other, and the knowledge of them to be derived from different sources. The mistake, and the danger to which it exposes, are alike so great, that we shall take the present opportunity of making a few remarks on the subject.

[There are two facts to which the reader is requested to pay particular attention. In the first place, inasmuch as all things were created in wisdom by Him who is an intelligent, as well as almighty Being, it is evident that all created things sustain mutual relations among each other, and that all of them, according to their respective natures, sustain various relations to their Creator. We have thus before us a number of natural objects viewed simply as created, and as sustaining to the Creator the relations which in his supreme wisdom he has appointed. The knowledge of these natural objects, and of these relations, viewed only as created, and in reference to the Creator, may, for an obvious reason, be termed, the *theology of nature*. But there is a second fact. This knowledge never has existed, and does not now anywhere exist, independently of revelation. A regular system of theology in reference to these objects, human wisdom has never laid down. And this is our objection to the term, natural theology. It is misleading. It conveys the idea that man has acquired this knowledge by his own unaided powers, guided only by what is termed the *light of nature*. Such knowledge, indeed, exists, and has sometimes been digested into systems beautifully arranged, and conveying much valuable instruction. But what is the fact? These systems have been formed only by those who have studied nature in the light of divine revelation. That those who are destitute of this light have never given anything like such a system, and that those who have given the systems have possessed, previously, the light of revelation, are two most indisputable facts. The truth appears to be this. Revelation teaches us the grand facts and relations of what so many have called natural theology; such as the existence of the Supreme Creator, his perfections and character, the creation of all things by Him, and the relations toward himself which by His own appointment they sustain. With this light we proceed to the study of nature for theological purposes. And what is the result of such study, when conducted on right principles, and with due care? First, revealed truth is confirmed. We find nothing in nature that revelation did not lead us to expect; and what it previously makes known, that we actually find. There is no contradiction. There is full correspondency. Do we ask, Then of what use is the theological study of nature? Why, in the second place, we find fuller illustration; more extensive

* Partly translated from the "Theological Theses" of L. Le Blanc, Professor of Theology in the Protestant Academy of Sedan. (About A.D. 1650.)

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and more minute. Thus,—revelation teaches the existence of a Supreme Creator, and the creation of all things by Him. We cannot properly study nature without perceiving that all things must have had a beginning, and just such a beginning as creation implies. Then they were created, for instance, by power and wisdom. The more we examine them, the more clearly do we see the evidences of wisdom and power which they furnish. And the wisdom and power of a personal and intelligent Creator, must have had certain ends in view; final causes, as these are often, though not with exact correctness, termed. The investigation of nature brings these before us, illustrating the admirable wisdom and power which they imply. And so of such other perfections as are implied in creation. Beginning with revelation, and going through nature in its heavenly light, heaven and earth are seen to be full of the glory of God.

[Natural, as opposed to revealed, theology, we cannot admit. All theology is revealed. Theology is only known when revelation makes it known. But taking revealed theology as the *primary genus*, we see it as inclusive of objects and subjects which may be arranged, to assist us to study them more distinctly, into specific and subordinate classes. There is the theology of nature, the theology of law, the theology of providential dominion, the theology of grace and redemption. And these, not existing in perfect insulation, but blended so with each other, as naturally to support and illustrate each other. All relate to God. All are primarily brought before us by revelation. The consideration of these several subjects will make no proper addition to the statements of revelation. They do not enlarge our knowledge by the addition of anything new. But they afford to our own minds illustration, expansion, and confirmation. Let all our studies be prosecuted in the light of the sanctuary. Wandering from this, we come into the thick and palpable darkness which has covered the earth, the origin of which revelation explains, as well as the only power by which its removal can be effected. Let us hold by this fundamental truth, that into whatever classes we may divide theological subjects, for the greater facility of examination, ALL TRUE THEOLOGY IS REVEALED THEOLOGY. But having laid this down as a sure foundation, let us, as we may possess opportunity, study all the subjects on which the light of revelation shines. Let us trace the divine footsteps in all his works and operations, gathering from them all reasons of adoration and praise. Walking in the light of the Lord, let us thus, long as we live beneath, be found "*increasing in the knowledge of God.*" Life may thus be preparing us for that blissful condition to which the mysterious, but pregnant and animating phrase refers, that though now we see through a glass, and, as it were, enigmatically, we shall in eternity see God face to face, and know even as we are known.]

(*To be continued.*)

CLOSET DUTY.

THERE is no place in all the world to which the Christian feels so warmly attached as to that sacred spot, the closet. And why? Because it is here he spends his sweetest moments: it is here he meets his God, and tastes his heaven. On this delightful spot the luminous beams of Jehovah's countenance continually rest; and heaven's own refreshing dews copiously descend. On this hallowed soil, under the benign influence of heaven's bright rays, the Christian graces grow, flourish, and ripen into perfection. This holy mount of communion with the Deity the man of God descends with a lovely smile on his countenance, which bespeaks the divine lustre the soul has acquired while conversing with God. To this sacred spot the devil approaches not but with trembling; and then only to read his fate; and to be reminded of the inevitable failure of his diabolic plots, the utter overthrow of his kingdom, and the perpetuity of his hell. But what the devil hates and trembles at, the Christian loves, and with delight approaches. But, at the same time, he feels his mind impressed with the solemn weight and importance of such holy duties. He is quite conscious that his present happiness, personal holiness, usefulness to the world, spirituality of mind, power to resist temptation, contempt of earthly vanities, victory over his enemies, peace in his final hour, and triumphant entrance into heaven, are, in an eminent degree, dependent on the right performance of closet duties.

It is in the closet the Christian gets a proper view of the vanities of the world. While his eyes, ears, and attention are surrounded by, and taken up with the concerns of time and sense, he is not able to judge so accurately of their importance or unimportance as when in retirement:

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he is liable to look upon the things of the world to be of greater importance than they really are; but when he gets into the closet, he gets into a proper place to judge. Suppose a man is about to delineate a beautiful mansion, with the adjoining gardens, fields, and trees: he does not go to sit down inside the mansion, or among the flowers in the garden, or among the shrubs and trees of the fields; but he goes and stands at a convenient distance, where he has the best view of the prospect. So if the Christian wants to form a proper estimate of the things of the world, he must get at a proper distance; but he is never at a more convenient distance than when in the closet. While he is in the world, he is too near the objects of sight to discern them distinctly; there is imperfection and confusion in the vision: but only let him get into the secrecy of the closet, and interpose the lens of retirement, which collects the rays of moral light, and favours him with the desirable focus, then he has clear and distinct vision. And then how insignificant and unimportant do the concerns of this world appear! While the realities of the eternal world, which before were very imperfectly seen, and improperly considered, now appear in their all-important light. Who would not attend to closet duty? A. C.

HOPE.

"When hope dies, all dies."

Perhaps there is nothing truer than this old proverb; for what is more wretched than to live in this, and look forward to another world, without the slightest ray of hope? Hope is one of our greatest assistants in passing through life; for it helps us to bear present afflictions, by looking for better days, at a future period. It is hope that enables us to endure these earthly scenes; for

"Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death
(That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?"

Now, if it is the dread of something to come that keeps us here, surely it is the hope of something to come that renders our being tolerable. Hope is the twin sister of faith; for what the latter with a prophetic eye foresees, the former contemplates as the greatest boon of a sublunary existence. But though hope when rightly applied is of inestimable value, it becomes when misapplied a source of the greatest misery. For instance, how truly wretched must he be who cherishes a futile hope! Disappointment daily annoys him; vexations hourly increase; his passions grow stronger; desire becomes more vehement; impatience takes possession of his breast; and, at last, he falls the prey, and proves the wreck, of vain expectation. Again: we too frequently misplace our hope: we look forward to events which can never take place; we wish to obtain what it was never intended we should have; we aim at a goal at which it is impossible to arrive. Is it wonderful, then, that our hopes are so often blighted, our wishes so frequently frustrated? Be it, then, our endeavour to desire proper objects; to seek for that which is right to be sought after; to secure what will yield us solid good. In fine, let us "set our affections on things above:" for "where our treasure is, there will our heart be;" and where our heart is, there will our hopes rest. Hegesias.

"GIVE ME THE BIBLE."

One of the most distinguished men of modern times said, "I have thought, I am a creature of a day, passing through life as an arrow through the air. I am a spirit come from God, and returning to God; just hovering over the great gulf till, a moment hence, I am no more seen! I drop into an unchangeable eternity! I want to know one thing,—the way to heaven; how to land safe on the happy shore. God himself has condescended to teach me the way: for this very end he came from heaven. He hath written it down in a book. O, give me that book! At any price give me the book of God! I have it; here is knowledge enough for me. Let me be a man of one book!"—*Wesley.*

HEARERS OF THE GOSPEL.

If the bearing of some who hear the Gospel may be taken as an index of their sentiments, we can scarcely avoid the conclusion, that they regard the ministrations of Christian Preachers very much as they would look upon the proceedings of children blowing bubbles in the sunshine. Little and great, trifling and momentous, temporal and eternal, are, to thousands, distinctions without a difference. G. D. J.

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PARENTAL MONITOR.

THE PARENTAL RELATION.

V.—DUTY OF PARENTS.

THIS lies in four things: government, instruction, example, and prayer.

1. *Government.* This is first named, because control of will is prior to information of judgment. The babe's understanding is not sufficiently developed to receive lessons, but the will is manifest enough to admit the daily exercise of control. "TRAIN up a child." In this plain, important, oft-repeated divine injunction, the primary idea is *government*, submission to wise parental authority. Before the child is rational, the judicious, attentive parent finds plenty of work in restraining and directing the passions. Reason is yet dormant when desire is often as palpably developed as a leading, victorious rebel. The strong hand of law is indeed but too impotent to exercise the requisite wholesome control. In the government of an infant, it is confessed that the executive is an exceedingly *delicate* trust. "None but a *sensible woman*," says Wesley, "can hold the reins." This great teacher of babes will have a child, at ten months old, "to be brought to fear the rod, and cry softly." This, he tells us, that "wise-hearted woman," his mother, did in ten successive instances. Hence, "that odious thing, the loud crying of children," was seldom or never heard in his father's house. And this, too, notwithstanding the fact that "high spirits" was a striking characteristic of all branches in the Wesley family. The noble principle for the right exercise of infantile government is formed in the mother's bosom, by wisely combining there both *firmness* and *tenderness*. To hold this balance well, requires godlike wisdom, "wisdom from above." "Thou, most upright, dost *weigh the path* of the just." Trembling for the consequences of a wrong step, anxious parents, when weighing out the nice proportions of *correction* and *indulgence* for each child, keep their tearful eye on the turning of the beam. *Begun well* in parental government is near to *finish well*. Start well, and you are on an inclined plane, like the ship in her launch. Your government must be at first absolute. So says nature and nature's God. Then gentler and more gentle still, till the reins are at last wholly surrendered into those hands which you have trained to hold them. By the full consent of all parties concerned, the vessel has now glided sweetly and completely from parental "cradles" to waters of self-control.

2. We come next to

Instruction. If at first education be all *government*, at winding up it is all instruction, all *advice*. These two great principles in education lie side by side like two wedges cut out of a solid square, by running the saw through it diagonally. To form the education solid, the two wedges must be put together and kept so. *Authority* has written on its broad end, and triangular side, "I must decrease." *Instruction* begins with the thin end of the wedge, and goes on to increase till authority ends, and instruction claims all to itself. No longer able to tow his son's bark in the wake of his own vessel, the parent cuts the hawser of command, exclaiming with the stroke, "I have taught thee navigation: be master of thy own ship." See him! He drops astern; he hoists his own sails; he takes his own helm; he consults his own chart; he steers his own course; he waves his hand, and is shortly lost sight of on the trackless deep! Happy parent, who has taught him navigation, and is conscious that he has given his son every requisite to steer and guide his own ship, and bring her in safety to the desired haven,—the haven of eternal repose. Parents, who have your little ones about you, give "instruction in righteousness." Watch for reason's dawn. Adapt your lessons to the opening light. Follow them close. Give line upon line, precept upon precept: warning every child, and teaching every child in all wisdom; that you may at last have the unutterable joy of presenting every one of your children perfect in Christ Jesus.

3. To accomplish this, be mindful of your *Example.* In many respects it is rather conduct than precept that moulds, forms, trains your offspring. Remember the adage: "Where precept fails, example oft prevails." Ever have your own feet in that path which shall sanction your saying, "Be ye followers of me as I am of Christ." One peculiar advantage in teaching by example, is its *constancy* in giving lessons. Precept is an occasional burst of sunshine through April clouds: example claims attention through the live-long day, and is *ever* suggesting to the child, "Do that or this." Example seldom or never suffers from the obstructive charge of *inconsistency*, but precept often; and many of its best counsels fall to the ground on account of it. Another advantage of example over—I will not say its rival, but rather its colleague—is, it is so intelligible, so *unmistakable*; whereas precept is, somehow, often speaking in a language which, to the child, "ignorant and unlearned," is unintelligible. In short, precept cannot get on without its more efficient colleague, example. Nor, indeed, can example do without precept. Parents, do you wish to do your duty? Do you desire to give your children a "good education?" At any expense, retain *con-*

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tinually under the parental roof both these teachers. If you would have your children "wise unto salvation," at any personal sacrifice, commit the training of your children to the joint care of precept and example.

4. *Prayer* must not be forgotten. Without it nothing is "wise, or strong," or successful in education. It is the parent's high *duty* to pray for his children. By the right performance of this sacred engagement, he secures the efficiency of all the other duties. Other duties sow the seed: this brings *His* blessing on whom depends "the increase." Is education "the rendering of the human mind to the greatest possible degree the cause of human happiness?" Is human happiness from God? Are parents necessarily the child's educators? Is it written that "the prayer of a righteous man availeth much;" "that if *two* of you" (say the father and the mother of the child) "shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven; for where *two* are" met "in my name, there am I" with "them?" Then how unutterably momentous is prayer for your children! prayer in the "closet!" prayer at the domestic altar! O spread all your parental desires, hopes, fears, before that God who, for *your* encouragement, hath said, "ASK, and it SHALL be given you." It seems hardly possible that parents *who do their duty* should *finally* fail in their object. Admitting that your children are now mature, both in stature and in sin; that government, instruction, example,—*all* have apparently failed; still, at the throne of grace, you may yet "prevail." For there—especially when praying for your children, the offspring of your own bowels—you "have POWER WITH GOD, AND WITH MEN." Jacob's "children" and their *destruction* were before his eyes when he wrestled with God, turned aside the edge of the sword, and saved them alive. Did *he* "save a soul from death?" Did he even save many? Was prayer the instrument? Is *your* child in danger? "danger of hell-fire?" O rush you to the mercy-seat,—to the throne of grace! Lay hold on the strength of your promise-keeping God, and say, with Jacob, "I will not let thee go, except Thou bless me." Then surely God *will* "bless you," and give you *the desire of your heart.* But, ah! let it not come to this, if you can help it. Ye mothers, begin your pleadings before your offspring see the light; and, ye fathers, unite with them in their supplications. Let *prayer*—believing prayer—precede, accompany, follow, your every step, plan, effort, in *the great work of "training up your child in the way he should go."*

PASTOR.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

ROYAL BOTANICAL GARDENS AT KEW.

THE GREAT WATER-LILY.

IN a small propagating-house, kept at a tropical heat, and containing a great variety of valuable plants, seedlings, cuttings, sickly specimens, and unacclimated foreigners, still suffering from the effects of a long voyage, and shut up from the public, we were kindly invited by Sir William Hooker to inspect three of the greatest vegetable rarities in Europe. These were the *Victoria regia*, or great water-lily, which bears the most magnificent flower of all herbaceous plants; the *Amherstia nobilis*, equally distinguished as producing the most splendid flowers of any known tree; and the gutta-percha plant.

The *Victoria regia*, or great water-lily, has been with equal taste and propriety dedicated to the Queen. In his elegant monograph of this royal plant, Sir William Hooker observes, "If it could be said, in reference to the royal ancestor of Queen Victoria, the consort of His Majesty George III., that the Strelitzia was peculiarly appropriated to her, because of the patronage which she gave to botany, by improving and embellishing the Royal Gardens of Kew, much more does the name of Victoria claim to be handed down to posterity on similar grounds; seeing that Her present Majesty has been graciously pleased to make these gardens available to the public enjoyment, and even to endow them with a liberal provision for that especial purpose." The plant is an inhabitant of the rivers of tropical eastern South America. It was first accurately described in this country in 1837, although some notice of it had appeared in a continental work five years before; and specimens of the plant had been sent to Paris so long ago as 1828. But it is only very recently that the plant has been seen alive in this country, where, however, it has not yet flowered. In its native rivers, its dimensions are so gigantic as to seem almost fabulous. Its gorgeous flowers are a foot in diameter, with numerous petals, snowy white in the circumference, and rose-coloured in the centre; the floating leaves, green on the upper, and crimson on the under, surface, measure six feet across; the fruit is spherical, and half as large as the human head. Sir Robert Schomburgk found the plant in British Guiana, when travelling for the Royal Geographical Society of London, and his narrative of the discovery is lively and

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interesting:—"It was on the 1st of January, 1837, while contending with the difficulties that nature interposed to stem our progress up the river Berbice, (latitude 4° 30′ north, longitude 52° west,) that we arrived at a part where the river expanded, and formed a currentless basin. Some object on the southern extremity of this basin attracted my attention, and I was unable to form an idea what it could be; but, animating the crew to increase the rate of their paddling, we soon came opposite the object which had raised my curiosity; and, behold, a vegetable wonder! All calamities were forgotten. I was a botanist, and felt myself rewarded. There were gigantic leaves, five to six feet across, flat, with a broad rim, light green above, vivid crimson below, floating upon the water; while, in character with the wonderful foliage, I saw luxuriant flowers, each consisting of numerous petals, passing, in alternate tints, from pure white to rose and pink. The smooth water was covered with the blossoms, and as I rowed from one to the other, I always found something new to admire. The flower-stalk is an inch thick near the calyx, and studded with elastic prickles about three-quarters of an inch long. When expanded, the four-leaved calyx measures a foot in diameter, but is concealed by the expansion of the hundred-petalled corolla. This beautiful flower, when it first unfolds, is white, with a pink centre; the colours spread as the bloom increases in age; and, at a day old, the whole is rose-coloured. As if to add to the charm of this noble water-lily, it diffuses a sweet scent. Ascending the river, we found this plant frequently; and the higher we advanced, the more gigantic did the specimens become: one leaf we measured was *six feet five inches in diameter*, the rim five inches and a half high, and *the flowers a foot and a quarter across*."

In 1840, M. Guillemin, the traveller who first sent specimens of this gigantic aquatic to the Museum of Natural History in Paris, published an account of his own discovery of the plant, which he mentions had also been observed, still earlier, in the same river, the Parana, in the province of Corrientes, by Haenke, a Spanish botanist, who travelled in 1801, and subsequently by Bonpland, the companion of Humboldt. Bonpland, on seeing the plant from a distance, on a little river called Riochuelo, had well-nigh precipitated himself from a raft into the water, in his eagerness to secure specimens, and he was able to speak of little else for a month afterwards. Haenke, who had been sent by the Government of Spain to investigate the vegetable products of Peru, on discovering, in one of the tributaries of the Amazon river, "a plant so surprisingly beautiful and extraordinary, fell on his knees in a transport of admiration, and expressed aloud his sense of the power and magnificence of the Creator in his works." Mr. Bridges, an English botanist, found the Victoria in the republic of Bolivia, province of Moxos, in the year 1845; and in 1846 he brought home seeds in wet clay, also dried leaves, and flowers preserved in spirits; but only two of the seeds obtained by Sir W. J. Hooker germinated. Mr. Bridges thus describes his feelings of delight and astonishment on first beholding, in a lake on the banks of one of the tributaries of the Mamoré, the "Queen of aquatics," the *Victoria regia*:—"There were at least fifty flowers in view, and Belzoni could not have felt more rapture at his Egyptian discoveries than I did in beholding the beautiful and novel sight before me, such as it has fallen to the lot of few Englishmen to witness. Fain would I have plunged into the lake to procure specimens of the magnificent flowers and leaves; but knowing that these waters abound in alligators, I was deterred from doing so by the advice of my guide, and my own experience of similar places." He obtained a canoe, and returned, with several Indian assistants, in the afternoon. "The canoe being very small, only three persons could embark; myself in the middle, and an Indian in the bows and stern. In this tottering little bark we rowed amongst magnificent leaves and flowers, crushing unavoidably some, and selecting only such as pleased me. The leaves being so enormous, I could find room in the canoe for but two, one before me and the other behind; owing to their being very fragile, even in the green state, care was necessary to transport them; and thus we had to make several trips in the canoe before I obtained the number required. Having loaded myself with leaves, flowers, and ripe seed-vessels, I next mused how they were to be conveyed in safety; and determined at length upon suspending them on long poles with small cord, tied to the stalks of the leaves and flowers. Two Indians, each taking on his shoulder an end of the pole, carried them into the town; the poor creatures wondering all the while what could induce me to be at so much trouble to get at flowers, and for what purpose I destined them now that they were in my possession."

After years of anxious effort to produce this plant in England, it has, during the past year, been raised in Kew Gardens, from seeds sent by Dr. Rodie from British Guiana. The leaves, three months ago, were occupying the largest portion of the capacious tub in which they were floating, and, it was evident, would soon require a more spacious surface for their development. The young plants have made rapid progress since we saw them, insomuch that Sir William Hooker, with a liberality worthy of his distinguished position as the Director of this great national institution, offered one plant to the Edinburgh Botanic Garden, and another to the Botanic Garden of Glasgow. The first was gratefully accepted, and safely received in Edinburgh

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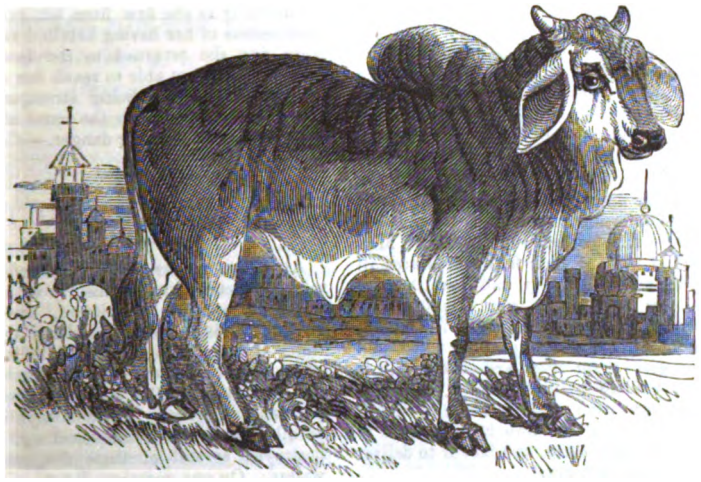
in the week before last. But we state, with a feeling of humiliation, that when Sir William's offer came before the Directors of the Glasgow Botanic Institution, it was declined, because it would cost a few pounds to procure a suitable tub, and to provide a snug corner for the royal water-lily in one of the hot-houses. One considerate Director seriously proposed, not to reject so valuable a gift, but, on receiving it, to place it in the atmosphere of *a cotton-mill!* But the rest, considering that it would not pay, unanimously set aside this sapient proposal. Had Sir William offered, instead of the *Victoria regia*, to present the Royal Botanic Institution of Glasgow a huge cabbage, which could have been converted (on the principle of "cut and come again") into a source of revenue, the Directors would have rushed at it with open arms; but to have accepted of a gift, however gracefully proffered, and rare and beautiful in itself, which was merely ornamental, and would not turn a penny, was inconsistent with the utilitarianism which is in future to guide the counsels of the Directors, and the management of the garden. We shall, therefore, probably never see the royal water-lily in Glasgow.—*Scottish Guardian.*



THE INDIAN OX.

THE *English* ox is too well known to require description, and its value is as generally acknowledged. It exists with us, likewise, in a domesticated state. It is not, perhaps, so generally known that the *bos* genus is very widely distributed, and exists in several parts of the world in its originally wild condition. An able writer on natural history, Mr. Bennett, says, "In addition to the domesticated species known by the name of oxen, buffaloes, and yaks, the genus *bos* comprehends several others equally distinct, which have rarely, if ever, been reclaimed from their native wildness. Two of these, the bison and the musk-ox, are peculiar to the northern regions of America. One, the Polish aurochs, is now confined to a single European forest: a fourth, the arni, exists only in Central Asia: and a fifth, the Cape buffalo, is, as its name imports, a native of the southern extremity of Africa. Thus it appears that in this wide dispersion of the several races, each region has preserved its own peculiar kind in its original independence; while, on the other hand, two at least of the remaining species, the ox and buffalo, which are no longer found in a state of nature, have been industriously propagated, under the auspices of man, throughout almost every part of the globe. The yak alone, of all the domestic species, remains confined within its primitive limits; namely, in Thibet, and a part of Turkey, where it is said to be generally cultivated, almost to the exclusion of every other race."

In the extensive regions of India, several kinds of oxen are found in a wild state. One kind, however, has been domesticated. It is sometimes called the *zebu*, or Indian ox. In the catalogues they are set down under the name of *bos Indicus:* or, more correctly, *bos taurus;* variety, *Indicus.*

The domesticated Asiatic oxen, or zebus, vary much in their size and the direction of their horns, but are generally distinguished by a fatty, elevated hump below the neck and over the withers. The horns of some are short and sub-erect; in others, comparatively long and pointed backwards, with an inclina-

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tion to curve inwards. The ears of some are of ordinary size and position; in others, pendulous. The dewlap is more or less developed; in some very largely. Their colour varies from a light ashy grey to a milk-white, and their size from the stature of an ordinary bull to that of a large mastiff. The limbs are deer-like and elegant.

In many parts of India the zebu is placed under the saddle, or harnessed to a carriage, and travels at an easy rate. If ancient writers are to be credited, it must have lost much of its fleetness; for they speak of it as travelling fifty miles a day: the moderns say only twenty or thirty. The beef is not bad, but is neither so sweet nor so good as that of the common ox. But the hump, when well cooked, is said to be very delicate. The Hindoos, however, are not "beef-eaters." As taught by their religion, these oxen are venerated by them; and though they do not object to work them, they hold their slaughter to be a sin. Thus does the zebu "bear a charmed life" among them. Some of them live a very easy one too; wandering about the villages at their pleasure, and taking their food where and as they list. Some of the more devout among the Hindoos will even supply them with food. Such is the bewildering influence of superstition. Men who would pass by their fellow-creatures ill and dying on the highway, and leave them to perish, feel themselves even honoured by becoming caterers to an animal. Let us not be angry. Let us rather pray for them, and seek to give them truer knowledge. It is not that we are naturally more wise than they, but light from heaven has been vouchsafed to us. It is God who has made us to differ. Pity their error, and labour to deliver them from its influence.

INSTINCT.

MANY birds, especially those whose young ones run as soon as hatched, and, being thus dispersed, are more likely to be stumbled on, have various arts to arrest the attention of the chance wanderer, and decoy him from the brood. The lapwing is always most clamorous when you are furthest from the objects of her solicitude. So is the curlew; but should you approach them, the mother appears quite careless and unconcerned. Grouse and partridges flutter along the ground as if wounded and unable to fly, the latter uttering a most discordant scream. I have always thought these birds overdo their part, and that the lapwing is far superior to them in the art of misleading. The manœuvres of wild ducks are similar to those of grouse, and they give notice to the ducklings when they are to dive by a loud quack, which is instantly obeyed. But the most finished actress I have seen was a mire-snipe, which fluttered up exactly as if the tip of its wing was broken. It flew in this disabled manner for about ten yards, when it fell as if exhausted, and lay struggling on its side. I walked forward to seize it, muttering, "Well, if they hav'n't been poaching, even now!" Up it rose again, apparently with the greatest difficulty. But this time it was longer in doing the tumble-down part. Suspecting the trick, I followed to see how it would end. After enticing me some distance, it sprang up with its easy, natural motion, and triumphantly twisted out of sight. * * *

I once witnessed a touching instance of the attachment of an eagle to her young, which, like the child of some blood-thirsty chief, alone had the power to touch the single chord of tenderness and love in the heart of its cruel parent. I had wounded her mortally as she flew from her eyry, quite unconscious of her having hatched an eaglet. Next day she returned to the foot of the rock, although not able to reach her nest, the feelings of a mother being stronger in her savage breast than either the sense of present pain, or dread of further danger.—*Colquhoun.*

THE CROCODILE AND ITS GUARDIAN.

As I am on the subject of birds, I will relate a fact in natural history which I was fortunate enough to witness, and which, although it is mentioned so long ago as the times of Herodotus, has not, I believe, been often observed since: indeed I have never met with any traveller who has himself seen such an occurrence. I had always a strong predilection for crocodile-shooting, and had destroyed several of these dragons of the waters. On one occasion, I saw, a long way off, a large one, twelve or fifteen feet in length, lying asleep under a perpendicular bank about ten feet high, on the margin of the river. I stopped the boat at some distance; and noting the place as well as I could, I took a circuit inland, and came cautiously down to the top of the bank, whence with a heavy rifle I made sure of my ugly game. I had already cut off his head in imagination, and was considering whether it should be stuffed with its mouth open or shut. I peeped over the bank: there he was, within ten feet of the sight of the rifle. I was on the point of firing at his eye, when I found he was attended by a bird, called a ziczac. It is of the plover species, and of a greyish colour, and as large as a small pigeon. The bird was walking up and down, close to the crocodile's nose. I suppose I moved; for suddenly it saw me, and, instead of flying away, as any respectable bird would have done, he jumped up about a foot from the ground, screamed "Ziczac! ziczac!" with all the powers of his voice, and dashed himself against the crocodile's face two or three times. The

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great beast started up, and immediately spying his danger, made a jump up into the air, and dashed into the water with a splash which covered me with mud; he then dived into the river, and disappeared. The ziczac, to my increased admiration, proud apparently of having saved his friend, remained walking up and down, uttering his cry (as I thought) with an exulting voice, and standing every now and then on the tips of his toes in a conceited manner, which made me justly angry at his impertinence. After having waited some time to see whether the crocodile would come out again, I got up from the bank where I was lying, and, throwing a clod of earth at the ziczac, came back into the boat, feeling some consolation for the loss of my game in having witnessed a circumstance, the truth of which has been doubted by several writers on natural history. —*Curzon's Monasteries of the Levant.*

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. J. T. BARR.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TWIN-BROTHERS.

"The churchyard bears an added stone;
The fireside shows a vacant chair;
Here sadness dwells, and weeps alone,
And death displays his banner there."
NEELE.

ALFRED and Joseph were twin-brothers. The day which ushered them into existence deprived them of their excellent mother; for she died immediately after giving them birth. Their father, who had been devotedly attached to his amiable partner, felt, keenly felt, this afflictive bereavement. For a long time he was almost inconsolable. His melancholy, however, was gradually dissipated, and his spirits greatly relieved, by the unremitting attention which he paid to the early training of his motherless boys. At a suitable age he sent them to school; and, when they had completed the term of their studies, he taught them his own business, which was that of a watchmaker.

Between the two brothers there was a marked dissimilarity, both in the natural temperament of their minds and in their physical energies. Alfred was of a passionate disposition, and often violent. Joseph was calm, sedate, and thoughtful. The one was remarkably healthy and robust; the other was pale, and constitutionally delicate. There is one thing, however, in which there was a resemblance. Their attainments in scholastic knowledge were equal; and their progress in acquiring a competent acquaintance with their business, kept a parallel pace.

They had scarcely arrived at the age of manhood, when their father sickened and died, bequeathing to them jointly his little property. For twelve months subsequently to the decease of their venerated parent, the twin-brothers laboured together in the greatest harmony. The dissimilarity of their dispositions was not permitted to disturb their happiness, or to infringe on their fraternal cordiality. About this time the Asiatic cholera had made its appearance in the town; for it was in the year 1832. In other places it had already swept, with fearful rapidity, hundreds of its victims into a premature grave. The orphan-brothers contemplated the advances of this direful disease with melancholy forebodings. The hearths of many of their neighbours had become desolate; the friends of their childhood were dying around them; and, day after day, fresh graves were opened to receive the blackened corpses of those who had sickened at the pestilential breath of the destroyer.

Joseph spent much of his time in secret prayer and meditation; and, as the chapel in the adjoining street was opened, every evening in the week, for the purpose of holding appropriate meetings for devotion and exhortation, he occasionally attended. One evening, while wrestling with God in the sanctuary, he obtained the blessing which, of all others, he most earnestly sought; namely, the pardon of sin. Regarding himself as a fallen creature, a condemned sinner, he was enabled to plead on his behalf the atonement of the only efficient Saviour. And, while relying on the blood of that atonement, he felt a sweet assurance that God, for Christ's sake, had blotted out all his transgressions. He became a new creature; the fear of death was removed; and he rejoiced in the liberty of the sons of God.

From the moment that he was made a partaker of the pardoning love of God, Joseph became deeply solicitous for the salvation of his brother. But Alfred disregarded his admonitions, and turned a deaf ear to his pious entreaties. "I am as capable of judging as you," he would sometimes say: "so let me hear no more of your Methodistical cant."

Alas! the emotions which agitated his bosom arose rather from an inward dread of meeting death in so frightful an aspect, than from any apprehensions of the divine dis-

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pleasure against sin. His fear was that which brings a constant torment to the guilty mind, rather than that contrite fear which leads the penitent to the foot of the cross, to supplicate for mercy and salvation. To avoid the conversation of his brother, which was becoming more and more annoying to him, he frequently sought the society of persons who, even during the visitation of the judgments of God, have the daring effrontery to make sport of the religion of the Bible, and "laugh at the bugbear death." Thus, while Joseph was in the sanctuary, listening to the word of life, Alfred was seated in the parlour of a neighbouring tavern, listening to the roar of merriment, and essaying to drown his uneasiness in the inebriating cup. While the one had recourse to the fountain of living waters, that his soul might be refreshed and comforted, the other ran to broken cisterns that can hold no water.

A crisis now arrived, which terminated in the separation of the orphan-brothers. One stormy evening, in the month of November, Alfred returned home at an unusually late hour. Joseph, who was seated at the table, reading his Bible, saw that he had been drinking; and, from the sullen expression of his countenance, conjectured he had been quarrelling with some of his companions. "Shut that book," he exclaimed, in a passionate tone: "I am sick of seeing you always poring over it."

Joseph hesitated to comply. In a moment the daring youth inflicted so severe a blow on the face of his brother, that he fell from his chair.

Persuaded that any remonstrance, in his present excited state, could produce no beneficial result, Joseph composedly wiped the blood from his cheek, burst into tears, and soon after retired to rest.

The next morning, while seated together at the breakfast-table, Alfred appeared to be uneasy. The recollection of his base conduct on the preceding night filled him with sorrow and remorse; and he entreated his brother's forgiveness, which was readily granted. Encouraged by this expression of contrition on the part of his brother, Joseph besought him to forsake his sinful companions, and to seek the salvation of his soul. His godly advice, however, was utterly disregarded.

Before entering on the business of the day, Joseph proposed prayer; but the other begged to decline what he termed an unnecessary exercise. A chapter in the New Testament was then suggested; but this was objected to, with the same contumacy.

"I do not understand how it is, brother," said Joseph, "but lately you seem to have steeled your heart against everything that is good, and to have acquired an unaccountable indifference to the things which make for your peace. Be assured, the day will come when you will be sorry for it. I tremble for you."

"Tremble for yourself," was the bitter reply.

"But think, Alfred, how many have been suddenly hurried into eternity, by the malignant disease which still rages throughout the country. Who knows but *you* may fall a victim to it? And what will become of your soul?"

"What is that to you? Are you your brother's keeper?"

"I find, Alfred, that it is useless for me to remonstrate with you. You seem determined to have your own way, and to walk in the light of your own eyes. But beware, lest that light should betray you into perdition."

"I will hear no more, Joseph; and, if you are not satisfied, you may seek lodgings elsewhere."

"The same thought has indeed agitated my own mind; and, as I now see there is little hope of our living amicably together, I will leave you to-morrow morning. Our uncle, who resides in Liverpool, has been uniformly kind to us; and I am sure he will receive me under his hospitable roof."

Thus ended the conversation; and nothing of more than ordinary interest occurred during the remainder of the day.

The next morning, as soon as the first streaks of light beamed through the latticed window of his apartment, Joseph rose from his bed, and began to make the necessary arrangements for his departure. Alfred was still buried in sleep; and it was not till the coach stopped at the door, to convey his brother to Liverpool, that he woke from his slumbers.

"Farewell, Alfred! The coach is waiting. May God Almighty bless you!" And the tears gushed from his eyes, and almost choked his utterance, as the sorrowing youth gave expression to these parting words.

"What!" exclaimed Alfred, springing up in the bed, "are you determined to leave me?"

"Yes: I told you so yesterday."

"It is cruel of you, Joseph."

"But you told me to seek lodgings elsewhere. I thought my presence was an annoyance to you."

"That was only when you spoke about religion, and exhorted me to become a Methodist."

"And is religion so annoying to you? Then we *must* separate. I thank God for the little religion which I possess; and would not part with it for all the kingdoms of the world. It has been my chief consolation in seasons of trial. It has preserved me from those allurements which, unhappily, have led my brother astray. And hear me, Alfred, it has enabled me to bear the reproaches and persecutions of that brother without a murmur."

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"Be quick, young man," shouted the coachman, who appeared to be impatient at the delay of his passenger: "be quick! we must be going."

The brothers shook each other by the hand. "Heaven bless you!" was their hasty ejaculation, as they now, for the first time in their lives, took a formal farewell of each other.

It was a dull November day. The sun refused to shine; and a drizzling, penetrating rain was falling, while Joseph sat on the outside of the coach. A damp chillness pervaded the gloomy atmosphere; and here and there might be seen patches of dissolving snow, contrasting with the faded verdure of the surrounding fields. With a sinking heart, Joseph several times turned his eyes in the direction of his native town, till it was at length for ever hid from his sight.

Within the space of two hours he arrived in Liverpool; and he soon discovered the residence of his venerable uncle. He briefly explained the occasion of his journey. The aged man wept at the recital; and, embracing his pious nephew, assured him that, while he had a house, he should possess an equal claim to it; and as long as Providence furnished him with the comforts of life, he should share them with him.

As the evening approached, Joseph complained of being unwell. Indeed, his countenance betrayed symptoms of physical indisposition; and, taking leave of his uncle and family, he retired to his room at an early hour.

For a considerable time he slept soundly; but, towards the hour of midnight, his rest was suddenly broken by the most violent spasms. He made an effort to rise, but was utterly unable. Then calling loudly on his uncle, the whole family were soon at his bedside. A surgeon, who resided in the immediate neighbourhood, was sent for; and he promptly obeyed the summons. On examining his patient, he pronounced the symptoms to be those of malignant cholera. Suitable medicine was administered, and the medical man remained in the room to witness its effects. Joseph appeared to suffer paroxysms of the most excruciating pain; during the intervals of which he spoke of his absent brother. "I feel that I am dying," said he, in one of those intervals; "but my soul is happy in God. I shall go down to the grave in peace, and rise with a triumphant shout! I could wish to see Alfred once more. We are twin-brothers, and should not be separated now."

"He shall be sent for immediately," said the weeping uncle.

"But if death should remove me before he arrives, tell him I die happy; and that my last breath was employed in prayer to Heaven for his conversion. Poor Alfred! May I meet him in a better world!"

The spasms continued with increasing virulence; the symptoms were becoming more and more alarming; and hope died in every bosom. At length came the crisis. The anxious family drew nearer to the bed. All held their breath, as if fearful to disturb the suffering patient. The surgeon felt his pulse; and, for the space of a quarter of an hour, the stillness of the grave pervaded the sick chamber. At length, just as the morning sun began to peep through the little window, the medical man pronounced him to be dead. Yes! the soul of Joseph had returned to its native heaven.

About midday Alfred arrived; and, with breathless anxiety, inquired after the health of Joseph. He was conducted to the chamber of death. Casting a hasty glance round the gloomy apartment, he beheld the younger members of the family bathed in tears, as they hung over the inanimate body of the youthful victim.

"But who can paint the" brother "as he stood,
Pierced by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!"

Gazing on the pallid corpse of his only brother, he stood for a moment motionless. His eyes appeared to be starting from their sockets, and his tongue refused the faintest utterance. "O God," he at length exclaimed, in a paroxysm of indescribable grief, "O God, support me in this dreadful hour! My heart will burst. But is he really dead? Is poor Joseph torn from me for ever? Perhaps he only sleeps. Wake, my brother! Speak to me, Joseph! Tell me that you forgive me. Alas! he hears me not. He will not speak to me. O that I could have seen him, had it been but for one moment, before death for ever sealed his lips!"

Then, smiting his burning forehead, he flung himself on a chair, and hid his face in his handkerchief.

"Endeavour to be calm, Alfred," said the sympathizing uncle, on hearing the wild and incoherent expressions of his bereaved nephew; "endeavour to be calm. Your affectionate brother is removed to a better world. And shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

"My *affectionate* brother, did you say? Yes, he was full of affection. But I requited that fraternal affection with insolence and oppression. My cruelty drove him from the dwelling which paternal regard had bequeathed to us both. O that I could have heard his angel-lips pronounce the words, '*I forgive you, Alfred!*'"

"And that, in substance, he did pronounce," said the aged man.

"And did he speak of *me* before he died? Tell me, my dear uncle, what he said."

"He requested me to tell you, in case you should not arrive before his departure, that his last breath should be spent in prayer for his brother."

But I need not longer dwell on this heart-rending scene; nor attempt to describe the

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agonizing feelings which lacerated the bosom of Alfred, when, on the following day, he saw the body of his only brother committed to its last earthly resting-place.

For several months a settled gloom appeared to pervade the inmost recesses of his soul. He seldom left his solitary habitation, except when business called him away. The beauties of nature, the voice of joy and gladness, and even the conversation of his friends, failed to invigorate his spirits, or to produce a smile upon his countenance. All had lost their charms. But God is merciful to the wounded spirit: "a broken and a contrite heart" He will not "despise." And when Alfred, bowed down with the weight of his sins and sorrows, was at length enabled to struggle to the bleeding cross, and to trust in the merits of the Divine Mediator, he obtained a knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins; and the joy which this knowledge produced in his soul, supported him during the few remaining years of his life. And he is now in the kingdom of his Father, joining with his sainted brother in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb!

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WIDOW AND HER SHIP-WRECKED SON.

In the north of England, in a small inland village, a Lieutenant of the British Navy, after serving his country for many years, took up his abode. He had a pious wife, and six or seven children. She sent them to the village Sabbath-school; but the eldest, a boy of fourteen years, seemed determined to profit neither by maternal love, nor by pious instructions at school. His father's rigid discipline alone restrained him from rushing into excesses of wickedness and riot. But that father died, and left his widow to combat the idleness of her boy alone. No, not alone: for she sought the help of her Heavenly Husband.

The father being dead, the son grew worse. He was ungovernable; and the afflicted widow wept, as with a broken heart, over her recreant child. Unable to restrain him, she adopted a very common mode of disposing of idle lads. She resolved to send him to sea. He could not grow worse there, she thought; and possibly the severe discipline of a ship might humble his proud spirit, and lead him to reflection.

A ship was obtained for him. The bustle of preparation began, and was over. Unknown to the youth, the mother placed a Bible in his chest, with the secret hope that its light might lead him to his heavenly Father, when he should be far off on the deep blue sea. Many were the prayers that mother offered for the son; many the counsels she gave him from the fulness of her heart. The day of separation came. It was a day of trial to all but to him who was the occasion of the sadness of that family. Warm were the tears she shed, as, pressing him to her bosom, she bade him adieu, and commended his wayward heart to God.

Many years had passed, and the wanderer had not returned. The ship had perished at sea, and the widow mourned her son as dead; and, what was worse, she trembled for the safety of his undying soul. Could she have been assured of his safety in the better world, her pained heart would have been at rest. But she wept over him as doubly lost.

It was a stormy night in mid-winter. The wind howled, and the rain poured down in torrents. The widow and her children sat beside the fire, and a chastened cheerfulness overspread the circle; though now and then a cloud of melancholy gathered over the mother's brow, as the driving storm reminded her of her lost son. A slight tap was heard at the door. It was opened. A sailor stood there, wayworn and weather-beaten. He begged a shelter from the storm. It was not in the mother's heart to refuse a sailor on such a night, and she offered him her fireside and her food.

When he had refreshed himself, she modestly questioned him of his condition. His tale was soon told. He had been ship-wrecked, and was going home poor and penniless to his mother. He had been ship-wrecked before. The widow asked him to tell the story of his sufferings.

He said, that in a violent gale the ship ran ashore, and went to pieces. The crew were either drowned, or dashed to death against the rocks. Himself and another were the only persons who reached the shore. They were thrown upon the beach by a powerful wave. His companion was senseless at first, but, at last, revived,—alas! but to die. "He was a sweet youth," the sailor observed: "once he had been the terror of the ship for his excessive devotion to vice. But suddenly he had changed. He became a serious, praying man; as remarkable for piety now, as for vice before. When he had revived a little on the beach," said the sailor, "he pulled a Bible from his bosom, and pressed it to his lips. It was this blessed book, he told me, that led him to change his way of life. Rummaging his chest one day, he found a Bible: his first

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impression was to throw it away; but, chancing to see his mother's writing, he paused to examine it. It was his name. It made him think of his mother, of her instructions, and the instructions of his teacher; and then he saw his sins, and felt he was a sinner. Overwhelmed, he sunk upon his knees beside his chest, and wept, and prayed, and vowed to change his way of life. And he did change it; for he became a decided Christian. After telling me about this change," continued the sailor, "he gave me his Bible, and bade me keep it for his sake; and then, falling back upon the sand, he expired with a half-offered prayer upon his lips."

As the sailor concluded, the widow, who had listened with deep interest and feeling, inquired,

"Have you got the Bible, my friend?"

"Yes, Madam," said he; and he took from his bosom what appeared to be a bunch of old canvass. Carefully removing several envelopes, he at last produced a small pocket-Bible, and gave it into the hands of the lady.

Tremblingly and hastily she seized it. She turned to the blank page, when, lo! her child's name, in her own writing. A death-like paleness overspread her cheek, as she made the discovery, and exclaimed, "'Tis his! 'tis his! My son! my son!"

POETRY.

THE TRAVELLER AT THE TOMB OF ONE OF THE KINGS OF ETRURIA.

An Italian traveller, on opening one of the regal tombs, saw upon a sort of bier the body of the deceased, arrayed in royal apparel; upon the head a kind of tiara or coronet; breastplate, armlets, and anklets, all of pure gold. The features were distinctly recognizable; the regal apparel apparently fresh; and the mind was filled with astonishment that though deposited in that tomb some thousands of years before, the intruder felt himself in a royal presence. But while gazing with wonder and delight upon so rare a spectacle, a slight tremor was perceived in the corpse, as though an invisible power were about to inspire new life into the recumbent figure, and whilst awe filled the soul, the whole scene suddenly vanished, and nothing but the bier and the golden ornaments remained; for the sentence, long delayed, was fulfilled, "Dust thou art, and unto dust must thou return."*

Ages on ages! they have pass'd o'er thee,
Yet still unchanged thou restest in thy gloom,
As "dust to dust" were vainest mockery,
And thou didst proudly triumph o'er the tomb:
In death a conqueror, scorning mortal blight,
Crown'd as a monarch in the shades of night.

Semblance of glory! gold and gems are thine,
And regal purple, and a monarch's wreath;
And jewell'd fingers in their last cold shrine,
Ashy and stiffen'd in the grasp of death,
Gleam in the darkness; they have proudly shone
In days of triumph,—hath the glory gone?

Empires have fallen; vanish'd thrones and Kings;
New dynasties arisen; stars that shed
Wide radiance, sleep with earth's forgotten things;
Powers and dominions, they have been and fled!
Yet thou remainest, as but now thy head
Were laid to slumber on its last cold bed!

Ages on ages! yet unstain'd thy robe
Of regal glory; all undimm'd thy crown!
Are *they* immortal? Is the dust inurn'd
With such vain relics of thy proud renown,
By them made changeless? or with noiseless tread
Hath time pass'd by, nor known thee with the dead.

Ages on ages! yet the pallid brow
Hath its own form of beauty; the closed eye
Sleeps 'neath its ebon fringes, as e'en now
Its living orb might flash forth witchery:
And on the parted lips a smile—the last!
Ere death made all thy life a vision past.

Yet not a vision! thou didst live, and love,
And joy, and suffer; hope, and mourn, and trust;
'Midst thronging thousands gaily, proudly move,
A King, perchance a conqueror! e'en thy dust
Such tale revealeth, and in kingly guise
Thou waitest for the judgment-call, "Arise!"

So mused the wanderer: he had gazed and gazed
On that still form in regal pomp array'd,
And beautiful in slumber; now amazed
And awe-struck, he doth tremble! hath the shade
Of the lone corse re-enter'd its frail home?
For lo! it quivereth e'en as ocean's foam!

* Substance of an extract contained in the Life of the Rev. John Ely: communicated by the Rev. W. H. Sargent.

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And all doth vanish! earth to kindred earth!
Ashes to ashes! all hath pass'd away!
And from the wreck pale gems and gold gleam forth,
As in proud mockery of the soulless clay,
Vile in its ruin,—traceless,—till the word
Omnific, speak its comeliness restored!
Tipton. ADELINE.

"NONE OTHER NAME."

"There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

None other name but Thine,
Redeemer, King divine!
Shall not the earth, with loud and glad acclaim,
Exult and triumph in a Saviour's name?
And bow the knee
In faith's adoring, meek humility?

None other name but Thine!
The weary-hearted pine
In vain for solace: bid them trust in Thee!
The sad, the sever'd, whither should they flee,
But to Thy breast?
There, there alone the sorrowful have rest.

None other name but Thine!
Kneel, mourner, at that shrine:
Perchance thine heart is desolate and lone,
The loved, the cherish'd fondly,—all are gone!
The light that shed
Around thine home calm radiance it hath fled.

And stricken-hearted now
Upon thy pallid brow
Are traced deep lines of suffering; thy soul's lute
Hath lost its melody, and joy is mute:
Yet gaze above,
Thy Saviour liveth, and His name is Love!

None other name but Thine!
Far off where brightly shine
In the blue heavens the Altar and the Cross,
There bend deluded ones to earthly dross,
And incense pour,
And idol-deities in fear adore.

Yet these are Thine,—the lost,—
The erring tempest-toss'd;
The weak who suffer, and the wrong'd who sigh:
Earth's darkest children in their agony
Thou lov'st to save,
And rescue from the midnight of the grave.

None other name but Thine,
Redeemer, King divine!
Thy love the wide earth circle, and its might
Triumphant chase the gloom of error's night,
Bid truth prevail,—
Bright conqueror of the world, and death, and hell.
Tipton. ADELINE.

THE HOUR OF PEACE.

THERE'S peace at morning hour,
When dew-drops gem the trees,
And June's sweet voice, in cuckoo-notes,
Floats o'er the fragrant leas.
When birds on every bough,
And streams in every vale,
Are carolling their matin songs,
Sweet morning hour, all hail!

There's peace at eventide,
When nature's pulse is still,
To wander down the flowery vale,
Or up the shaggy hill;
And there to talk with God,
Forgetting all our woe,
We feel a peace the world knows not,
No matter where we go.

There's peace in Sabbath hours,
When England's sons repose,
In shades their fathers' hands have rear'd,
Beneath the Sharon Rose.
The mind that dwells within,
Creates its weal or woe,
And outward things but temper it,
No matter where we go.
Troon-Moor, Camborne. J. HARRIS.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

WESTMINSTER has been for many centuries the "Court end" of London. Long as united England has had her Kings, here has been the chief royal residence. In Westminster their Parliaments assembled. In Westminster was the "King's Bench," from which his Judges administered justice. This was done sometimes by himself in person. That venerable old English edifice, Westminster-Hall, opens into what is still called "Palace-Yard;" and though little remains beyond names and antiquarian records to bear testimony of the fact, the ground on the banks of the Thames from Whitehall to the splendid erection, the new

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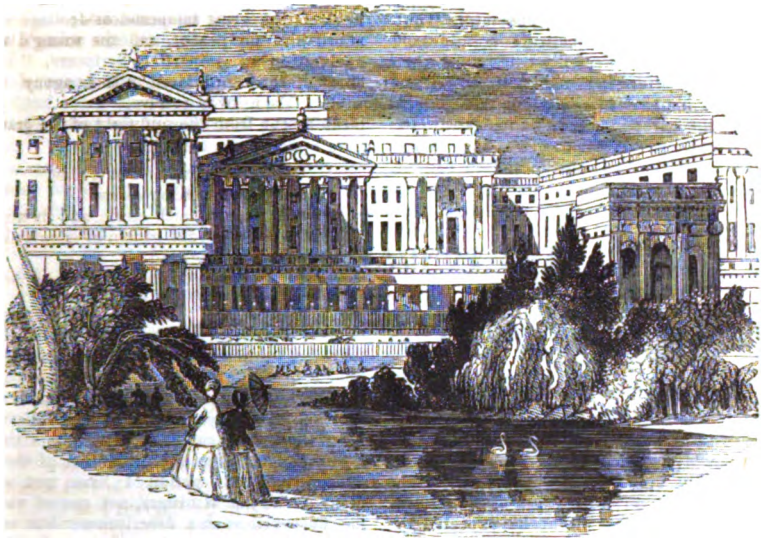

houses of Parliament, (whose opening, we trust, will be one of the memorable events of the reign of Queen Victoria,) may really be called royal ground. Some of the most splendid pageants of royalty have been witnessed on it; and at its two extremities royalty was shown in its most melancholy abasement, when Charles I. was tried in Westminster-Hall, and beheaded in the front of Whitehall.

Here royalty still *acts;* for here sits the Parliament, and here are the courts of law. But here royalty no longer *lives*. The distance to which the personal residence of the Monarch has been removed, however, is not great. Only a few hundred yards have to be traversed. The royal palace is now at the opposite extremity of St. James's Park. If a person, visiting London for the first time, were to go into St. James's Park on a fine summer's day, his whole visit would not furnish him with a more pleasant spectacle. The walks in the park-enclosure are so well laid out in capitally-managed windings that the space appears much larger than it really is. Then, it is so richly planted, and the walks so accompany the water, that the visiter would fancy himself in some beautiful pleasure-grounds in the country, far away from the smoke and noise of a city like London. Then, hundreds, like himself, are enjoying the delightful recreation. The children are casting on the water pieces of bread to the swans and ducks, who seem to understand the whole case, and hasten to secure the prize, or wait at a little distance from the path, for the opportunity of doing so, which their experience has taught them will soon come.

But let us not forget one object. The visiter pursues his way till, before long, he sees, over the rich foliage through which he is wandering, the summit of an evidently grand building. He quickens his step, and soon comes to the termination of the park-enclosure, and there is the building before him. He sees it from a little distance; he is no architect; his eye has been accustomed only to the smaller edifices of his own neighbourhood; and he sees that it is indeed a grand building, and must belong to somebody quite out of the common way. What is it? Buckingham Palace, the town residence of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria; the house in which the Queen lives when she is in London. Windsor Castle, some twenty miles off, is the Queen's *country* residence. For as for Osborne-House, in the Isle of Wight, we know not whether we should call it the house of the *Queen* at all, that is, *as* Queen. It is the dwelling of the affectionate *woman*, with her husband and children. We hope she is happy in *all* her residences; but we cannot help thinking that if the other two are her *palaces*, Osborne-House is her *home*.

John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, built a house here in 1703, which was called after him, Buckingham-House. It afterwards came into the possession of royalty; and the present palace was erected for George IV. It was commenced in 1825, under the superintendence of Mr. Nash; on whose death, in 1835, Mr. Blore succeeded to the direction, and completed the edifice. Notwithstanding its imposing exterior to the uninitiated, architects complain that in its details it is very unscientific. Into such a controversy we cannot enter. All descriptions

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agree in representing the interior as royally splendid. "Ay," says the spectator, "but splendour does not constitute happiness." True; most true; blessedly true. But what is the fact? Here is a plain cottage. Does *that* give happiness? No! neither palace nor cottage gives it. True happiness dwells with true piety. If the owner of the palace walks humbly with God, the palace cannot shut out the peace of God. If the cottager neglects the great salvation, his cottage will afford him no peace. O, how solemn that declaration of impartial Scripture, "The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked," be he Monarch or peasant; but "He blesseth the habitation of the just," whether it be a palace or a cottage!

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

HINTS FOR ALL WHOM THEY CONCERN.

Extracted from recent Correspondence in the Teachers' Magazine, on the subject of Wesleyan Schools.

If the Ministers and elders of our Connexion duly appreciated the claims of the Sunday-school on their special attention, what blessed results might be expected to follow! In the Wesleyan system, the younger members of the church being weekly brought under the special surveillance of their elders, a fine field is opened for inciting them to engage in this glorious work, and for impressing them with a deep sense of its importance, thus preparing them to be good Teachers. Trusting that a better day will yet dawn on Wesleyan Sunday-schools, I contribute these few practical remarks to your invaluable repository.

I find a letter upon the causes of inefficiency in a Wesleyan Sunday-school, supplied by a S—— correspondent. With the main principle upon which the letter is based I perfectly agree; namely, the implied necessity of ministerial supervision and countenance. Any one at all acquainted with Methodistic law or usage, as brought forward, especially of late, in the Conferences of Wesleyan Ministers, and published in their Minutes, must be well aware that every Superintendent Preacher is required to present a report annually of each Sunday-school in his Circuit. He must state the number of Teachers in the school; how many of them are church-members; and also the number of scholars, and how many of these are connected with the church. This proves that our Ministers, as a body, are fully alive to the importance of Sunday-schools, and give them as much attention as is within their reach, considering the numerous engagements in things spiritual which tax their time and strength beyond any other body of Ministers. Should there be a Minister in the body who *totally neglects* to give ministerial countenance and support, and who, moreover, looks on with cold indifference, and with *captious disparagement* of the Teachers' labours; I say, if such there be, (although I question it,) such Minister is an exception, and fails most seriously to fulfil his vocation. I have had much experience in Wesleyan Sunday-schools, having been from the year 1828, up to this time, a Superintendent in one or another of them; and during that period I have met with many Wesleyan Ministers, not one of whom has answered such a description: but some of them have been ever ready to offer their services in addressing the children, &c.; and all of them, when solicited to do so, if opportunity as to time and place suited, so as not to interfere with other engagements. Such is the result of my own experience.

Although we are voluntary agents, yet, having volunteered to engage in this honourable service, we stand pledged to perform a certain work, in a certain given time, and according to rules laid down. Let every Teacher, officer, and Committee-man aspire after holiness of heart; and the world and Satan combined cannot stand before us. For the higher qualifications, when thoroughly pervading the mind, could not fail to invigorate and sanctify all those gifts and acquirements which are called into active requisition in the course of our Sunday-school duties.

A cause of inefficiency is the retiring of Sunday-school labourers too early from the field, thereby leaving the work too much in the hands of the inexperienced. Not that I would say one word to discourage the young in this work, or in disparagement of their labours: so far from this, observation has proved to me, that few persons make much proficiency in this work who begin at the meridian of life. All agree that the best Sunday-school men and women are those who have begun early; but as this is a work that requires experience to guide and direct to a successful issue, those who marry a wife or husband should not say at once, "I cannot come." This has been done to the serious detriment of our institutions. Besides experience, there need weight and solidity in the work, which age and maturity alone can give. Thus will our Sunday-

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schools improve, and their management keep pace with the demands of the age, and the good estate of the Christian church.

The Oxford Wesleyan Sunday-school has flourished more during the last two years than at any former period since its establishment. The revival commenced with the Superintendents. Feeling the importance of their work, they began to impress on the Teachers the necessity of increased activity, regular and early attendance, the importance of the monthly prayer and quarterly meetings, and the duty of visiting the absent scholars. The absent Teachers were visited; those who came late were requested to be at their stations in proper time; and persons who were not engaged in the school were requested to become Teachers. Success attended the efforts thus put forth; punctuality in attendance, and an increase of Teachers; better attendance on the part of the children; select classes for the boys and girls have been formed; weekly prayer-meetings of the Teachers have been commenced, and are well attended; and incalculable benefits have accrued from the increased activity of those engaged in the school, such as eternity alone can unfold; and this has been done without imposing any additional duty upon our respected Ministers.

With this demonstration before me, I feel no hesitancy in saying, that if all the persons engaged in Wesleyan Sunday-schools were to do as the Oxford Teachers have done, we should cease to hear complaints about the Ministers: they would not have to ascribe their inefficiencies to this party or that, but all would go on prosperously. Let the S—— Teachers set about reforming themselves, and removing the causes of inefficiency which exist among them, and I feel persuaded that they will not want sympathy. Let them show to the church and to the world that they are in *earnest*, and determined to labour for the souls of the children; and success must inevitably follow. The church will see their zeal, and sympathise with them; those who have spare time will be not only willing, but anxious, to assist in the great work. The children will follow the example of the Teachers: if they are punctual and regular in their attendance, the children will be so too, and will pay more attention to those who endeavour to instruct them. Only when the Teachers do their duty can Sunday-schools answer the purpose for which they are intended.

ANECDOTES.

WARNING TO TRIFLERS.

James C—— was the son of poor but religious parents, who endeavoured to fulfil their duty, by training him up in the way he should go. The lessons of religion and morality which James daily learned, failed not to impress his mind; but, having arrived at that age which required him to enter the busy world as an apprentice, he was soon led to a circle of associates who, by their profanation of the Sabbath, their unscrupulous sacrifice of truth, their love of vicious pleasure, coupled with insinuating manners, too soon prevailed over his better feelings, and drew him into their excesses. A few months after, one of his acquaintances was taken ill, and the illness brought him to the border of eternity. He sent for James's father, who willingly came, and exhorted the dying lad to look to Christ alone for salvation; and not in vain. The youth found mercy, and quickly after died. James seemed much affected for some time; but again he mingled with wicked companions; and, under their influence, and that of beguiling, but profane, infidel writers, he sank again into profligacy. Whenever his father mentioned religion, he was wont to answer with a sneer, and say, "I shall repent on my death-bed." He was at length taken ill. The fever burning within him speedily brought him to the gates of death. His father reminded him of his duty and his vow; but each word spoken only tore his breaking heart afresh. His bed was surrounded by weeping brothers; while on each side was a parent, with a parent's love endeavouring to assuage his misery. It was evident, from his parched lips and his interrupted breathing, that nature had almost fulfilled her office, and he must soon be delivered into the hands of death: and at last, with dying effort, raising himself on his knees, he gasped out, "What a fool I have been! What a fool I have been!!" Thus fearfully he plunged into the gulf of death, with words of anguish and despair on his quivering lips!

Young men, take warning. "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished."

J. M. S.

ANECDOTE OF THE PLAGUE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Two Jews—extortioners, poor men, whom, consequently, no one cared about — were walking together in a narrow street at Galata, when they both dropped down, stricken with the plague. There they lay

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upon the ground; no one would touch them; and, as the street was extremely narrow, no one could pass that way, which was, in effect, blocked up by the two unhappy men. They did not die quickly. "The devil was sure of them," the charitable people said, "and so he was in no hurry." There they lay a long time, many days; and people called to them, and put their heads round the corner of the street to look at them. Some, more tender-hearted than the rest, got a long pole from a dyer's shop hard by, and pushed a tub of water to them, and threw them some bread; for no one dared approach them. One Jew was quiet: he ate a little bread, and drank some water, and lay still. The other was violent: the pain of his livid swellings drove him wild, and he shouted and raved as he twisted about on the ground. The people looked at him from the corner, and shuddered as they quickly drew back their heads. He died; and the other Jew still lay there, quiet as he was before, close to the quiet corpse of his poor friend.

For some time they did not know whether *he* was dead or not; but at last they found he drank no more water, and ate no more bread; so they knew that he had died also. There lay the two bodies in the way, till some one paid a Turkish porter, who,—being a staunch predestinarian, caring neither for plague, nor Jew, nor Gentile, dead or alive, —carried off the two bodies on his back; and the street was passable again. — *Curzon's Monasteries of the Levant.*

MR. HONE.

At an anniversary meeting of the Cambridge Bible Society, the Rev. Professor Scholefield related the following anecdote of Mr. Hone, the well-known author of "The Every-Day Book:"—Mr. Hone, in the days of his infidelity, was travelling in Wales, on foot; and, being tired and thirsty, he stopped at the door of a cottage where there was a little girl seated, reading. He asked the little girl if she would give him a little water. "O yes, Sir," she said: "if you will come in, mother will give you some milk-and-water;" upon which he went in, and partook of the beverage, the little girl again resuming her seat and her book. After a short stay in the cottage, he came out, and accosted the child at the door. "Well, my little girl, are you getting your task?" "No, Sir!" she replied: "I am reading the Bible." "But," said Mr. Hone, "you are getting your task out of the Bible." "O no, Sir! it is no task to me to read the Bible: I love the Bible." "And why do you love the Bible?" said he. The simple and beautiful answer was, "I THOUGHT EVERYBODY LOVED THE BIBLE!" This circumstance had such an effect upon Mr. Hone, that he determined to read the Bible too. "And he is now," said the Professor "one of the foremost in upholding and defending the great truths contained in that holy book."

THE DARK ROOM.

The other day, at a house where I called, a disobedient child had been shut up awhile by himself in a dark room. Before his punishment he was very passionate, but afterwards very peaceable. He went into the room very proud; but he came out of it very humble. His father had no pleasure in punishing him, but it was necessary: and O, how tractable, how obedient, and how thankful was the chastened child when his father received him again into his favour!

Christian, have you ever been put into a dark room by your heavenly Father? shut up without the light of his countenance, and cut off from your common comforts and enjoyments? If so, you must remember it well: very sorrowful were you, and in great distress; but the sorrow and the distress were necessary to bring you into subjection, and to make you value, more highly than you did before, your heavenly Father's presence. Sweet it was when your spirit was set at liberty; for then God lifted up the light of his countenance upon you: shining not on your head, but in your heart, and speaking to you in the voice of consolation. "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer."

HOW FAR GREATNESS EXTENDS.

When we had smoked our pipes awhile, and all the servants gone away, I presented a letter of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was received in due form, and, after a short explanatory exordium, was read aloud to the Patriarch, first in English, and then translated into Greek. "And who," quoth the Patriarch of Constantinople, the supreme head and Primate of the Greek Church in Asia, "who is the Archbishop of Canterbury?" "What?" said I, a little astonished at the question. "Who," said he, "is the Archbishop of Canterbury?" "Why, the Archbishop of Canterbury." "Archbishop of *what?*" said the Patriarch. "*Canterbury,*" said I. "O!" said the Patriarch; "ah! yes; and who is he?" Here all my friends and myself were taken aback sorely.—*Curzon's "Visit to the Monasteries of the Levant."*

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PAPERS ON BOTANY.

EBONY.

The works of God are indeed admirable, *all* of them. Not on one can we fix our attention but there are some displays of the divine power, wisdom, and love. Think of *wood*. What a common substance it is! Yet think again. To how many uses may it be applied! One reason is, there are so many sorts of it,—hard, soft, flexible, unyielding, and what not. And even more than this. Even here, where perhaps it was to be least expected, there are delightful manifestations of beauty. Some kinds, when cut in particular directions, owing to the peculiar character of the *grain*, (as it is termed,) present a variegated appearance, which, when the surface is polished, no beholder can refuse to admire. Others are all of one colour. In consequence of these properties, some of the most elegant pieces of workmanship coming from the hands of our cabinet-makers, prove that even the ornaments of art may be surpassed by those of nature.

Ebony is one of these beautiful kinds of wood. It is hard, of a deep black colour, and capable of a good polish. It was known among the ancients, and used by them for ornamental purposes. This is plainly intimated by the language of Ezekiel, (xxvii. 15,) "They brought thee" (Tyre) "horns of ivory and *ebony*." Herodotus, also, places it among the tributary gifts furnished to the Persians by the Ethiopians. "These Ethiopians bring every third year, and they continued to do so to my time, two chœnices of unmolten gold, two hundred blocks of *ebony*, five Ethiopian boys, and twenty large elephants' tusks." (Here, it will be seen, the old Grecian historian connects together ebony and ivory in the same way as the Hebrew Prophet does.) It is a native of hot countries. The species consist entirely of bushes or trees, some of which are of large size, their leaves are alternate, with no stipules, and generally leathery and shining. The genus is termed *diospyros*, and is found chiefly in the tropical parts of Asia and Africa; though one species is found in New-Holland, one in the United States, and one (*diospyros lotus*) in Switzerland. The tree which yields the valuable timber bearing the name of ebony is the *diospyros ebenus*. It is a native of Madagascar, the Mauritius, and

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Ceylon. The leaves are very smooth, short, alternate in position, and oblong in shape. The fruit of some of the species is eaten by the natives of the countries in which the trees grow. The fruit of the *diospyros kaki* is about as large as an apricot. The Chinese dry it as a sweetmeat. But it is for the wood that the tree is chiefly valued. From its hardness, durability, colour, and susceptibility of a fine polish, it has always been in high estimation; and in the present day is much used for mosaic work and ornamental inlayings. From the depth of its colour, ebony has become a term, not indeed exactly *synonymous* with blackness, but *illustrative* of it.

TABLE-TALK.

DAYS WITHOUT NIGHTS.

Dr. Baird gives some interesting facts. —There is nothing that strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at the season of the year when the days are the longest, than the absence of night. Dr. B. had no conception of it before his arrival. He found himself able to read a letter in the forest near Stockholm, at midnight, without artificial light. There is a mountain at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, where, on the 21st of June, the sun does not go down at all. Travellers go there to see it. A steamboat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of carrying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It only occurs one night. The sun goes down to the horizon, you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes it begins to rise.

At the North Cape, the sun does not go down for several weeks. The sun begins to rise there at midnight. The changes, in those high latitudes, from summer to winter, are so great that we can have no conception of them. In the winter the sun disappears, and is not seen for six weeks. Then it comes and shows its face. Afterwards, it remains for ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes, and then descends, and finally it does not set at all, but makes almost a circle around the heavens.

Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at the usual hours. They go to rest whether the sun goes down or not. The hens take to the trees about seven o'clock, P.M., and stay there till the sun is well up in the morning; and the people get into this habit of late rising, too. The first morning Dr. Baird awoke in Stockholm, he was surprised to see the sun shining into his room. He looked at his watch, and found it was only three o'clock; the next time he awoke it was five o'clock; but there were no persons in the street.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

JOHN RAY.

Died January 17th, 1705.

In the distribution of mental endowments, the Father of spirits has not confined his gifts to any particular class of men, but has reserved to himself the liberty of dividing unto every man severally as He will. "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." Yet it has been thought by some great men, that the mental inequality so observable between one man and another is not so much from nature as art, and determined application to self-improvement. Facts show that, without cultivation, the greatest talents may remain as useless and obscure as the precious gem that lies hidden in its native roughness; or, rather, a process of deterioration is going on in the soul, proportionate to its original capacity.

Like many an illustrious character, John Ray could make no boast of high descent. On the 29th of November, 1628, he was ushered into the world at Black-Notley, near Braintree, in Essex, as the son of Roger Ray, blacksmith, who proved himself a worthy father by doing all in his power to secure for his son a good education, that he might become a Minister of religion. Accordingly, having given him the advantages furnished by the Free Grammar-School of his native place, he was entered a student at Catherine-Hall, Cambridge, in his sixteenth year, from which he afterwards removed to Trinity, of which College he was elected a Fellow in the same year with the famous Isaac Barrow; and in 1651 was appointed Greek Lecturer, and subsequently Mathematical Lecturer and Humanity Reader. The diligence implied in this rapid ascent to academical honours, is such, as to prepare us for the announcement of impaired health, through intense application to his studies.

To this painful result of his noble ardour,

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the world owes much, as it led him forth for exercise to the fields, where his ever-active mind found abundance of reading matter in the volume of nature, which he digested so thoroughly, that he became, in the estimation of Haller, the greatest botanist in the memory of man, and, according to the judgment of Cuvier, the founder of the science of modern zoology. During his struggles for University honours, he devoted the leisure moments of ten years to a work descriptive of the plants to be found about the neighbourhood of Cambridge, which he published in 1660; about which time also he was ordained Deacon and Priest.

The Act of Uniformity, which was passed in August, 1662, put an end to the ministry of this singularly promising man, whose conscience would not suffer him to remain a Minister of the Established Church on conditions offensive to his views of what was righteous, and conformable to the letter and spirit of the word of God. He was accordingly deprived of his Fellowship, and must have been painfully embarrassed, but for the timely aid of his affectionate friend and pupil, Mr. Francis Willoughby, who, from this time till his death, became his constant companion, and fellow-student in natural history. Along with Mr. Willoughby and others, Ray traversed the north of England and Scotland in search of plants and natural curiosities; and the next year they made a western tour through Chester, Wales, Cornwall, Devonshire, Dorsetshire, Hampshire, Wiltshire, and other counties; which was followed by researches in Holland, Germany, Italy, France, and other continental countries, besides repeated visits to all parts of England.

The object of these two friends in their travels is mentioned by Derham, as he had it from Ray himself.—"Finding the history of nature very imperfect, they agreed between themselves, before their travels beyond sea, to reduce the several tribes of things to a method, and give accurate descriptions of the several species, from a strict view of them."

Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of these investigators of the wonders of nature. They prosecuted their researches with unwearied ardour and happy success. Towards the end of the first part of his "Wisdom of God in the Creation," Ray labours to inspire his reader with his own spirit, and to get him to tread in his steps. "Let it not suffice us to be book-learned," says he, "to read what others have learned, and to take upon trust more falsehood than truth. But let us ourselves examine things as we have opportunity, and converse with nature as well as books. Let us endeavour to promote and increase this knowledge, and make new discoveries; not so much distrusting our own parts, or despising our own abilities, as to think that our industry can add nothing to the invention of our ancestors, or correct any of their mistakes. I know that a new study at first seems very vast, and intricate, and difficult; but after a little resolution and progress, after a man becomes a little acquainted, as I may so say, with it, his understanding is wonderfully cleared up and enlarged; the difficulties vanish; and the thing grows easier and familiar. And for our encouragement in this study, observe what the Psalmist saith: 'The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.' (Psal. cxi. 2.)"

In 1667 the Royal Society enrolled him among its members; at which period he turned into Latin a work of his friend Bishop Wilkins, on a philosophical and universal language.

Three years afterwards he published his "Catalogue of English Plants;" and, in 1672, his "Collection of English Proverbs." This year proved to him one of unutterable sorrow, on account of his friend, Mr. Willoughby, being taken from him by death, in his thirty-seventh year; which stroke was rendered still more severe by the death of his friend, Bishop Wilkins, a few months later. The affection of Mr. Willoughby for Ray outlived their union, by the deceased appointing him one of his executors, committing the education of his two sons to him, besides settling sixty pounds a year upon him during his lifetime. He executed his trust with the most affectionate faithfulness; and prepared for publication the posthumous papers of his friend, with scrupulous care and tenderness for his honour.

These bereavements led him to seek the sympathy promised in a conjugal relation. He accordingly married the daughter of Mr. Oakley, of Lainton, in Oxfordshire, in June of the following year, being then in his forty-fifth year, and she in her twenty-third; by which marriage he had three daughters. During his long life, which was continued above threescore years and ten, he resided in or near his native village, as a layman, with very scanty means; yet prosecuting his researches into nature with indefatigable and successful industry; universally admired for his modesty, affability, communicativeness, probity, sobriety, charity, and piety.

Among the botanical works of Ray, his "Synopsis" is thus mentioned by Sir James Smith:—"Of all the systematical and practical floras of any country, the second edition of Ray's 'Synopsis' is the most perfect. He examined every plant recorded in his work, and even gathered most of them himself. He investigated their synonymes with consummate accuracy; and, if the clearness and precision of other authors had equalled his, he would scarcely have committed an error."

Cuvier remarks: "The peculiar character of the zoological works of Ray consists in

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clearer and more rigorous methods than those of any of his predecessors, and applied with more constancy and precision. The divisions which he has introduced into the classes of quadrupeds and birds, have been followed by English naturalists, almost to our own day; and one finds very evident traces of his system of birds in Linnæus, Brisson, in Buffon, and all the authors who are occupied with this class of animals. The 'Ornithology' of Salerne is little more than a translation from the 'Synopsis;' and Buffon has extracted from Willoughby almost all the anatomical part of his 'History of Birds.' Daubenton and Stacey have translated the 'History of Fishes,' in great part, for their 'Dictionary of Ichthyology,' in the 'Encyclopédie Méthodique.'" This extract is a noble testimony to the claims of Ray, as one of the most successful naturalists England or Europe has produced.

But his fame with general readers rests on his justly celebrated work, "The Wisdom of God in the Creation," in which the most exact science is united with the purest religion, and zeal for its defence and diffusion. His vigorous and devout mind ranges through the wonderful works of God, in heaven above, and earth and sea beneath, to behold the beautiful traces of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness everywhere apparent, and clearly demonstrative of His eternal power and Godhead.

He leads his reader to contemplate the glories of the starry frame, with its countless suns and systems of worlds; combats the errors of Aristotle, Epicurus, Des Cartes, and other speculators; points out the uses of the heavenly bodies; inquires into the animal economy; furnishes excellent remarks on fire, air, water, earth, vegetables, flowers, animals, birds, fishes, and insects. On the neglect of the works of God, he remarks: "Some reproach, methinks, it is to learned men, that there should be so many animals in the world whose outward shape is not yet taken notice of, or described, much less their way of generation, food, manners, uses, observed." And he bids them not think that anything that God has vouchsafed to create is unworthy of man's cognizance, as there is a greater depth of art and skill in the structure of the meanest insect, than any man is able to fathom or comprehend.

"And indeed, (with reverence be it spoken,) what else can we imagine the ever-blessed Deity to delight and take complacency in for ever, but His own infinite excellencies and perfections, and the manifestations and effects of them, the works of creation, and the sacrifices of praise and thanks offered up by such of His creatures as are capable of considering those works, and discerning the traces and footsteps of His power and wisdom appearing in them." Though many admirable works of a similar kind have been composed since that of Ray appeared, it is certain that he surpassed all his predecessors in scanning the book of nature, and furnishing an exposition of the eighth, nineteenth, and hundred and forty-eighth Psalms, and other portions of the sacred volume, which lead us up through nature unto nature's God. He was a Christian philosopher, who delighted in discovering the glory of God in all the works of His hands, and desired all to join him in his pleasing employment.

PETER SAMUEL.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Carwithen, Miss Juliana,		Derby,	21	Oct. 8th, 1848.
Champion, Mr. D.,	Illogan,	Redruth,	60	Sept. 19th, 1849.
Fletcher, Mrs. E. M.,		Dewsbury,	28	April 25th, 1848.
Goad, Mr. John,	Plymouth,	Plymouth,	56	April 17th, 1849.
Keast, Mr. William,	Stonehouse,	Plymouth,	73	July 5th, 1849.
Sampson, Mr. Samuel,	Voguebeloth,	Redruth,	54	Sept. 19th, 1849.
Sankey, Mr. James,	Dunstan,	Plymouth,	63	July 3d, 1849.
Stranack, Mr. W.,		Margate,	30	Sept. 12th, 1849.
Tobey, Mr. James,		Worcester,	51	Oct. 15th, 1849.
Tregay, Mr. James,	Blackwater,	Redruth,	45	Nov. 22d, 1849.
Trigga, Margaret,	Portreath,	Redruth,	12	April 9th, 1849.

N. B. All communications sent for insertion in the "Tabular Record" must have the names of the persons sending them, and be authenticated by the signature of one of the Ministers of the Circuit from which they are sent.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

FEBRUARY, 1850.

SELECTIONS FROM A MINISTER'S MANUSCRIPTS.

No. XVII.

THE CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

CRIMINALITY is ever supposed to be the inseparable attendant on what is deemed crime. This is invariably the case when the law of God is violated, and generally so when the laws of nations are transgressed. But all acts accounted by man to be crime are not criminal. Arbitrary power has formed its despotic codes, and moral guilt would be greater in the observance of, than in the departure from, their requirements. Superstition has also erected her standard, and would impose her rule on the consciences of men, think for them, and make them act for her. Yet obedience to her dark demands would frequently involve rebellion against God: in rendering subjection unto man, His authority would be disregarded. Punishment, also, is not invariably awarded in proportion to the guilt of supposed or defined crime. In the rule of the moral government of the world, it is perfect in equity and in righteousness; for the ways of God are just and true. But in the regulations of human authority there may be undue severity, or culpable, undeserved leniency. This is frequently so in the distributions of superstition: they are ever captious, and often basely cruel. Of this character was the crime, and of this nature we pronounce the punishment of the accounted crime, now placed on record.

Not many years ago, the recorder of the fact was employed on a mission of benevolence in the south of Ireland. Desiring not only to instruct, but also to be instructed, he was studiously observant of objects, persons, circumstances, and events. He penetrated the sanctuaries of religion, and marked the acts of professed devotion. He visited the lone and forlorn cabins of the poor. He courted the conversation of the Papist as well as of the Protestant, and closely noticed the contrast that was presented to observation. Mixing with various families where the Protestant faith was the creed of the master, and the Papistical creed the belief of the domestics, one oft-repeated circumstance arrested his attention. It was his custom, as a Christian Minister, to observe family worship, and to request the generous friends by whom he was kindly entertained to assemble their household for that purpose. If the request was made in the presence of the subordinates of the establishment, however they had previously listened to, and engaged in, the general conversation of the company, when prayer and the reading of the Scriptures

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were named, they fled out of the room, as though some plague or danger was to be apprehended; and the heads of the family, with the children, only remained, or were assembled. "How is this?" he was induced to inquire of one of his friends, "that when worship is named, the young men in your employ retire, and your maidens do not unite with you in devotion?" The astounding reply was, "They dare not; for they are Papists: were they to do so, they must confess the act to the Priest, and be subjected to Church discipline. There is my housemaid," observed the gentleman, "who did, for a season, unite with us in religious exercises, and for so doing she is now suffering penance. The Priest has enjoined on her the punishment of abstaining from animal food for six months, solely for the crime of hearing me read the Scriptures, and bowing with us in prayer." Such the *crime;* such the *punishment!* And this in a land called Christian. In this day of Gospel light, in this age of intellectual eminence, a crime to hear that book read which the Author commanded His people diligently to teach their children; which the pious have esteemed to be "more to be desired than gold;" and which the Holy Spirit has declared to be "able to make wise unto salvation!" Punished for obeying the command of the Saviour to "search the Scriptures!" How manifest that the crime, so called, was the mere offspring of superstition and corruption, and the punishment the infliction of a deep-rooted prejudice against the truth! Lord, how long shall these things be? how long shall the fountain of truth be sealed by the enemies of thy word? Arise, and plead thine own cause; and hasten the period when it shall be proclaimed, "Mystery, Babylon, is thrown down, and shall be found no more at all."

Manchester. N.

READINGS IN KEMPIS.

No. I.

MANY years ago, among the early Methodists, "Thomas à Kempis" was a little manual very extensively perused. Mr. Wesley had felt its power before he learned its defects; and when he was enabled to supply these by his clear understanding of salvation by grace through faith in Christ, he was enabled to derive true and great advantage from it. In a day of desultory reading like the present, and of great public activity, perhaps Christian professors require to be guarded against that mental dissipation which is always unfavourable to stability and advancement in piety, and to be called to that secret fellowship with God, and that resolved self-fellowship and self-examination without which there will be but little growth in grace, and perhaps a too feeble resistance to besetments within, and temptations from without. After the holy Scriptures, the inheritance of all Christians, the Wesleyans have a valuable library for the closet in their Hymn-book, Mr. Wesley's Sermons and Journals, and the excellent religious biographies issued under the direction of the Wesleyan Conference. To these, if they would add Thomas à Kempis on the "Imitation of Christ," bringing to the perusal a steady recollection of Christ as our Saviour through faith in his blood, and always living on Him as "our peace," by whom "God justifieth the ungodly," great benefit would be likely to result. On these subjects the views of Kempis were very obscure; and his manual might, therefore, even injure those who do not clearly see "the way of peace," as constituted by "salvation through the remission of their sins." But, seeing this, and keeping their eye steadily fixed on it, the self-recollection, examination, and communion to which Kempis conducts, may prove of invaluable service. We propose, therefore, to direct their attention to a few brief "Readings in

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Kempis," consisting in short extracts from various parts of his small volume, connected with such observations as may, by the blessing of God, enable them to read the whole so as to suffer no loss, but, on the contrary, to receive much profit. First of all, however, we will say a few words respecting the man himself.

Thomas à Kempis is an illustrious instance of the cheering fact, that in the darkest days of the Church, when its more public character indicates lamentable departures from truth and righteousness, there are yet in secret members who mourn over the desolations of Zion, and labour in comparative darkness both to work out their own salvation, and to spread a quickening influence among those with whom they may be closely connected. He was born at Kempen, a village near Cologne, about A.D. 1380. His parents were in low circumstances, but they sent him to study at Deventer, (in one of the provinces of Holland,) where his diligence and sincere and simple piety procured him much esteem. His desire of entire devotion to God led him (as was then customary) to renounce the world,—as the phrase was,—and to enter a community of Augustine Friars in the same province, A.D. 1400. Notwithstanding the doctrinal obscurity of the age, and the many errors that had crept into the Church, producing an awful depravation of morals both among Clerics and Laics, the piety of Kempis appears to have been deep, fervent, and practical. He was an able copyist, and by what he thus obtained, sought to contribute to his own maintenance. One copy of Scripture, written in a large hand, and occupying three folio volumes, cost him three years of close labour. Thankful ought we to be for the invention of printing. His great care was to guard against inward distraction. In company with his brethren, though there was always great sweetness of manner in his behaviour and conversation, he always sought to profit them. Sometimes, feeling himself powerfully drawn out in internal devotion, he would gently, and with a kind smile, request them to excuse him, adding, —and they knew his meaning,—"There is One waiting for me in my cell." That he had imbibed the leading doctrinal errors of his Church, cannot be doubted; but equally evident is his unreserved and obedient surrender of himself to the will of God. The belief of his head was confused, but the faith of his heart was strong; and its genuineness and power preserved him from all that wretched Antinomianism by which too often the professors of a clearer faith have disgraced the Gospel, given to Romanism occasion of triumph, injured deeply their own souls, and perhaps turned others out of the way. He evidently sought to avoid sin and practise holiness, not only generally, and, as it were, in the mass, but in particular and minute instances. Roman errors interrupted the bright sunshine of truth, and cast a deep shadow, in this respect, on his path; but it was a path of self government and control, and of humble and submissive obedience. By divine grace "he walked with God." We lament his errors, but we admire his practical piety. How much higher ground does he occupy than that on which stands the man who, though instructed in the Gospel plan of salvation, lives in a practical carelessness which amounts to a revolting and dangerous Antinomianism! It is not enough to believe the truth: we must *walk* in it; and he who walks in truth walks, as Kempis did, in holiness and love.

He died A.D. 1471, having lived to the advanced age of ninety-two.

(*To be continued.*)

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A WORD TO CLASS-LEADERS.

No. V.

We proceed now to consider Duties of the Office. It is needful for the parties concerned to know the exact position which they are required to occupy, and the work they have to do.

1. *It is a Leader's duty to strive to promote the religious welfare of each person in his class.* To this he is specially called; this is his principal business. Confided to him, in an important sense, is the charge of souls, for whom he must watch and labour, that each of them may be presented perfect in Christ Jesus. Truly this office is no sinecure, but one of deep solemnity, importance, and responsibility.

To a truly devoted Leader it will soon be apparent that he must expect cases of difficulty; cases which will give him considerable trouble, and call for the exercise of all the skill and grace he possesses. We mention a few, to which almost any Leader's attention will be directed.

The young convert who has not had an early Christian training, who possesses little scriptural knowledge, and is constantly exposed to the influence of domestic and social irreligion, is an object of anxious care. Disposed to frivolity, brought into association with the amusements and fashions of the world, having daily intercourse with parties beloved, though not belonging to Christ's church, breathing and living in an atmosphere injurious to spirituality, he occupies a position of extreme peril; and the utmost skill will be necessary to prevent consequences the most calamitous. On receiving such a person into his class, the Leader becomes responsible for the due use of all available means to secure the salvation of his charge. Privately and publicly, by cautions and counsels, he must seek to get the youthful disciple established in grace, and to throw around him the shield of protection. He may suggest suitable books for his reading; mention topics for the exercise of his thought; direct him in the choice of companions, and of employment for his leisure; aid him in his efforts to obtain clear notions of the scheme of revealed truth; meet the objections which arise in his mind; furnish him with weapons to meet his opponents; and point him to the source of that strength which can sustain him in the hour of trial and of difficulty. And what he *may* do, is his duty; what is *possible*, is imperative. If, through the gardener's negligence, a tender plant be exposed and destroyed, he will be held responsible for the loss. So, if the young convert suffer through the inattention of a Leader, of that Leader will the account be required.

Then there will very probably be the tried one; a feeble, timid spirit, pursued by relentless domestic persecution. For him a watchful sympathy is needed. This is a case which will demand, indeed, the utmost encouragements of kindness and judgment.

A Leader may not neglect his member, yet how can he intermeddle with the domestic affairs of another man? Great prudence and firmness will be in demand. He must make himself acquainted with all the circumstances, and prayerfully deliberate as to the best course. If there be difficulty in the case, take the advice of Ministers and aged Christians; and then act with an eye to the glory of God. If personal interference be necessary, he must not shrink from the unpleasant duty; but generally the matter may be settled by suitable advice to the persecuted, and special prayer to God.

All Christians are exposed to temptation; but there are some who are apparently singled out for Satan's violent and prolonged attacks. Every Leader may expect to meet with these, and he should be prepared to help them. Perhaps no persons occasion so much solicitude and difficulty as the

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tempted; for there is often a studied reserve, a concealment of facts, so that it is almost impossible to get a thorough understanding of their case. Add to this the pertinacity with which they refuse proffered relief, and cling to opinions formed under the influence of temptation; and, especially, the tendency to doubt the goodness of God; and it will be evident that, in treating their case, a Leader will require all the spiritual wisdom he can acquire. Sometimes he will be at his very wit's end; his whole stock of arguments exhausted; answers which he thought very powerful, producing no effect; the labour of weeks or months bringing him apparently no nearer the end at which he aims. And what increases the hardship, is the littleness of the matter which causes it. The difficulty really is so small, that he wonders how it can be a difficulty at all. Of mountains do his people complain, whose rugged sides they cannot climb, whose heights they cannot scale; while *he* sees scarcely a hill over which a child could not easily pass. Such being the case, what is he to do? To give up the apparently hopeless task, and leave these tried and trying ones in the hands of their foe? O, no! but he must labour on; remembering that diligent application, unwearied kindness, and mighty prayer, have a thousand times succeeded. He must never give up a case; and, if faithful, he will very seldom lose one.

In most societies there are found some who are CHRISTIANS ONLY IN NAME; and a Leader may look for a case or two of the kind among his members. Some there are who were never truly penitent; but who, substituting mere excitement for repentance, have had their names put on the Class-book, and have sat down assured that all was right. We fear the number of such is by no means small. Now the path of duty here is very plain; though, perhaps, not agreeable. Having ascertained the real facts of the case, the Leader must set himself at once to undeceive the parties. He must seek to demolish entirely their refuge of lies, and to make them aware of their condition. He must tell them plainly his fears and suspicions respecting them; explain the doctrine, and urge the practice, of a genuine repentance; and every week press them with close pointed questions, until he has reason to believe that his appeals are availing. There must be nothing indefinite about his inquiry; nothing which will easily admit of evasion. He must even seek a direct, unequivocal reply, and keep to the point till he is satisfied. Instead of saying, "Well, my brother, what is the state of your mind?" he may rather ask, "Are you convinced of your sins? Do you feel sorry for your past misdoings? Are you aware that the wrath of God now rests upon you; that you are this moment in danger of ruin? Do you so see and feel the evil of sin, as to desire immediate deliverance from it?" These, and the like questions, will assist him in ascertaining the real state; and, if closely pressed, will force the parties to think and answer honestly. Perhaps such treatment will be disagreeable to those whose conduct and state require it; but it is needful, and it promises the happiest results. One thing is pretty certain:—Either the nominal Christians will leave the class, or they will forsake their sins. We can scarcely think it possible for a person to meet regularly, and be subjected to close and faithful dealing, without advancing toward the enjoyment of real religion. If, therefore, we find one who has met some time, and yet is unsaved, we are drawn toward the conclusion that the Leader has not done his duty. We do not mean to say that the fault is necessarily and invariably with him; but we believe it is so generally. There may be exceptions, but this is the rule.

A Leader need not wait till public accusation brings a case before him, for the correction of what he believes to be wrong in his members. He must be ready to give advice to any who ask; and must offer it to those who

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need it, whether they ask or not. He has a right to counsel those who meet with him; and he is bound to guard them from evils to which he knows they are exposed. To him they look as to a friend and guide: he must not then allow any false delicacy, or fear of offending, to keep him from doing his duty. Sometimes very painful circumstances will arise; and he will be forced to a position which nothing but the most sacred obligation could induce him to take. Sin has been committed; and reproof must be administered to parties who will resent the warning, and treat its author as an enemy. Duty may thus subject him to serious personal inconvenience, and expose him to unkind and even cruel treatment. But, to avoid these things, he may not "suffer sin upon" his brother by neglecting to give the timely caution and reproof. This is a cross, but he must bear it; a post of great difficulty, but he must take it; a task more than ordinarily painful and arduous, but he must perform it: for, notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, the path of duty is the way of safety.

To those persons who are FREQUENTLY ABSENT FROM CLASS, and yet wish to retain their membership, he has a mission. His duty to them cannot be overlooked; for it is expressly named in the Rules of the Society. In his weekly meeting he will, of course, ask why such individuals are absent. Some member may be able to give a reason satisfactory to the meeting;—but this is not the extent of the Leader's duty. He must take an opportunity of visiting them at home, that from their own mouth he may learn the cause of absence. Once a week, at least, he must see all his members. If, therefore, they do not come to him, he must go to them. And let it be observed that this duty is very important. The prosperity of a class depends upon it. Circumstances which detain persons from class, render the private visit necessary; and if it be not paid, they will be lost to the society, if not to religion. A difficulty is felt, a mistake occurs, a misunderstanding arises, a wrong impression is made; at first the affair is not very serious, and then one visit would remove the grievance, and set the thing at rest. And is an individual to be lost for want of such a visit? Can a Leader do his duty who will not go after such a person?

But let us, while on this point, guard against an evil by no means uncommon, and one to which there are many temptations. There is, at present, very loud complaint of the want of pastoral attention from Leaders and Ministers. Many of the parties complaining are not very anxious for religious discourse, but they like to spend an occasional hour in gossip. Now against this a Leader must set his face, or he cannot be free from real or supposed obligations, which will involve him in difficulty, if not in guilt. We speak advisedly when we say, *A tattler cannot be faithful as a Leader.* He chooses a position which makes it all but impossible for him to do his duty. Suppose him to become acquainted with a fact affecting the character of a member with whom he frequently spends an hour in gossip: will he at once go and tell him the truth, bring it home to his conscience, warn him of his danger, and urge him to repentance? It is almost certain he will not. And yet this is most evidently his duty. He cannot "suffer sin upon" his brother, and be faultless. Who, then, does not see that a practice which leads to a disregard of duty, and presents strong temptations to unfaithfulness, is a very great evil, and should be most carefully avoided?

2. *It is the Leader's duty to see that the members of his class contribute duly to the supplies for the support of God's work.* In our system considerable expense is of necessity incurred; and that expense falls mainly on the members of the society. It cannot be expected that unconverted hearers will feel any obligation to bear it. We cannot calculate on a regular income from that

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source. If, therefore, the ministry is to be supported, the burden must fall on the members. Occasional aid may come from the congregation; but, as in all other cases, the main dependence here is on the society. But how is this work to be distributed? Are all, or only some, of the members to share it? On this point we have no uncertainty. There is a plain rule implied in the statement of the case. "Every member contributes one penny weekly, (unless he is in extreme poverty,) and one shilling quarterly." Nor will the Leader ordinarily find much difficulty in securing an observance of the rule. Let him only do his duty, and he will rarely have to complain. Neither will it be necessary to be always pressing the money question: there is a far easier and more excellent way. Let the Leader, on being appointed to a class, read the Rules, and let him collect the pence weekly. Let newcomers, also, be told what our arrangement is; or there will grow up a disregard of the rule. It cannot be denied that, in many localities, great exertions are needed in raising the supplies. Some will not bear their part; and this tends to the serious detriment of the cause of God. We believe this evil to be the offspring of neglected duty, and that it can only be removed by general faithfulness. Our members will not withhold their contributions. They feel that it is most desirable to extend our cause, and to enlarge our boundaries; and that, by united effort, the thing may soon be done.

SEEK FOR HEAVEN.

A FRAGMENT.

"By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear."

Who would not go to heaven? My dear readers, do you ever ask yourselves this question, or think of the subject? "Yes," I have do doubt you will all reply. But have you ever thought of it seriously? Did you ever picture to your mind's imagination heaven? Do you remember that heaven is full of love,—love to God, and to the Lamb who died to redeem you from the curse attending a single transgression of God's holy law? Have you indeed thought of it; and, when the Holy Spirit has prompted you to commence and try to gain it, have your stubborn hearts yielded? Why, even the name is full of pathos and of music: it breathes a holy feeling of itself; and when you contemplate the presence of the Lord of Hosts, of Jesus, who ever intercedes with the Father for you, it swells the soul with a joy "unspeakable and full of glory."

Do you ever think of this eternity—of the angels—of the saints—of the thousands and tens of thousands gone before; of some friend or relative whose spirit now inhales that holy atmosphere, and is engaged in swelling the glorious anthem of praise to the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb for ever?

Does your soul delight to dwell on the theme, and your imagination to anticipate the time when you, suffering bereaved pilgrim, shall traverse the bright and golden plains of never-ending day, where there is no sorrow, no pain, no affliction, nothing but love?

Do you ever think of death? and is it attended by a sudden pang at every recurrence of that thought? Then let me lead you to the Lamb of God. He stands ready, willing; nay, beseeches you to come and drink "freely of the

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waters of life." Would you ask what brings that happy smile on the countenance of an humble Christian? My reply is, The prospect of heaven; the knowledge that he is journeying home to his "Father, God," and to a Saviour whose love

> "Is an unchanging love,
> Higher than the heights above,
> Deeper than the depths beneath,
> Free and faithful, strong as death."

O, then, come, come freely; come to Jesus, and cast yourselves, your all on Him; and He will lead you by the narrow but happy path to heaven. Would you again ask what takes away the bitterness that strews the path of life? It is this prospect,—the internal consciousness that we are on our way to the holy city, the New Jerusalem. O that your writer had indeed the pen of the "Great Teacher;" that with a few faithful strokes he could depict more efficiently the glories of heaven,—the love, the unbounded love, of God,—the entreaties of a Saviour that you, even you, my dear reader, would fully accept the proffered mercy! May He hasten the time when the prayer of the Saviour, "that they all may be one," shall be the heartfelt experience of every inhabitant of our earth, and proclaim the victory of a world redeemed.

E. W.

Appleby.

CHOICE SENTENCES.

St. Augustine saith, that compared with the glories of heaven the present comforts of the saints are rather solaces of the wretched than joys of the fully blessed.

He whose portion is the world has nothing of the past but sad remembrance, and of the future, but solicitous fear. At the best, he only has the momentary joy of the present.

He that spinneth the thread of his life to the greatest length, only living to himself, gaineth thereby nothing but this,—that he knows more fully the vanity of the world, and can give a more ample testimony to the misery of them that dwell therein.

What is man at the best but a poor tenant-at-will in a ruinous cottage of clay ready to fall about his ears, while himself hath only a grasshopper's-leap in a small spot of ground?

A good conscience is a continual feast, and the testimony of the Spirit an everlasting joy.

When a saint removeth out of this world, the flesh beholdeth nothing but a corpse brought to the church, and a body laid in the grave: but the spirit discerneth an angel carrying the soul up to heaven, and leaving it in Abraham's bosom, till the Father of spirits shall give her again to the body, to be arrayed in glorious apparel.

God never wrought a miracle to convince Atheism, because his ordinary works convince it.—*Lord Bacon.*

An Atheist is the most vain pretender to reason in the world. The whole strength of Atheism consists in contradicting the universal reason of mankind. —*Dr. Sherlock.*

Practical Atheism has always been the grand support of *speculative*, and deservedly esteemed no less dangerous in its tendency and effects.

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THEOLOGY.

SALVATION ACTUALLY RECEIVED BY FAITH.

"Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls."—1 Pet. i. 9.

The penitent is one who *sees* and *feels* himself a sinner, so as to desire and seek after deliverance. But, for that deliverance, where is he to go, what is he to do? One of those things that he sees and feels is his own utter helplessness: and he knows that others are like himself. Salvation from man is impossible. He has sinned against God, and therefore only God can save him. But will He? The word of God assures him that God will have mercy, and abundantly pardon. This it is which preserves him from despair, and encourages him to seek the Lord while He may be found, and to call upon Him while He is near. But the same word which makes known to him the general mercy of God, explains the particular way in which it is exercised. This is the grand message of the Gospel, opened and enforced by the ministry of reconciliation, that "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses." This is the wondrous scheme of human redemption, by which the offended Sovereign, yet most merciful Father, is shown to be a "just God and a Saviour." The Word was made flesh. The Son of God became man. And on Him hath God "laid the iniquity of us all." "He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." Salvation is only to be had in the mercy of God, declared and exercised in Christ Jesus our Lord. He is emphatically "the Hope set before us." That we may obtain mercy, and find helping grace, we must come to the throne of grace through our great High Priest and Intercessor, Jesus the Son of God, our Advocate with the Father, the Propitiation for our sins, and for the sins of the whole world.

However easy in speculation it may appear to those who are not truly penitent to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, all experience goes to establish, comparatively, its actual difficulty. Human pride lingers in the bosom of the penitent. His sins render him so unworthy, that his penitence must be deeper, his amendment of life more complete. He does not easily learn to come to Christ as he is, as a sinner; and yet he is required to "believe on Him that justifieth the ungodly." And in some cases, where conviction of sin is deep, and the exceeding sinfulness of sin strongly felt in its awful contrast with the divine holiness, sin seems as if it were unpardonable, and the soul is tempted to despair of mercy. Against both these temptations has the penitent to strive, and to conquer both by the same persuasion,—the fulness of redeeming merit in Christ. I am to be saved by Christ alone. Although the chief of sinners, I *may* be saved by Christ. The blood of Christ *only*, and the blood of Christ *actually*, cleanseth from all sin. Such are the strivings of the penitent sinner, labouring to fix his attention on the hope set before him; and, whether tempted to self-righteousness or despondency, to hope in Christ, to wait for Christ, to expect Christ; and resolving to wrestle as did Jacob, saying, "I will not let Thee go unless Thou bless me;" here is his prescribed duty, thus "to seek the Lord till He come and rain righteousness upon him."

Faith is the gift of God, and they who seek it shall find it; to them who ask it, shall it be given. Under various circumstances does experience prove that power to be inspired. Under the ministry of the word,—on sacramental occasions,—in public, or social, or private prayer,—on such occasions as it pleaseth Him, does the "Spirit of faith come down," and "reveal the things of God." In all the clearness and power of the light of life, Christ is seen, the Christ of the Bible, able, and willing, and ready to save. Self and doubt are alike renounced. The penitent "lays hold" of the hope set before him. Christ is gladly accepted; His merit appropriated. And thus does the faith spring up in the soul, the true expression of which is, "Christ loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*." Never let the penitent rest till he be thus enabled to "behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." In all approaches to God, let the mercy-seat, sprinkled with the blood of atonement, be contemplated, and power to lay hold of the horns of the altar humbly, but earnestly and expectingly, sought. Per-

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haps for this reason does it please God in his sovereign wisdom to bestow this great gift in various forms of administration, that we may know and confess that we are only saved by grace through faith, and that not of ourselves; it is the gift of God. None of the means of grace are to be neglected; all are to be valued, all used as we have opportunity. But we are not saved by the ministry of the word, by the sacrament, by the communion of saints, no, not even by prayer. We are saved only by the mercy of God in Christ, apprehended by a faith, itself His gift, which passes through all, puts by all, and comes to Christ, and trusts in Him alone.

And *why* thus believe? For what "end" is faith thus exercised? St. Peter answers us. The faith which is exercised *in order* to salvation, is immediately connected with the *reception* of salvation. "*Receiving* the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls." This salvation, therefore, is a present blessing, capable of being received; and which, as the preceding words teach us, when received, causes love to Christ, and joy unspeakable and full of glory. Very simple in the view of it, most glorious in its nature, is this salvation. *It is just what we want;* without it we perish; with it we have everlasting life.

It is justification; the full forgiveness of past sin, reception into the divine favour, as though we had not sinned, as though we had been hitherto righteous before God. It is righteousness lost and forfeited through sin, restored to us "through reconciling grace." By nature and practice we are unrighteous. For Christ's sake God accepts us, and deals with us as righteous. It is thus righteousness is reckoned and imputed; and, therefore, a real and substantial blessing of inestimable value. We thus become the children of God; the filial relation is restored, and all the blessings of covenant promise become ours, in actual possession or in bright prospect. And such are the arrangements of divine love, that this blessing, in its own nature relative, becomes personal, and capable, in the strictest sense, of being "received." Pardon is not described as an act of the divine mind, exercised for us in heaven, as at a distance from us, a mighty gulf existing between the act on which all our hopes of safety and good depend, and our own consciousness. God, as it were, pardons the soul within the soul. His love to us—his reconciling love—is shed abroad in our heart by the Holy Ghost given to us, thus "assuring us of the adoption of sons, creating in us a sense of the paternal love of God toward us, and giving us an earnest of our everlasting inheritance."* The Holy Ghost is "given unto us" as justified by faith; and is to us most truly the "Spirit of adoption by which we cry, Abba, Father," for he "beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God."

And as we thus "receive forgiveness of sins," so also "inheritance among them that are sanctified." As penitent, we abhorred sin, and desired to love God and keep His commandments; and as receiving pardon into our inmost soul, feeling that God loves us, and has for Christ's sake forgiven us our sins, thence follows the loving heart, and with the full inclination, there is the full power, to obey. Love to Christ, joy unspeakable and full of glory, are the very elements of Christian holiness. The heart is no longer polluted by the bondage of sin, and the spirit is made right in all its exercises. Very deep is the work thus wrought. The law of God is *set before* us in the word; by "the Holy Ghost given unto us," the same law, in its purest and most comprehensive elements, in the great principle of which every act of obedience is a developed expression and fruit, is "put in their inward parts," and "written in their hearts." Go throughout nature, and you find one grand fact, from which there is no exception. Every life, from the highest to the lowest, has its fixed laws of operation. The guilty sinner is dead in trespasses and sins. Delivered by Christ from condemnation, he receives the Spirit of life, and becomes alive from the dead through Jesus Christ our Lord. This commencement of spiritual life, received in pardon, is his regeneration; and the grand law of this new life is love to God in Christ. It is the life which is in Christ, flowing into the soul through union with Him, and producing, according to our circumstances, the same effects which it produces in Christ. The life also of Jesus is made manifest in our mortal body. The life of faith in Christ is the life of Christ dwelling in us. As our living, governing soul is to the whole man, so is Christ dwelling in us to our whole soul. He is the life of our life, the soul of our soul. And thus, the salvation for which faith

* Bp. Pearson "On the Creed."

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was exercised, and which faith actually receives, is deliverance from the death of condemnation, deliverance into all the sacred life of God. Human language may faintly describe it, in calling it justification, and consequent regeneration and sanctification; but only by actual experience can it be known. Man is reconciled to God; and feeling himself to be creature and subject, surrenders the right of self-governance, so rebelliously claimed, and henceforth submissively rules himself as God's vicegerent, only seeking that God's will may be done, God's purposes accomplished. Well is religion called, the kingdom of God! It is the state in which the soul is willingly brought into its proper condition as a portion of the vast universe. Over every atom of matter God reigns in power and wisdom. In man—tremendous fact!—there is the power of self-government. In saved man, that power is most willingly surrendered to God, and sought to be exercised according to His will. Reconciled to God by Christ Jesus, the throne of the soul is henceforth occupied by Christ, who sits there, and says, "Behold, I make all things new!"

Let this never be forgotten. Salvation is deliverance from danger, from most terrible danger. But this is not all. He who fears nothing but hell, does not rightly fear even hell itself. The evil of evils is sin: and salvation is deliverance from it. So fearful is the guilt of sin, that till the soul appropriates the merits of the Infinite Atonement, legally, it abides in death; but guilt being thus removed, the full blessing of spiritual life becomes immediately consequent. Very significantly, therefore, said Augustine, "Thou, Lord, blessest the just; but thou first justifiest the ungodly."* This is no speculation. It is fact. Salvation is needed,—is provided,—is offered,—is pressed on our acceptance. Christian salvation includes the whole good of man. Study it intellectually,—inquire into it conscientiously: you come to this, "How shall you escape if you neglect so great salvation?" All the mystery of human felicity is comprehended in the blessings of evangelical salvation.

SYMPATHY.

No one can thoughtfully consider the constitution of the human mind without arriving at the conclusion that man was made not only for happiness, but for social happiness. Dispositions were planted deeply in his nature which are both sources of pleasure to himself, and to those by whom he is surrounded.

Among these benevolent affections, whose character thus proves them to have been given by a benevolent, as well as an intelligent, Author, one of the most valuable is that which implies the power of sympathy; or, to express the composite Greek term in a similar English compound, fellow-feeling: that is, the power of so identifying ourselves with the condition of our fellow-creatures, as to be pleased when they are pleased, grieved when they are grieved, without any particular connexion between their condition and our own; none, indeed, but that which is caused by a common nature.

The value of this disposition is inexpressible; and equally so to the individual and to society. It is a real element of mental happiness in its immediate exercise, and contributes to increase it by the softening, humanizing influence which it exerts within, and the effects which it is calculated to produce. A tender and enlightened conscience cannot have rest, unless it be felt that our heart is right with our fellow-men. It directly tends to lessen the sum of human misery, and to increase the sum of positive happiness. He who suffers, always suffers most acutely if he thinks that he suffers alone. It is not necessary for this that he be either in solitude or in society. In the midst of multitudes he may feel that he is alone, that no one thinks about him, cares for him, that he is there a mere isolated unit, cut off from the sympathies of his species. He may be a prisoner alone in a deep and dark dungeon; but the power of sympathy, if he knows its existence, enters there as truly to his comfort, as the all-penetrating ocean of the atmosphere does for the support of his physical life. Nor, in the truly humane heart, is gladness complete, unless it be known, and shared, and, as it were, echoed.

And it is full of good fruits. He who takes pleasure in the happiness of others, will, according to his power, seek to promote it. He who shares in the grief of others, will seek to lessen it. This kindness of heart will be marked by kindness of look, tone, and manner. He will avoid giving offence. He will show mercy with cheerfulness. If constrained to rebuke, it will be without roughness. Fidelity will not be a pretext for ill-nature, nor

* "Quoniam tu Domine benedicis justum: sed prius eum justificas impium."—*Aug. Conf.*, lib. x., c. 2.

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for saying ill-natured things. Friendliness of feeling will be evident, even when friendliness of action is impossible.

No affection of our original nature has felt more deeply the influence of sin than this. Separation from God has produced self-seeking and selfishness. A cold indifference to the wants and feelings of others is produced. Holy affection, going forth towards God, goes forth also towards man. It is diffusive, expansive. Selfish affection, like the stone which, though thrown up, soon falls again, goes forth to others only to return back, laden, as it were, with spoils, to its own centre and home. It is always contracted, and easily becomes hard and insensible.

In the obligations of both law and Gospel, this is explicitly and by name included. It is the second great command, from which every relative duty issues, that we love our neighbour as ourself. The commands of the Gospel are explicit. Malice and hatred are to give place to kindness and tender-heartedness. We are to be sincerely courteous in manner; for charity doth not behave itself indecorously. Not the bear, but the lamb and the dove constitute the Christian symbols. The command cannot be mistaken, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." And never let it be forgotten that all this is enforced by the example and abiding character of Christ. Occasionally, barefaced hypocrisy, diabolical and ferocious wickedness, awakened his righteous indignation; but the Man of Sorrows traversed the land favoured with his ministry as a living incarnation of love, not thinking of Himself, but of others, and showing us what mind that is which was in Him, and is likewise to be in us. Even into heaven has he carried this affection, exalting the human into divine. We have not an High Priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. The God-Man sympathizes with us: we ought, therefore, to sympathize with each other, and to be followers of God as dear children, by walking in love.

Let it not be objected to this, that some professors of religion, whose sincerity in other respects is undoubted, appear to be devoid of sympathy. They are upright, but cold and unfeeling. They would not wrong you, but they care not how they pain you. They obey the ten commandments of Moses in the letter; but they forget to add Christ's "new commandment," which would prove the obedience to be inward and spiritual. In the first place, were we driven to the necessity of denying either human sincerity, or divine obligation, the latter must be maintained at all hazards. "Let God be true, and every man a liar." Secondly, could we say nothing else, we must say that such cases are exceptions, and, as we cannot account for them, we must leave them to God, the just and final Judge. A positive rule of the Gospel, such as is that which distinctly requires a cherished kindliness of fellow-feeling, is not to be broken down to let in an inconsistent professor. But, thirdly, the case is not so unaccountable, considered in one aspect, though deep and painful mystery rests on it in others. These professors do not attempt to cultivate this feeling. They have never directed their attention to it. The portions of written truth which relate to it they have never sown in their heart, nor do they ever notice the absence of the fruit. In the cultivation of our fields and gardens, it is not by one kind of seed that various kinds of produce are secured. That which is not sown is not gathered. And so, in the regenerate soul, the truly honest and good heart, every portion of moral truth, plainly written in the word of Christ, is to be diligently cultivated. Practical holiness results from spiritual life, and divinely-revealed scriptural truth. He whose delight is in the law of the Lord, will meditate therein day and night,—not give it a verbal perusal as a sort of formal task,—and he who does so, can hardly be supposed to overlook a Christian virtue shining in the firmament of positively enjoined duties like a star of the first magnitude, as does that of Christian sympathy. And it is the regenerate man—a dead soul has no power of promoting spiritual growth—thus delighting and meditating, that is compared to the tree ever verdant and fruitful, planted by the rivers of water.

But if the case still remains unaccountable, let us remember that we are not to imitate human defectiveness, but Christian completeness. Leave what you cannot understand, and listen to Christ, "What is that to thee? Follow thou ME!" And the example and command of Christ, to all to whom they are pointed out, are too plain for excusable omission or mistake. Christian,

"Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take *every* virtue, *every* grace,
And fortify the *whole*."

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LOVE TO GOD HERE NECESSARY FOR OUR BLESSEDNESS HEREAFTER.

In eternal life we shall be perfectly blessed because we shall perfectly love God: we shall perfectly love Him because we shall perfectly know Him. No one can hope to have the perfect love of God in the future world who does not begin to love Him in this: the kingdom of God in the heart of man must begin in this life, or it cannot be consummated in the life to come. Without the love of God there is no real desire of eternal life: how, therefore, shall he be a partaker of that highest good who loves it not, seeks it not, desires it not? Such as is thy love, such art thou thyself, because thy love changes thee into itself: love is the highest bond of union, because he that loves and the thing loved (by such love) become one. What is it that conjoins the most righteous God and miserable sinners, being mutually at an infinite distance? Infinite love. And yet, that the righteousness of God might not be weakened, the infinite ransom-price of Christ intercedes. What formerly united God the Creator and the created soul, still faithful, but infinitely distant? Love. In life eternal we shall be joined to God in the highest degree. And wherefore, but because we shall love God in the highest degree? Love both unites and thoroughly changes. If carnal things thou lovest, thou thyself art carnal: if thou lovest the world, thou makest thyself to become worldly. But flesh and blood shall not inherit the kingdom of God. If thou lovest God and divine things, then shalt thou thus be made divine. The love of God is the chariot of Elijah, ascending up to heaven. The love of God is the pleasantness and joy of the mind; the very paradise of the soul. It shuts out the world, it conquers the devil, it closes hell, it opens heaven. The love of God is that seal by which He seals His believing elect; and no one will He acknowledge in the final judgment for His own, who is not sealed with that seal. Yea, faith itself, the only appointed condition of our justification and salvation, is not genuine faith, unless it manifests itself by love. There is no true faith where there is not a firm confidence; and confidence there cannot be without the love of God. Benefits, for which we render not thanks, are not acknowledged; and we render no thanks to Him whom we do not love. If, therefore, thy faith is genuine, it will acknowledge the gift and benefit of Christ thy Redeemer; it will acknowledge, and give thanks; it will give thanks, and love. The love of God is the very life and repose of the soul. The soul departing by death, the life of the body ceases: God departing from the soul, because of sin, the life of the soul ceases. Moreover, God dwells in our hearts by faith: faith dwells in our souls by love; for the love of God is poured forth into the hearts of His chosen ones by the Holy Spirit. There is no tranquillity of soul without the love of God. The world and Satan are the greatest disturbers of the soul; but God is its highest rest. There is no true peace of conscience except in those who exercise a childlike confidence towards God. Let all self-love, therefore, all love of the world and of the creature, die in us, that the love of God may live in us, which begins in this world, that it may be perfected in the world to come.—*Gerhard.*

A PRATER

Is a common nuisance, and as great a grievance to those that come near him as a pewterer is to his neighbours. His discourse is like the braying of a mortar, the more impertinent, the more voluble and loud, as a pestle makes more noise when it is rung on the sides of a mortar than when it stamps downright, and hits upon the business. A dog that opens upon the wrong scent will do it oftener than one that never opens upon a right. He is as long-winded as a ventiduct, that fills as fast as it empties; or a trade-wind, that blows one way for half a year together, and another as long, as if it drew in its breath for six months, and blew it out again for six more. He has no mercy on any man's ears or patience that he can get within his sphere of activity, but tortures him, as they correct boys in Scotland by stretching their legs, without remorse. He is like an ear-wig: when he gets within a man's ear, he is not easily to be got out again. He is a siren to himself; and has no way to escape shipwreck but by having his mouth stopped instead of his ears. He plays with his tongue as a cat does with her tail; and is transported with the delight he gives himself of his own making.—*Samuel Butler.*

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DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FANATICISM AND TRUE PIETY.

Fanaticism interprets according to its own vagaries, and not according to God's word. Fanaticism leaves the word, and rises into its own wild spirit. Fanaticism interprets God's providences as miracles for self: it says, "God is working miracles for me; I am the favoured one of God; I have a special mission from God; and all my enemies are God's enemies." Then it proceeds to say, "I belong to the true Church; and all that do not go with me are of God's uncovenanted mercies, heathen, uncircumcised, fit only, if I can get the power, for fire-and-faggot application." This, indeed, is the convulsive, Romish stage of fanaticism; but so it proceeds. Self and intolerance, pride and cruelty, are its constitutional elements. The hallucinations of fanaticism are all in behalf of self, and make the subject of them proud, self-righteous, and intolerant; but true piety is full of love, tenderness, and deference to others. "Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself: God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess." I belong to the true Church. "And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner!"—*Dr. Cheever.*

REPROOF TO SLEEPERS IN THE HOUSE OF GOD.

It is related of Lassenius, Chaplain to the Danish Court, that perceiving the greater part of his audience to be asleep while he was preaching, he suddenly stopped, pulled a shuttlecock from his pocket, and began to play with it in the pulpit. In a short time everybody was awake and interested, and looking towards the pulpit with the greatest astonishment. He then resumed his discourse, observing, "When I announce to you sacred and important truths, you are not ashamed to go to sleep; but when I play the fool, you are all eye and all ear."

R. B.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST ABIDING IN THE CHURCH FOR CHRIST.

"Yea, saith the Spirit." (Rev. xiv. 13.) We read in the law and the Prophets, "Thus saith the Lord, Jehovah:" in the Gospel, "Thus spake Jesus." But in the Epistles, and especially in the Revelation, "Thus saith the Spirit." As, "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly;" "Hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches." While Christ abode in the flesh, he taught with his own mouth the word of life: but now, since his ascension, and sitting in state at the right hand of His Father, He speaketh and doeth all by His Spirit. It is He which hath the seven spirits of God, and these are sent forth into all the earth. Thus did He fulfil His promise, no doubt mysterious at first to His disciples,—"I will come again unto you." I will not leave you like so many abandoned orphans. By the Spirit He ordaineth Pastors, and furnisheth them with gifts; enlighteneth the understanding of the hearers, and inclineth their wills and affections; and so leadeth the church into all truth. Christ needeth no mortal "Vicar" upon earth; for His place on earth, so far as a divine presence is required, is supplied by that Holy Spirit of promise. In which regard Tertullian elegantly designates the Spirit, *Christi Vicarium*, "Christ, his Vicar," preaching in his stead, and holding and discharging the *cure* of the whole world. —*Dr. D. Featley.*

THE CHRISTIAN HERE AND HEREAFTER.

The Christian, on earth, is like the rough diamond among the common pebbles of the shore: in the resurrection-day the diamond is cut and polished, and set in a tablet of gold. All that inward worth and lustre of holiness and grace, which are now hidden, shall be then visible and public before the eyes of the whole creation. Then the saints shall be known by their shining "in the day when the Lord makes up His jewels." (Mal. iii. 17.) —*Dr. Watts.*

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Love is the shadow of the morning, which decreases as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.—*La Fontaine.*

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PARENTAL MONITOR.

THE PARENTAL RELATION.

VI.—SORROWS OF PARENTS.

PARENTAL sorrows began early, and were foretold before they commenced. The first recorded words addressed from Heaven to the guilty mother of mankind were, "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow; *in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children.*" True, there was mercy connected with it, rich mercy, mercy deep and wide; but in the history of the human family, sorrow and the parental relation have from the beginning been linked together. This is the destiny of the Eternal Power and Godhead. It must be so: it cannot be otherwise. Sorrows and parents! sorrows and children! sorrows and families! *So has God ordained it.* Not that He has unconditionally ordained such a *measure* of sorrow as parents frequently pass through. There are sorrows that are avoidable,—sorrows from delinquency. Yet, taking the parental world *as it is*, many of even the best who sustain that relation, have actually endured throes of the keenest, bitterest kind. The mother of the blessed Jesus herself, "blessed among women," "called blessed of all men," is not an exception; for holy old Simeon, when "he took up the child Jesus in his arms," full of transport and love as he was, he could not refrain from turning to the "mother of my Lord," and saying, "Yea, a *sword* shall pass through thine own soul also." Let none, therefore, who *have* children, or *desire* to have them, (as Rachel did,) flatter themselves that they shall escape. "*Such shall have trouble in the flesh.*" Some may say, then, as indeed said the disciples to Christ, when he told them of certain other things to be borne with in marriage-life, "If the case of the man be so with his wife, it is not good to marry." Christ did not say this; I do not say it; but rather, "He that findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord." Only let not him who takes to himself a wife, nor her who accepts a husband, forget that they have entered on a road in which there are multiplied sorrows; and it is more than probable they will meet with neighbour's fare. Happy for them, if they do not, by their own folly, multiply sorrows far beyond the number and quantity which God has rendered unavoidable. Like the little book in the angel's hand which St. John asked for, its taste is "*sweet*," its digestion "*bitter*." This is true both of ministerial and marriage life. Nor can we expect either matrimonial or ministerial happiness, *truly so called*, till, in the one case and in the other also, the evil is rightly *foreseen*, duly *weighed*, and wisely *provided* for.

Looking closely into the subject of domestic happiness, personal observation brings before us the fact, that *hasty, unthinking, godless marriage* is one of the great causes of parental sorrows. Of course, there *are* parents whose sorrows are deeper and darker than those in question. But *their* guilty griefs, "the wages of unrighteousness," I now meddle not with. I speak of those who, without prayer or forethought, counsel or contrivance, rush on the solemn duties of marriage life. The awful responsibility of the parent to the child, and the skill and qualifications requisite to train up children in the way in which they should go, they neither know nor care anything about. What wonder that the fruit of many such marriages should become pests to parents and curse to country? To lessen the pangs of parents, more wisdom, more *common sense*, more *piety*, must be discovered in tying the matrimonial knot.

Poverty is another fruitful source of sorrow to parents. This *may* be unavoidable, or otherwise. Very great is the amount of misery endured by mothers and fathers, surrounded with numerous offspring, and not in possession of means to meet their daily wants. Parents whose minds are well-disposed, are often crushed down by the cares of providing bread for their household. "How shall I meet the necessities of my children?" "What will become of them in after-life?" are questions that call forth a thousand sighs and tears. The excellent spirit in them, in this case, adds only point to present sorrows. It is true their dark sorrows are often by a gracious Providence mitigated. There are gleams of bright sunshine, and sorrow in their case is occasionally turned into joy.

It is a cause of lasting and deep grief to some parents, that, in the earlier years of their children, they indulged such a foolish fondness for them, as left them quite uncontrolled. The child has at first all he cries for, and then is suffered to seize on all a corrupt inclination craves. Parents of such spoiled children have not unfrequently become victims of indescribable wretchedness; objects of pity to all, and yet *unpitied by many*. "That mother," say they, "ruined her son by indulging him in everything when he was a child; and now she 'eats the fruit of her doings, and the reward of her hands is given her.'" In bitterness of spirit she has been ready to curse the day that made her a mother, and committed to her *faithless hands* the care of a child whom she neglected to "train up in the way he should go."

Another class of sorrows is imposed on parents by the hand of that relentless

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monster, *death*. See there a lovely child, the object of fondest, tenderest affection. Justly so. For the child is the loveliest flower of the parental paradise. There is everything winning, everything promising, everything good. The child lives in the parental heart. Alas! a dark cloud arises. A fatal disease seizes on the *dear one!* The flower fadeth, and death mantles the loved face. O the *sword* that pierces the *mother's soul!* This *is* parental sorrow, and not unfrequently is the wound deep and lasting. Behold that woman in the weeds of mourning. She is recently become a *widow, with eight children*. The youngest is an infant, and the eldest not able to earn his bread, not yet apprenticed to any calling. Think on the weight of woe in the mother's heart, and the anguish that tears the mother's breast, while, with eyes of ceaseless tears, she glances round the table on her fatherless children! Nor is the father whose little ones are *motherless* the victim of lighter sorrows. He weeps with the elder branches, whose tears tell the consciousness of their great loss; he weeps over his infants, exclaiming, "Alas, my babes! you know not the loss you have sustained. May Heaven shield your defenceless heads!"

There is yet another class of sorrows to which parents are liable. Some, who have borne the name of mother, the name of father, have had to *sorrow without hope*. A wicked and rebellious child has been taken away in his sins. It was this bearing, point, and pressure of parental sorrow, which extorted from the pious father that affecting apostrophe, "O my son Absalom; my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" It was not long since I entered a house. It was a confined cottage. A coffin had been brought home, enclosing the mangled remains of *a son*. There was the dead body, and there the broken-hearted parents. They were members of the Methodist society. As I entered the room, the mother fell senseless on the floor; exhausted with weeping, and faint with anguish. The father had not a ray of hope. "O," said he, "*it seems to me I can see him in the torments of unquenchable fire!*" The parents had *no ground* of hope left them. The unhappy son had spent his Sabbaths in profanity, idleness, and dissipation. The Tract-Distributor, seeing him the Sunday before his death, kindly said, "Why don't you go to a place of worship?" His answer was, "It is long since I and places of worship have bid good-bye." In the course of the week, he went, *unchanged*, to his work, and—under untold circumstances that seemed strikingly to indicate that a just God had marked him "a vessel of wrath fitted to destruction"—he was in a moment hurried into an awful eternity! The parents saw his remains brought home, but his soul had been called to meet a holy God. The nature of their distress was too dreadful for description. Ah! how many who have borne the name of parents have had to suffer all the weight of sorrows arising from similar apprehensions! Reader, are you a father, or a mother? May God save *you* from such sorrows!

But we have not even yet reached the bottom of this pit of darkest woe. There is a day coming. It is a dreadful day of retribution. Those to whom God has entrusted that awful thing, *parental power*, must render an account to the righteous Judge eternal. In that day, *guilty parents and guilty children must meet!* There stands the criminal father, the criminal mother; and there the ruined children! When the trembling parent shall meet the horrid glance of that son's eye, on whose forehead is written, "*Lost through parental neglect*," O the horror that seizes upon his anguished soul! In the "opened books," conscience reads the sentence, "Depart: dwell together in the place prepared for the devil and his angels." Awful thought! *dwell together in hell! lost parent and lost child!* Words are here too feeble. The enraged offspring of their own bowels are now the devouring vultures to prey upon the entrails of the instruments of their being, prey upon them to all eternity! Who can utter such unutterable sorrows? And yet these are sorrows lying in the paths of parents, *delinquent parents*, of whom, alas! who can count the number?

It is confessed that in this brief paper there is a shadow of deep gloom spread before parental eyes. But the picture will bear it. There is yet light for the foreground. O yes, "light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." A word of encouragement in the next.

PASTOR.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE MARABOU STORK.

AN old English naturalist thus describes the piscivorous (fish-eating) water-fowl:—"These have very long necks: their bills also are long, strong, ending in a sharp point, to strike fish, and fetch them from under stones or brinks; long legs, to wade in rivers and pools of water; very long toes,

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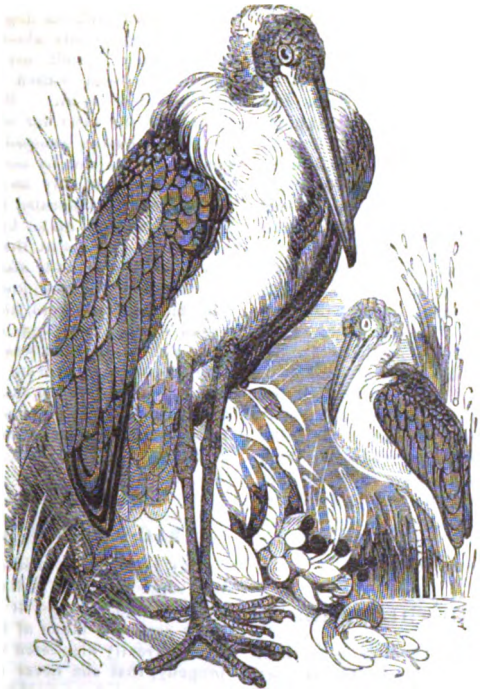

especially the hind toe, to stand more firmly in rivers: large crooked talons, and the middle serrate" (saw-fashioned) "on the inside, to hold eels and other slippery fishes the faster, or because they sit on trees: lean and carrion bodies, because of their great fear and watchfulness."

To this class belong the crane, the heron, the spoonbill, the stork, &c. Of this latter there are several kinds, of one of which we furnish this month a pictorial representation.

The stork, in general, is a well-known and migratory bird, to which fact impressive reference is made in the sacred volume. Formerly, they were believed to have a peculiar affection; that is, one from the young to the old, inducing the younger birds in their long flights to bear the old ones on their wings, but this has not been verified by modern observation. Like all other animals, their affection to their young is instinctively powerful *while it lasts*; but as if to teach us that instinctive affections *of themselves* do not constitute virtues, they have been bestowed on the inferior living creatures in such manner as that they exist while necessary, and cease to exist when the growth of the offspring into independence renders them needless. Natural instincts must be heightened by reason, enlightened by truth, and sanctified by grace, to become Christian virtues. Does any one rely on such a fact as this, "I am an affectionate mother?" What female animal or bird is not a good mother?

Storks measure about three feet and a half from the end of the toes to the tip of the bill. The bill and their long legs are of a scarlet colour. They build their nests on pine, fir, cedar, and similar cone-bearing trees, but seem to prefer lofty old buildings, towers, and ruins. There are always some to be found in the isolated towers of Persepolis. They are common in Holland; and in Egypt regarded with even superstitious attachment.

The Marabou stork is the African species. There is one in India which nearly resembles it; and both furnish plumes which are considered inferior only to those of the ostrich. The feathers of the Indian bird, however, are preferred to those obtained from the African species. The African Marabou seldom exceeds five feet in length, even when most extended. The wings are black, with a slight greenish hue. The tail is black, but the under parts, which afford the beautiful plumes, pure white. Like the European stork, it is valued (and often privileged) as a sort of scavenger, freeing the villages and

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towns of offensive substances. It is, in fact, omnivorous, (eating everything,—reptiles, fishes, small birds, and quadrupeds,) and very voracious. It flies high, and roosts high, most likely to have a larger area of observation in looking for its food. It is found in nearly the whole of tropical Africa.

The Prophet Jeremiah (ch. viii. 7) alludes to the migratory instincts of certain birds, mentioning the stork among them. They "know their appointed times," they "observe the time of their coming." All nature is obedient to its Creator. All is order and harmony, because there the will of God is done. Why is there confusion and wretchedness among men? Because they have violated the order of God. They have rejected His paths, and move in a way of their own. "My people know not the judgment of the Lord." And have they improved their condition by this? Let two texts declare the solemn truth, and let every reader lay them to heart:—"Great peace have they that love thy law." "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

THE DOG AND THE OTTER.

EVEN when young the otter is a most powerful and severe biter, closing its jaws with the strength of a vice on whatever it seizes. Every courageous dog who has once battled with an otter, retains ever afterwards the most eager and violent animosity against the animal. The scent of an otter renders my otherwise most tractable retriever quite uncontrollable. The remembrance of former bites and wounds seems to drive him frantic; and no sooner does he come across the fresh track of one than he immediately throws aside all control, and is off *ventre à terre* in pursuit. It is not often that an otter commits himself so far as to be found during the daytime in any situation where he can be approached; but one day in this month I was out for a quiet walk with my retriever, looking at some wide drains and small pools for wild ducks, when suddenly the dog went off, nose to the ground, in so eager a manner that I knew nothing but a fox or an otter could have been the cause of his excitement; and I soon found, in a nearly dry, open drain, the quite recent track of a very large otter. For a long time he would not show himself, till suddenly the dog rushed into a thick juniper-bush, and the next moment dog and otter were tumbling over each other into a deep, black pool. The otter escaped from the dog in the water; but the hole being only about six feet square, though deep, I took my retriever out by main force, and waited for the water to become clear again. When it did so, I looked for the otter for some time in vain, till at last, having stooped down close to the pool, I was startled by seeing his face within a few inches of my own, his body being almost entirely concealed by the overhanging bank. I tried to make him leave his cover, but in vain: so I sent the dog in again, who soon found him, and, after a short scuffle, the otter left the pool, and went off along a wide but shallow drain, and there the battle began again. The dog, although unable to master the otter, who was one of the largest size, managed to prevent his escape; and at last I contrived to end the contest by a well-applied blow from a piece of railing which I had picked up.—*St. John's Field-Notes, for* 1846.

SAGACITY OF A MONKEY.

THE servant of a medical gentleman, who was some time in India, caught a young monkey, and brought it to his tent, where every care was taken of it; but the mother was so greatly distressed with the loss of her progeny, that she never ceased uttering the most piteous tone, night or day, in the immediate vicinity of the tent. The doctor, at length tired out with the incessant howling, desired the servant to restore the young one to its mother; which he did, when the poor animal cheerfully retired, and sped its way to the community to which it had belonged. Here, however, she found she could not be received. She and her progeny had lost caste, and, like the hunted deer, were beaten and rejected by the flock. A few days after, our medical friend was greatly surprised to see the monkey return to his tent, bringing the young one along with it. It entered his tent of its own accord, apparently very much exhausted; and having deposited its young one, it then retired a few yards from the tent, and there laid itself down and died. On examining the carcase of the poor animal, it was found in a most emaciated state, starved, wounded, and scratched all over, so that there can be no doubt that it had been dreadfully maltreated by its comrades; and finding no safety for itself or its offspring, returned the little one into the hands of those who were the cause of its misfortunes.

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OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. J. T. BARR.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE COTTAGE OF CONTENT.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

"Convivial parties, where eating, drinking, and revelry are carried on till the midnight hour, are another source of entertainment. * * * Young men, such meetings unfit you, not only for the serious pursuits of religion, but even for the duties of business. Their expense impoverishes your purse, their influence impairs your health, and their guilt ruins your soul."—J. A. JAMES.

IN the neighbourhood of Birmingham, and in the westerly direction from the town, there is (or was some few years since) a beautifully-picturesque lane, on one side of which stood a solitary house, built in the fashion of the olden time, and presenting a peculiarly rustic appearance. On the front of the building might be seen, in large characters, this significant inscription, "THE COTTAGE OF CONTENT." Hayley, the poet, who appears to have visited the place, has expressed his sentiments in a sonnet, which he wrote after his visit, and which was printed in the old "Birmingham Chronicle."

The inscription on the building, however, was specious, intended more to attract the eye of the passenger, than to minister comfort to a "mind diseased." For the "Cottage of Content" was a place of public entertainment; a tavern, with a beautiful garden, containing several pleasant arbours, adorned with sylvan taste, and covered with evergreens, for the accommodation of the numerous visiters. Though, in point of situation, the "Cottage of Content" was more romantic, and presented more rural attractions, it was of the same character as the fashionable tea-gardens which so injuriously abound in the suburbs of the gay metropolis.

St. Paul says, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be CONTENT." But where did he learn this salutary lesson? Not in places of public amusement, amidst the roar of merriment; not in bowers of rustic elegance, or sweet elysian fields. At the *foot of the cross* he obtained deliverance from the burden of his sins; and the Eternal Spirit, by whose agency he was enabled to rejoice in the liberty of the sons of God, taught him to be content to suffer affliction, persecution, and imprisonment, and even to "die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus."

The "Cottage of Content" is no longer an attraction to the mechanics of Birmingham. It was pulled down a few years ago to make room for modern improvements; and over its well-remembered site a railway-bridge has subsequently been erected. In reviewing its history, during the last half century, how many mournful reminiscences involuntarily force themselves upon the mind! How many affecting instances might be adduced, as illustrative of the demoralizing tendency of such places of public resort! How many a mother's heart has bled on witnessing the provision of her impoverished family wasted at the "Cottage of Content!" What scenes of wretchedness and degradation might be traced to the pernicious habit of frequenting such places, especially on the Sabbath, for idle recreation!

The particulars contained in the following narrative occurred when I was a school-boy in the neighbourhood; and, though personally unacquainted with the parties, I have stated the facts as they were communicated to me shortly after the period of their occurrence.

Should this chapter meet the eye of any young man who has already been lured, by the siren voice of pleasure, to wander on such forbidden ground, I trust the affecting incidents here recorded will lead him to sober reflection, and induce him to retrace his steps before iniquity be his ruin. Or if he is only *approaching the fearful threshold;* if his heart has not yet become hardened through the deceitfulness of sin; let this moving exhibition constrain him to PAUSE, and to seek the aid of divine grace to enable him to withstand the allurements to a life of sinful pleasure, which would inevitably terminate in misery and disgrace.

Richard —— was a native of Birmingham. At the period from which I shall commence the history of his chequered life, he had just attained the twenty-fourth year of his age. He possessed a cultivated mind, having received a liberal education at the Free Grammar-School in the town, which was founded in the fourth year of the reign of King Edward the Sixth. His manners were fascinating, and his disposition was generous and open. But he possessed a susceptible heart, which, when his judgment and conscience did not preserve their just control, rendered him liable to imposition from pretended friends; and (as the succeeding pages will show) to become the dupe of the crafty and designing. He had been for some time united to an amiable young female, named Maria, and a sweet little boy, about two years old, increased their domestic happiness.

Richard held a lucrative situation in one of the most respectable mercantile houses in the town; and, by unwearied diligence in the prosecution of the duties which devolved upon him, he had secured the con-

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fidence and esteem of his employers. His prospects in life were, therefore, bright and cheering, and his domestic peace was unruffled. The sunshine of hope visited the inmost recesses of his soul; till an unhappy deviation from the path of rectitude, and an obstinate perseverance in the "way of the ungodly," spread a cloud over his horizon, and veiled his joys in darkness.

"Fair, but specious, are the paths of delusive vice. There every object tends to subvert the mind, sully its purity, weaken its noble energies, and destroy its peace. There lies, in dread concealment, the barbed arrow of insatiate death; and many, in the hour of false security, fall its victims."

One Sunday afternoon, in the summer of 18—, he left his happy dwelling for the purpose of taking a solitary walk in the suburbs of the town; intending to return in sufficient time to accompany his wife to their usual place of worship. While he was surveying the ruins of the once splendid mansion erected by BASKERVILLE, the celebrated typographer, and ruminating on the infatuation of the misguided populace who had wantonly set it on fire, two young men, with whom he had only a slight acquaintance, suddenly made their appearance.

"Mr. ——," said the elder of them, "we are going to the 'Cottage of Content,' to spend an hour. It is a beautiful place, and situated on a lovely spot. You are fond of romantic scenery: will you accompany us?"

"I cannot," was the reply: "I have engaged to be at home by five o'clock."

"But it is now only three. You can visit the Cottage, and still fulfil your appointment."

Richard hesitated; but was at length induced to accompany them. After strolling about the garden for a quarter of an hour, they seated themselves in one of the booths, which afforded an agreeable shade from the sultry beams of the sun. Refreshments were called for, bottled porter among them. Richard was fascinated; and so delighted with the conversation of his new associates, that, for a time, the remembrance of home passed away from his mind. He took out his watch, the hand pointed to seven. Wondering at his forgetfulness, and blaming himself for the uneasiness which his long absence would necessarily occasion his wife, he rose to depart.

"Stop," said one of his companions, "we must have a little wine, and drink your wife's health. She is one of the best of women. I am sure she will not chide you for spending a pleasant evening with those who value the friendship of her husband."

Her health was accordingly pledged. Richard felt flattered by the compliment, not knowing that it was but a bait, a wily pretext, to protract his stay in the garden. Alas! the god of this world had blinded his eyes; nor was he at the moment sensible of the fascination which had already enchained his faculties. He became more and more elated by the wine which he drank; and it was not till the sun had long sunk behind the western hills that he rose from his seat. After declaring to his companions that it was one of the most agreeable evenings he had ever spent, he defrayed the whole of the expense, and returned home, where he arrived just as the clock was striking ten.

I have been the more minute in detailing these occurrences because they issued in consequences the most fearful and heart-rending. This evening proved the commencement of a life of dissipation, which caused the degradation and ruin of the unhappy man.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MRS. MARY ANN STEVENSON,

OF CHELMSFORD.

MARY ANN STEVENSON, who died March 22d, 1846, aged fifty-five, was born at Richmond, Surrey. She was, from early life, accustomed to attend the services of the Established Church; but when about eighteen years of age she met with a pious female from Ireland, who introduced her to the means of grace among the Methodists, where she soon became deeply convinced of sin, and sought the Lord until she found Him to the joy of her soul.

Being left, a few years after her first marriage, a widow, with two infants, she was often in straitened circumstances; having to support herself and family solely by her own industry; but she held fast her integrity, and, with her children, was constant in her attendance upon the ordinances of religion; and to the period of her decease, she maintained a uniform and consistent profession, generally exhibiting the cheerful and happy influence of piety; and, according to her ability, contributing to the extension of the cause of Christ.

She took great pleasure in the distribution of religious tracts; and on some occasions met with infidels and others, who were often subdued by her kind admonitions.

For two or three of the latter years of her life, her health was evidently declining; and during the four months which preceded her death, her sufferings were very great.

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Wearisome days and restless nights were appointed her. But her affliction was rendered a blessing to her, and tended to prepare her for the heavenly kingdom, as gold is purified in the fire. She took great delight in singing, and a few days before she died, appeared much to enjoy the singing of the hymn commencing,

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;"

and the day before her decease, while some friends were singing "The Dying Christian," and similar verses, she seemed as one on the verge of heaven.

To her Christian friends who visited her, she frequently expressed her gratitude for their sympathy and prayers. And as her end drew near, she exhibited an entire freedom from the fear of death; and, in a calm and collected manner, gave directions respecting her funeral.

She took an affectionate leave of her husband and family the night before her death; and on Sunday morning, March 22d, while some Christian friends, at the morning prayer-meeting, were commending her departing spirit to her God and Saviour, she quietly, and almost imperceptibly, fell asleep in Jesus; thus realizing what she had said to a friend not long before she died, "This will be a glorious Sabbath to me: I shall spend it in heaven."

GEORGE HOBILL.

POETRY.

ODE AGAINST PLEASURE.

BY KATHERINE PHILIPS. (1660.)

"That must have been a noble spirit, which, in such a licentious and gaudy era as the reign of Charles the Second, could conceive and embody the following verses."—*Rowton's "Female Poets of Great Britain."*

THERE'S no such thing as pleasure here,
'Tis all a real cheat,
Which does but shine and disappear,
Whose charm is but deceit:
The empty bribe of yielding souls,
Which first betrays and then controls.

'Tis true, it looks at distance fair,
But if we do approach,
The fruit of Sodom will impair,
And perish at a touch;
It being than in fancy less,
And we expect more than possess.

For by our pleasures we are cloy'd,
And so desire is done;
Or else, like rivers, they make wide
The channels where they run:
And either way true bliss destroys,
Making *us* narrow, or *our joys*.

We covet *pleasure* easily,
But ne'er *true bliss* possess;
For *many* things must make it be,
But *one* may make it less.
Nay, were our state as we would choose it,
'Twould be consumed by fear to lose it.

What art thou then, thou winged air?
More weak and swift than fame?
Whose next successor is despair,
And its attendant shame.
The' experienced Prince, then, reason had,
Who said of pleasure, "It is mad."

(ADDED IN 1849.)

And are we then condemn'd to say,
There *is* no pleasure still?
Will but aright: there is a way
For all that rightly will.
Seek thou the true and heavenly treasure;
Hoping and having that, is pleasure.

Such only know how sweet it is,
And not more sweet than true:
Nothing can satisfy but this:
Who has it ne'er shall rue;
But, by a path of pleasure, come
To joy and pleasure's endless home.

THE WONDERFUL INSTINCT OF BIRDS IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THEIR NESTS.

(*From Hurdis's "Favourite Village."*)

TELL me, philosopher, in what sage school
Of perfect wisdom were the feathery folk
Taught to diversify and labour each
The several nest of his peculiar race?
Where learn'd the sloven sparrow, little wise,
Or little studious to excel, his art
Inferior, the maternal cell to thatch?
Whence drew the marten his superior skill
To knead and temper, mason-like, the slime
Of street or stagnant pool, and build aloft,
Beneath the cornice brink or shady porch,
His snug depending couch, on nothing hung,
Founded in air, and finish'd with a neat
Convenient aperture, from whence he bolts
Sudden, and whither brisk returns with mouth
Fill'd for his hiant offspring? Whence received
The daw his lesson, or the rook? the one
Within the lonely, unfrequented tower,

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Weaving his basket of unnumber'd twigs;
The other, on the topmost elm sublime
His wicker cradle fixing, to be rock'd
By the rude nurse adversity's strong gale?
Whence knew the sprightly, golden-pinion'd finch,
Of ruddy countenance and ivory beak,
And coat of sleekest amber, his fond art
To line with locks, and pave with neatest love
The verdant nest of interwoven moss,
Fast to the blushing apple's forked branch,
Amid the blossoms of the codlin tied?
Thou, prying school-boy, spare the neat design,
And think of HIM whose all-protecting hand
Secretes the nestling with innumerous leaves,
And with abundant foliage makes obscure,
And to the sight impervious, branches erst
Easily pierced, or by the solar ray,
Or beam of human eye, or arrowy gale;
Dark and impenetrable now to all.
Think of HIS mercy that protects the nest;
And, kind to all, with more especial love
The linnet spare, and finch of crimson face,
That twitter each the none-offending song
Of quiet prettiness, and pluck the down
Of the prolific thistle for their bread.
Not to destroy be earnest, but to save.

CHRIST THE GRAND REFUGE.

BY THE REV. R. MONTGOMERY.

LORD, and whither shall we go?
Thou alone hast words of life;
In our stormful griefs below
Who, but Thou, can heal the strife
Sin and sorrow round us bring,
In life's vale, while wandering?

Blessed Christ! embodied Word!
Thou alone art Life and Light;
Saints who have Thy truth preferr'd
Walk in peace, and worship right;
Thou alone to sin canst say,—
"I am Love, the Living Way."

Sun of Grace, O, ever shine
Round our paths, where'er they lead;
Midnight feels a ray divine
Breaking through the darkest need,
Should we hear, when thus dismay'd,
"It is I! be not afraid!"

Well of Comfort! Vital Spring!
Other source we dare not seek;
Broken cisterns only bring
Mocking draughts that make us weak:
If our souls would slake their thirst,
They must die, or seek Thee first!

LETTER-CARRIER.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY.

London, Nov. 1st, 1778.

MY DEAR SISTER,

IT is just as it should be. I have formerly said, "I wonder how Mr. Whitefield can go on! For he has honour, and (comparatively) no dishonour. And this is 'a test for human frailty too severe.'" Now I have not that insupportable burden. I have honour enough in all reason. But it is properly balanced with dishonour. I have good report, and (what is absolutely necessary) evil report too. To-day I am to open our new chapel. Hence also will arise both honour and dishonour. Yet a little while, and all these things that seem considerable now, will pass away like a dream.

You do well, as often as you have opportunity, to make a little excursion among your neighbours. You have already seen the fruit of your labour of love; and more fruit will follow. I do not at all despair of poor Mr. Wood. He has not yet shaken off his convictions. Work your work betimes; and in His time He will give you a full reward. I am, my dear Penny,

Yours affectionately,

J. WESLEY.

Mrs. Penelope Cousins.

London, Nov. 9th, 1779.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I ALWAYS loved you from the time I knew you first: and never more than now; because you now speak freely to me, which I sometimes feared you did not. If you continue earnest to save your souls, both of you must expect temptations, and those of various sorts. Sometimes you will be tried by friends, or enemies; sometimes by one another. At some times, perhaps, you will be quite out of conceit with each other, and all things will appear wrong. Then beware of anger, of fretfulness, or peevishness, which makes the grasshopper a burden. But from all this, the God whom you serve is able to deliver you, yea, and He *will* deliver you. Trust Him, and praise Him!

I am, my dear Jenny,

Yours affectionately,

J. WESLEY.

Mrs. Jane Barton,
Norwood, Beverley, Yorkshire.

Bristol, March 2d, 1789.

MY DEAR SISTER,

As you desired, I cannot but send you a line, although I have not a moment to

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spare. You have exceeding reason to praise God, who has dealt so mercifully with you. You have reason to praise Him likewise for hearing your prayers. Use charity to those of your own household; now be a pattern to all that are round about you: be a pattern of meekness and lowliness in particular; be the least of all, and the servant of all. Be a companion of those, and of those only, that worship in spirit and in truth. Read again and again the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians: then shall your light shine more and more unto the perfect day. I am, dear sister,

Your affectionate brother,

J. WESLEY.

Mrs. Rachel Jones,
Barton-le-Willows, Yorkshire.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ELECTRO-TELEGRAPHIC PROGRESS.

THE *modus operandi* of the copying-telegraph has at length been revealed. According to the specification of the patent, two cylinders are made to revolve by clockwork, regulated by an electro-magnet, four times in each revolution, so as to be perfectly coincident in time of rotation. On one is rolled a sheet of tinfoil, and on the other a sheet of paper saturated with a solution which electricity will easily decompose and blacken through a metallic pointer, which presses on it and conducts the current to the paper after it passes from the tinfoil on the other cylinder, through a similar metallic pointer pressing on it. The apparatus thus prepared, and the cylinders made to revolve, with the electricity in action, the pointers are carried gradually from one end of the cylinders to the other, so that a spiral series of dark lines, closely continuous, is described on the paper from end to end, unless the current of electricity be intermitted, which it is by means of writing, or other characters or forms, on the conducting tinfoil round the other cylinder, traced with a non-conducting varnish in place of ink. It is thus manifest that an exact copy of the tracing will be picked out as it were by blank intervals in the black or blue lined spiral tracery on the papered cylinder, the pointer ceasing to blacken the paper wherever its fellow passes over or across the varnish on the tinfoil; and thus, by a contrivance of the most ingenious and simple description, accomplishing one of the most astonishing miracles of this age of wonders. With a single wire, four hundred letters per minute can thus be transmitted. And the wonder does not end here; for the message or letter transmitted by correspondents, (to their own paper, and from their own tinfoil, of course, if desired,) with its signature, &c., is a perfect fac-simile of the original in form or tracery, only written, as it were, in white ink, on a dark ground, like an engraving. Drawings, it is clear, too, or even portraits, plans, &c., may as readily be thus not only copied, but transmitted hundreds of miles at one and the same moment. The name of the inventor of this triumph of genius, is Blakewell. The specification of the patent includes improvements in opening and closing communications with different stations by means of one wire, and points to the establishment of a system of half-hourly dispatches. The facilitating and cheapening of newspaper reports too by such means are very obvious, especially as shorthand can thus be still more readily and rapidly copied than ordinary writing.—*Builder.*

MANUFACTURE OF GLASS BEADS.

BESIDES the invention of mirror and reticulating glasses, for which we have to thank the Venetians, the art of making glass beads was also first discovered in the glass-houses of Murano, and is practised there at the present day on a very extensive scale. The small glass beads are fragments cut from pieces of glass tubing, the sharp edges of which are rounded by fusion. Glass tubes of the proper size are first drawn from one hundred to two hundred feet in length, and of all possible colours, (in Venice they prepare two hundred different shades,) and are broken into lengths of two feet. These are then cut, by aid of a knife, into fragments of the same length as their diameters: they now present the form of beads, the edges of which, however, are so sharp that they would cut the thread on which they have to be strung. The edges have, consequently, to be rounded by fusion; and, as this operation must be performed upon a great number at once, and they must not be allowed to stick together, they are mixed with coal-dust and powdered clay, previous to their being placed in the revolving cylinder in which they are heated. The finished beads are then passed through sieves sorted to their size, and strung upon threads by women. Besides the ordinary knitting-beads, another kind is manufactured, called *perles à la lune*, which are firmer and more expensive. These are prepared by twisting a small rod of glass, softened by a glass-blower's lamp, round an iron wire. The glass beads made in imitation of natural pearls for toilet ornaments, the invention of which dates from the year 1656, are very

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different from the preceding, both as regards their application, mode of production, and origin. These are small solid glass beads, of the same size as native pearls, which they are made to resemble by a coating of varnish, and which gives them a peculiar pearly lustre and colour. A maker of rosaries, by name Jaquin, was the first to discover that the scales of a species of fish, (*Cyprinus alburnus,*) or bleak, communicated a pearly hue to water. Based upon this observation, glass globules were first covered on the outside, but at a later period on the inside, with this aqueous essence. The costly essence, however, of which only a quarter of a pound could be obtained from the scales of four thousand, was subject to one great evil, that of decay. After trying alcohol without success, in consequence of its destroying the lustre of the substance, sal-ammoniac was at length found to be the best medium in which to apply the essence; a little isinglass is also mixed with it, which causes it to adhere better. The pearls are blown singly at the lamp; a drop of the essence is then blown into them through a thin tube, spread out by rolling, and the dried varnish is then covered in a similar manner by a layer of wax.—*Knapp's Chemistry applied to Arts and Manufactures.*

ORIENTAL SCENES.

MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

In all ages, and by all people raised above barbarism, the importance of the social condition, of which *marriage* was the commencement, has always been acknowledged. It is, in fact, the foundation and cement of society. Holy Scripture brings its origin before us, distinctly refers to its divine appointment, and affirms its sacred character. Universal and unbroken experience shows that no departure from the scriptural principles of the subject can be allowed without injury to society. In this respect, Scripture and nature go hand in hand, and are inseparably interwoven with each other.

Marriage, applying the term to the commencement of the union, has been almost uniformly connected with various ceremonies; some of them designed to indicate symbolically the character of the institution, and others, the joyfulness of the occasion. Among the ancients these ceremonies *were*, and among the Orientals they still *are*, much more numerous and settled than they have become among the modern Europeans, who, in addition to a far less imaginative character, are taught by the religion which, by the favour of Providence, they enjoy, the true nature of the institution. Among ourselves in this country, for instance, there is no customary ceremonial to be observed. The festivities of the occasion are comparatively domestic and private, and governed by no

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rule but the will of the various parties concerned. The only *ceremony* concerned is that which expresses the religious character of the institution, its divine appointment and obligations. The parties go, therefore, to the house of God, pledge their vows to each other in the place in which His presence is specially recognised, and seek His blessing on the solemn engagements on which they enter. Marriage, indeed, is in some respects a civil institution, as involving civil duties and rights; but it is also a religious one; God himself appointed it. It is He who in fact has said,—Marriage shall be, and such shall be marriage. In connecting a religious ceremony with the formation of the union, there is, therefore, a strict and beautiful propriety. Society, indeed, can only take notice of the civil character of the relation; although a Christian country, in legislating upon it, is bound to conform its legislation to the laws of God on the subject. But individual Christians, who know that they are commanded to "acknowledge God in *all* their ways," will feel that on an occasion of so vast importance, entering as they then do on a divinely-appointed and divinely-regulated union, they are obeying only what we could almost term a natural instinct of conscience in connecting it with such religious observances as shall acknowledge God in it.

The Greeks had their nuptial ceremonies. At the wedding, generally in the evening, sometimes even late at night, the bridegroom went in procession to the dwelling of the bride to conduct her, with much pomp, to his own house. In this procession, nuptial torches were borne before the bridegroom and bride; bridal odes were sung by a retinue of unmarried youths and females, with musical instruments; and dancing—*progressive* dancing—usually accompanied the music. The whole was followed by a nuptial feast.

Among the Romans the form was somewhat different. The bride was adorned with a robe and veil prepared for the occasion. A sheep, two years old, was offered to Juno, the goddess of marriage. In the evening, the bride was conducted, with many ceremonies, to the house of her husband. She was taken, seemingly by force, from the arms of her mother, or nearest female relation. She went, with a distaff in her hand, and stepped, or was lifted, over the threshold of both houses. A youth preceded her with a lighted torch, two supported her, and a fourth followed her, carrying in a covered vase some of her utensils, and toys, and ornaments. She bound the door-posts of her new residence with white woollen fillets, and anointed them with wolf-fat. A sheepskin was spread before the entrance, on which she stepped, and called aloud for the bridegroom, who came and offered her the key of the house, which she then gave to the chief servant. Both now touched fire and water, as a symbol of purity and fidelity. The house had been on the preceding day adorned with garlands and flowers. After her arrival, the nuptial banquet was held, which was accompanied by music and song. The marriage odes (epithalamia) were likewise sung.

As to modern marriage processions, in Egypt and the East, their character will at once be perceived by referring to our engraving, after reading what has been said above concerning the customs of the Greeks and Romans. There is the procession with torches, trumpets, and cymbals. Two seniors on horseback are seen going before the camel which carries the bride, closely concealed from view, and young men and females, with torches, walk by its side. But instead of these general descriptions, we will give an account of a marriage at Hebron, in Judæa, as witnessed by the Rev. Mr. Woodcock, who travelled in the Holy Land in the summer of 1848. He says: "The first day I was in Hebron there was a marriage procession through the streets, about four o'clock in the afternoon, consisting of a long troop of women, clad mostly in white, and dancing, waving their arms, and uttering all sorts of loud cries as they went along. In front of them, a little apart, were two or three with tambourines, or timbrels, which they strummed most violently; and in the midst of the chief company was the bride, with a red veil over her head. Children ran in troops, and seemed to be a part of the procession. They paraded the streets in this manner without a single male in their procession; but in the middle of the night I was roused from my slumber by a great shouting and flashing of torches; and, 'behold, the bridegroom came,' and paraded the streets, with his male friends, in like manner as the women had done."

FIRESIDE TRAVELS.

THE RIVER JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA.

[THE present really seems to be an age of travelling, and of publishing volumes of travels. Both these facts furnish advantages and pleasures. Time was, when, in the maps that those who wished to know something of the position of the various countries of the world had to consult, large spaces were found with the mortifying inscription in

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each, *terra incognita*, "unknown land." All this is rapidly disappearing,—indeed, has well nigh disappeared. Every corner of the globe is ransacked. Observations are made so scientifically, that our maps are becoming perfect; and by the aid of the volumes that are now poured forth from the press, we may sit quietly and comfortably by our own firesides, and without trouble, danger, or expense, become far better acquainted with our large world, than Homer's hero of the "Odyssey," who voyaged, and saw many cities, and the manners and customs of men, could possibly be, even with his comparatively small world. Pleasure and improvement are thus easily within our reach. Lands that were quite a mystery to our forefathers,—at all events, to our grandsires,—are becoming as well known to us as the town we live in, and its surrounding neighbourhood. Very many of our readers, we doubt not, will be glad to have occasionally afforded to them the opportunity of an excursion into some distant country,—an excursion requiring from *them* not more than ten or twenty minutes of easy reading; although by the *original writer* some days of hard travelling were necessary. By a careful reference, in our selections, to the useful and the agreeable, we hope to minister to the profit and gratification of all who shall please to accept our guidance.—EDS.]

THE Government of the United States resolved, in 1847, to fit out an expedition for a more exact and scientific "exploration" of the "Dead Sea," that singular sheet of water, whose billows roll heavily over the region on which once stood the cities of the plain, on whose sinful inhabitants the judgments of God so came down, as to make even the place of their dwelling a perpetual monument of the holy vengeance of the Judge of all the earth.

The expedition was provided with all things necessary for the prosecution of its design; among other things boats, which might be conveyed from the coast to the sea of Galilee, from which, on the celebrated stream of Jordan, the parties might float down to the lake which they were charged to examine. The boats were taken to Tiberias, at the southern extremity of the lake of that name, where the Jordan issues from its enclosure. From the lake of Tiberias to the Dead Sea, the distance, in a straight line, is about sixty miles; but such are the windings of the Jordan, that the boats were found to have sailed two hundred miles. There is likewise a great difference between the level of this northern extremity of the Jordan, and that of its southern one, where it enters the Dead Sea. This has been computed to be between nine hundred and one thousand feet. The current of the river is therefore generally very swift, and several dangerous rapids and falls occur in its course.

"April 10th, (1848,) Monday. This morning we rise, take breakfast, strike our tents, and prepare for a 'sail.' The boats are now in their element. We pulled slowly down the lake, and soon reached the mouth of the Jordan. We were then able to ease our oars a little. Presently we came near to the ruins of a bridge, in the immediate vicinity of which was a streaming rapid, and a steep and dangerous fall. Over this we had to pass somehow or other. There was no circumnavigating it. The fall was there, and we must dash over it at all hazard. We first unloaded the boats, and then firmly braved the danger. Away went the boats, all hands ready to jump overboard if they should strike the rocks, and come 'broadside on' to the edge of the fall, and so slew round and capsize. But despite all their skill, she struck and slewed round, with all hands in her, and dash she went into the midst of the stream. Fortunately we received no injury. The iron boat leaped the dangerous fall without any damage. We soon after hauled the boats to the banks for the night, having before us a continuation of dangerous rapids and falls.

"April 11th. Set out again this morning on this circuitous stream. Rapids and falls awaited our advance. There was one to begin with ten or fifteen feet deep; but 'onwards' was our motto. We made fast a stout rope to a tree on the bank, having one end in the boats, and then, guiding them into the current, tried to ease them over the fall. One or two persons were in each of the boats to manage them; the rest were overboard, hanging on to the sides; and so, coming into the midst of the fall, dash they went, one after the other, down the rushing stream. We escaped without any damage. After this, we manned our boats, and guided them down the stream. We passed an Arab town, built on the peak of a high mountain, and some two hundred of the inhabitants came running down the slope, shouting to us. Our 'carbines' now underwent a close scrutiny; but the Arabs seemed chiefly to be moved by the novelty of the scene. Their display of curiosity in examining our boats was truly amusing: probably they had never seen one before. Many of them came into the water and tried to stop them, catching hold of the sides, while the current was eight or nine knots (miles) strong: this soon wearied them in their attempts to stop our progress. Thus gliding snugly along, about sundown we approached the caravan of our fellow 'expeditioners,' who were travelling by land, on the western side of the river. We encamped for the night, however, about half a mile from them, in consequence of an intervening rapid and fall. Hitherto, the banks of the Jordan appear beautifully studded with vegetation. The cultivation of the ground is not so extensive as it would be if the crops were secured to the cultivator from the desperadoes

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who scour the whole region. The waters are clear and transparent, except immediately connected with the rapids and falls. The river is well calculated for fertilizing the valleys of its course. Plenty of fish may be found in its course. We saw no traces of the lions and bears which once inhabited the thickets between its lower and higher banks. However, the footmarks of the wild boar are occasionally to be seen.

"April 12th. We made another start, passing in the course of the day through a series of our usual difficulties, more or less dangerous. Few of our party can boast of dry clothes since we left the placid sea of Tiberias, or of experiencing much of what is called comfort."

(*The remainder of the voyage in our next.*)

ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTES OF DR. CHALMERS'S PREACHING.

THE objection urged against the sincere Preacher of the word ever since the days of the Apostles, was brought against him. At the time when his preaching was making so great and extensive an impression, his friend, the good Dr. Balfour of the "Outer Kirk," was met by a co-Presbyter, who was rather noted for neglect of parochial duty, and careless preparation for the pulpit. The conversation turned upon the eloquent Preacher in the Tron. "They say," said the latter, "that he has a *bee in his bonnet*." "I am sure," retorted the Doctor, "that it is not a *drone*." And his clerical detractor was silent. Others who made a similar objection, having been led to hear him, were convinced of their error, and learned to pray. A person well known in Glasgow for superior talent and scientific attainments, but, withal, for a tinge of scepticism in religion, was met by an old companion hurrying to the Tron Church, while the bells were ringing for the afternoon service. "Come," said his friend, "and hear Chalmers." "I shall do no such thing," was the reply. "Do you think I would trouble myself to hear a madman?" "You had better judge for yourself by coming for once." And, taking his arm, they were both speedily seated in the densely-crowded church. What was the astonishment of the sceptical gentleman, when the Doctor gave out for his text, "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness!" He felt that his false judgment of the Preacher was rebuked, as it were, by a voice from heaven; and the sermon which he heard—the object of which was to fix the charge of madness where it ought to be fixed, on those who, believing in a future world, continue to live without God and without hope; while it was shown that truth and soberness were only with those who act according to their belief and profession of the Gospel—was admirably fitted for deepening the impression made by the text, and for removing the flimsy arguments of "philosophy falsely so called." From that day forth, the gentleman became a constant hearer of Dr. Chalmers, a confirmed believer in the doctrines, and a steady performer of the duties, of the Christian faith. We have heard an eminent Minister of another Church describe his feelings on hearing that discourse that afternoon. He said that, during its delivery, he was led to experience how a person, by the intensity of his attention to an object, might remain, for the time, unconscious of bodily annoyance and pain. He was standing in the midst of a dense crowd, in the lower passage fronting the pulpit. An honest woman, plainly dressed, had been standing behind him. She, apparently unconscious of what she did, had fixed her elbows between the shoulders of our informant, and in that attitude remained till the orator released them by concluding the sermon. It was only then that, by the difficulty of breathing, and excessive pain in the upper part of his back, he became aware of the pressure he had endured.—*Free Church Magazine.*

KING GEORGE II.

AN anecdote of the first arrival of George the Second in his palace of St. James's, is related in the published correspondence of Horace Walpole. Sir Robert often complained to him in Latin (for the Minister spoke no German, and the King no English) that the Hanoverians in his train were so venal and rapacious; to which His Majesty at once replied by giving an instance of the venality and rapacity of English servants, always on the look out for vails. "This is a strange country," said the King. "The first morning after my arrival at St. James's, I looked out of the window, and saw a park, with walks, a canal, &c., which they told me were mine. The next day, Lord Chetwynd, the Ranger of my park, sent me a fine brace of carp, out of my canal; and I was told I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servant for bringing me my own carp, out of my own canal, in my own park."

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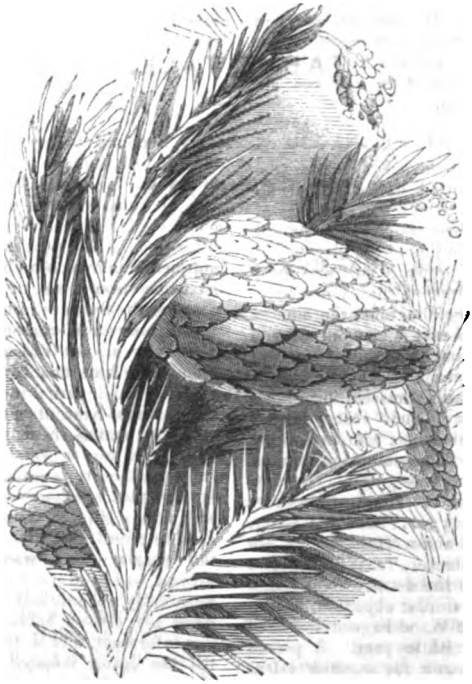
PAPERS ON BOTANY.



THE FIR-TREE.

The fir belongs to the *coniferæ*, the cone-bearing family, along with the pine, the cypress, and the cedar. It was formerly considered as part of the genus *pinus;* but modern botanists, following the popular practice, have distinguished it. The Latin name of the species is *abies*. Most of the tribe yield a very valuable timber. The fir is obviously distinguished from the pine-tree by its more pyramidal form, and by its leaves arising singly from around the stems; not by twos or threes, or a greater number.

It would be almost an endless task to recount all the members of this extensive family. There are, however, four naturally distinguished tribes. The Silou-fir may be regarded as the type or representative of the first; the Norway-spruce, of the second; the larches furnish the third; the cedars of Lebanon the fourth.

From *abies picea*, Burgundy pitch and Strasburg turpentine are procured. This flourishes so much in the kingdom of Naples, that it often acquires the height of one hundred and thirty, and even one hundred and fifty, feet, and furnishing an appearance of grandeur which led Virgil to term it *abies pulcherrima*. From the *abies balsamea*, found in the coldest parts of North America, is taken the "Canadian balsam" of the shops.

The spruces are noble trees, and often attain the height of one hundred and fifty feet. One kind, found in the western parts of North America, sometimes measures one hundred and eighty feet.

The substance called "Venice turpentine" is yielded by some of the larches.

The cedars of Lebanon always require separate description. We only mention them now as belonging to the fir-tribe.

The value of the timber of these trees (deal) is well known. They also yield a resinous sap, furnishing, by distillation, oil, or spirits, of turpentine. The *caput mortuum* (the term applied by the old alchemists to the substance left after distillation; though why they should call it the *dead head* we pretend not to know) is the *resin* of commerce.

In their appearance the fir is always a beautiful object. The bright green leaves with which summer clothes other trees, are shaded in the landscape by the deeper hue of the fir; and the rich tints of autumnal foliage are well relieved by the same un-

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varying colour. But in winter the fir takes its proper place. If the verdure of its leaves be not without gloom, are they not mourning for their lost companions? But if their hue be deep, it is still green, and proclaims that dormant life is not death. The fir stands through the winter as a pledge of the coming glories of returning summer.

TABLE-TALK.

MARTYRDOM OF CRANMER.

When Strype was engaged in writing the "Memorials of Cranmer," in the year 1693, he found the book in which the expenses of the martyrs during their residence in Oxford were entered by the bailiffs of the city was in existence, and it is probably still preserved among the manuscripts of that University. It may not, therefore, be inappropriate, in times like the present, when Protestant England is fostering and encouraging Popery, and, strange to relate, even the Protestant advisers of a Protestant Monarch, to publish the several items, with their cost, paid for the burning of Archbishop Cranmer and his two fellow-sufferers, Ridley and Latimer, as they appear in that book:—

	s.	d.
"For One Hundred of Wood Faggots	0	6	0
For One Hundred and a Half of Furze Faggots	0	3	4
To the Carriage of them	0	0	8
To Two Labourers	0	1	4
To Three Loads of Wood Faggots to burn Ridley and Latimer	0	12	0
Item, One Load of Furze Faggots	0	3	4
For Carriage of these Four Loads	0	2	0
Item, a Post	0	1	4
Item, for Chains	0	3	4
Item, for Staples	0	0	6
Item, for Labourers	0	2	4"

The above are exact transcripts from the bills presented by the person who had charge of the funeral piles. — *Abjurations from Popery.*

PHYSICAL BENEFIT OF THE SABBATH.

The Sabbath is God's special present to the working man, and one of its chief objects is to prolong his life, and preserve efficient his working tone. In the vital system it acts like a compensation-pond; it replenishes the spirits, the elasticity, and vigour, which the last six days have drained away, and supplies the force which is to fill the six days succeeding; and in the economy of existence, it answers the same purpose as, in the economy of income, is answered by a savings'-bank. The frugal man who puts aside a pound to-day, and another pound next month, and who in a quiet way is always putting by his stated pound from time to time, when he grows old and frail, gets not only the same pounds back again, but a good many pounds besides. And the conscientious man, who husbands one day of existence every week; who, instead of allowing the Sabbath to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it devoutly up,—the Lord of the Sabbath keeps it for him, and, in length of days and a hale old age, gives it back with usury. The savings'-bank of human existence is the weekly Sabbath.—*North British Review.*

THIS TRIFLE, THIS ONCE.

To all whom it may concern.

When you are tempted to do what is wrong, to neglect what ought to be done, or to perform any duty carelessly and imperfectly, do not say within yourself, "It is only a trifle;" or, "It does not signify this once;" or, "It will perhaps escape notice or censure." Those who are satisfied with just escaping blame will often deserve it; and those who yield to temptation because the fault is small, or because it is only a single instance, will incur a pitiable weakness of judgment and instability of purpose, and will render themselves incapable of anything truly respectable and excellent.

The thing itself may be a trifle, but habit is not a trifle. "This once" is an evasive, deceitful plea for neglect, folly, sin, and a numerous pestilent tribe of criminal weaknesses; a plea which multitudes have allowed in word and deed, till they have become hopeless slaves, bound fast with invisible chains to the bewitching, infatuating habit of sacrificing the great things of the future for trivial present relief or gratification.

Every habit has a beginning. The first instance facilitates the second; the first and second united double the temptation to yield the third time. It is the small and thin end of a wedge which introduces a power sufficient to split rocks asunder, or to heave temples from their foundations. It is the fine point of a deadly weapon which, piercing the body, opens a passage for the whole blade to follow, with death behind it. And

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it is chiefly when a great temptation is made to taper off to a thin edge, that it gains an opening for a mass of guilt, and moves our virtue from its foundations. It is thus that sin enters the soul; at first with an apparently slight offence, and then with a deep, wide, and ghastly wound, followed by total loss of spiritual strength, and by the pangs of despairing remorse. J. T.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

ROBERT HALL, A.M.

Died February 21st, 1831.

At Arnsby, a small village, about eight miles from Leicester, on the 2d of May, 1764, the eloquent Robert Hall was born. He was the youngest of a family of fourteen children. His father, the Pastor of a Baptist congregation, was distinguished for talents, piety, eloquence, and the success of his ministry.

The extreme feebleness of Robert during infancy, rendered it necessary to put him under the constant care of a nurse; who often loitered with him among the gravestones of a burial-ground, near his father's house. The first buddings of a magnificent intellect appeared in attention to the inscriptions on the tombstones. From these he learned letters, syllables, words, and sentences, ere he reached his third year, though he was about two years old before he could either walk or talk. The rapidity of his utterance was remarkable from the time he began to speak, and continued throughout his life.

As soon as he was able to dispense with the care of his nurse, he was placed at a school kept in the village by one Dame Seatton; from which he was transferred to another, taught by a Mrs. Lyley, under whose instructions he showed a strong thirst for knowledge; and began to collect books, which he was wont to place in his pinafore, and seclude himself among the tombs after school-hours. Spreading them on the grass around him, he would continue earnestly reading till approaching night compelled him reluctantly to return home.

In his sixth year he was placed as a day-scholar under a Mr. Simmons, at Wigston, a village four miles from Arnsby; but a severe pain in his back, with which he was afflicted as long as he lived, rendered it necessary for his brother and himself to lodge in the village from Monday till Saturday afternoon, the daily walk proving too severe for him.

On leaving his father's house on the Monday mornings, he used to carry a few volumes for reading during the week. Edwards on "The Affections," and on "The Will," and Butler's "Analogy," were his favourite works. He wrote several essays before he was ten years old, and used to invite his brother and sister to hear him preach.

On reaching his eleventh year, Mr. Simmons informed his father, that he could teach his son no more, as he was often compelled to sit up all night to prepare lessons for the morning, to keep pace with his pupil.

From the cast of his mind, and the tendency of his favourite studies, his father resolved on educating him for the ministry. With this view he was placed under the care of the Rev. John Ryland, at Northampton, where he made great progress in Latin, Greek, and English composition. Having spent about a year and a half under Mr. Ryland, in October, 1778, he was placed at the Bristol Institution, upon Dr. Ward's foundation, where he diligently pursued the usual studies.

While at this academy, his humility was put to a severe trial. Being appointed to deliver an address in the vestry of Broadmead chapel, Bristol, he founded his remarks on 1 Tim. iv. 10. After proceeding eloquently for a short time, he suddenly stopped, covered his face with his hands, and exclaimed, "O, I have lost all my ideas!"

On the following week he made a second attempt, but with still less success, to the great grief of his tutors and friends. He quickly left the vestry, and hastened home, exclaiming, "If this does not humble me, the devil must have me!" In 1780 his father, and the church of which he was Pastor, recognised him as one eminently fitted, by gifts and piety, for the work of the Christian ministry.

In the November of the following year, he was entered student at King's College, Aberdeen, and took his degree of A.M. in March, 1785. While here an intimacy was formed between him and the illustrious Sir James Mackintosh, which contributed mutually to develope, elevate, invigorate, and refine their extraordinary intellectual powers, and prepare them for the discharge of those high duties which afterwards elicited an unusual measure of public applause in their respective spheres of action and usefulness.

While pursuing his studies at Aberdeen, he accepted an invitation from Bristol to become co-Pastor with Dr. Caleb Evans, over the church at Broadmead. His brilliant and masculine eloquence greatly increased

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the congregation, and attracted occasional auditors from among the Clergy.

Soon after his settlement at Broadmead, he was appointed Classical Tutor in the Bristol Academy; the duties of which office he continued to discharge with zeal and success during a period of five years.

A painful misunderstanding took place between Dr. Evans and Mr. Hall, which continued for more than two years: their friends interposed, in hope of healing the breach; but, as is often the case, each meeting held for adjustment of differences, served only to aggravate the evil; and the result was, that Mr. Hall removed from Bristol, the church being seriously injured by party divisions.

In 1790 Mr. Hall was invited to preach to Mr. Robinson's congregation at Cambridge; and then to take the pastoral charge in the year following. At this period his principles were far from being evangelical; but this constituted no objection with those who had been accustomed to the teaching of Robert Robinson: it was very likely a powerful recommendation.

The death of Mr. Hall's father, in 1791, produced a deep impression on his mind, and led to a great alteration in his sentiments. Till now he had indulged in much dangerous philosophical speculation, and was a professed materialist. But these opinions he often said, he "buried in his father's grave." The first sermon he preached on becoming Pastor at Cambridge, was on the doctrine of the atonement, and its practical tendencies. At the conclusion, one of the congregation followed him into the vestry, and said, "Mr. Hall, this preaching won't do for us: it will only suit a congregation of old women." "Do you mean my sermon, Sir, or the doctrine?" "Your doctrine." "Why is it that the doctrine is fit only for old women?" "Because it may suit the musings of people tottering upon the brink of the grave, and who are eagerly seeking comfort." "Thank you, Sir, for your concession. The doctrine will not suit people of *any* age, unless it be *true;* and if it be *true*, it is not fitted for old women alone, but is equally important at *any* age."

The excitement caused by the French Revolution of 1789, throughout Europe, produced a host of political pamphleteers, among whom Hall appeared as an Apologist for the "Freedom of the Press;" but he soon saw and felt the danger of embarking on the tempestuous sea of political debate, and sought safety in the Gospel, and in the discharge of the sacred duties of the ministry.

His reception of the doctrine of the Trinity was slow; but once received, his hold was firm and lasting. During a severe fever, which threatened his life, in 1799, his mind was brought to admit that the Holy Spirit is truly and properly God, and not a mere emanation. Yet it was not till the following year that he publicly taught it. From that time his ministry was unreservedly orthodox.

The French Revolution being followed by innumerable crimes, of the most terrific character, and by a spirit of atheistic democracy, threatening to extend its withering influence to England, Mr. Hall was induced to preach and publish his famous discourse on "Modern Infidelity." This sermon placed him at once on the eminence he is destined to occupy, as long as a pure, elevated, chaste, and powerful style of writing on sacred subjects, associated with a profound knowledge of human nature, continues to be esteemed. After this discovery of his powers as a pulpit orator, as many as sixty Undergraduates, Tutors, and Fellows of the University, might often be seen in the Baptist meeting-house, listening with admiration to the lofty eloquence of the Dissenting Preacher. Dr. Mansel, Master of Trinity, and afterwards Bishop of Bristol, greatly admired him, and would gladly have induced him to enter the Established Church.

The days of national fasting, or of thanksgiving, so often observed during the French war, afforded Mr. Hall opportunities and themes suited to his magnificent mind. His sermon on the fast appointed on the 19th of October, 1803, entitled, "The Sentiments proper to the present Crisis," produced a powerful effect on the national mind, and elicited the applause of the first critics of the day.

The pain in his back, which had troubled him from his infancy, about this time became so bad that he could obtain but little sleep, so that his spirits sank, and great mental depression was the result. A residence out of Cambridge, with horse exercise, was recommended; but the loss of intercourse with the intelligent and the pious poor of his flock, preyed on his mind. Often would he continue for twelve hours together in close reading. The issue was a degree of nervous derangement, which, in November, 1804, quite affected his reason; but, after being two months under the care of Dr. Arnold, of Leicester, by the divine blessing, he was restored both to bodily health and mental vigour. This affliction called forth universal sympathy. His congregation nobly set on foot a subscription, by which a life-annuity of £100 was secured, and about an equal sum to be left entirely to his own disposal at death.

Having resumed his labours, in April, 1805, he removed to a residence at Toulmine, about nine miles from Cambridge: but isolation from his wonted society left him too much a prey to his own thoughts; and within a twelvemonth his noble mind once more lost its balance. His restoration, however, was again happily effected, through the judicious treatment of Dr. Cox, of Fish-Ponds, near Bristol.

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From this period he evidently became a more spiritual and devout man than he had ever before been. But it was deemed essential to his welfare that he should remove from Cambridge, after a mutually happy connexion, for fifteen years, between him and his people. From this time he solemnly dedicated himself to God, on each recurrence of his birthday, as long as he lived. Being set free from all pastoral duties, and left to indulge in the occupations to which he felt inclined, he gradually improved, and resumed his studies, and his preaching in the surrounding villages, till he was able to take the charge of Harvey-lane congregation, in Leicester, formerly under the care of Dr. Carey, of Serampore. The congregation had fallen away to about two hundred and fifty persons, and the members of the church to seventy-six. For nearly twenty years he laboured here with great success and harmony. The chapel was enlarged in 1809, and again in 1817, to accommodate the greatly increased congregation. The evening congregations were considerably augmented by the attendance of pious members of the Church of England, showing the effect of the devout and catholic spirit and ministrations of this excellent Minister of Christ, whose anti-sectarianism commanded the homage of all the enlightened and pious of the various evangelical denominations in the neighbourhood.

In 1808 Mr. Hall entered into the married state, to the great joy of his friends, and benefit and comfort of himself. After this his habits became more regularly domestic, his engagements more numerous, and his usefulness more extended. The death of the lamented Princess Charlotte, which awakened so much public sympathy, elicited a discourse which, when published, added greatly to his previous fame.

In March, 1826, Mr. Hall was called to succeed Dr. Ryland in the pastoral charge of the church at Broadmead, Bristol. The day of his separation from his church at Leicester was one of deep anguish to both Pastor and flock. While administering the holy sacrament, he was quite overcome with sorrow: "He sat down, covered his face with his hands, and wept." His people shared his grief; and, "at the close, the weeping became general" throughout the congregation. Being now in his sixty-second year, the usual symptoms of advancing age began to appear, though his mental power continued strong as ever. His former complaints, too, became more complicated and severe; and it was seen that disease would terminate in death.

In 1830 he was advised to suspend his ministerial duties, and try the effect of a total change of scene and air. On the 9th of February, 1831, he performed his last public service to the church at Broadmead. His closing prayer is said to have been one of extraordinary elevation, spirituality, and emotion. The next evening, (Thursday,) he was unable to take the pulpit. The last enemy was now evidently approaching; but, severe as was the physical struggle, he said, "I am in God's hands, and rejoice that I am: I am God's creature; at His disposal for life or death; and that is a great mercy." ...." I have not one anxious thought, either for life or death. What I dread most are *dark days*. But *I have had none yet*, and I hope I shall not have any." His sufferings were terrible, and extorted groans of agony." Mrs. Hall asked if he were comfortable in his mind. He immediately exclaimed, "Very comfortable; very comfortable:" and then cried, "Come, Lord Jesus; come—quickly." Soon after, a general convulsion seized him; and, in a short time, his spirit entered into rest.

How are the mighty fallen! The great, the good, the illustrious, must die, even as others. But, though God buries his workmen, He carries on His work. "Our fathers, where are they? and the Prophets, do they live for ever?" Reader, are you following these servants of Christ even as they followed their Master? Death is at the door: you, the writer, all men, must soon be gathered to our fathers. May it be in peace!

P. SAMUEL.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Earls, Eliza,	Salford,	Second Manchester,	19	Aug. 16th, 1849.
Edwards, Elizabeth,	Bassingham,	Lincoln,	29	March 11th, 1849.
Ogden, Mr. Francis,	Bassingham,	Lincoln,	66	March 23d, 1848.
Ogden, Mr. William,	Eagle,	Lincoln,	36	Aug. 13th, 1848.
Perches, Mr. George,	Old Brentford,	Hammersmith,	45	July 14th, 1849.
Roberts, Mr. Robert,	Old Brentford,	Hammersmith,	47	April 22d, 1849.
Scholfield, Mr. Thomas,	Rawcliffe-Bridge,	Snaith,	61	Dec. 17th, 1848.
Slade, Lydia,	New Brentford,	Hammersmith,	32	Nov. 15th, 1849.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

MARCH, 1850.

WESLEYAN-METHODIST SOCIETY QUARTERLY TICKET, FOR MARCH, 1850.

If the members of the Wesleyan-Methodist Society would maintain that high degree of purity and benevolence required in those two branches of the Rules already noticed, they must needs be a *devout people*. Such are all true Christians,—all possessors of "pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father." They are "fervent in spirit." And is this fervency of spirit caused and sustained, as well as manifested, by proper attention to the means of grace? Then is devotion justly esteemed one of the prime elements of Methodism; and the founder of the Methodist Societies was right when he thus laid down the law:—"Thirdly, *It is expected of all who desire to continue in these Societies, that they should continue to evidence their desire of salvation by attending on all the ordinances of God.*" This is that feature of Methodism which has given so much offence to the world. It is by zealous attention to, and fervour in, the means of grace, that the Methodist has manifested that "much ado about religion" which has been so often scorned, condemned, and opposed. Hatred to the devotions of the Puritans, in the days of Charles II., rendered popular the profane ridicule of Butler's "Hudibras." It was this "praying everywhere," "with all prayer," that called forth so much hostility against the early Methodists. By their bold maintenance of this great principle—homage to that God who "is a Spirit"—rather than any other, they became "a city on a hill," "a candle on a candlestick;" a visible, standing, righteous reproof to all who "love darkness rather than light."

Be the perils attendant on *forms* of devotion what they may, we must have them or have no prayer, no grace, no salvation. Objecting to all forms, I beget forms of my own. The honest Quaker says most against them, and yet he becomes, perhaps unconsciously, the most formal of "all who call upon the name of the Lord." So impossible it is for those who have "a desire to flee from the wrath to come," to avoid forms of devotion. It is amidst these that religion commences and progresses; and amidst culpable signs of the lack of these, it declines and dies. Religion is "the life of God in the soul of man;" (as Scougal well describes it;) and where that life is either possessed or sincerely sought, it will *necessarily* appear in the "form of godliness." And of that form the most prominent feature is, "attendance upon all the ordinances of God."

"Those who have the form of godliness, and are seeking the power thereof,"

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—or true Christians, Christians in earnest,—cannot live in the habitual neglect of any of God's ordinances. What ordinances soever they believe that God has ordained to be "used by the faithful," they cannot omit without the forfeiture of their hope. "*All the ordinances*" are first mentioned in the Rules, then some of the more important are specified:—"Such are, the public worship of God; the ministry of the word; the Supper of the Lord; family and private prayer; searching the Scriptures; and fasting, or abstinence." "*The public worship of God:*" Minister and people "gathered together in the name of the Lord Jesus," for the solemn, sacred, and sole purpose of humble, fervent, believing, continuous prayer and praise. This is "worship" in its most sublime and heavenly form on earth: A PRAYER-MEETING. "*The ministry of the word:*" the holy truths of divine revelation "read," "expounded," and applied; preceded and followed by singing and prayer. This is the form of the living ministry which God has chiefly owned in the conversion of sinners and "the edifying of His church." "*The Supper of the Lord:*" that holy ordinance, solemnly "ordained by Christ himself" "the same night that He was betrayed," to "show forth His death" to all subsequent generations; to be a means of receiving the grace purchased by that sacrificial death, "and a pledge to assure us thereof." "*Family and private prayer:*" showing piety at home; maintaining invariably the holy claims of the domestic altar; and, David-like, daily, despite of all worldly engagements, entering the secret chamber, and kneeling down and praying, and giving thanks to God. "*Searching the Scriptures:*" striving every day to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly 'digest" the word of God; so making the "holy Bible" the first and last book of the day, as to hide the law of God in the heart, and delight in the fulfilling of all its requirements. "*Fasting, or abstinence:*" a plain scriptural duty, not only neglected very palpably by the church generally, but too much so even by the Methodists; notwithstanding the pledge of the Rules, and its being so "explicitly, strongly, constantly" pressed on them by their honoured founder. Such are the requirements of the Rules. May the God of all grace, who hath so abundantly furnished the Methodists with opportunities to get good and to do good, give them grace and peace, "always by all means," that they may walk worthy of their high calling, and "adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things." Amen and amen.

We must now turn our attention from general remarks on the "Society," to notice the "Ticket" for the current quarter. The text on it thus reads:—"*And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord.*" (1 Kings xvii. 16.)

This text is full of interest, and will comfort many while they read it on their quarterly Ticket. It has proved a word in season to multitudes. It will be so again. It will sustain the sinking faith, and console the burdened heart, of many a believer, "poor in this world," but whose "heart deviseth liberal things."

The parties immediately engaged in the beautifully instructive scene presented to us, are the Prophet Elijah and the poor widow of Zarephath. Elijah was a man of a mind so heavenly, a man of such intercourse with God, and withal a man of so many extraordinary deeds and features of character, that some persons have thought him rather an incarnate angel than a mere man. But let mere fancies pass. As a partaker of flesh and blood, he could not live without the sustenance derived from "the bread that perisheth." "The man of God" was sinking from hunger, reduced to the utmost straits for want of "a morsel of bread." It was a time of great scarcity. There was a famine in the land. God might have sent his needy

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servant to "a rich man." He did not. He sent him to a poor "widow woman," at that time, with her family, almost in a state of destitution. Elijah found her at a small distance from her cheerless abode, "gathering sticks" to prepare her last meal, expecting then to perish for want. "I have but a handful of meal; I am gathering two sticks that I may dress it, eat it, and die." Of this sorry pittance — the last mouthful — the necessitous Prophet was constrained to ask a part: "Make me thereof a little cake first." This was indeed a trial to her faith. But Elijah encourages her by the promise of God. She confides in his word, divides her last morsel with the Prophet, and the happy result we have inscribed on the Ticket before us. "And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Elijah."

1. Many of the holiest and best of God's Ministers, prohibited from entangling themselves with the affairs of this life, while ministering "*spiritual* things" to others, have been permitted to want "*carnal* things" for themselves. The Apostles, "making many rich," suffered from hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness. The history of those deeply-devoted men, the *ejected Ministers*, under the "Act of Uniformity," 1662, presents many affecting tales of deep poverty. Like the Prophet Elijah, they had often to press their suit at the door of a cottage for a morsel of bread.

2. The honour and the burden of supporting the ministry, God has chiefly laid on the poor. The poor have the Gospel preached unto them; and they receive it, and support it. Their richer brethren, more or less, help them. But God sends his messengers to the *poor* for their temporal supplies, and commands the poor to feed them. "Servants of Christ," as Ministers are, they can only *rely* on those who entertain their Master. The living ministry goes out of God's way in proportion as it relies on wealth. "Behold, I have commanded a widow woman to sustain thee."

3. To make the required *sacrifice* for the support of God's cause, the poor must indeed have a lively faith in the God of providence. If it be only "two mites" it is *felt*, and partakes of that high principle that "seeketh not her own." This is acceptable in the sight of God. In a certain poor country congregation in the west,—pretty large it is true,—where they usually raise, by four successive collections, *one hundred pounds at their Missionary anniversary, four-fifths of that amount are found in small silver and pence*, literally the contributions of "*poor saints!*" Who can estimate the sum of virtuous godly sacrifice in this noble fact? It is well-pleasing to Heaven. "Thy prayers and *thine alms* are come up as a memorial before God."

4. But the point of chief interest brought out by the text lies here:— "The barrel of meal *wasted not.*" Of this "meal" the pious woman had, by an heroic act of charity and kindness, given to the necessities of one of God's children; and after *that*, "she, and Elijah, and her household" lived on the remainder "many days," or "a full year," and yet "the meal wasted not." The benevolent woman, trusting in the promise of God and his kind providence, had done all this good, and *was not the poorer* for her generosity. She had not only given the Prophet a meal, but in time of famine took him, "a stranger," into her house to board. But while she kept her *faith* and *charity* in lively exercise, as often as she went to the "barrel" and the "cruse" she found an ample supply for present want. True, it does not appear, that in the end she could boast of riches as the result of "taking in" her pious lodger; but it was clear enough, whatever her narrow-minded neighbours might have said against her foolishly liberal conduct, that she *lost nothing*. On the contrary, while others, perhaps not a few, had perished with hunger, she had been brought comfortably through this year of awful scarcity,

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she knew not how. Her "heart devised liberal things," and "by liberal things" she stood it well to the end. "How is George Coad now supported?" said the writer one day to their mutual friend, Mr. Haly. "*O*," said Mr. H., smiling, "*some years ago, George gave away all he had, and he is now living on the interest.*" The interesting fact was, that "George Coad, the letter-carrier,"* of Saltash, was a pious man, an old Methodist, whose life had been marked by most extraordinary instances of Christian liberality. Having occasionally *saved up* a pound or two, amidst his humble earnings, he again and again gave away "all he had." He did this too in such a manner as evinced a truly *princely nobility of mind in a poor man.* Now that he was worn out, and had no ordinary means of subsistence, worthy friends who had admired his character, but were chiefly of other religious communities, unsolicited, and living at a distance from his humble cottage, raised and regularly brought him, for years, a comfortable annuity: while George was literally day and night praising God for His great goodness in giving him, in the infirmities of advanced age, and in *such a way*, "all things that pertained unto life and godliness." Truly, *his* "barrel of meal wasted not, neither did his cruse of oil fail." Trust in the Lord and do good, and verily thou shalt dwell in the land, and thou shalt be fed. B. C.

ORIGEN AND HIS FATHER.

The early Christians, who dwelt in the midst of Paganism, and were surrounded with Pagans, saw so much of the falsehood of the system, and the evils which it produced, so dishonouring to God, and so ruinous to man, that they not only, for the most part, made an open and bold profession of their faith, thus marking the decided opposition of Christianity to the religion of the world, and were ready to resist unto blood, striving against sin, but their zeal was often so eager as to become indiscreet. The religion of Christ interferes not with the great natural law of self-preservation, except when the greater law of the glory of God requires it. And even then, it is rather the more elevated direction of the same law than its violation. Man's being has two portions, one lower, the other higher; and when the interests of these become opposed, those of the highest are to be preferred. We are to be willing to lose the life of the body, that we may secure the everlasting life of the soul. But, when it can be done with a good conscience, the preservation of the body in life and well-being may be sought. Among the early Christians, there were some whose faith was so strong that their zeal refused to listen to the dictates even of prudence, and they were not only willing to suffer for the Lord Jesus, when by the permission of Divine Providence their only choice was between sin and suffering, but they were eager to offer themselves to the persecutor, when they might have remained concealed without sinning. We acknowledge that their zeal led them beyond the limits of obligation, but we cannot help likewise acknowledging the strength of faith which led to so courageous a confession of Christ their Saviour and Lord. Their zeal was excessive; but the tremendous evils of the age required a remedy of no ordinary power. The Pagans lived for this world only. They saw the Christians willing to die for the world to come. And many were savingly moved by what they thus witnessed. Nor can we avoid contrasting their zeal with the lukewarmness of these later ages; when many are led, through fear of ridicule and reproach, to conceal their religion, and

* See recent Tract, No. 540, published at the Conference Office.

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thus, for the time, to lay by their profession. Let zeal be connected with knowledge, and guided by it, but always with the preservation of a good conscience. Knowledge is to guide zeal, but neither to quench nor to weaken it. Let us take care that we do not err as much in the want of zeal, as they did in its excess. Doubtless they were in error who acted as we have said; but their error was on the safe side, arguing a noble courage, while ours is that of an unworthy cowardice.

When the third century opened, the Roman Emperor was Severus, by whom a hot persecution was kindled against the Christians. At Alexandria lived a Christian, warmly beloved by his wife, and their seven sons. Origen, then about seventeen years of age, was the oldest. He had been educated with great care. He was well instructed in the liberal arts and the *belles lettres*; but especially in the sacred Scriptures, passages from which he was accustomed to learn and recite daily before entering on his other studies. His father was tenderly attached to him, admiring his natural talents, and his diligent search after wisdom. Openly, he was sometimes compelled to repress his eagerness, lest it should lead his inexperienced youth into error, but he praised God for having given to him such a son; and often, while Origen slept, his father would gently approach his bed, quietly uncover his breast, and impress a kiss on it of fatherly and Christian affection.

The persecution becoming general, Leonidas was thrown into prison. Origen felt so great a desire of sharing his fate, that he would have presented himself before the authorities of the city, confessing himself to be a Christian, if his mother had not restrained him by her entreaties and her tenderness: she was at length obliged to conceal his clothes, that she might prevent him from leaving the house. Not being able to do any thing else, he wrote to his father in prison, strongly encouraging him, and exhorting him to fidelity. And knowing his father's feelings, in reference to his family, he said, "Be firm in your constancy, and *give yourself no trouble concerning us.*" The mother and the son had soon the melancholy but sacred joy of knowing that the husband and father had been faithful unto death. Leonidas was brought out of prison and beheaded.

The youthful zeal of Origen soon obtained a wiser direction. He became a laborious teacher in the church. Many of his disciples were martyred. He was a voluminous writer, and his works are among the most valuable of those which have descended to us from the Fathers of the church. In the reign of Gallus, about the year 252, he was imprisoned and tortured; and though he escaped with his life, his violent sufferings produced their natural effect on a frame enfeebled by age. He died in the early part of A.D. 253, aged sixty-nine years.

READINGS IN KEMPIS.

No. II.

THE first chapter of the first book of the "Imitation of Christ" is one of the most important in the whole work, not only for its intrinsic value, but as opening to the reader a view of its general excellencies, and as also, in one or two places, suggesting the precise character of its defects.

1. "'He that followeth me, shall not walk in darkness,' saith the Lord. These are the words of Christ; and they admonish us that we must thus imitate His life and manners, if we desire to be truly illuminated, and delivered from all blindness of heart. Let it be, therefore, our highest study and labour to meditate on the life of Christ.

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2. "The teaching of Christ excels the teaching of all saints; and if we had the spirit of it, we should find there the hidden manna: but it comes to pass that many who frequently hear the Gospel feel but little desire (of its blessings), because they have not the spirit of Christ. But he that wills fully and feelingly to understand the words of Christ, it behoves him to study and labour to conform his whole life to the life of Christ.

3. "What will it profit thee to dispute profoundly concerning the Trinity, if thou art destitute of humility, and so art displeasing to the Trinity? Truly, deep words make not a man holy and righteous; but a virtuous life renders him dear to God. I choose rather to *feel* compunction, than to know the definition of it. Didst thou utterly know the whole Bible, and the sayings of all the philosophers, what would the whole profit thee without the love of God, and grace? Vanity of vanities! yea, all is vanity beyond loving God, and serving Him alone. This is the highest wisdom, by contempt of the world to be ever moving toward the kingdom of heaven.

4. "It is vanity, therefore, to seek perishing riches, honours, &c. Vanity it is to delight in what so rapidly passes away, and thither not to hasten where eternal joy abides.

5. "Be mindful of that often-used proverb, 'The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing.' Strive, therefore, to withdraw thy heart from the love of the things which are seen, and to transfer it to those which are not seen. For they who follow their own sensuality, bring spots on their consciences, and lose the grace of God."

The great excellence of Kempis is, his constant reference to Christ. Him he acknowledged as his Lord and Master, the great object of not only his service, but his love. This is what he continually inculcates, that he who calls himself Christian, should seek to be Christ-like; that he should maintain that frame of devout recollection and control that should enable him to imbibe the Spirit of Christ, to listen to His words, to tread in His steps, and so, to preserve a constant union and fellowship with Him. He would have the believer aim at the possession and manifestation of all the Christian virtues, and wisely and resolutely to combat against all that would hinder this. Christ is to be followed so closely, that in the "light of life" the Christian is to have that sacred intelligence which shall keep his conscience unspotted, and not only tender, but well instructed. Knowledge he would have connected with its corresponding affection. The knowledge of God, therefore, is to produce humility in reference to ourselves, adoring love in reference to Him. Heaven he regards as man's proper home; the eternal home of his immortal soul. On earthly things he should not set his heart, for they cannot satisfy its longings; and if they could, he soon passes away from them. He is called to inherit eternal life: his great work on earth is to secure this, and to become prepared for its enjoyment.

Thus far he is right. He generally is so as far as he goes. His errors are those of defect. He is a remarkable illustration of that rule of the divine operation, that the Spirit works within us by means of that truth which He has given to be without us, in His written word. Where we supply not the material, the building will in that respect be defective. The word by itself cannot do the work of the Spirit: the Spirit by Himself will not ordinarily do the work of the word. If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His. None are the sons of God but those who are led by the Spirit of God. But they who would experience the full work of the Spirit of God, must see to it that the word of Christ dwell in them richly, in all wisdom. We are built up, and have inheritance given us among the sanctified, by the power of God, and the word of grace. In the day of Kempis this was too

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much overlooked. The Bible was subordinated to the Church, and the Church, even in its piety, furnished only partial views of truth. Christ crucified was not preached. He was example more than Saviour. Justification was confounded with sanctification. Prominence was not given to faith in His blood, and to the resulting peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. Religion had more of gloom than happiness, more of dread than hope, more of the fear of God than the love of God. Still, Kempis was right as far as he went; and if the choice *must* be between two forms of *error*, his would be the safest. His views of pardon were obscure, but he had evidently no trust in himself. With humility like his, the pride of merit cannot exist. He thirsted for heaven: he longed and laboured for universal holiness, after the example of Christ. Immeasurably higher does he stand than those who talk of Christ, and pardon through His merits, and nevertheless show no desire of conformity to Christ. Professing to trust in Christ, their spirit is opposed to that of Christ, and even hostile to his purposes and will. Christ says, "Learn of me, I am meek and lowly in heart;" but they are proud, and passionate, and censorious, and do not even suspect they are wrong.

But our true choice, as enlightened Protestants, is not between error on the right hand and error on the left; but between error on either side, and truth. Christ is to be received *in all his offices, and for all his purposes*. He is Priest, Prophet, and King; and they who, in the full light of his own truth, with the heart believe unto righteousness, will rely on His sacrifice alone for pardon and acceptance, will receive the lessons by which He makes known to us His will, and show their unreserved submission to His authority by a most conscientious obedience to His laws. They will live by faith in Christ as given for them, living in them, and leading them in the path which His own footsteps tracked to the heaven where He is, and where they shall be with Him for ever.

WATCH FIRST DECLININGS.

He that will find his house in good repair, must stop every chink as soon as discovered; and he that will keep his heart, must not let a vain thought be long neglected: the serpent of heart-apostasy is best killed in the egg of a small remission of care. O! if many poor decayed Christians had looked to their hearts in time, they had never come to that sad pass they now are in! We may say of heart-neglects, as the Apostle doth of vain babblings, that they increase to more and more ungodliness. Little sins neglected will quickly become great and unconquerable: the greatest crocodile once lay in an egg; the greatest oak was once but an acorn. The firing of a small train of powder may blow up all, by leading to a greater quantity. Men little think what a proud, vain, wanton, or worldly thought may grow to: behold how great a matter a little fire kindles!

CHOICE SENTENCES.

Incorrect knowledge, like counterfeit money, is worth nothing.

He who climbs highest may fall furthest.

To offend rather than compromise the truth, is far better than to compromise the truth rather than offend: to be driven to the first alternative is a misfortune simply, but to choose the last is a crime.

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THEOLOGY.

FOLLOWING GOD FULLY.

A SERMON.

"But my servant Caleb, because he had another spirit with him, and hath followed me fully, him will I bring into the land whereinto he went."—Numbers xiv. 24.

The history with which this gracious promise is connected will assist us in obtaining a correct view of the character sustained by him to whom it was made.

The children of Israel had now arrived, in comparatively a short period after their departure from Egypt, at the borders of Palestine. Before undertaking its conquest, Moses sent spies to examine the country, its productions and inhabitants; a man being selected from each tribe. After forty days they returned, and delivered their report. The land was a good land, fertile and productive; but the inhabitants were strong and numerous, and their cities walled and capable of efficient defence. The Israelites were powerfully moved by this representation; but Caleb at once interposed to calm them: "Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it." In this expostulation he was joined by Joshua, who afterwards, as the successor to Moses, led the Israelites to conquest. But their efforts were vain. The other spies repeated what they had said, and declared, "We be not able to go up against the people; for they are stronger than we." Slavery had degraded the souls of the whole multitude. They mourned over their unhappy condition, and spoke of electing another leader to conduct them back to security and bondage in Egypt. Caleb in vain called them to remember the power of God, which they had seen on so many remarkable occasions. They were utterly cast down, and persisted in their resolution. They knew that Moses was only subordinately their leader. Their actual leader was God, who went before them in the miraculous pillar of fire and cloud; but they could not follow him on the path of duty when difficulties and dangers were in the way. More than this. They not only refused to follow him any longer, but resolved to turn back to their former condition. The whole camp was in commotion, when the "Glory of the Lord" appeared to them. God sat in judgment on them; and his sentence was, first, that they who said they *could* not possess the land, *should* not possess it. Forty years from this time should they wander in the wilderness, till the whole generation of the disobedient had died, and left their carcasses in the wilderness. But, second,—as Caleb and Joshua had distinguished themselves by their undiminished confidence, and unswerving obedience, an exception should be made in their favour: they should survive their fellows, and enter and possess the promised land. On the one part, therefore, we see a righteous condemnation, and on the other a gracious promise and reward. Caleb was willing to follow wherever God led; and he was thus willing, because his was a spirit different from that which moved the others.

In making a general application of the subject for our own instruction, we have to consider, first, the nature and the importance of fully following God. We may inquire, secondly, into the spirit from which this proceeds.

I. 1. Caleb followed the Lord fully. To none of the present and visible consequences of this he looked. His eye was fixed exclusively on the path of duty, and on that he was willing and resolved to walk. And this is the nature of the obedience which is required from ourselves. That we may follow God *fully*, we must observe all the minute and detailed instances in which the divine will is expressed. Scriptural holiness of heart is not constituted by a single disposition; scriptural holiness of life is not constituted by a single action. Duties are numerous and various, and we are required to be holy in all manner of conversation. It will be the conscientious care of those who desire to follow the Lord fully, to search out, by the devout and constant perusal of Scripture, and by the enlightened and careful application of it to their own circumstances, the will of God in every particular requirement, that so they may be "filled with the knowledge of it in all wisdom and spiritual understanding," and thus "walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work."

And, to view this under another aspect, the obedience will be not only minute and exact, but full and comprehensive. They will seek to "stand perfect and complete in *all* the will of God." There will be no

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reserve. *All* duties will be performed at the proper time, and in their mutual relations. The obedience being entire, the character will be balanced, harmonizing one part with another. It will contain *every* thing that is required: it will contain them *all*.

Nor will there be any questioning. Simplicity of purpose is the source of energetic resolve. Caleb asked not whether the path would lead into difficulties and dangers, but simply, Is it the path of duty? Issues he left with God. "If the Lord delight in us, then he will bring us into this land, and give it us." Fearing God, he knew no other fear. Loving God, he desired only God, and what God might choose to give.

And the obedience will be constant and persevering. There are some whose goodness is as the morning cloud and the early dew, soon passing away. And then there comes a quickening, and they become zealous and active. Declension again follows. There is perpetual fluctuation and uncertainty. Whereas, he who follows God fully, follows uniformly, and with steady progression. The fire is always burning on the altar, and the commanded sacrifices are regularly offered. Beautifully are this regularity and this advancement delineated by divine wisdom: "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

2. And very important is this. We ought not to regard it as an exalted excellence, reserved, as it were, for the heroes of the Christian army. Every Israelite ought to have been as were Caleb and Joshua; and they were punished for not being so. It is common, universal duty. In strict truth, scarcely can they be said to follow at all, who follow not fully. We are not allowed to choose what commands we will obey, and what we will neglect. The divine claims refer to all times, all seasons, all conditions; and we have no proper regard to them, if we regard them not entirely and constantly. Thus only can we glorify God. That we desire to do so, is a very common profession. But it is not accomplished by mere plans of our own. Caleb honoured God by declaring his willingness to encounter hardships and dangers on the prescribed path of duty. And thus must we cause our light to shine before men. When they see our good works, they will glorify God. And observe the opposite influences of these characters respectively. The unbelieving spies moved a whole people to rebellion. Had they hearkened to Caleb, they would have obeyed with alacrity, and not have been exposed to the difficulties and perils of the ensuing forty years. If we do not fully follow the Lord, it will be seriously doubtful whether from right motives we follow Him at all.

II. Such different conduct is to be attributed to a different spirit.

1. The carnal mind is enmity against God. It neither is, nor can be, subject to the divine law. They that are in the flesh, therefore, cannot please God. It follows from this, that we must become new creatures. We must be born again. The spirit of the natural man is a spirit which has constantly a regard to self; and though at times this may lead to an apparent obedience to God, yet, as this proceeds not from a right disposition, so will it give way when something in the path interferes with the interests and wishes of self. Not as a mere figure of speech, but as denoting a solemn reality, does our Lord command us first to enter in at the strait gate, and then to walk in the narrow way. Till God create in us a new heart, and renew within us a right spirit, we are not prepared for His service. This, therefore, must, in the first place, be diligently sought.

2. And the spirit with which we thus become imbued, we must carefully preserve and cherish. It is, in one word, a spirit of supreme regard to God. The spirit which influenced Caleb, led him to follow *the Lord:* not the supposed interests of self; not the evil counsel and example of others; but the Lord *only;* and therefore did he follow Him fully. The language of the truly devoted servant of God will be, "I have set the Lord always before me."

> "In all things nothing may I see,
> Nothing desire or seek, but Thee."

We have an admirable example of this spirit in that Caleb of the Christian dispensation, the Apostle Paul. That bonds and afflictions were before him was testified to him, not by faithless spies, magnifying or creating difficulties, but by the Holy Spirit. What then? "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy." And this was not said merely under the influence of feelings strongly excited by present circumstances. It was the spirit in which he lived constantly, and by which he was

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governed in all things. "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Such is the picture of a man following the Lord wholly. But, to complete our view, let us mark the results as suggested by those which Caleb experienced. The children of Israel turned back, and began their long-protracted wandering. For some years, the laws of human mortality would operate so slowly as to be almost imperceptible in their effects; but after a time, these would become solemnly visible. The members of the unfaithful generation would gradually disappear, till at length their numbers would be easily counted, and they would feel that they were doomed and marked men. They were all to find graves in the wilderness. And so they did. The last man left his carcass to be buried there, when Joshua, his natural strength unabated, led the people, trained to hardship, over Jordan; and in a short time the land was in their possession. And then Caleb came to his companion in fidelity, and said, "Thou knowest the thing that the Lord said unto Moses the man of God concerning me and thee in Kadesh-barnea. Forty years old was I when Moses the servant of the Lord sent me from Kadesh-barnea to espy out the land; and I brought him word again as it was in mine heart. Nevertheless my brethren that went up with me made the heart of the people melt: but I wholly followed the Lord my God. And now, behold, the Lord hath kept me alive, as he said, these forty and five years, even since the Lord spake this word unto Moses. As yet I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me: as my strength was then, even so is my strength now." (Josh. xiv. 6—11.) While all the unbelieving and rebellious had perished, thus stood these veterans together, monuments of the fidelity of God, and examples of the certain reward that there is for the righteous.

And now, look at the half-hearted, the undecided, ever fluctuating,—unstable as water, they do not excel. If haply they find mercy, and die in peace, their life brings no honour to God, no benefit to man; and their death, instead of being full of sacred triumph, is full of regret that they had not possessed another spirit, and followed a different path. And this is the most favourable view. The Spirit of God, grieved by their frequent relapses, may leave them to themselves, and they may die in darkness. O see your duty, your interest, your privilege! How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him! What reason is there for serving God in anything, and at any time, which does not likewise demand that you should serve Him in all things, and at all times? Whatever you do, trifle not with religion. Awful are the denunciations against those who are neither always hot, nor always cold. Raise your spirits to the height of your great enterprise. Cleave to the Lord with purpose of heart. Your difficulties are half surmounted when you encounter them fully under the influence proceeding from the full recognition of the divine claims. Mixture of motives is the grand source of weakness. Say with the Apostle, "This one thing I do;" and with him shall you say, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Thus, through all your wanderings in the wilderness, shall you be kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation. And most glorious is your hope. The earthly Canaan might be "spied out" and known, even before it was possessed. Not so with the heavenly Canaan. It is too high for description. It is the perfect blessedness of man, in soul, body, and condition. And this shall be given you for an everlasting inheritance. Let the prospect of this "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" animate your spirits, and firmly purpose, in the strength of almighty grace, that henceforth you will "fully follow the Lord."

HOW SHOULD SYMPATHY BE CULTIVATED?

THE first reply to every such question must be that which constitutes the first part of the frequently repeated exhortation of St. Peter; as the second portion will suggest the principle, the consideration of which will unfold other instructions, not less necessary in their place: "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." What the Heathens termed *virtues*, are by Christian writers significantly termed *graces*. They can only exist properly and fully, and with spiritual benefit to ourselves, in a soul renewed by divine grace. In Heathenism they existed separately, having no common

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source; and therefore some of what they called virtues, often existed in connexion with decided, and even enormous, vices. In the Christian this can never take place. In him religion is a spiritual and divine life; the life of God in the soul,—so termed because God is its Author and Sustainer, and because all its separate exercises lead to God. He, therefore, who would cultivate any particular grace, must do so by cultivating *all* grace. He must be much in prayer, much in communion with God. He must walk circumspectly, that he may not grieve the Holy Spirit, thus weakening His sacred influences on the soul: he must diligently attend to the commandment, "Be not slothful;" for by indolence and lukewarmness, and omissions of active duty, may the Holy Spirit be grieved, as well as by actions positively sinful. And if he has reason to suspect, in the exercise of a godly jealousy and self-inspection, that in any particular grace he is deficient, he must seek for richer supplies of that heavenly influence which gives vital energy to the soul. When the heart beats feebly, the circulation is languid, other organs are impaired in their functions, and if in any part there is a stronger tendency to disease than in others, there will this deficiency of vital power exhibit itself in disease. That the *general health* be preserved, is, both in body and soul, the condition of all *particular healthy action*. "Grow in grace."

The Apostle adds,—"And in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." This is particularly necessary for the cultivation of sympathy—fellow-feeling—in its religious character. Undoubtedly, some have naturally a greater tenderness of spirit than others; but this, if only a natural endowment, will be found connected with great defects. Such persons, for instance, will often be found to possess little moral courage, and will be disposed to yield where firm resistance is demanded. Just as an ardent, bold temperament may naturally exist; and when circumstances give to this a religious direction, it will be mistaken for Christian zeal; but its merely natural source may be detected by observing its accompaniments. Its firmness is the obstinacy of a proud self-will. Its seeming honesty and boasted impartiality arise from the coldness and indifference to the circumstances and feelings of others produced by the concentrating power of self. And as true zeal is only divine love, seeking the honour of God, and opposing sin; so true sympathy is divine love in its benevolent expansiveness, comprehending all in its regards that God, in His infinite love, condescends to notice. And to this true fellow-feeling, this gracious sympathy, the increasing knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ—the increasing knowledge of Himself, and of all that is declared and manifested in and by Him—powerfully contribute.

He that increases in the knowledge of Christ, increases in the knowledge of that love of the Father which sent the Son to be the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but for those of the whole world. By Christ we are taught the expansive benevolence of God, and that this is the rule and measure of ours. Your heavenly Father "maketh his sun to arise on the evil and on the good; and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. He is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil. Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Thus does Christ directly teach us. But what see we in "Christ crucified?" "By the grace of God, he tasted death for every man." Wherever we see a man, we see one whom God has loved, and for whom He has given the priceless gift of His Son. And such as was the love of the Father, such also was the love of the Son. "He loved us." "He gave himself a ransom for all." He in whom this knowledge becomes more clear and strong, naturally follows the love of God with his own. No man is unworthy his regard; for God cares for him, Christ died for him. Every man is sacred in his sight; for on every man he recognises the blood of an universal expiation and atonement. And this is the very lesson which the Apostle teaches us. God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you. Christ hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour. And what then? What learn we from a forgiving God,—from a loving, all-atoning Lamb? What but universal sympathy, in its fullest exercise, and in the removal of all that is opposed to it: "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-speaking, be put away from you, with all malice: and be ye *kind* one to another, and *tender-hearted*, forgiving one another, *even as* God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you. Be ye therefore followers" (imitators) "of God, as dear children, and *walk in love, as Christ also* hath loved us."

Nor does the "knowledge of Christ

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Jesus" less include his *personal character* than his *merciful designs*. And to this, also, in its practical references, does Christianity call our attention. The great opponent of sympathy is self-love. Some are too proud to regard the feelings of others. All is exacted from them; nothing repaid to them. The zeal of some is a self-willed heat; hard, cutting, regardless of the pain it may cause. Some are so indolent, that they think of nothing but their own comfort. Some so worldly, that they only consider their own interests. And some quite mistake the Christian character. They are upright, exact in duty, and, as far as able, answer the ordinary outward demands of what the world calls "charity." They are liberal, without being generous. They give their money, but not their heart. In one way or another, all are biassed by self. But "Christ pleased not himself." His miracles were evidences of his sympathy. He wrought them, Matthew tells, that what the Prophet said might be fulfilled,—"Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." He *felt* the woe of others, as well as *relieved* it. He relieved it because He felt it. And the solemn command is, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others. Let THIS mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."

And the great law of equity and love, so explicitly laid down by Christ, directly leads to this. Thus only do we "love our neighbour as ourself," and "do unto others as we would they should do unto us." No man is really willing to be an isolated unit in the world. An instinct of our nature leads us to talk of our joys or sorrows, and to desire to awaken an interest in them in the listeners. Every man wishes for sympathy: every man is under obligation, therefore, to exercise it. Say not, then, "I wrong no man, either by injustice, or by positive injury." He who commands that we "do justly," commands likewise that we "*love mercy*."

Such considerations as these, all suggested by increasing in the knowledge of Christ, will show us more plainly that if we have been deficient in this gracious temper, it is our duty to supply the defect. Let us meditate on Christ in his revelations of the love of God, in His own gracious designs, in His personal character, and in His expositions of the universal law of society, till the knowledge of Christ become too bright for us to limit our regards to ourselves, and till the love of Christ constrain us to acknowledge, with fraternal love, the bonds of a common relationship to all. It is thus that when "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord," "the wolf shall lie down with the lamb, and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them." A Christian, kind and affectionate in his temper, saying practically, "Christ's mind throughout my life be shown," not only aids in the accomplishment of this glorious prophecy, but is himself a type and pledge of its fulfilment. The dawning of the latter-day glory is seen in "the light of the Lord" in which he lives, as the first beams of the rising sun, which shall soon make full day in every valley, are first caught by towers and dwellings of the "city set upon a hill, which cannot be hid."

ST. PAUL'S ORIGINAL NAME OF SAUL CHANGED.

"Saul, who also is called Paul."—Acts xiii. 9.

THE alteration of the Apostle's name is stated by St. Luke with all possible brevity, and no cause for the change is assigned. Perhaps for this reason it seldom attracts notice. The statement occurs only parenthetically in the midst of an interesting narrative, and the reader glides over it without asking any question concerning it, or without feeling more than a vague and evanescent wish. The "venerable Bede"—a man who was truly one of the brightest ornaments both of England and the Church in the eighth century; who was born near the monastery of Jarrow, A.D. 675, spent in that monastery the greater part of his life, and died there A.D. 735—wrote an "Exposition of the Epistles" of St. Paul, collected from the writings of St. Augustine; and takes the opportunity suggested by the first words of the Epistle to the Romans, to inquire why he, who was originally called Saul, bore afterwards the name of Paul. His reasoning—or rather that of Augustine, from whom he quotes—is curious, and contains much of what certainly *may* be true. It will be remembered that when Bede wrote, the Latin language was in such general use among the learned, as almost to supersede their vernacular tongue. They might *speak* on ordinary occasions in the language of their respective countries; but Latin was the universal idiom for *writing* in Europe.

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An argument founded on some *usus loquendi*, some "form or custom of speech," in the Latin language, would impress the *readers* of that day more than perhaps it will do at present. The grammatical observations are correct in themselves, whether they are correctly applied or not. At all events, the argument is ancient and curious, and may at least gratify the reader. It also suggests some most important truths. We will endeavour to give the substance of it.

"PAUL an Apostle of Jesus Christ." He was first called Saul, but he chose this name for no other reason, as it appears to me, than that he might show himself small, and as it were the least of the Apostles. Against the arrogant and proud, presuming on their own works, he strongly and keenly contended, that thus he might set forth the grace of God, which in him more evidently and clearly appeared, because, when vehemently persecuting the church of God, he had himself wrought works for which he was worthy of the severest inflictions; he received mercy instead of condemnation, and favour instead of punishment. Justly, therefore, does he strive in its defence, not obscurely, but openly, and caring not for the envy of those who might not understand him, and torture his sound speech into a perverse sense, but unhesitatingly proclaiming the gift of God, by which alone the heirs of promise, the partakers of the divine benefit, the children of grace and mercy according to the New Testament, are saved. This is the substance of his argument in this whole Epistle: hence, first, he was called Saul, afterwards Paul; that is, first he was proud, afterwards humble. Saul, we know, was the name of a King who was proud, and whose passions knew no restraint. Not, indeed, that the mere alteration of the name could change the Apostle himself; but Saul becoming Paul declares that the proud was become humble and modest. For this the very word signifies,—*Paulus* is "little, small." Do ye wish to know what Saul was? Hear Paul himself recording it, "Who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious: by the grace of God I am what I am." Ye thus hear of Saul: now hear of Paul: "I am the least of the Apostles," What is this but saying, "I am Paul." For it follows, "I am not worthy to be called an Apostle." And why? "Because I was Saul; I persecuted the church of God." When he says, "By the grace of God I am what I am," he takes away all the greatness from himself. In himself, the least: great only in Christ. Ye well know from the sacred writings what Saul was: a very wicked King, persecuting David the servant of God. And Saul of Tarsus first of all walked in the same cruel way, only in cruelty he did not remain. If he was Saul, because he followed the example of Saul, afterwards he became Paul. Saul, like that cruel King, when he was proud, and cruel, and breathed out threatenings and slaughter. Paul, when he became humble; for Paul is a name of humility. He was brought to the Master, who says, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart;" and therefore was he called Paul. Just advert to the use of Latin speech, in which that which is small is termed *paulum*. As, *paulo post*, "after a little while;" *videbo te*, "I shall see thee." Paul, therefore, calls himself the least and the last of the Apostles; as only the fringe or hem of the Lord's garment. For what is smaller than this? And yet, when the woman touched only the hem of our Lord's garment, she was healed. In that which was small there was yet great power, and true greatness dwelt in the least. Why should we wonder that greatness is found in that which is small? Still more does it dwell in the least. Hear what is spoken in the word: "Where is the place of my rest? To this man will I look, even to him that is poor, and of a contrite spirit, and that trembleth at my word." Behold, "the high and lofty One dwells with him that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." Great and exalted is our God, and He beholdeth the humble; but "the proud He knoweth afar off." Humble thyself, and He will draw nigh to thee: exalt thyself, and He will depart from thee. "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things which are; that no flesh might glory in His presence."

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DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

REMARKABLE DEATH OF A CHILD.

Above thirty years ago, I lodged for a night at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Wills, who occupied a small farm in the Liskeard Circuit. They were a devoted, pious couple, kind and hospitable in the extreme, whose reward is on high. There I met, by the homely fireside, Mr. King, an aged Local Preacher from the Tavistock Circuit. He related to me the following particulars respecting the death of one of his children, a little girl eight years old. Two of his children, a boy and a girl, had died before this was born. When she was an infant in arms, in one of his visits to the west, Mr. Wesley came to Tavistock. On hearing of his arrival, Mr. King, who was a shoemaker, tucking up his apron around his waist, and, taking the babe in his arms, ran with all speed to meet Mr. Wesley. The venerable Minister of God was just stepping out of his carriage. He took the child in his arms, and, in his own impressive manner, with uplifted heart and eyes, blessed it, and returned it again to the arms of the delighted father. As soon as the child could speak, she appeared heavenly-minded. Her inquiries about heaven and heavenly things were both constant and striking. When she had arrived at her eighth year, she sickened, and it was evident she would soon follow her little brother and sister to the paradise of God. Mr. King said, "I was standing by her bedside watching her departure. She had been still for some time. Suddenly she looked towards a corner of the room, and hastily said, 'O father, there are brother and sister, sitting on the chest! O how beautiful they are looking! How their legs and arms are shining, father!' Just afterwards she said, 'They are going away, father; but they are saying, they will come again, and then I shall go with them.' She now lay some time, the lamp of life flickering in the socket, and I waited to see her breathe her last. She started up, and exclaimed, 'Father, father! they are coming to kiss me.' At that instant she died, and her spirit fled to join the ministering invisible host."

B. C.

CONVERSION OF A PROFLIGATE YOUNG MAN.

Mr. King, at the same time, related to me the extraordinary manner in which it pleased God to bring him to Himself. He, with two or three others, attended a wake: they became intoxicated, and remained out through the night. In the morning, somewhat ashamed of their conduct, they all resolved to proceed to the nearest town, where there was a recruiting party, and enlist for soldiers. When they arrived at Five-Lanes, on their way, they were weary, and, night coming on, they sought lodgings at the only inn in the village; but, the house being under repair, they could not obtain what they sought. At a loss what to do, they looked one upon another in their perplexity, when a person employed on the repairs said, "There is an old Methodist who lives over yonder, on the moor, who takes in every body. I dare say he will find you lodgings." This old Methodist was none other than Mr. Digory Isbell, Mr. Wesley's friend and "pilot over the moor."* They knocked at the door, and were very cordially welcomed as "dear children" by Mrs. Isbell. A plentiful supper was provided by their kind hostess: then, being anxious to get to rest, they were conducted to their sleeping-apartment, before Mr. I. had returned from his work as a stone-mason on the moor. His wife having informed him of the number and condition of his guests, he waited for them in the morning at the foot of the stairs, heartily shook hands with each, and bade them a cheerful welcome to the hospitalities of his cottage. Breakfast was already waiting, and they were conducted to their seats, wondering what manner of people they had fallen amongst. Mr. I. sat down with them, but had other matters in view, besides eating and drinking. He got into familiar conversation with them, ascertained who they were, and where they were going. And now, having his mark before him, he at once assumed the solemn aspect of a preacher of righteousness, and opened to them the law of God. He showed them their sinfulness and danger. The hell that lay before them he clearly pointed out; brought them to the brink of the pit, and shook them over the place of torment. Now Christ was introduced, and all the fulness of his grace described. Calvary was exhibited, the constraining influence of redeeming love was brought to bear upon them, and they were urged to hasten with their sins to His feet, whose mercy was such that He forgave His murderers. Long before he had concluded this extraordinary address, King's heart was broken before God, and his tears mingled with his drink. Such a prospect opened to his view, and such emotions struggled in his breast, that he could not proceed far in partaking of the wholesome repast prepared by his pious host. Breakfast being ended,

* See Wesley's Works, 3d edit., vol. I., p. 459.

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they asked for their bill. Mr. I. assured them there was no charge for what they had received. They were the more astonished. But as they were about to leave, Mr. I., stepping before them, locked the door, and said, "You are my prisoners: we must not part without prayer." He now got them on their knees, and pleaded with God for their repentance and salvation. It was an extraordinary scene: angels rejoiced over it; the power of the Lord was present to wound and to heal, to kill and to make alive. The door being now set open, they were dismissed to their own reflections. Not many steps had they proceeded from this house of mercy before King, turning to his companions, said, "You may do as you please; but, as for me, I am determined both to go back, and to lead a new life." This decided the matter, and they all returned to their respective homes. King sought God with his whole heart, joined the Methodist society, was soon made happy in a sense of the forgiveness of sins, and became a burning and shining light. B. C.

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. J. W. BARR.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE COTTAGE OF CONTENT.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

(*Continued from page 52.*)

EACH succeeding Sabbath found him at the "Cottage of Content," or some other place of public entertainment. The devotions of the closet were abandoned; the family altar was broken down; and the house of God altogether neglected. Nor was he satisfied with this wanton desecration of the Lord's day in the pursuit of worldly pleasure: he often met his companions in an adjoining tavern on the week-nights, when the business of the day was over. His wife beheld this awful change in his habits with painful forebodings; but to her mild but just reproaches he invariably turned a deaf ear. Often, after committing her darling babe to rest, did she sit in the solitude of her apartment, waiting his return, till her heart was lacerated with grief, and her eyes were swollen with weeping.

It is not surprising that this course of intemperance, on the part of Richard, should eventually lead to some derelictions of duty, the knowledge of which would obviously prove detrimental to his pecuniary resources. His employers became dissatisfied with his growing inattention, and disgusted with his general proceedings. And, after exercising much forbearance, they dismissed him from their service. This afflictive intelligence was communicated in a letter, which fell into the hands of his wife as she was one morning nursing her sick child. Richard shortly afterwards entered the room, and, after perusing the letter, sat down in a sullen, melancholy mood. The tender child, who was now about three years of age, and who had recently seen but little of his father, crept across the room with feeble steps, and essaying to climb his knees, lisped, "Kiss me, papa!" Richard, who was at the time absorbed in his own gloomy thoughts, and dwelling, in imagination, on the darkening future, pushed the child aside. The little innocent burst into tears, and hastily sought an asylum in the arms of his mother. "Richard," said the latter, "the child is ill; and, I fear, will not be here long to trouble you. Is it not enough that by your intemperance and folly you have brought us to beggary? If you have no affection for *me*, do not steel your heart against that poor boy. He will soon be with his Saviour in a better world."

This rebuke came as a dagger to the heart of the wretched man. Instantly rising from his seat, he attempted to kiss his afflicted offspring; but the delicate child, apparently frightened at his angry looks, shrank from his caresses, and began to cling more closely to his mother.

In a state of wild excitement, Richard left the house; and, after making many unsuccessful applications for employment, he returned home at a late hour in the evening.

"How is the child?" was his first inquiry on entering the house.

"Look there!" said his wife, pointing to a little bed in the corner of the room.

Removing the white coverlet, under which he was concealed, the distracted father gave an involuntary shriek of horror, on beholding the *corpse* of his only child. His heart was melted; and he literally bathed the pallid face of the inanimate body with his scalding tears.

This bereavement, however,—so sudden and so unexpected,—was followed by beneficial results to the unhappy parent. It proved, by the providence of God, the means of his conversion. Previous to this event, every effort to reclaim him was ineffectual. The admonitions of his wife were disregarded; the strivings of the Holy Spirit were stifled;

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the voice of conscience failed to awake him from the sleep of sin.

"But God, to save the father, took the son."

During the whole of that memorable night, he wrestled earnestly with his Creator, whom he had so grievously offended by his sins. And when the morning began to dawn into his gloomy apartment, he was still upon his knees.

"O thou compassionate Saviour!" he exclaimed, in a paroxysm of remorse, while the tears of contrition rolled down his sunken cheeks, "O thou compassionate Saviour! forgive a repentant sinner! cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me."

The violence of his feelings, and the intensity of his grief, appeared at length to prostrate his physical strength; and in a state of utter exhaustion he threw himself on the floor, exclaiming, "O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me!"

The season of deliverance was now come. He saw that there is a fulness in the divine atonement sufficient to meet the case of even "the chief of sinners;" and he was enabled to rely on the blood of the everlasting covenant. The burden of guilt was removed, and peace and joy were diffused over his humbled and troubled spirit. The clouds which oppressed him were chased away; and the sunshine of heaven was once more imparted to his soul.

"Now," said he, rising to his feet with renovated strength, "now I can rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation!" And, embracing his wife with the tenderest affection, he entreated her forgiveness for the sufferings which his intemperance had occasioned.

A week passed away. The body of the babe had been laid in its final resting-place in St. Mary's churchyard. Richard was still happy in the love of God; and he exerted himself assiduously to assist his amiable partner. But he was yet without employment; and, in order to meet his present exigences, was under the painful necessity of parting with several articles of furniture. Finding that his circumstances were becoming more and more embarrassed, and seeing no prospect of obtaining a situation in his native town, he resolved to visit London, where a situation had been already offered him by one of the partners in a respectable firm in that city.

This intention he communicated to Maria; and an arrangement was at once adopted to their mutual satisfaction. Richard engaged to be scrupulously economical in his expenditure, and to lay aside a certain sum out of his weekly earnings for three months; at the expiration of which period he would return to Birmingham to fetch his wife to London. It was arranged that Maria in the meantime should keep a little school, not doubting that, by the kindness of her neighbours, she would secure a sufficient number of scholars to enable her to procure the necessaries of life.

A small sum of money, to defray his travelling expenses, was furnished him by a few friends who were still interested in his welfare.

On the evening preceding the day of his departure, he took a ramble through the fields and lanes on the outskirts of the town, and cast a farewell glance on the scenery which had often inspired his heart with romantic enthusiastic sensations, even in the days of his boyhood. It was in autumn; and the evening was unusually fine. The sky was cloudless, and the luminary of day was sinking below the horizon. He listened to the soft murmur of the river Rea, whose gentle waters, taking a serpentine direction through the wide-spread valley, here and there broke into little cascades. He seated himself on a rustic stile, on which he had often rested on the beautiful evenings of summer. The moon arose in splendour; and by her silvery light he gazed on the surrounding objects, so familiar to his eye. The bells of St. Martin's church were ringing a merry peal; and their sweet music, wafted on the dying gale, was grateful to his ear. He knelt down on the dewy grass, and, after returning to his heavenly Father his fervent thanksgivings for the unspeakable blessing which had recently been bestowed on him, he implored direction and help in his present emergency, and success in the journey which he was about to undertake. On concluding his prayer, thus offered in the silence of night and the solitude of the fields, he retraced his steps to his still shadowed but now happily peaceful home.

(*Part II. in our next.*)

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

MONKEYS.

MONKEY is a very general name applied to a number of the smaller kinds of animals arranged under the order, termed by naturalists, "quadrumana;" literally, *four-handed;* as other orders are termed "quadrupeds," *four-footed.* Quadrupeds walk on their four feet, and never, properly speaking, use any of them as hands: whereas the quadrumana, though they may *go on all fours,* employ their limbs as hands, in grasping boughs, climbing

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trees, gathering and holding fruit, and conveying it to their mouths as food. Not only are they thus *handy* in the use of their organs of locomotion, but the form greatly resembles the human hand in having what may be called five fingers, sometimes four and a thumb.

At the head of this quadrumanous order is a group consisting of the chimpanzee, the orang, and the gibbons; and it is among the members of these genera that the nearest anatomical approach to the human subject exists, though it should be carefully remarked that there are multitudinous and important points of difference.

To describe the various species belonging to the genus to which is applied the name of monkeys, would be almost an endless task. Among their generic characters, however, we may notice these: muzzle depressed; head round; eyebrow-ridge prominent; body slender; limbs long and thin; the thumb of the hand small, short, almost rudimentary; tail long and slender; fur soft, flowing, and often glossy.

Their long tail is very useful to them in their usual movements. On the ground monkeys, indeed, seem to walk awkwardly; and a careless observer might think that their four limbs were neither true feet nor true hands, but an inconvenient mixture of both. But all this disappears, and the regular wisdom of natural arrangements becomes obvious, when we remember that their ordinary dwelling is in forests, high up among the trees; and thus their ordinary movements are from branch to branch, and from tree to tree. Their hands are thus fitly framed for their work. And in their *tail* they have in reality a *fifth limb*. Often, by its great muscular strength, they will curl the end of it round a branch, let themselves drop to its full length, and then swing backward and forward till their bodies have acquired the requisite momentum for the leap they intend to take. Instead of being a mere spring of their four limbs, though this they can perform with great agility, it seems almost as if they could use their tail as a *sling* to throw their body forward to the required distance.

The monkey towards the back of our drawing belongs to a singular kind. It is the kahau, or *proboscis* monkey. Buffon calls it "long-nosed monkey;" and some modern naturalists have described it by the terms *nasalis recurvus*, vulgarly, "turned-up nose." It is remarkable for the uncouth development of its nose, forming a sort of proboscis capable of dilatation. A full beard in the male advances forward, and curls up under the chin, almost to the long nose. This kind is found chiefly in Borneo. Their cry is deep-toned, resembling the word *kahau*.

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They assemble morning and evening, at the rising and setting of the sun, along the borders of rivers, and on the branches of lofty trees, where they offer an agreeable spectacle, darting with great rapidity from one tree to another at the distance of fifteen or twenty feet. The adult male measures about two feet in the length of the head and body: the tail is several inches longer.

The name "monkey" is believed to be derived from the Arabic word *mona*, which is the Moorish term for all long-tailed monkeys indiscriminately.

All the varieties of the monkey tribe are, as is well known, noted for their archness and cunning, the tricks they can play through their powers of imitation, and for their singular manifestations of feeling. A gentleman in the East Indies, on a shooting excursion in the neighbourhood of the celebrated banian-tree, on the banks of the Nerbuddah river, killed a female monkey under the branches of the tree, and carried it to his tent. The tent was soon surrounded by forty or fifty of the tribe, who advanced towards it with menacing gestures, making a loud noise. The gentleman presented his fowling-piece, and they hesitated, and appeared irresolute. But one among them, which, from his age and station in the van, appeared to be at the head of the troop, stood his ground, menacing and chattering in a furious manner, and it seemed as if no efforts less cruel than firing could drive him off. After a time, instead of fury, he approached the tent-door, and by every token of grief and supplication plainly begged for the body of the deceased. It was at length given to him; when, with every token of sorrow, he took it up in his arms, affectionately embraced it, and carried it away to his expecting comrades. The artless behaviour of this poor animal wrought so powerfully on the sportsmen, that they resolved never to level a gun again at one of the monkey race.

THE PEREGRINE FALCON, THE GOLDEN EAGLE, &c., IN THE HIGHLANDS.

The whole view of Ben Laighal is magnificent, and, in driving round it, we had the advantage of seeing it on every side. Towards the loch the mountain slopes down, covered with bright green herbage; but to the north and west nothing can surpass the savage grandeur of its rocky precipices. Viewed from Tongue, Ben Laighal is, I think, the most magnificent-looking mountain in Sutherlandshire. Our attention was attracted by the cries of the peregrine falcon, and we saw the two birds flying about a high rock. Having hailed a shepherd's boy, we learned where the nest was, and under his guidance climbed up the mountain,—and a good steep climb it was,—till we got within a few yards of the nest: so near, indeed, did we reach, that with two joints of my fishing-rod I could just touch the young birds, who were sitting eyeing us, boldly and fearlessly, on a ledge of rock where the nest was placed. When, however, we attempted to push them out of the nest, they retired farther in, where they were in tolerable security. All the time we were there, the old birds flew screaming over our heads. I did not think of a plan that is adopted sometimes to capture young peregrine falcons when the nest cannot be reached without danger. It is very simple, and succeeds with all the courageous kind of hawks. A person having reached the top of the rock immediately above the nest, ties a rough blue bonnet, or some similar substance, to a bundle of heather the size of a man's head; then dropping this, attached to a rope, upon the nest, the young falcons, instead of being frightened, immediately attack it, and sticking their talons into the cap, hold on courageously and determinedly till they are dragged up to the top of the cliff. Even then it is sometimes necessary to cut the cap to pieces before they will relinquish their hold. In this way the young birds are captured, without risk to the capturer, or injury to themselves. Indeed, on the present occasion, I was not very anxious to get them, as they would probably only have been destroyed in travelling.

Between Loch Laighal and Tongue, on driving round the corner of a rock, we suddenly came upon two golden eagles, who were hunting close to the road. They were nearly within shot of us; so, leaving the horse and carriage to take care of themselves, we jumped out, gun in hand, to try to get shots at them. Two or three times the birds swooped down, and one of them carried off some bird, probably a grouse, taking it far away round the cliffs of Ben Laighal. The other eagle then made a sudden swoop down to the ground, within a hundred yards of us, but just behind a small hillock: we ran to the place, confident of getting the bird, but arrived just in time to see the eagle carrying off its prey, whatever it was, in the same direction as that taken by its mate; in all probability straight to the nest.

Reaching the brow of a hill, we came in full view of the fine plantations and bay of Tongue. Beautiful and refreshing to the eye were the woods and cultivated fields of Tongue, bursting into view suddenly, as they did, after some days' travelling through the wilds of the interior of Sutherland. The beautiful bay was as smooth as glass, the timber growing to the water's edge; and the whole scene was made still more striking by the abrupt and precipitous outline of the headlands both of the main land and the islands at the mouth of the Kyle. It is worth a journey of many miles to see the Kyle of Tongue alone.

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Tongue-House, formerly the residence of Lord Reay, the then proprietor of a magnificent range of mountain property, is one of the most beautiful places of the sort that I ever saw. The house itself is irregular, but picturesque; and the gardens, overlooking the sea, are warm, sheltered, and most enjoyable in every respect. The fruit, flowers, and vegetables were growing with as much luxuriance, and were nearly as forward, as I should have expected to have seen had they been situated in the southern, instead of the northern, extremity of the island; while the fine avenues and groves of elm and other trees would do credit to any place in England. All this, combined with the wild outline of rocks and cliffs which nearly surround the bay, and the magnificent precipices of Ben Laighal,—all this combined, I say, formed a *coup d'œil* which, though it may be equalled, can scarcely be surpassed in any country.

The keeper pointed out to me, from near the inn, the sites of two eagles' nests in the rocks of Ben Laighal, and a more appropriate or fitting locale for eyries I never saw.

At the entrance to the bay are some islands: one named Roan Island, or the Seal Island; and the others are called the Rabbit Islands, from being tenanted by numbers of these animals. The rabbits, however, must there be of little use, excepting as food to birds of prey. In the winter the eagles and hawks feed greatly upon them. The eider-ducks also breed on these islands; and are so tame when nesting, that they will allow themselves to be lifted off their nest, and the down of which it is formed to be taken away without deserting it. I saw a few eider-ducks swimming about in the bay, amongst numerous cormorants and other birds. The rocks along the coast are inhabited by a great number of wild cats, otters, &c., who live here in tolerable peace, as the game is not much looked after, excepting in particular localities. Indeed, the ground near the coast here is not well adapted for grouse. The keeper showed me at his house an immense cat, which he said was bred between a tame and a wild cat; and though such an occurrence is very rare, I am sure he was correct in this instance. The animal showed certain peculiarities of his wild father's race, in the size and shape of his head, the shortness and roughness of his tail; and in other points had a likeness to the wild cat, which, though difficult to explain, was unmistakable. I have seen this resemblance to both parents in mules of different kinds, such as a mule between a blackcock and pheasant, or pheasant and common fowl, in all which birds something catches an accustomed eye which immediately points out what the parents were. The cat, too, belonging to Ross, the keeper at Tongue, had peculiar wildness and antipathy to strangers, not suffering himself to be caressed, or, indeed, scarcely to be looked at, by any one excepting the keeper's wife, for whom the animal showed great attachment. When I entered the house he bolted out, and it was with difficulty that Mrs. Ross caught him; and when she brought him in again in her arms, the animal showed the greatest fear of, and animosity to me, and was constantly endeavouring to escape.

It was delightful to hear in the plantations at Tongue the coo of the wood-pigeon, and the songs of thrush, siskin, &c., &c. The trees seemed to be full of birds, most of which, to reach these woods, must have wandered over many miles of ground very uncongenial to their habits and tastes. Indeed it is difficult to understand how many of the birds, such as the golden-crested wren, the little blue titmouse, &c., could ever have found their way here. The landrails, too, seemed to be numberless: in every patch of corn they were calling and answering each other in such quantities, that it was impossible to tell how many were croaking at once. I also heard two or three goat-suckers making their whirring noise about the stone walls and belts of plantations. All night the sedge-warbler was cheering his mate with his sweet and constant song.

I saw some seals playing the most extraordinary gambols in the smooth water. The sea was as calm as possible, and like a mirror everywhere, excepting where these animals were swimming after each other in a circle, so rapidly that their track resembled a complete whirlpool. Occasionally they lifted themselves perpendicularly up in the water, showing half their bodies, and looking as like the representation of a mermaid as possible. — *St. John's Tour in Sutherlandshire.*

USE OF THE ROOK IN AGRICULTURE.

The husbandman or farmer is often unconscious of the good these industrious birds do for him at all seasons, except only in long-continued drought, when the insects descend into the earth, and when its surface becomes so hard as to defy the efforts of the rooks to dig out the larvæ. At such times, indeed, when their natural instincts are neutralized, and when hunger craves, they will in troops fall upon a field of wheat or barley just ripening; and there they will do considerable damage, if not scared off by a sentinel with his racket, or by hanging rags dipped in melted brimstone, on sticks, about the field. But the farmer is unwilling, for this their thievish crime, to agree that they are otherwise serviceable to him, because he can see where the rooks have been at work; single plants of wheat or grass actually pulled out of the ground, which to him appears another unpardonable offence. But if he would examine such depredations closely, he

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would find that the bird had only pulled up a sickly plant to reach the grub that was feasting on its roots, and which, but for the rook, would have destroyed many more. The farmer knows well the injury he suffers from the wire-worm, an insect more or less plentiful in every season, especially in old leas when newly broken up. Now the larvæ of this beetle, together with those of all the chafers, are, in the estimation of the rook, the sweetest morsels he can meet with; and, led by his keen sense of scent, he will dig them out of the ground, though an inch or two below the surface. And as the question concerning the good or bad properties of the rook to the farmer is very differently believed, let any one who has doubts, shoot, or have one shot for him, when the bird is on his way home from the feeding-ground. Let him open the provision-pouch, and look at the contents: these he will find consist entirely of the larvæ of insects which are bred and fed on the roots of plants in the ground. In this great and good service, the rook is assisted by the jackdaw and starling, which are almost always seen associated on places where grubs abound. It has been said that farmers in the United States of America suffer much loss of their field-crops from the depredations of growing insects; attributing these losses to the circumstance of there being no rooks in that country. So seriously is this believed, that attempts have been made to introduce the rook into Virginia, but without success.

Mr. Knapp, in his "Journal of a Naturalist," says, "It is but simple justice to these often-censured birds, to mention the service that they at times perform for us in our pasture-lands. There is no plant that I endeavoured to root out with more persistency than the tufty hair-grass, *aira cæspitosa*. It abounds in all the colder parts of our grass-lands, increasing greatly when undisturbed, and, worthless in itself, overpowers its more valuable neighbours. The larger tufts we pretty well get rid of, but multitudes of small roots are so interwoven with the pasture herbage, that we cannot separate them without injury; and these our persevering rooks stock up for us in such quantities, that in some seasons the fields are strewed with the eradicated plants. The whole so torn up does not exclusively prove to be the hair-grass, but infinitely the larger portion consists of this injurious plant. The object of the bird in performing this service for us, is to obtain the larvæ of several species of insects, underground feeders, that prey on the roots; as Linnæus long ago observed on the subject of the little nard grass, *nardus stricta*. This benefit is partly a joint operation: the grub eats the root, but not often so effectually as to destroy the plant, which easily roots itself anew; but the rook finishes the affair, by pulling it up to get at the larvæ, and thus prevents all vegetation; nor do I believe that the bird ever removes a specimen that has not been already eaten or commenced upon by the caterpillar."—*Farmer's Monthly Visitor.*

LETTER-CARRIER.

LETTER FROM MISS RHODES TO MRS. FLETCHER.

March 17th, 1794.

I PROMISED my dear friend some account of the blessed work our gracious Lord is carrying on in Yorkshire, by which you will see how gloriously our Lord is manifesting his power and love, by enlarging the borders of his kingdom in this part of his vineyard. This revival has been for some time in the Halifax and Dewsbury part of the Circuit, chiefly through the instrumentality of a poor, illiterate, but good young woman, called Nanny Cutler. Mrs. Bearcroft, of Kirkstall-Forge, invited her to come to her house: the fire immediately broke out there. Prayer-meetings were kept up on all sides, and souls cut to the heart; many were awakened, and several converted while others were praying for them; and in the space of a few weeks, between thirty and forty persons began to lead a new life.

I went to the Forge the Saturday after you left us. There a new scene opened before me. I felt much of God; and such a light shone upon His word, that I saw how much I had lived below my privilege as a redeemed soul. I felt humbled and penitent before God, and was determined, by His help, to shake off the fetters which had hitherto bound me, by breaking through to pray with the people. I felt much inward liberty, and such an opening into heaven as encouraged me to go on in the name of the Lord. Nanny Cutler, by her example and spirit, drew me out, and made me ashamed that I had hitherto lived to so little purpose. She came to Leeds, and spent near a week with me. The Lord made her a means of reviving His work among us. Many have been awakened and brought to the Lord within the last three weeks. Prayer-meetings are held every morning in the vestry, and every night in different parts of the town: numbers flock to them of all sorts, and many of our good solid people are much stirred up to seek full salvation. The spirit of prayer is almost universally poured out; and many whose mouths have hitherto been closed, are now

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opened in prayer and praise. Last Tuesday morning, while Mr. Entwisle was expounding the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, the word fell like dew upon the people. A solemn sense of the presence of God filled the place; and, while several prayed, the power of God descended, till there was such a crying out as I never heard. Some found liberty, and praised God; whilst others cried out in the bitterness of their soul, and would not rise from their knees until the Lord had blessed them. One woman fell like a dead person on the floor, and was for two hours in great agonies: her cry was, "O my Jesus! I want my Jesus! O Jesus, set me free!" She was comforted before she went home, and I hear that she now enjoys a clear sense of God's pardoning love. Some are also becoming possessed of a clean heart: in short, the Lord is working on all sides of us. We hear from Halifax that two hundred have been added to our society. When at Otley the other day, we turned your class-meeting into a prayer-meeting; many were present besides the members; in about half-an-hour the power of God descended. Several cried out for mercy; among the foremost was my sister Harriet, who besought us with tears to pray for her: she remained on her knees for two hours. Peggy Blakely was brought into liberty. Sally Dade was greatly distressed, and the next morning was enabled to set to her seal that God was true. The meeting did not break up till twelve o'clock at night.

You have doubtless heard how the Lord is pouring out his Spirit among the people of Woodhouse. Mr. Entwisle received one hundred and twenty new members in one day, most of whom had been awakened within the last three weeks. The Lord has sweetly poured His Spirit upon Mrs. Berrows, and made use of her as the chief instrument in this great work. There are several who are truly devoted to God, and are a great help. It may, indeed, be said, "the blind see, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, and the poor have the Gospel preached unto them," as many hardened sinners have been brought to rejoice in the Lord their Saviour. I think the Scripture seems fulfilling, "As soon as Zion travailed she brought forth her children;" for many who came into the meeting unconcerned, were suddenly awakened, and rose from their knees justified and rejoicing.

At Woodhouse, last Sunday, several were greatly affected. Two women, in particular, whose agonies were great: after a time the violent effects subsided, yet their convictions remained strong: one of them subsequently was sweetly blessed; and many were freely justified, having their mouths opened to praise the Lord. My spirit felt all on the wing. I desired to be spent in this blessed work. The presence of the Lord rested on the whole congregation, and great order was preserved, though prayer was made in different parts of the chapel with those distressed. Many scoffers have been brought to their knees, and constrained to own that God is with us of a truth. Many who were grieved at the way in which the work was carried on, are now willing to own, from the good effects, it is of the Lord. Let Him do what seemeth Him good, and in His own way, though it be to confound the wisdom of the wise, and to bring to nought the counsel of the prudent, that glory and praise may be given to God alone.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MRS. BAILEY,

OF BOUGHTON, NEAR FAVERSHAM, KENT.

SARAH AUSTIN was born May 4th, 1818, and her parents sought to train her "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." At an early age she was placed in service. When living in London she was convinced of sin, under the Wesleyan ministry, and began immediately to meet in class. In a short time, while engaged in secret prayer, she found pardon and peace through faith in Christ. Subsequently, having left London, she was married to Mr. W. Bailey. Her constitution was not strong, and she was often afflicted. She did not murmur, but asked and received grace to suffer in submission to the will of God. She loved the house of prayer, and was delighted in being permitted to attend the interesting services connected with the opening of the new Wesleyan chapel, Boughton, in May, 1845. Immediately after, her heavenly Father was pleased to place her again in the furnace of affliction, in which she was kept until her prepared spirit was called to "the palace of angels and God." At the commencement of this affliction it was manifest that she was ripening for glory. Her heart was fixed on Christ. She seemed to desire only to glorify God, whether it were by life or by death. It was pleasing to witness her solicitude for the salvation of her relations and of all others. With affection she often inquired after some whom she knew, making especial reference to their spiritual state.

In November she became extremely weak, and appeared to be in a dying state. When her great suffering was mentioned, she said, —"I deserve it all:" then added, with considerable emphasis, "I could not *seek* re-

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ligion *now*." On Monday, the 17th, she was very happy. The verse was named,—

> "But O when that last conflict's o'er,
> And I am chain'd to earth no more,
> With what glad accents shall I rise
> To join the music of the skies!"

She answered, "If I had a voice, I could sing. My heart does praise God."

Referring to the blessedness of acceptance with God, she said that she once thought it impossible to rise higher. Her views were now enlarged. She was assured that it was her privilege to be sanctified "wholly;" and to experience the full power of the blood of Christ to cleanse from all sin. She at once answered, "Yes; I feel this every moment."

During the remaining months of her life she suffered much pain; and, being exceedingly feeble, she could converse very little. But in patience she possessed her soul. She was deeply humble, and often expressed her gratitude to God, and to those who sought to alleviate her afflictions. In this frame of mind she continued until Thursday, March 19th, 1846. On the morning of that day, her mother asked the state of her mind, when she replied, "Happy, happy; very happy." To two individuals who were in the room, she spoke fervently on the necessity of preparation for death; and entreated them to lose no time in seeking the power of religion. After a short repose, she strove to speak, but could only be heard to say, "Canaan's happy shore!" In a few minutes she then passed "the waves of this troublesome world," and reached

> "The land of rest, the saints' delight,
> The heaven prepared for her,"

by the mercy of God, through the merit of her Saviour.

POETRY.

SCHILLER.

"Schiller when dying was asked how he felt. 'Calmer and calmer,' was the reply."

CALMER and calmer! earth doth fade
As doth a vision, with no shade
Marring the glory it hath made.

Or as a rainbow melting still
To fainter glories e'en at will,
Like beauty that hath quaff'd her fill

Of world-applause, and sated flies
To life's more stern realities,
Deeming it nobler to be wise.

Turbid and dark life's wave hath been;
Oft lash'd to tempest fierce and keen;
Oft shadow'd from the unsereme.

A life of conflict, sorrow, sin,
Turmoil, and woe, without, within,—
Vain yearnings for the bright unseen;

Yet cheer'd by many a sunny ray,
That, streaming from the Source of day,
Made glorious what erewhile was clay.

Now tranquil, still,—serenely bright,—
As a calm, star-illumined night,
Or eventide with kindled light—

Soft, chasten'd; pining for no flush
Of noontide glory o'er its hush;
Outwelling with a silent gush

Of happiness intense and high;
The reflex of His glory nigh,
Temper'd to my humanity.

Calmer and calmer! yes, my soul
Is hasting to its glorious goal,
And earth's dark shadows from it roll.

Through Him, the Crucified, I rise:
Ransom'd by His sole sacrifice
My spirit soareth to the skies!

ADELINE.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

COME, Thou all-pervading Spirit,
"Light of life," eternal name!
Come, Thou gift of Jesu's merit,
And renew with heavenly flame.

"Light of life!" from heaven down-shining,
Shed upon my soul a ray;
And my nature gross refining,
Bring me into perfect day.

Thou hast answer'd prayer ascending,
Faith has brought the blessing down;
Now, no more my God offending,
I, above, shall wear the crown.

Crown of grace! O love redeeming,
That on me the gift should fall;
On my soul the light is beaming,
Jesus, Thou art all in all!

Let me never, King of glory,
While I live thy truth disgrace;
But delight to tell the story
O'er the world, to Adam's race.

O the prize, the gift unbounded!
Wider than creation,—mine!
Through all heaven it has resounded,
And I shall in glory shine.

Faithful unto death remaining,
May I trust in Him above!
Sin no more my conscience staining,
I shall ever Jesus love.

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Sinners! come, with me believing,
Christ can wash the foulest stain;
Come, and Him by faith receiving,
Share His crown, and with Him reign.
Fowey, 1849. W. H.

THE WANDERER'S LAMENT.

SOLOMON'S SONG III. 1—4.

RETURN, my Beloved, return;
How long in my blood must I pine?
How long must I languish and mourn,
And pant for the healing divine?
Now, weary, and wounded, and faint,
And widow'd, I wander to mourn,
And breathe on the breeze my complaint,
Till Thou to my bosom return.

O, who would not seek Thee, to feel
The ease of thy gentle control?
How light was Thy burden; and still
Its mem'ry how sweet to my soul!
O, what could induce Thee to rove,
And leave me so long in my pain?
And hast Thou forgotten to love?
And wilt Thou not own me again?

I die for Thy pardon and peace;
'Tis life in Thy favour to dwell;
With Thee earth a paradise is,
Without Thee, a dungeon, a hell.
Then pity my darkness and toil,
Thy light and salvation impart,
And lead to the land of Thy smile,
And give me a home in Thy heart.]

Hark, hark, 'tis the voice of my Love!
He climbs up the hills of the east;
The clouds and the shadows remove;
He welcomes me back to His breast.
O, yes, my Beloved comes down
To take His stray sheep to His fold;
He comes with the car of the sun,
Apparell'd in purple, in gold.

His spirit is moved by my wail,
He hears the complaint I have made,
O'er forest, and mountain, and vale,
He bounds like a hart to my aid.
He gives me the healing divine,
With me He now makes His abode:
I see Him, I feel He is mine,
My Father, my Saviour, my God.
Market-Weighton. ZETA.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WIFE OF BUNYAN BEFORE THE JUDGES.

[BUNYAN being committed to Bedford jail,] Elizabeth, his wife, actuated by his undaunted spirit, applied to the House of Lords for his release, and, according to her relation, she was told, "they could do nothing; but that his releasement was committed to the Judges at the next assizes." The Judges were Sir Matthew Hale and Mr. Justice Twisden; and a remarkable contrast appeared between the well-known meekness of the one, and fury of the other. Elizabeth came before them, and, stating her husband's case, prayed for justice. "Judge Twisden," says John Bunyan, "snapt her up, and angrily told her that I was a convicted person, and could not be released unless I would promise to preach no more."

Elizabeth. The Lords told me that releasement was committed to you; and you give me neither releasement nor relief. My husband is unlawfully in prison, and you are bound to discharge him.

Twisden. He has been lawfully convicted.

Elizabeth. It is false; for when they said, "Do you confess the indictment?" he answered, "At the meetings where he preached, they had God's presence among them."

Twisden. Will your husband leave off preaching? If he will do so, then send for him.

Elizabeth. My Lord, he dares not leave off preaching as long as he can speak. But, good my Lords, consider that we have four small children, one of them blind, and that they have nothing to live upon, while their father is in prison, but the charity of Christian people. I myself *swayed* at the news when my husband was apprehended, and, being but young, and unaccustomed to such things, fell in labour; and, continuing in it for eight days, was delivered of a dead child.

Sir Matthew Hale. Alas! poor woman.

Twisden. Poverty is your cloak; for I hear your husband is better maintained by running up and down a-preaching than by following his calling.

Sir Matthew Hale. What is his calling?

Elizabeth. A tinker, please you, my Lord; and, because he is a tinker and a poor man, therefore he is despised, and cannot have justice.

Sir Matthew Hale. I am truly sorry we can do you no good. Sitting here, we can only act as the law gives us warrant; and we have no power to reverse the sentence, although it may be erroneous. What your

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husband said was taken for a confession, and he stands convicted. There is, therefore, no course for you but to apply to the King for a pardon, or to sue out a writ of error; and the indictment, or subsequent proceedings, being shown to be contrary to law, the sentence shall be reversed, and your husband shall be set at liberty. I am truly sorry for your pitiable case. I wish I could serve you; but I fear I can do you no good.—*Campbell's Lives of the Chief Justices of England.*

ORIENTAL SCENES.

ANTIOCH.

ANTIOCH is a place of great celebrity in Christian history. From Jerusalem, indeed, the evangelical law went forth. This, the earthly source of the stream, gives its name also to the heavenly reservoir; for Jerusalem which is above is the mother of us all. But so far as the name is concerned, the river, which had flowed from Jerusalem to Antioch, received at the latter place its name: "the disciples were called Christians first at Antioch." We naturally feel some curiosity respecting a city on which such high honour was conferred.

A general notion of the position of Antioch may be given by describing it as situated at the north-eastern corner of the Mediterranean, just after turning round from Asia Minor into Syria. It is about three hundred miles north from Jerusalem, and stands on the river Orontes, about thirty miles from its mouth. It was founded by Seleucus Nicator, one of the Captains of Alexander the Great, among whom, after his death, his conquests were divided. It was called after the name of his father Antiochus. It was situated in the province of Seleucis called Tetrapolis, from containing the four cities,—Antioch, named after the father of the founder; Seleucia, after himself; Apamea, after his wife; and Laodicea, after his mother. It was the metropolis of Syria, and became afterwards the capital of the Roman provinces in Asia. It ranked as the third city in the empire, only Rome and Alexandria being placed before it. In the time of Chrysostom, (who was born here,) it contained not fewer than two hundred thousand inhabitants.

Antioch was noted for the splendour of its buildings, and the luxury of its inhabitants. Several of the Roman Emperors were fond of passing some of their time here. The games of the circus, and the amusements of the theatre, were quite in accordance with the prevailing taste of its citizens, who appear to have been as effeminate as their city was splendid, and its situation beautiful. The valley of the Orontes, in which Antioch stands, is a fertile plain, about ten miles long, and five or six wide, bounded by high mountains, from which, Gibbon says, "issued

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a thousand streams of the purest water, preserving the verdure of the earth and the temperature of the air."

Near the city stood the celebrated temple of Daphne, dedicated to Apollo and Diana, which was built in a thick grove of laurels and cypresses, which reached as far as a circumference of ten miles, and formed, in the most sultry seasons, a cool and impenetrable shade.

Antioch is celebrated in ecclesiastical history. It was the scene of the early labours of St. Paul, and the place whence he set forth on that important Missionary circuit which is narrated Acts xiii. 2, &c. In Antioch, likewise, arose the controversy respecting the perpetual obligation of the Jewish law, which led to the first Christian council. Ignatius, who received "the crown of martyrdom" under Trajan, was Bishop of Antioch.

Antioch was taken, and almost destroyed, by Chosroes, King of Persia, but was rebuilt by Justinian, and again became a considerable place, which it continued to be till the time of the Crusades, when it was taken by the Christians, and held by them almost as long as the kingdom of Jerusalem lasted. It then fell into the hands of the Saracens, and under their wasting despotism it has continued ever since. It has frequently been visited by destructive earthquakes. Before the last, which occurred in 1822, and is believed to have destroyed several thousand persons, it is said to have contained about 20,000 inhabitants.

Antioch is still one of the large towns of Syria. It has no good public buildings. The houses are chiefly built of stone, pent-roofed, and covered with red tiles. The streets are narrow, with a raised pavement on each side for foot-passengers. The bazaars are numerous, and well supplied. The manufactures of the place are coarse pottery, cotton cloth, silk twist, leather, and saddlery. The air is represented as being more salubrious than that of Aleppo. The view of the plain is very interesting. The northern portion within the ancient walls is now filled with an extensive grove of gardens, containing chiefly mulberry, olive, and fig trees; and along the winding banks of the river, tall and slender poplars are to be seen. A part of the ancient pavement, and a considerable portion of the old Roman wall, still exist. The wall is from thirty to forty feet high, and fifteen in thickness. At intervals are lofty towers, four hundred feet high. Many remains, indeed, still exist, showing the ancient magnificence of the city. The old bridge over the Orontes still stands; and many coins, and other vestiges of the former times, are found when the earth is laid bare by the rains, or dug up for the purposes of building or gardening. The line of the old wall may be distinctly traced; but the present city does not occupy more than a third of what was once its site. Mohammedanism is proved to be a system not from God; for it is a system of degradation and retrocession.

FIRESIDE TRAVELS.

THE RIVER JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA.

(*Continued from page 59.*)

We this month continue the account of the American exploring expedition, from the "Lake of Gennesareth," down the Jordan, into the inland sea which now covers the region in which formerly stood the sinful "cities of the plain."

"April 16th, 1848. We proceed anxiously on our way, commencing with a dangerous and precipitous fall. Everything being ready, the boats, one after the other, are skilfully worked, till, in the midst of the furious rapid, we at length take the leap. All hands are once more completely immersed in the stream; and, as they hold on to the gunnels of the boats, the sound of their hearty cheers for a moment drowns the noise of the rushing waters, and our brave tars, once more wet to the skin, glory in the sport, exclaiming, 'That was a capital leap.' We proceed as usual, making the best of our way, having a current of from four to five knots (miles in an hour) in our favour. We hope, in the course of to-morrow, to reach the interesting spot at Gilgal, where the Israelites are said to have crossed the river when they entered the Land of Promise after wandering so long in the wilderness, and where a vast crowd of pilgrims annually assemble for baptism in the water which they regard as sacred. The day on which they assemble is that which stands in the calendar as the anniversary of our Saviour's baptism by St. John the Baptist, which will be the day after to-morrow. We thus anticipate the opportunity of beholding the spectacle. We encamp for the night as the shades of evening close over us. We pitch our tents, which look like so many spots on a desert shore, on the east side of the river, on a broad plain, stretching to the south and east.

"April 17th. We strike our tents early, as we are anxious to reach the pilgrims' ford on the eve of the interesting occasion already mentioned. Our guides say we have no

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very dangerous leaps to take till we come pretty close to the ford. We want to reach the spot before nightfall, that we may encamp before the thousands of pilgrims arrive. But meeting with several small rapids on our way, we did not finish our day's journey till ten, P.M. Many of the pilgrims had already arrived, and in interesting groups dotted the banks of the Jordan, and the plains of Jericho, which stretch along in this vicinity. Having sought out, as we supposed, the most appropriate site for an encampment, we once more erected our tents on the banks of the stream. We are surrounded by an immense number of pilgrims, who have sought the spot where their fathers, perhaps for many generations before them, had recognised the anniversary of the same sacred rite, to which they attach great spiritual importance. It is a scene full of thrilling interest, throwing back the mind on itself in silent cogitation, inquiring into the motive which had brought such a vast assemblage together, from so many parts of the world, and numbers, even thousands of miles from their homes, exposing them to so many deprivations by sea and by land, and to so many sufferings and trials."

[We pause for a moment to remark on the fact to which our traveller adverts. The judgment of charity is always the safest judgment; and therefore will we respect the sincerity of the *motive* which impels so many upon a path which is anything but a pleasant one. But how much *mistake* must there be to allow such a motive to exist! Christ has made nothing necessary to salvation which is not practicable for man *as man*, and for man in any of the circumstances which belong to his mortal condition. Neither are there two ways; one better than the other, but the last available for those who cannot use the first. The *best* way is the *one* way, and the way for *one* is the way for *all*. The blood of Christ is the only and the always efficacious fountain to wash away sin. To come and wash in that fountain is only a figurative and significant phrase for exercising true repentance and true faith in Christ. And that is the worst of these pilgrimages. They divert attention from Christ in his true character. If that were understood by the pilgrims, they would see their duty and privilege to come to Christ at home; and, doing this, they would with holy joy, stop at home to attend to the duties of their providential calling. And yet, how great is the power of superstition! See what pains and privations those undergo who are under its influence! The truth is, till the soul is moved by grace and truth, it is easier to go through the labours and perils of a long pilgrimage, than truly to come to Christ, renouncing all sin and self-righteousness.—ED. C. M.]

"April 18th. As early as two o'clock this morning we were aroused from our short slumbers by the thousands of pilgrims who were gathering around us. Instead of having pitched our tents out of their way, we found that we had encamped immediately in their track; and, consequently we had to remove three quarters of a mile lower down. A vast crowd, doubling, and even tripling, their numbers, are assembling on the extensive and beautiful plains of Jericho. Early in the forenoon, from twenty to twenty-five thousand, men, women, and children, had arrived. Their dresses are as diversified as their ages and looks. Here is a whole family, seated upon a couple of camels. There are three or four children, carried in panniers on a mule. And there, upon a beautiful Arabian horse, a husband and wife. Yonder sits a grave old man upon an ass. All this vast multitude have their tents, coverlets, and cooking and eating utensils. The scene on the broad, spreading plain increases in interest as the day advances. The torches which were to light the path which they travelled through the night are extinguished. Early in the forenoon all advance towards the river, whose banks are lined with the living mass. And now, old, middle-aged, and young, commence with eagerness to enter the river, and dip themselves in what they have been taught to believe are its sacred waters. And to the memory of every Christian sacred they are, as reminding him of so many sacred facts. Children are thrown in. Mothers carefully but eagerly dip their infants. Our humane commander ordered our boats to be ready a little down the stream, in case any accident should occur. But, though thousands entered, there was not a single mishap; and, after a comparatively short time, all are safe again on the plain, and the bustle of preparing to return has evidently commenced. About noon, the whole party were recrossing the plains of Jericho, under a strong escort of Turkish soldiery, which is always provided for the occasion, as a protection against the prowling Bedouins. Early in the afternoon, the plain was empty of all but the little band belonging to the American expedition. We could scarcely believe that we had seen so many come and go in so short a time. We almost felt as though we were gazing at a series of *dissolving views*, and were waiting for the manager of the magic lantern to give us another scene. An hour ago, and the river seemed alive with human beings. Now, the very plain is deserted. And in the morning we, too, must be gone; hoping in the evening to see the principal object of our journey,—the mysterious lake rolling over what once was Sodom and Gomorrah.

(*The last portion of the voyage in our next Number.*)

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THE PROTESTANT.

FATHER QUESNEL'S CHALLENGE TO THE REFORMERS AND REFORMED.

In some pious Romanist writers, especially if they know the value of the word of God, the principles of their piety will often appear in singular inconsistency with the principles of their creed, so as to produce in the enlightened and observant Protestant a good-humoured smile. An instance of this is afforded by the language of Father Quesnel in his "Reflections" on the Epistle to the Romans. On the first verse of the first chapter, he says,—and the reader will observe how truly his piety guided him in remarking on the Scriptures,—"The pastoral charge is a true servitude. The Pastor is under obligation to be devoted wholly to Christ and his church. One mark of a divine call is, when he who professes to have received it evidently desires to live and labour only for Christ and his church, nor even to possess anything but for the glory of the one, and the service of the other. *The choice and destination of God is the only legitimate title which gives right to this office. It is just that Himself should choose the officers of His own house.* Woe to those who force their way into it! And they who are called, are called to teach the Gospel of God, not the imaginations and inventions of man; this is the foundation and design of the sacred ministry."

The principle of an immediate call to the ministry by God himself, as constituting the sole legitimate title to it, cannot be better stated and argued than is here done by the good "*Père*" with such brevity and force. But let us go with him to the second verse. In his "Reflections" on it we shall see piety and Romanism in painful (and yet we cannot help saying, amusing) contrast and contest.

"What novelty in religion is not suspicious, if the Gospel itself is thus declared to be authorized by the promises and testimony of the ancient Scriptures?" Very good, Father Quesnel. Can you wonder that we regard with suspicion the "novelties" of your Church, unauthorized by either New or Old Testament? If even St. Paul referred his doctrine to the standard of revelation, though comparatively incomplete, Protestants are not to be blamed for calling on Romanists to prove their additions to the creed of the ancient church by adducing—which they know they never can do—the testimony of the completed canon of Scripture. But Father Quesnel shall proceed. "Let the pretended Reformers and the pretended Reformed show us in the Prophets and Scriptures the time and manner of their reform promised and announced, and let them show us the finger of God and the characters of a divine vocation in their ministry. All that appears novel is not always new. The oldest errors are always novelties: the newest truths are always ancient. These last have their source in the bosom of God: the former are born of the pride of man." The last two sentences are beyond all controversy. Father Quesnel did not believe them more confidently than Martin Luther. But how are we to distinguish between what is really new and what is really old? The Father has laid down the rule. That is new and erroneous which is not authorized by Scripture. We accept his challenge. The Scriptures announce and promise, that when the enemy comes in as a flood, (thus bringing in errors to overwhelm the truths through which men must be saved,) the Spirit of the Lord shall raise up a standard against him; that is, shall revive old truths with new brightness and power, for the revival of his work. Are we to show the characters of a true vocation? We do so. We refer the call to the Holy Ghost working in those whom God chooses (as Quesnel says is most just) to be officers in his own house. We place the outward evidences in their faithfulness and ability to teach others, as well as in the matter of their teaching, which is the Gospel, according to the Scriptures, not the invention of man. Are we to show the finger of God? This also we can do. Christ is with His servants, according to His promise, and His presence is proved by its effects. Men turned from darkness to light, from sin to holiness, are the seals of their ministry in the Lord. Every true convert is a soul rescued from the power of Satan; and THIS is the finger of God.

Men like Quesnel clung to the Church of Rome, we verily believe, out of their deep humility. Fearing to trust themselves, they did not see that by refusing to admit the sufficiency and clearness of Scripture, they were actually distrusting God, and leaning on an arm of flesh. They did not trust in themselves, but they not the less trusted in man.

Still, they held the truth, inconsistently, indeed, but sincerely and devoutly. Their Church was not worthy of them. They were the Methodists of the Roman Church in France. And how were they rewarded for their mistaken attachment? By bitter reproach and persecution. The Pope selected a number of sentences from Quesnel, many of them essential truths of Scripture, and officially condemned them: thus *de-*

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monstrating that the Pope, acting officially, *can err in matters of faith.*

After years of persecution, the Port-Royal Society, including some of the wisest and holiest men that Romanism ever numbered among her children, was broken up. Not even the Protestants were treated *much* worse by Louis XIV., and his Jesuit advisers, than the members of the Port-Royal school. They were persecuted because they were scriptural and pious.

ANECDOTES.

SECRET OF BEING ALWAYS CONTENT AND HAPPY.

A PIOUS Bishop having struggled through great difficulties without complaining, and met with much opposition in the discharge of his functions, without ever betraying the least impatience, an intimate friend of his, who highly admired those virtues, which he conceived it impossible to imitate, one day asked the Prelate if he could tell him the secret of being always easy. "Yes," replied the old man: "I can teach you my secret, and will do so very readily. It consists in nothing more than in making great use of my eyes." His friend begged him to explain. "Most willingly," said the Bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get there: I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind the space I shall shortly occupy in it: I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are who in all respects have more cause to be unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, and how very little reason I have to repine or complain."

AFFECTING INCIDENT.

A MAN and his wife, both Christians, were passengers in a schooner, which foundered at a considerable distance from land. All the natives on board promptly took refuge in the sea; and the man in question, who had just celebrated divine service in the ill-fated vessel, called his fellows (some of them being converts as well as himself) around him to offer up another tribute of praise and supplication from the deep in which they were struggling; to tarry, with a combination of courage and humility perhaps unequalled in the world's history, in order to worship God in that universal temple, under whose restless pavement the speaker and most of the hearers were destined to find their graves. The man and his wife had each succeeded in procuring the support of a covered bucket, by way of a buoy; and away they struck with the rest for Kahoolawe, finding themselves next morning alone in the ocean, after a whole afternoon and night of privation and toil. To aggravate their misfortunes, the wife's bucket went to pieces soon after daylight, so that she had to make the best of her way without assistance or relief; and in the course of the afternoon, the man became too weak to proceed, till his wife, to a certain extent, restored his strength by shampooing him in the water. They had now Kahoolawe in full view, after having been about four-and-twenty hours on their dreary voyage. In spite, however, of the cheering sight, the man fell again into such a state of exhaustion, that the woman took the bucket for herself, giving him, at the same time, the hair of her head for a towing-line; and, when even this exertion proved to be too much for him, the faithful creature, after trying in vain to rouse him to prayer, took his arms around her neck, holding them together with one hand, and making with the other for the shore. When a very trifling distance remained to be accomplished, she discovered that he was dead; and, dropping his corpse, reached the land before night; having passed over upwards of twenty-five miles, during an exposure of nearly thirty hours.—*Sir George Simpson's Overland Journey.*

PAPERS ON BOTANY.

GALBANUM.

WHAT is called usually by this name is a resinous gum obtained from a plant of the *umbelliferous* species, and is stated by old writers to be a native of Syria. It is mentioned in Scripture (Exodus xxx. 34) as one of the substances from which the incense for the sanctuary is to be prepared:—"Take unto thee sweet spices, stacte, and onycha, and *galbanum.*" The Arabian and Persian authors, in describing the plant, say that it is jointed, thorny, and fragrant. Doubts still remain whether the true plant is yet ascertained. The gum comes to us either in

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tears, (small pieces like peas, which is the best sort,) or in masses. The former is supposed to be a natural exudation: the latter is obtained by incision. The colour is of a brownish white; the taste bitter, sharp, and disagreeable; and the odour strongly balsamic. It is used in medicine as an anti-spasmodic and expectorant; and though inferior in power to assafœtida, is usually associated with it in pills and plasters. It is imported into this country from the Levant and from India. As that which comes from the latter country is exported from Bombay, and has first been carried to that place from the Persian Gulf, it probably grows in the countries to the northward; that is, in the countries of the ancient Assyria. Dioscorides, a medical writer who flourished in the reign of Nero, says, that in preparing a fragrant ointment, *galbanum* was mixed with other aromatic substances. He speaks of the ointment as composed of oil of almonds, with myrrh, cardamom, honey and wine, with galbanum. It was therefore the practice of the ancients to use galbanum with other and more fragrant substances. Probably it was designed as the body or ground, so to speak, of the mixture; while the scent was procured from more odoriferous substances.

TABLE-TALK.

A SAFE INVESTMENT.

Dr. Franklin once said,—and the remark is as true in itself, as it truthfully illustrates the character of the speaker,—"If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it from him. An investment in knowledge always yields the best interest." It should be added, that there are different rates per cent., according to the kind of knowledge. "A hundred-fold in this world, and in the world to come life everlasting," indicates the adventure which is the most profitable of all. And it is the safest too. Banks and merchants may become bankrupt: speculations may fail: crops may so sink in price as to yield no return, and houses may be burned to the ground. But that word of God which by the Gospel is preached to us, abideth for ever; and therefore, though the world presents only ever-shifting scenes, and they who fill its stage are ever passing away, they who learn the will of God, and do it, shall, according to His own promise, abide for ever.

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REMARKABLE DAYS.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, M.A.,

DIED MARCH 29TH, 1788.

WHO will venture to calculate the amount of spiritual good effected by the psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs which flowed from the sanctified genius of the poet of Methodism till he was called to join in the lofty strains of a brighter, holier, and happier world; the glories of which oft carried him away in spirit, and drew forth those melodious verses which still inflame the devotions of myriads of spiritual worshippers in all parts of the world?

On the 18th of December, 1708, Charles Wesley was prematurely ushered into the world, giving scarcely any sign of life till the time arrived when, according to the course of nature, he should have been born. From the tuition of his excellent mother he was removed to Westminster School, where his elder brother, Samuel, succeeded in making him at once an excellent classical scholar, and a thorough High Churchman.

From Westminster he removed to Oxford, having been elected to Christ-Church College; at which time his brother John began to be in earnest about personal religion, to which Charles showed great aversion.

Having obtained Deacon's orders, John left Oxford to discharge the duties of Curate to his father, at Wroote, in Lincolnshire, where he remained three years. Soon after John left the University, Charles became deeply concerned about his personal salvation, and regarded his concern as an answer to his mother's prayers. Not content with seeking merely his own spiritual welfare, he induced a few of the students to join him in getting and doing good; which drew attention, and brought on him and his companions the title of "Methodists," by which they were ever afterwards known.

In November, 1729, they were cheered by the return of John to the University, and immediately formed themselves into a society, under his superintendence, in order to promote each other's intellectual and religious improvement. At this time Charles took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and entered on the duties of a College tutor. Meanwhile, he fully shared with his pious friends the self-denial, toil, and persecution arising from a course of devotedness to God.

In October, 1735, having received ordination, he embarked as Secretary to the Governor of Georgia, in North America, along with his brother John, who went forth as a Missionary to the Indians. During his stay in the colony he laboured with great diligence for the spiritual good of the people; but his only reward was incessant disappointments, vexation, and threats of assassination. Even Mr. Oglethorpe, the Governor, treated him cruelly. So that he found it necessary to resign his Secretaryship, and return to England, after being absent a little more than a year. However, he engaged to return to Georgia as a Missionary, and was prevented only by the failure of his health. His views of the Gospel had hitherto been far from evangelical, having drunk deeply of Law's "mysticism:" he sought to be justified by the deeds of the law. Peter Böhler, a Moravian, was, under God, the instrument of opening his eyes to see that "by grace we are saved through faith;" and, in May, 1738, while lodging at the house of a Mr. Bray, in Little Britain, near Smithfield, a plain, unlettered mechanic, who yet was a happy believer in Christ, deeply experienced in the religion of the heart, and able to declare what God had done for his soul, Mr. Wesley entered into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. From this moment his health gradually improved, his view of saving faith became every day clearer, and his experience of peace with God through faith in the blood of His Son, and power over sin, more satisfactory.

Inflamed with love to Christ, and yearning pity for perishing souls, he "urged upon all the duty of immediate application to Christ, in faith, for pardon, and peace, and holiness." Scarce a day passed but some were convinced of sin, and led to believe to the saving of their souls, through his zealous exhortations and prayers. He laboured diligently for the salvation of condemned criminals, calling them earnestly to repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ. As long as he lived, this unhappy class of our fellow-creatures engaged his tenderest concern. He was welcomed to the pulpits of several churches; and, on one occasion, preached "his favourite doctrine of present salvation from sin by faith in Christ in Westminster Abbey." Having exercised himself in extempore speaking in society-meetings, he ventured to preach for the first time without notes, in St. Antholin's church, on the 20th of October, 1738.

In a few months, on account of his zeal, he was forcibly driven from Islington church by the Wardens, whose conduct was sanctioned by the Bishop of London. The example was soon followed in all parts of the kingdom by Clergymen, one after another. Towards the end of May, 1739, he was pressed by a Clergyman to accompany him to Broadoaks, in Essex; and, while there, received an invitation to preach in a field, first from a farmer, and then from a Quaker: to both requests he consented, and thus he

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began a course of field-preaching, which opened a way for communicating a soul-saving Gospel to hundreds of thousands who might never have heard him in a church. In November the brothers opened their first place of worship, and formed the first Methodist society, at the Foundery, in Moorfields, London; where, also, in the open air, they still continued to preach to eager multitudes, as well as at Kennington-Common, and other places throughout the kingdom.

In the midst of his extraordinary labours and trials, his health again failed; and, for ten days, no hopes of his recovery were entertained; but prayer was heard, and his life was spared for still greater and increasing usefulness. It is remarkable that, while travelling, preaching, visiting the sick, and encountering persecution in various forms, he was daily engaged in composing his beautiful hymns, which he continued to publish in rapid succession, to meet the devotional wants of the growing society. The controversy which arose on Mr. Whitefield embracing the peculiarities of Calvinism called forth some of his most impassioned verses on God's universal love to man, through the atonement of Christ. Though the effect of his preaching was the sound conversion of vast numbers of souls, yet he gave no countenance to bodily excitement and disorder, which frequently appeared under the ministry of his brother and others. The offence it gave to many, along with the fact that there is no necessary connexion between such manifestations and a genuine work of the Holy Spirit, led him to discourage its first appearance, as likely to do harm rather than good.

When John preached for the last time before the University of Oxford, Charles not only made one of the audience, but on the preceding day he addressed a multitude of the brethren, gownsmen, and gentry, just from the races, who filled the inn and yard, and seemed struck with astonishment at beholding them admonish one another in psalms and hymns, singing and making melody in their hearts to the Lord; in recording which he exclaims, "O that all the world had a taste of our diversion!" Thus, the one in the open air, and the other within the walls of the University, did these two remarkable men deliver a faithful testimony for the Lord in Oxford.

Among those brought to God by the ministry of Mr. Charles Wesley, was Mrs. Rich, the celebrated actress, whose husband was proprietor of Covent-Garden Theatre. She endured much persecution on account of her Methodistical scruples; but held fast her integrity. At her house Mr. Wesley met with Mr. Lampe, a musician of celebrity, but of infidel principles, who also was convinced of the truth and importance of Christianity, through reading Mr. John Wesley's "Earnest Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion." This gifted man afterwards set "many of the Wesleyan hymns to music, and maintained a truly Christian character to the close of life."

The progress of vital religion in Cornwall, in the midst of bitter persecution, gave Mr. Wesley great joy. He remarks: "At Gwennap, nine or ten thousand, by computation, listened with all eagerness, while I commended them to God, and the word of His grace. For near two hours I was enabled to preach 'repentance towards God, and faith in Jesus Christ.' I broke out again and again in prayer and exhortation. I believed not one would return empty." Next day, he wrote the beautiful hymn,

> "All thanks be to God,
> Who scatters abroad," &c.

In September, 1747, he visited Ireland; and, passing through Wales in his journey, was introduced to the family of Mr. Gwynne, of Garth; and the year following, as he returned from his second visit to Ireland, he again spent a week with this highly respectable family. Each visit served to strengthen his attachment to it, which eventually led to his marriage with Miss Sarah, one of the daughters, who proved to be every way worthy of such a husband. Their attachment to each other was of the tenderest description, and continued till death dissolved their earthly union. For a considerable time she accompanied her husband in his ministerial journeys, sharing with him his reproach, toils, dangers, joys, and sorrows, till family circumstances compelled her to remain at home; and for the same reason, Mr. Wesley's labours became gradually circumscribed, till they were at last limited to London and Bristol; yet to the latest moment of his life his zeal for the Saviour and the salvation of souls continued unabated.

Notwithstanding his apparent disregard of strict church order, his attachment to, and zeal for, the national Establishment continued strong to the day of his death. His dread of the Methodists separating from the Church was great, and kept him in constant fear of everything that looked that way: hence he laboured incessantly to avert what he deemed a great evil; but the haughty and persecuting conduct of the generality of the Clergy, was such as to render a continuation of the union impossible.

In 1771, Lady Huntingdon wrote to Mr. Charles Wesley, and enclosed one of her extraordinary circulars, calling on the Clergy and laity to meet at Bristol in August, and demand of the Conference a disavowal of the anti-Calvinistic Minutes adopted in the year preceding. She unkindly aimed at alienating him from his brother; but he wrote on the back of her letter, "Lady Huntingdon's last: u ianswered by John Wesley's brother!" However he might differ from his brother

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John in judgment on many matters of speculation, he ever esteemed and loved him with an affection which nothing could diminish.

The conduct of those who took part in the controversy which sprung up soon after, was indignantly censured by Charles, who could not calmly witness his brother treated without any regard to good manners, temper, or strict attention to truth, merely because he could not believe the "horrible decree" of Calvin. Though the name of Charles does not much appear in this controversy, nearly everything penned by Fletcher passed under his eye, and was carried through the press under his correction.

While the unhappy Dr. Dodd lay under sentence of death, Mr. Wesley took a deep interest in him, as did his brother John: deeply did he deplore the fall of that once eminent and popular Minister, and the severity of the law that condemned him to an ignominious death.

Though eight children were born to Mr. Wesley, only three survived infancy: these were Charles, Samuel, and Sarah. Both sons became eminent musicians; but this proved a snare to them, as they were thereby exposed to the pernicious influence of fashionable society. Samuel embraced the Papal faith, which nearly broke his aged father's heart, and his grief was expressed in some plaintive stanzas. His fear was lest he should take refuge in infidelity, as multitudes of educated Roman Catholics have done. However, in a few years, Samuel left the pale of Romanism, saying, "He cared not a straw for any excommunication that the Priesthood could utter."

The unconquerable attachment of Mr. Wesley to the Episcopal Church of England, led him to view with strong suspicions the least movement in the Methodist societies that looked like the beginning of a separation: hence the ordination of some of the Preachers by his brother John gave him great pain. This fact shows how little questions of church polity have to do with the conversion of sinners to Christ. The sensitive, High-Church Charles Wesley, who mourned that he had not died ere the least sign of separation appeared, was, nevertheless, one of the most successful instruments in the divine hand in the conversion of souls while he lived; and his spiritual songs will continue to keep up the spirit of devotion, among spiritual worshippers, while the world endures. His practice was in fact contrary to his theory, whenever an opportunity of doing good presented itself.

For some months before his death he spoke little, and desired to hear nothing read except the Bible. When asked if he wanted anything, he would reply, "Nothing but Christ!" On the 28th of March, Mrs. Wesley asked if he had anything to say to his family: he raised his eyes, and said, "Only *thanks! love! blessing!*" The following morning he feebly pressed Mrs. Wesley's hand, as a sign that he knew her. His last words were, "*Lord—my heart—my God!*" and drawing a short breath, he yielded his spirit into the hands of his Redeemer.

The brief notice of his death, inserted by his brother in the Minutes of Conference, is as follows:—"Mr. Charles Wesley, who, after spending fourscore years with much sorrow and pain, quietly retired into Abraham's bosom. He had no disease; but after a gradual decay of some months, 'the weary wheels of life stood still at last.' His least praise was his talent for poetry; although Dr. Watts did not scruple to say, that that single poem, 'Wrestling Jacob,' was worth all the verses he himself had written." For a full view of this distinguished man, the reader may consult his "Memoirs," by the Rev. Thomas Jackson; and his private "Journal," recently published from the original manuscript.

Though all that was mortal of him is silent in the tomb, awaiting the resurrection morn, the admirable hymns which exhibit the grandeur, purity, and spirituality of his mind, will continue to keep up a vivid remembrance of him, in the closet, the family, and that church, in forming which, he was honoured of God to be so efficient an instrument.

PETER SAMUEL.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Adcock, Mrs. Mary A.,	Langham,	Oakham,	59	Nov. 28th, 1849.
Bowyer, Mrs.,	King-street, Borough	Fourth London,		Aug. 20th, 1849.
Farrall, Mr. Peter,	Hook's-Green,	Longton,	54	Nov. 2d, 1849.
Freeman, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Preston,	Oakham,	70	Oct. 17th, 1849.
Goodacre, Mr. William,	Oakham,	Oakham,	60	Dec. 4th, 1849.
Randall, Mr. James,	Halstead,	Oakham,	49	Oct. 30th, 1849.
Williamson, Dorothy,	Longton,	Longton,	51	Nov. 30th, 1849.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

APRIL, 1850.

THE PROTESTANT MARTYRS.*

MANY of our readers will have heard of (or at all events seen the advertisements respecting) a work entitled "Martyrologia," published in Parts by Mr. Mason. The second Volume is now completed, and the first two Parts of the third are just published. The former two volumes contain a general history of persecution for conscience' sake, and particularly, a history of those persecutions through which the early Christians were called to pass, and which were the means of raising up, to the honour of God, those faithful witnesses for Christ, "the noble army of martyrs." These two volumes contain, in fact, a brief sketch of the history of the church in all ages; a subject which all who have the opportunity ought to study. It abounds with facts of the deepest interest, and which are at the same time full of instruction. But for many, the work will be too large for the little leisure which they can command. But all Protestants are concerned in the history of the Reformation. This, also, has to narrate its portion of "the noble army of martyrs," who courageously "resisted unto blood, striving against sin," and bearing testimony to the truth which had, by God's Spirit and providence, been revived, to the dispersion of those clouds of error which had obscured the first brightness of the church. It has been thought advisable, therefore, that the third volume of "Martyrologia" should likewise be published in a separate form, that those who would be glad to purchase a history of the Protestant Martyrs, complete in a single volume, might have the opportunity of doing so. The second volume closed the account of the "dark ages," as they are appropriately termed: the third commences with a new era. They who obtain it, therefore, are not to think that they are procuring merely an *odd volume*. Such is its subject, that it possesses a completeness in itself. It will be a "third" volume, indeed, to those who possess the other two; but they who have only this, will have a work which has legitimately a separate beginning, and is devoted to one subject.

If we may judge of the whole by these *two Parts*, it will be a most valuable work. Singularly enough, it begins with the boundary of what English lawyers call *legal memory*, which is supposed not to extend beyond the reign of Richard II. The Queen of this Sovereign was a Bohemian Princess; and very naturally there was, for that time, considerable commu-

* "Martyrologia," Parts XVIII. and XIX.: being "Martyrs of the Reformation," Parts I. and II. John Mason. To be completed in One Volume.

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nication between the two countries. *In that period Wycliffe was raised up in England.* To the great errors of Rome he was opposed; the grand truths of the Gospel he preached: above all, he called the people to the Scriptures. He saw things only obscurely, it is true; but it was the true dawn, light shining from the sun while yet below the horizon. The light reached to Bohemia, and was earnestly preached there by John Huss, who faithfully denounced the errors and vices of the Priests. Just then Romanism had three Popes. The centre of unity had three heads. Infallibility could not tell which was the right one! The Council of Constance was called to settle the matter A.D. 1414. The Spanish Pope would not resign, but kept his *name* while he lived. A second was persuaded to resign. The third, John XXIII., was too bad even for the Council to pass over. Charges of the most fearful character (including vices too bad to name) were brought against him. He was found guilty, and *deposed;* but allowed to retain wealth, and high ecclesiastical dignities! John Huss was cited to the Council, and the Emperor Sigismund gave him a *safe-conduct* for *going and returning.* He was accused of heresy, declared to be guilty, and—and what? The infamous John had escaped with life, honours, and riches. He had *only* been a most flagrant sinner; a disgrace even to the Church of Rome. But John Huss, and his friend Jerome of Prague, though men of unimpeachable morals and fervent piety, had opposed the Church! They were condemned to be burned alive; and burned alive they were! The Council declared, in reference to the imperial "safe-conduct" granted to Huss, that it could not avail to protect a heretic!

All these matters are narrated in the first Part. Reference is also made to some stirrings for reformation in Italy. The author brings his history from dawning to sunrise. Luther was born A.D. 1483; and, stirred up by his experience of justification by faith, began to oppose "indulgences" about A.D. 1518. The subsequent history of the Reformation, with the struggles which it had to endure, and the horrid persecutions by which it was attempted to be suppressed, and indeed *was* suppressed in Spain and Portugal, Italy, and Austria, will be given in the following Parts.

We hope we have said enough to induce our readers to become purchasers. A Part at a time may be easily procured, and an excellent volume will soon be the result. The present Parts are executed with no ordinary ability. There is nothing like *spinning out.* In fact, the materials are so numerous and large, that the Author's chief work will be condensation. It will thus be in his power to keep up the interest throughout. The volume, when finished, will take its place among the best and most seasonable contributions to the Protestant literature of the day. The true way of combating Popery is bringing it into full daylight, exposing it in its true character; and this is what will be done in the volume whose first Parts we thus earnestly commend to the favourable notice of our readers.

READINGS IN KEMPIS.

No. III.

BEFORE passing away from this first chapter, we will, once for all, refer to the general character of the defects and faults of the system which was prevalent in the days of Kempis, although he himself, through his sterling piety, was only in part subjected to their influence. In the dark ages, the love of the world chiefly manifested itself in the grosser forms of sensuality. Against

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these were the monastic vows chiefly directed. It soon, however, became apparent, that the carnal mind, prevented by external means from breaking out in one direction, often breaks out with greater power in another. Among the more leading men in these institutions, while sins of the flesh were avoided, sins of the spirit were in many instances indulged. Pride, haughtiness, and arrogance, a narrow-minded, heartless bigotry and intolerance, a determination to allow no one to differ from what they laid down as the rule of right, and similar dispositions, were by no means uncommon. Look at some of the Inquisitors, who could sit unmoved and behold the most dreadful tortures inflicted, often upon the tender frames of delicate females; who could, at an *auto-da-fé*, calmly look at a vast scaffold on which, perhaps, more than twenty persons were seated in chairs, fastened to stakes, surrounded by faggots; and then see these piles of combustible matter lit up to consume their wretched victims. These men were not gross sensualists; they had not brutalized human nature: but the sins of which they were guilty were deeply infixed in their soul, their loftier nature, and bore, in a way that sins of the other class could not, the character of devils. Such sins are, if possible, more malignant than any others. And to their production the system of the day tended. Only they escaped who submitted, like Kempis, to be taught of God, and whose aim was not merely to repress some sins by outward means, but by an internal diligence and prayerfulness to subdue all sin. Even in modern days it is necessary to declare the truth, that sins of the flesh are not the only, not the worst, sins into which a Christian may be betrayed. Sins of the spirit, if not more sinful, are more dangerous, because more capable of being disguised. Drunkenness *is* drunkenness. But intolerant bigotry, overbearing pride, resentful passion, may be mistaken for zeal. And God is not less offended; the Spirit of God not less grieved. Christians must have the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, and in the strength of grace contend against all sin.

And another historical fact must be noticed. External repression is but a weak defence against sin. In a later stage, many monastic institutions became scandalously dissolute. Licentiousness, gross licentiousness, prevailed in them. The very sins against which their vows were directed, were those of which they were most guilty. Nothing but the true power of grace can permanently operate as a restraint from sin.

From one defect even such devoted men as Kempis were not free. Their religion was not a religion of joy; whereas the Gospel enjoins believers to "rejoice evermore." This arose from their defective views of the work of Christ. They looked not sufficiently at the atonement. The sacrifice of Christ was considered more in the sacrament, than on the cross. To justification, as designed to afford abiding peace and joy, their system allowed them not to look. Christ was regarded rather as a severe Judge than as an all-sufficient Saviour; and His intercession was forgotten in His judgments. Instead of coming to God by Him, they came to Him by His virgin mother, and by a host of mediating saints; and while the truly pious had feelings which led to a partial correction of these evils, the masses felt them in their full force, and were literally worshippers of them who were no gods: they were—let charity say what it will of their *intention—practically* idolaters; as they are at the present day. A Prince of the blood-royal of France, not long after the restoration of the Bourbons, thirty or forty years ago, was stabbed to the heart by an assassin, and died in two or three minutes. There was no time for reflection. His few dying words disclosed the ordinary views which governed him, "Holy Mother of God, have mercy on me!" He died, committing his soul to a mere creature. Even Kempis was

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strongly influenced by "devotion to the Virgin;" though the strength of his gracious piety led him more to the Saviour than would have been the case in a less hallowed state of mind.

These general remarks were necessary to be made at the very beginning: if the reader keep them in his mind, they will enable him to obtain profit from all the good that he finds in the perusal, and to guard against errors and defects. Might we suggest the advantage of procuring a copy of the work? Our limits will only allow a few extracts. If the reader has a copy before him, he can examine the whole of that which we must content ourselves with indicating in parts.

The second chapter has some beautiful remarks on the vanity of knowledge, and the mischief arising from a high opinion of ourselves. The whole chapter deserves to be both read and pondered. We can only give one or two brief extracts.

"Every man naturally desires to know: but knowledge without the fear of God, what does it avail? Surely the humble rustic who serves God, is better than the proud philosopher who, neglecting himself, considers the course of the stars.

"Very unwise is he who is intent upon other things than those which secure his salvation. Many words cannot satisfy the soul; but a good life refreshes the mind, and a pure conscience gives great confidence towards God.

"If thou willest to learn and know anything usefully, love to be unknown, and be willing to be reputed as nothing.

"If thou seest another sin openly, and commit some grievous offence, yet oughtest thou not to esteem thyself as so much better; for thou knowest not how long thou shalt be able to continue in a good state. We are all weak; but thou shouldest regard no one as weaker than thyself."

No. For

"Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need."

We resist evil, and abide in good as long as we are

"Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power:
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror."

"IN THY LIGHT SHALL WE SEE LIGHT."

MANY of the brief declarations of the holy Scriptures have a depth of meaning, which is apparent only to the thoughtful and spiritual mind, and which unfolds itself even to such a mind only after earnest and continued reflection. This is particularly the case with some of the expressions found in the devotional poetry of the ancient church: they embrace a fulness of spiritual truth, while they suggest the most beautiful images to illustrate the nature of religion, and the privileges of the people of God.

The familiar words, which form the subject of the present paper, are found in a passage of the thirty-sixth Psalm. The mind of the inspired writer had been raised to the contemplation of the lofty attributes of Jehovah, and, under a vivid impression of their grandeur, he had exclaimed, "Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens; and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds. Thy righteousness is like the great mountains; thy judgments are a great deep:

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O Lord, thou preservest man and beast." But while he thus contemplated, with reverence and awe, the greatness of all the divine perfections, and the profound arrangements of the divine government, he especially delighted to dwell on the *goodness* of God to man. His loftiest praises were called forth by the reflection, that the tender kindness of God sheds innumerable blessings on our race, and that He himself is the refuge of the troubled spirit, the guardian of the weak and helpless, and the giver of rest and peace to the sorrowful and disconsolate. "How excellent is thy lovingkindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings." The goodness of God is especially apparent, in the fulness of those spiritual blessings of which it invites us to partake. It seeks our return to the path of peace and holiness; and then it imparts to us the noblest pleasures, the purest joys. The spiritual worshipper of God is sustained and cheered with "the fatness of his house;" the cravings of his nature are satisfied, and he rejoices in the abundance of the comforts which God himself bestows. His spirit drinks of the stream of holy pleasures, which, issuing from the very throne of God, diffuses gladness through the heavenly world, and reaches even to the church on earth, to refresh the humble and believing mind. It is the privilege of the pious to hold communion with God himself, and to enjoy in His worship, and in active obedience to His will, a sacred and heavenly satisfaction, which infinitely excels the joys of earth. "They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of Thy house; and Thou shalt make them drink of the river of Thy pleasures."

But a succession of beautiful images rose before the mind of the Psalmist, to illustrate the blessedness of spiritual communion with God, and the abundant communications of peace, and purity, and strength, which He vouchsafes to His people. They have access to Him with whom is "the fountain of life;" and in His "light" do they "see light." Let us dwell on this last expression, and endeavour to enter into its depth of spiritual meaning.

A reference to other portions of the ancient Scriptures suggests to us, how beautifully this declaration applies, in the first place, to our deliverance from the gloom and thraldom of a state of condemnation, and our introduction to the light and liberty of the accepted people of God. While man remains under the curse of the violated law, oppressed by the remembrance of the sins which he has committed, alarmed by the anticipation of a coming judgment, and conscious that he possesses no power to extricate himself from the tyranny of his sinful passions, or from the ruin that awaits him, his state is indeed one of darkness and sorrow. The ancient Prophets have drawn a vivid picture of this state, while they have spoken of the deliverance which the Messiah should bring to the oppressed and fainting spirit. They have compared it to that of a prisoner, shut up in darkness, and held there by a power which he cannot resist or elude. "I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles; to open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison-house." (Isai. xlii. 6, 7.) "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." (Isai. lxi. 1.) Beautifully do these representations of the salvation which the Messiah should bring to man, accord with the declaration before us, "In Thy light shall we see light." The first rays of hope which encourage the troubled and desponding spirit, and the bright sunshine in which the pardoned and restored sinner walks at large, are from above. A light from God breaks in upon the dark-

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ness of our natural state; it awakens us to spiritual desire and effort; it reveals to us the way of deliverance and peace; it shows us more especially the great object of our confidence,—the atoning and interceding Saviour; and as we follow its guidance, and look to Him who suffered in our stead, we are led forth from our state of bondage and gloom, and walk in a region of holy light. Everything now appears under a new aspect; nature itself seems gladdened by the change which has passed upon our spirits; life, with all its interests, assumes a new character; while beyond the clouds that bound our earthly vision, heaven itself opens to the view of faith. The figurative language of our poet, when describing this delightful change, is sanctioned by the graphic representations of the divine word:—

"Long my imprison'd spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee."

Here is the first illustration of the words, "In Thy light shall we see light." The gloom of our natural condition of bondage to iniquity, is dissipated by a light which shines upon us from above; and God himself leads us forth to a region of holy liberty and joy.

But let us contemplate man, in the state to which he is thus introduced by the grace and power of God; and we shall find in it a second illustration of the beautiful declaration of the Psalmist, "In Thy light shall we see light." That state presents to us the lovely and attractive union of knowledge, holiness, and love. The Christian walks in light, receiving from above the rays of heavenly truth, vividly apprehending the great realities which the word of God makes known, but which lie beyond the boundaries of sense, and regulating all his sentiments, and all his principles of action, by the testimony and the law of God. But light is the emblem not of knowledge only, but of purity. It is the purest of all material elements, and that which seems to have the nearest affinity to the glory of the heavenly world. It is thus selected as the most appropriate emblem even of the purity of God; and as we read the emphatic statement, "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all," we reflect with reverence, not only upon the absolute and cloudless perfection of the divine intellect, and the diffusive and all-pervading presence of the Most High, but especially upon his essential and perfect holiness,—that holiness which shrinks back from all moral pollution, and which regards sin with infinite aversion and displeasure. But a measure of that holiness is imparted by Him to the truly pious. "In His light" do we "see light." Reconciled to Him by faith in Jesus Christ, we not only walk in the light of heavenly truth, but we come into intimate communion with God himself, we gaze upon the beauty of His essential holiness, and, under the transforming influence of the Holy Spirit, we ourselves reflect its attractive loveliness.

But light is the emblem also of joy. Without it, universal sadness would overspread our earth. Were this world abandoned to entire and continual darkness, the business of life must cease, and the comforts of life be lost. The light of day cheers and invigorates the mind; and when the shadows of evening come upon us, we light up our abodes, that the activities of life may be continued, and the cheerfulness of the social circle be maintained. The gloom of night is the appropriate emblem of a state of sorrow and affliction; while the breaking in of light upon that gloom, indicates the revival of hope, the restoration of comfort and joy. And thus another truth is suggested by the words before us: "In Thy light shall we see light." The happiness of

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the human spirit comes from God. He imparts to His people a sacred cheerfulness and joy; and it is only by receiving from Him the peace which flows from pure and heavenly affections, and the joy which is awakened by spiritual converse with Himself, and the hope of yet nearer fellowship above, that we can be truly happy. The pleasures of earth cannot satisfy the human spirit. The experience of mankind, in every age, has shown, that worldly mirth is delusive. It dazzles our vision; and while it seems to present to us a region of loveliness and joy, it entices us onward to one, where all is gloom and sorrow. And soon it leaves us. It is transient and short-lived. When the storms of affliction gather round us, and the chilling blasts of adversity howl upon our ear, the gleams of worldly mirth are extinguished, and we are left in the gloom of night. When the deep waters of domestic sorrow and bereavement encircle us, and threaten to overwhelm us, that light rises not aloft to present to us a brighter world, where the ravages of death are unknown, and the anguish of separation is remembered no more. And should our earthly career be one of almost unmixed prosperity and comfort, the light of worldly gladness could only be retained for a few short years. As death approaches, it fades away, and leaves us in darkness for the final conflict. But the happiness which God imparts to the human spirit, is an unfailing happiness; the light which He sheds upon the soul that trusts in Him, and is devoted to His service, is a steady and constant light. It enlivens the period of activity and earnest effort; it renders the mind calm and serene, amidst the conflicts and difficulties of life; it penetrates the gloom of sickness and bereavement; it shines even on the bed of death; it opens to us a glorious immortality.

And thus are we led in thought to the heavenly world, where the declaration of the Psalmist will receive its crowning accomplishment, "In Thy light shall we see light." There light from the very throne of God shall dissipate every mist of error, and banish every sorrow, while the reflection of His purity gives to the redeemed and sanctified spirit an ineffable loveliness and glory. No sorrow or sighing can enter that abode of holiness and joy. No temptation to sin can interrupt, for a moment, the calm and steady flow of devotional feeling, or break in upon the sacred pleasures of fellowship with God. There, if faithful unto death, shall we see Him face to face; and be ourselves conformed throughout eternity, to His perfect purity and love.

Hastings. HENRY W. WILLIAMS.

HOW TO HEAR THE GOSPEL.

ROWLAND HILL paid a visit to an old friend a few years before his death, who said to him, "Mr. Hill, it is just sixty-five years since I first heard you preach, and I remember your text and a part of your sermon. You told us, that some people were very squeamish about the delivery of different Ministers who preached the same Gospel. You said, 'Suppose you were attending to hear a will read, where you expected a legacy to be left you, would you employ the time when it was reading in criticising the manner in which the lawyer read it? No, you would not; you would be giving all ear to hear if anything was left to you, and how much it was. That is the way I would advise you to hear the Gospel.'" This was excellent advice, well worth remembering sixty-five years! Multitudes, because they have not learned the lesson taught by Rowland Hill, lose much of the benefit and enjoyment they might derive from hearing the Gospel preached.

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THEOLOGY.

THE EVIL AND PUNISHMENT OF SIN.

A SERMON.

"But if ye will not do so, behold, ye have sinned against the Lord: and be sure your sin will find you out."—Numbers xxxii. 23.

In the case of Caleb and Joshua we saw the blessed results which flow from undelaying, unswerving, and constant obedience. A case precisely opposite is now placed before us. It is based, indeed, on a supposition, which appeared on examination to be unfounded. Still, the instruction to be derived from it remains the same. A certain line of conduct is assumed; and of this line of conduct, one which may certainly occur, and too often does occur, the real character is described, and the awful consequences are pointed out.

The facts are these. The Israelites, after their forty years' wandering, are come to the boundary beyond which stretches in delightful prospect the beautiful plain of Jericho with its back-ground of mountain-ranges, "while Jordan rolls between." Their wanderings had continued forty years, that the judgment of God might be fulfilled; but no more than forty years, that the true character of the infliction might be evident, and that they might be encouraged by the returning mercy of God. They had left the wilderness behind them, and though they had not passed over into Palestine, they had come to a fertile region, well fitted for human habitation, and especially for pasturage. The children of Reuben and Gad came to Moses, and requested that this might be their inheritance. The aged leader supposed that this was a portion of the old leaven; that they wished to avoid the hardships and dangers of the conquest of Canaan, by staying where they were, and leaving the toils of war to their brethren. But they at once assured him that it was not so; that they would leave their wives, and children, and cattle, in the spot they had chosen, and go themselves, ready armed, with all the other tribes, till the work of subjugation became complete, and the land was divided into heritages: and that then, leaving Canaan to the others, they would accept *their* heritage eastward of Jordan, and return to it in peace.

To this pledge, so explicit and so solemn, Moses gives the reply, towards the close of which, we find the text.—If ye do as ye have said, then ye shall "be guiltless before the Lord, and before Israel.—But if ye will not do so, behold, ye have sinned against the Lord: and be sure your sin will find you out."

This, though spoken by the human leader of the theocracy to its appointed subjects, is the enunciation of a general truth, deeply founded in the moral government of God, and applicable to all people in all countries and ages. As such we propose to examine it. The examination will be a fitting close to the subject opened in the character of Caleb and Joshua, and the blessing which they inherited. It is necessary to consider the opposite character, and the guilt and punishment connected with it, that we may fully understand the methods of the divine rule. How God deals with sin is not less necessary to be understood, than how he deals with obedience. Each portion of the text must be considered by itself.

I. "*If ye will not do so, behold, ye have sinned against the Lord.*"

At the first view of the conduct of these two tribes, on the supposition of Moses, their sin would appear to be rather against their brethren than against God. Here is no express departure from God himself, no falling into idolatry, no renunciation of the rules prescribed for divine worship, no alliance with the heathens around them. At the worst, it only seems a case of utter selfishness. "This is a fertile region, full of good pasture-land, admirably suited to our purposes, who are the possessors of cattle. Let us therefore stop here, and build folds for our cattle, and cities for our little ones; and let us rest from our labours as well as from our wanderings, and pursue our customary occupations in peace, while our fellow-countrymen engage in all the toils and dangers of what may be a long and tedious campaign." But no, says Moses,—"If ye do so, *ye have sinned against the Lord.*" Undoubtedly, in refusing to share in the labours and hardships of their brethren, they would have sinned against *them*: but this was not all, nor was it even the principal feature of the case. Their sin against their brethren would likewise be *a sin against the Lord.*

And let another aspect of the case be considered. It is a very serious one. The conduct supposed is rather negative than

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positive. It was not so much what they were about to do, as what they were about to leave undone, that would constitute their sin. Therefore do we have this explicit language from Moses.—"If ye will NOT do so, ye have sinned against the Lord."

Two subjects, most momentous ones, are thus suggested for our serious reflection.

1. Let it be remembered that the guilt of sin may be incurred negatively, as well as positively,—by not doing, as well as by doing. It behoves us the more attentively to consider this, because here it is that we are most frequently "hardened through the deceitfulness of sin." Positive actions can scarcely escape our notice, though we may pass a false judgment upon them. But what we leave undone may be overlooked for the very reasons because of which it was omitted. And thus may our conscience be kept quiet. We see not the evidences of direct transgression. We worship no idols. We shun profanity. We do not steal, nor kill, nor commit adultery, nor bear false witness against our neighbour. Ignorant of the spirituality of the law, we may say of such commands, "All these things have I kept from my youth up." Even in this we may be fearfully mistaken. But in the meanwhile, how much is there left undone that we ought to have done? In the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew, in our Lord's account of the day of judgment, this is the very hinge on which the condemnation of the wicked turns. The Judge says not, Because ye have done this or that; but, "Inasmuch as ye have not done" it. We may illustrate this by two or three instances.

(1.) How many habitually neglect the care of their souls, although commanded to seek the Lord while he may be found! Many human virtues they practise, but to obtain forgiveness of sins, to be made new creatures, to repent of their sins, with their heart to believe in Christ, to be converted and become as little children,—all this they omit without concern. They have sinned.

(2.) We may sin by neglecting all self-improvement, intellectual or spiritual. Observe the industry with which many seek to promote their temporal prosperity. Alive to their own interests, there is a perpetual restlessness. On these subjects, an inward power of life impels them onwards. But leave earthly gain out of the question, there is the stillness of death itself. The true life of man is developed in that spiritual energy of which the Apostle speaks: "This one thing I do: forgetting the things which are behind, reaching unto the things which are before, I press toward the mark." Nothing of this holy activity is seen in many. They are slothful, instead of being followers of them who, through faith and patience, have attained to the fulfilment of the promises.

(3.) And then man was not made for himself. He is a part of the great whole, and to the interests of the whole is he always to be attentive. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." As we have opportunity, we are to do good unto all. But many limit their views, and feelings, and labours by their own interests. They mind their own concerns. They take care of themselves. Others must do the same. "Am I my brother's keeper?" They who live without seeking to be useful are living in sin.

These remarks only illustrate the subject. They are nothing like exhaustive of it. It is one of tremendous importance. Every conscience ought to be tremblingly alive to it. The Bible is full of it. Of thousands of instances in actual life may it be said, "If ye do not *so*, ye have sinned against the Lord." The most holy and spiritual men have thought most of this. Think of Archbishop Usher's dying prayer: "*Lord, forgive my sins of omission!*"

2. If ye do not so, "ye have sinned against the Lord." *Mediately*, sin may have other and visible objects; but, *ultimately*, it reaches unto God. And a conscience truly enlightened and awakened always feels this. David had sinned against Bathsheba in corrupting her purity; against Uriah, in causing his life to be destroyed. But when brought to the humility, the agony, of true repentance, passing over these mediate objects, he comes to the true character of his sin, that which gave to it its highest degree of enormity: "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned; and done this evil in Thy sight." And thus does Christ the Lord speak to Saul:—"Why persecutest thou *me?*" Thus does Christ say to the wicked on His left hand:—"Inasmuch as ye have not done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have *not* done it unto *me*. Depart from me, ye cursed!" These awful words take in the whole case suggested by the text. They had sinned in not doing. Their sin was committed against the Lord Christ; and it found them out.

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(1.) Remember: all sin is committed against the authority of God, be it positive or negative. He who says, "Thou shalt do this," says likewise, "Thou shalt *not* do that." And whether we leave undone what we should do, or do what we should leave undone, we equally contemn the divine authority. By neglecting what He enjoins, we as much sin against Him as by doing what He prohibits. By that omission we even prove that there is no due regard to His will in what we do. Uniform obedience always results from uniform regard to His authority. Therefore is the command, "Submit yourselves unto God." Place yourselves in subjection to Him, and at His disposal. Of the true Christian, the grand characteristic is, an entire reference of himself to God. He liveth unto the Lord. He dieth unto the Lord. Living or dying, he is the Lord's. Can he be said to be thus the Lord's who leaves so many and so important portions of the divine will undone? This, *this*, is the character of true piety, as brief in expression as it is comprehensive in significance; labouring always and fervently in prayer, in order to stand perfect and complete in ALL the will of God.

(2.) All sin is a direct impeachment of the divine perfections; as all the commands of the law declare and glorify them. Law is not the arbitrary rule of mere sovereignty. In the law of God the whole nature of God speaks. We therefore glorify God by obedience, while the wicked as certainly contemn God. Sin practically prefers something or other to the *wisdom* which arranges the law, to the *love* which points out to the creature the only mode of acting promotive of its well-being; to the *justice* and *holiness* which thus show us "the good and the right way." Not one perfection is there which does not speak in the law. And therefore it is, that they who love God, love the law of God; and the more ardently God is loved, the more ardently is His law loved. Not to obey God is virtually to deny the perfection which speaks in the law. It sets our will in opposition to God's will; our judgment in opposition to God's judgment. Our *goodness* reacheth not to Him, for we cannot add to His infinite fulness; but our *sin* reacheth to Him, for in His love He speaks, and by our works we deny Him. Sin is, in fact, an impeachment of God. No wonder that as it escapes not the divine notice, so it cannot escape the divine judgment.

II. *"And be sure your sin will find you out."*

We sin: but we live on. And as the traveller, passing onwards through a country, either thinks not of the objects he leaves behind, or, if occasionally he looks back on them, he sees them diminishing in the distance till they fade altogether from the view; so is it with us. Of many actions, when done, we think no more. They were portions of our mode of life then; and succeeding times call for succeeding portions. Now and then something induces a retrospective view. But they are already diminished in size. They seem less important; then they seem less noticeable. At length, the usual powers of memory become unable to perceive them at all. Yet, as the traveller who leaves behind the objects beyond which he is passing, does not destroy them, as his want of power to perceive them does not at all affect their actual existence; so is it with the actions of our past life. Every action is a work wrought; a fact which springs into existence, and can never die. The past has not ceased to be, though it may have ceased to be remembered. As enlarged powers of vision might enable the traveller to see every object by which his path had led him; so enlarged powers of memory might cause the whole of the past to become part of our present perception and knowledge. Forgetfulness may be only a defect of physical mortality. Immortal man may remember everything. But, remembered or forgotten, all that we have done is existing reality. O, what a reality! We think not of sins committed, of duties omitted, of talents misimproved, of opportunities neglected. But there they are. All ready to confront us. A whole past life to start into a present existence: a present consciousness of a whole life!

God has seen all; and, speaking in accommodation to human imperfection, has written all in a book. And His government is constant, ceaseless. And therefore was Moses led to say,—Moses who pronounced the blessing on Caleb and Joshua, of which he saw the fulfilment,—"Be sure your sin will find you out." If God did not reign, past sin would virtually cease to be. But He *does* reign, reign for ever and ever; and therefore most assuredly will the sin of the sinner find him out. Only one or two instances of this vast and solemn subject can we give.

1. Often does sin find out the sinner in

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the codes of Providence. The sin was as a seed which he cast into the earth and forgot. He has been living. The seed has been growing. It is now a fruit-bearing tree. He is scourged with a rod which its twigs have supplied. The fruit which is so bitter to him has been gathered from it. "Wee unto the wicked! it shall be ill with him: for the reward of his hands shall be given him." Often, how much of what he suffers might he trace to his sins as the source.

2. In redeeming love, He who gave His Son to die for our sins, gives us His Holy Spirit to render the redeeming provision effectual. And if we submit to this sacred influence; if we obey the truth through the Spirit; (*and only thus can we be saved;*) this is the first and great work of the Spirit, the necessary preparation for all the rest,—*He convinces of sin.* The dark and sleeping conscience is awakened and enlightened. O fearful sight! O agonizing feeling! There is a consciousness of a whole life of sin! As in the light of His countenance does God set our sins in order before us! Our sin has found us out. Well is it that it is the *Spirit of Christ* who shows us this. What can cover such a multitude of sins but the fathomless ocean of the divine love! In the infinite merit of Christ's death, we have a reason that, when we embrace it, satisfies even our almost despairing conscience, that God can be a just God and a Saviour; that He can now pardon according to the fulness of his own nature, and the wants and wretchedness of ours. He can abundantly pardon. Language is exhausted in describing this. For the sinner, whose sin has thus found him out, but who embraces infinite mercy in an infinite expiation, sin is blotted out, it is covered, God's face is hidden from it, He remembers it no more, He casts it into the depths of the sea. Nay, the sinner, accepting mercy in Christ, enters into a new state. Justified freely by the grace of God through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, though original righteousness is lost, though the righteousness of his own works exists not,—instead of which there is the guilt of sin,—yet, believing in Christ, righteousness is imputed to him; he is regarded as though he were naturally, and in result of his own obedience, righteous. Righteousness is reckoned to him, so that he is treated as righteous. This is the wondrous plan of redemption. God made Christ to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might become the righteousness of God in Him.

3. But if in this, the only, and the gloriously efficient way, sin be not virtually destroyed before we enter eternity, then, let us be assured that in eternity our sin will find us out, becoming, death as it is, immortal as ourselves, the everlasting death of our everlastingly deathless spirits. Sin will find us out in judgment. It has never ceased to be. It has always existed, as it were, in God's sight. The record of our whole life is written in God's book. And in that light of eternity which allows nothing to remain hidden, *the books shall be opened.* O, who can tell all the meaning of that pregnant phrase? Shall the sins of men become a universal perception? To each sinner, unpardoned, still condemned, the wrath of God abiding on him, the sins of his life shall all become *a conscious present* to his soul. And here are the united elements of his hell. The wrath of God as the infliction from without, (we say not how,) is the unquenchable fire; the consciousness of sinfulness and sin, working within us and upon us, as at once a part of our being and its torment, is the worm that never dieth. And this is the second death.

First of all, pray that sin may find you out in such conviction as shall produce repentance. Dread above all things indifference to sin, oblivion of sin. You must thus find sin out that it may be covered by being cast into the depths of the sea of mercy, expiated through Christ's atonement, or it will find *you* out, and drag you into the bottomless pit of despairing woe, filled with the manifestations of God's holy and righteous wrath. O, everlasting praise be to God! now, in the day of our visitation, sin may thus be found out and covered. Despair not, thou broken-hearted one. Thou canst never make thyself righteous. But thou art called to become the righteousness of God in Christ. Embrace him, and thou enterest at once into a new state. For the infinite merit of Christ, God, when thou believest in Christ, reckons righteousness to thee, regards thee as righteous, treats thee as though thou hadst not sinned. The rewards of righteousness are thine, the purchase of the ransom price of Christ's most precious blood. Thy sin has found thee out. Thank God that it has. And now, look away from thy sin. Look unto God, the just God and the Saviour, and thou shalt be at once saved.

And, secondly, As all sin is against the Lord, let all sin be avoided; sin against any person, any thing. Ever see it in its

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real character. Thou canst not sin but thou sinnest against God; God that, above all, has pardoned thee. For His sake, nay, for thine own also, avoid all sin. Anything rather than sin. All else comes to an end with life. Sin survives death; and, if it has never found thee out before, finds thee out then, seizes on thee, wraps its coils around thee, fixes its sting in the depths of thine immortal being, and becomes thine eternal torment,—torment more dreadful for this, that thine own sins were by thyself called into being. O, anything but sin! With all thine heart turn from it; and be it thy one, thy ceaseless, object, fully to follow the Lord.

THE SCRIPTURE EXPOSITOR.

"If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."—John vii. 17.

THE mental impression received from any object depends materially on the state of the mind itself. The Gospel is addressed to our moral nature; and, to do justice to the divinity of its claims, the mind must be disciplined to habits of holy obedience. Even the ancient Heathens, when they went to consult their idol-gods, did not expect to succeed without due preparation. Before they hoped for the least oracular intimation, days were consumed in sacrifice, ablutions, and meditation; and their approaches were marked by acts of reverence, and gifts indicative of zeal. They never supposed their deities would speak in the ear of levity, would countenance inbred enmity, or waste instruction on an irreverent and polluted mind. Were we devoid of a moral nature, or did the Gospel address the understanding alone, we might then approach it as we go to the study of a mathematical truth; but its aim is the heart; and as such it claims an undisputed ingress to the throne of the will. If it flattered our self-importance by submitting its truths to the tribunal of our reason, pride would then form no unsuitable qualification for receiving it; but it casts down "imaginations, and every high thing which exalteth itself against the knowledge of God," and brings "into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ," and therefore, pride totally disqualifies us for the study of its mysteries. If we would learn of Christ, we must be emptied of our proud prepossessions, and the will must bow to His sovereign authority. If we would profit by His voice, there must be silence in the soul; self-sufficiency must be rebuked; and, putting on the garment of humility, we must take our station as children at His feet. The submission requisite in Christ's disciples, is not only opposed to the pride that rejects,—it is intelligent and conscious, and therefore remote from that heedless acquiescence which admits with a fatal facility, as a matter of course, whatever is inculcated. If the former of these indicates rebellion, the latter betokens death. No greater obstacle can be named to the reception of the Gospel, than the prevalent error of placing religion in a bare assent to its truths. The submission which Christ requires is that which arises from conviction, and consists in the surrender of the will; which, while it admits and obeys, trembles at his word. This is to be obtained nowhere but at the throne of the heavenly grace; and it is always indicated by obedience to the will of God, as far as that is known. It is only by bowing at the altar, and humbling ourselves under the mighty hand of God, that we can receive that heavenly light which reveals, at once, our own incompetency and Christ's dignity and all-sufficiency.

RELIGION THE TRUE STRENGTH OF A COUNTRY.

AN observant man, even if he were not possessed of the light of divine revelation, but possessed only the general notion of superhuman powers who were the avengers of perjury, injustice, and fraud, (which was the best form in which the religions of classical antiquity appeared to a few superior minds,) might reason, from what his own experience of human nature would teach him, that mere human laws, however just, could not suffice for the welfare of society, inasmuch as they could at best only prevent wicked actions: evil passions they could only restrain by the fear of detection and punishment; and there are many occasions when passions stronger than shame and fear are brought into play. Such a man would see that safety could only be found in "reverence for the gods, and dread of their anger." As from them there could be no concealment, neither any escape, so the vague idea of their greatness would increase the fear of their power. Reverence for them would likewise operate, though in another direction, as tending to create a dislike of vice, and at least an approval of virtue. All this would produce a state of public morals far higher than civil laws can possibly

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produce, and tend to the order, the respectability, and the security of society.

It was by reasoning in this way,—and the reasoning is correct as far as it goes,—that the Roman historians who wrote in the latter periods of the Republic, or the commencement of the Empire, accounted for the early prosperity of Rome, and its subsequent decline. Public virtue, they say,—and their statements go to the establishment of the principle, though they should be mistaken in point of fact,—prevailed at first; but after dominion and wealth increased, a torrent of luxury broke in, private vices soon produced public corruption, and corruption engendered factions whose contentions convulsed and enfeebled the state, and brought all classes, impoverished and exhausted, to seek for repose, and the opportunity of quietly attending to their own concerns, under the sheltering wings of despotic and imperial power. Tacitus plainly intimates this in the opening of his "Annals," where he refers the submissive condition of the people under Augustus to the greater plenty of provision, and to the sweetness of repose. Their new state, though theoretically they might prefer the old, they chose because it was safe; while to restore the older would be a work full of peril.

Livy (the Roman historian, born about sixty years before Christ) has a remarkable passage, in speaking of the reign of the second King of Rome, Numa Pompilius, directly illustrating this subject. He describes Numa as wishing to restrain the warlike propensities of the people, and to establish the newly-formed society on the principles of laws and morals. In order to effect this, and at the same time to prevent them from being corrupted by tranquillity while they were coerced from war, he resolved to promote religious feelings and practices among them; considering that for a people so uninstructed and rude, the fear of the gods would be the principle which of all others would be the most efficacious. The result he thus states:—

"The whole multitude having been diverted from violence and arms to the considering and adjusting these matters, both their minds had been engaged in doing something, and the constant watchfulness of the gods now impressed upon them, as the deity of heaven seemed to interest itself in human concerns, had filled the breasts of all with such piety, *that faith and religious obligations governed the state, no less than fear of the laws and of punishment.* And while the people were moulding themselves after the morals of the King, as their best example, the neighbouring states also, who had formerly thought that it was a camp, not a city, situate in the midst of them to disturb the general peace, were brought to (feel) such respect for them, that they considered it impious that a state wholly occupied in the worship of the gods should be molested."

It deserves, however, to be remarked, that Numa acquired this influence by pretending to a direct intercourse with beings superior to man; and also, that the reformation which he effected was partly overthrown in the next reign; Tullus Hostilius, who succeeded him, being a warlike Prince. Still, though the pacific temper is represented not to have continued, yet the religious severity of morals in a great measure remained.

But the chief lesson is on record. If a Heathen could bear witness to the value of religion in the operation of its grand principles so obscurely perceived, and so vaguely comprehended, can the Christian, in the full blaze of revealed light, entertain any doubts? The Heathen teaches him at what he is to aim,—not so much at altered *forms*, (though such alterations may be of use in their place,) as at altered *substances*. The hearts of all are to be "filled with such piety, that faith and religious obligations are to govern the state, rather than fear of the laws, and of punishment." And how is this to be done, but by promoting, through a faithful ministry, and a sound education, vital godliness, *the Methodism of Christianity?*

MUTUAL DEPENDENCE OF GOD'S PEOPLE.

THE people of God should neither envy one another for their fulness, nor upbraid one another for their emptiness; but admire the wisdom, and bless the bounty, of Him who giveth to all, though differently. The whole company of saints is like a well-tuned instrument, the strings whereof, though not all of one note, but some higher, some lower, yet all together make a sweet harmony; nor can the loudest be without the lowest. In what grace one is defective, in that let another labour to supply it. In what one abounds, let another labour to imitate and excel; but let all adore and delight in Him whose are the scattered excellencies bestowed upon all the saints in the world.—*W. Jenkyn.*

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OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. J. T. BARR.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE COTTAGE OF CONTENT.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

"Alas! had we no sorrows of our own,
The frequent instances of others' woe
Must give a generous heart a world of pain!"

I NEED not paint the parting scene, when on the morning of their separation Richard breathed a tender adieu to his weeping partner. Nor need I describe the emotions which agitated the bosom of the former when he took his seat on the coach, and subsequently beheld the spires of his native town receding in the distance. It will be sufficient to state, that he safely arrived in London, and succeeded in obtaining comfortable lodgings in Blackfriars'-road.

The next day he entered on his new situation; and he continued to fulfil the duties of his office with satisfaction to himself and fidelity to his employers; so that the latter were not only gratified by his uniform attention to business, but were pleased to express their entire approbation of his spirit and deportment.

In his domestic arrangements he was strictly economical, and rigidly temperate in his diet. He never indulged himself in any article of luxury. By adopting this frugal system, he was enabled to save the greater part of his salary; so that at the expiration of three months (the time stipulated for his return to Birmingham) he found himself in the possession of seven pounds. With a light heart he placed the money in his purse, and began to make the necessary arrangements for his departure.

It was a star-light evening when he left his lodgings, and forced his way through a crowded part of the city to the coach-office in Lad-lane. The weather was cold, intensely cold; for there had been a severe frost during several preceding days. The snow lay congealed on the ground, glittering in the rays of the thousand lights which gleamed from the shop-windows. But the pleasing anticipation that, within the space of a few hours, he should again behold his beloved Maria, gave buoyancy to his spirits; and he hurried along the streets, regardless of the fury of the northern blast. On arriving at the coach-office, he learned that the coach would not start for more than an hour. Scarcely knowing how to pass away the time, he loitered about that uninteresting locality for some minutes, when he was unfortunately recognised by two of his old companions,—dissipated wretches,—in whose contaminating society he had often wasted his time and money at the "Cottage of Content." He endeavoured to elude them. But this he found to be no easy task. They insisted on his accompanying them to a neighbouring inn. He urged the recent change which had been produced in his sentiments, the altered tone of his feelings, and his fixed determination never again to enter a public-house. This only excited their laughter.

"But," said he, "I have no time to spare. I am going to Birmingham by the first coach; and would not, on any account, disappoint my dear wife, who is waiting my return."

"And yet you have abundance of time. The coach will not leave for three quarters of an hour. We *must* take a parting glass together: perhaps we may never meet again."

With their "much fair speech" they caused him to yield; with the "flattering of their lips" they forced him; and he was led, or rather dragged, into the parlour of an adjoining inn.

The moments flew rapidly away; and after drinking several glasses of wine, Richard was about to leave the room, when one of the young men prevented him, exclaiming, "Resume your seat, my dear fellow. I will go to the office, and see whether the coach is ready to start."

Ten minutes elapsed before he returned to the inn; during which time the bosom of Richard beat with feverish emotions. On his return, the wily youth appeared disconcerted. The coach, he said, was already on its way to Birmingham; but another would leave the same office in less than two hours.

"But be not alarmed, my dear Richard," he continued: "you will be in Birmingham before the sun rises. Sit down, man, and enjoy yourself. You have treated us with wine, and now we will treat you with a glass of grog. It will arm you against the chilling atmosphere, and enable you to encounter the rigours of this frosty night."

The tears started into the eyes of Richard, and the colour forsook his cheeks, at this unexpected occurrence. There was, however, no alternative, and he reluctantly resumed his seat between his two quondam friends; bitterly reproaching himself for being so infatuated as again to join their disgusting society. As he had for some time previously abstained from the use of wine and spirituous liquors, those stimulants, of which he had drunk freely, now began to operate powerfully on his reason; and at length drowsiness was induced. He leaned against the back of his chair, and sank into a profound sleep. On awaking, he found himself alone: his

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companions were gone! He rushed into the street, and soon arrived at the coach-office. The horses were already attached to the vehicle; and he put his hand into his pocket, for the purpose of paying his fare, when, to his horror and confusion, he discovered that his purse was gone! He had been robbed, during his sleep, by the two wretches who had seduced him into their company.

In a state of mind more to be conceived than described, and scarcely knowing what to do, or where to bend his course, he wandered from street to street, exposed to the biting frosty air. The wind was not, indeed, boisterous, but sharp and piercing. The sky was studded with innumerable stars; but they afforded no warmth to his shivering frame, as he hurriedly paced along the icy pavement. Thus, for the space of two hours, he passed through several of the streets and alleys of the city, till he found himself in the Borough, near St. George's church. At length, exhausted, he threw himself on the cold ground, and inwardly muttered curses on his own folly, as the retrospect of the past rushed impetuously to his mind. His face was turned upwards towards the starry heavens, and he thought of his home. The seat of reason began to totter: and, unable to bear the stings and arrows of his conscience, he sunk into a state of insensibility.

Bright and cloudless was the appearance of the winter sky, when, on the following morning, he awoke to life and consciousness. He was an inmate of St. Thomas's Hospital. He gazed, in dumb amazement, round the gloomy ward. His face was deathly pale; and it was evident his end was approaching. The lamp of life was flickering in its socket. Addressing the surgeon who stood at his bedside, he communicated his name; and, with a feeble voice, gave the residence of his wife in Birmingham. On the evening of that day he was a corpse!

A letter was immediately forwarded to Maria; and she arrived in London, barely in time to witness the husband of her youth committed to the silent dust.

Not long did the hapless widow survive this afflictive stroke. Her young and tender heart had received a shock which tended gradually to undermine her constitution, and her sun went down while it was yet day. Within a few short years after the death of her husband, the once-blooming Maria was carried to St. Mary's churchyard; and, amidst the tears of those who had long sympathized in her sorrows, her beautiful body was laid in the same grave which had formerly been opened to receive the remains of her darling boy.

* * * * *

Years have rolled away since these melancholy events took place. Many winter storms and summer smiles have alternately visited the earth. Seedtime and harvest have successively come, and passed away. But there are some, who have not yet left the vale of tears who remember these affecting incidents, and, with tearful eyes, recount them to their friends.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

KEW GARDENS.

"So sits, enthroned in vegetable pride,
Imperial Kew, by Thames's glittering side;
Obedient sails from realms unfurrow'd bring
For her the unnamed progeny of spring.
Attendant nymphs her dulcet mandates hear,
And nurse in fostering arms the tender year;
Plant the young bulb, inhume the living seed,
Prop the weak stem, the erring tendril lead;
Or fast, in glass-built fanes, the stranger flowers
With milder gales, and steep with warmer showers.
Delighted Thames through tropic umbrage glides,
And, flowers antarctic bending o'er his tides,
Drinks the new tints, the sweets unknown inhales,
And calls the sons of science to his vales."
Darwin's "Botanic Garden."

The Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew are a favourite resort of all strangers visiting London, and share with Richmond, Hampton-Court, and other suburban attractions, in affording a grateful relief, on a summer day, from the sweltering heat of its crowded thoroughfares. To the student of science they present attractions which are not to be found in any other similar institution in Europe, or the world. Kew is situated about seven miles above London, and is approached either directly, by the South-Western railway, or by the river-steamers; the latter being much the pleasanter route, as it gives you an opportunity of leisurely surveying the upper reaches of the river, as you ascend

"To where the silver Thames first rural grows;"

and where its banks are skirted with woods and gardens, interspersed with suburban villas, the residences of the magnates of the metropolis, and villages of inviting aspect, frequented by the citizens when holiday-making. Kew was long a favourite residence of the royal family, in whose possession it remained for a century. The botanical collection was commenced about the year 1730; and, under the auspices of George III., who was a zealous and munificent patron of the object, and aided by the exertions of that distinguished naturalist, Sir Joseph Banks, it speedily acquired importance and celebrity. The gardens were successively enriched with the contributions of Sir Joseph himself, who accompanied Captain Cook when he circum-

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navigated the globe; by those of Captain Flinders, and Mr. Robert Brown, and travellers and collectors in Australia, Brazil, the Cape of Good Hope, and other foreign countries. During the reigns of George IV. and William IV. the gardens were allowed to languish; and the conviction was pressed upon the public mind, about the commencement of the present reign, that the institution should either be abandoned altogether, or rendered commensurate with the advance of science, and placed upon a footing worthy of a great national institution. In the year 1840, Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in the most liberal spirit, relinquished her title to the garden and pleasure-grounds, which were accordingly transferred to the care of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, to be by them applied to the public benefit. In the course of improvement which was now resolved upon, the first important step was the appointment to the office of Director of Sir William Jackson Hooker, then Professor of Botany in the University of Glasgow. Under the fostering care of the Commissioners, and the enlightened zeal of the Director, the gardens have already become unrivalled as a school of horticulture and botany, more especially since the foundation of the "Museum of Practical or Economical Botany," to commence which Sir William Hooker generously devoted his own valuable collections. The great palm-house, completed only last year, is without a parallel in the world. The extent of ground appropriated to scientific purposes is seventy-five acres, to which are added the pleasure-grounds and arboretum, consisting of one hundred and seventy-six acres of wood and lawn. The gates of the Botanic Garden are thrown freely open to the public every day of the week except the Sabbath. This considerate and liberal act, so worthy of the nation, was one of the first recommendations made by Sir William on his appointment; and the result has justified the confidence he reposed in the public, whose forbearance and proper feeling, with very rare exceptions indeed, (and these not amongst the working-classes,) have been quite exemplary.

An institution so well adapted to gratify the prevailing taste of the Londoners could not fail to grow in popularity. Their passion for flowers is proverbial, and during the season the market-gardeners drive a profitable business in ministering to it. One is led to wonder where all the roses and posies he sees in the streets can possibly come from; till some fine summer morning he wends his way to Covent-Garden market, the centre from which both Flora and Pomona dispense their daily bounties over the ample domain of Cockneydom. The vast quantity of flowers and fruits brought in from the country during the night, exposed for sale, and scattered far and wide amongst the retailers, while the city is sound asleep, is one of the curious sights of the metropolis.

A writer in the "Gardeners' Chronicle" contrasts the privilege of the *entrée* as it is now enjoyed, with the state of things in former years. "Then," says he, "you rang a bell by the side of a wooden gate, which of itself was perfectly emblematic of the secrecy of the working principle within. You were let in as if by stealth; as if the gate-keepers were ashamed to see you come; or you yourself were ashamed to be seen there. And when you were there, you were dogged by an official, as if you were likely to carry off the St. Helena willow-tree in your buttonhole, or one of the smaller hot-houses in your waistcoat pocket. You entered unwelcome, you rambled about suspected, and you were let out with manifest gladness shown at your departure. How gratifying," pursues the writer, "is the contrast now! You go in by one of the most beautiful entrances that have been erected in modern times, whether we regard the effect of the whole design, or the taste shown in the designs of each particular gate. There is no unlocking of a dark door: you walk in freely. It is scarcely conceivable that in so short a time the change from the old close, crabbed, cramped, suspicious system could have been so complete." On entering, a distant view is obtained of Kew Palace, a trim, old-fashioned, red-brick edifice, where Queen Charlotte lived and died. To the left lies the more secluded scenery of the old gardens: the spacious promenade in the opposite direction leads, by a circuitous route, through a succession of shrubberies, lawns, and flower-pots, to the unrivalled palm-house, with its terrace, its sheet of water, and its far-stretching vistas, the perfection of English park and sylvan scenery. We pause to admire the noble trees in the old arboretum, and to peep in at an elegant architectural structure called the "Temple of the Sun," one of the works of Sir W. Chambers, who was employed by the Princess-Dowager of Wales, widow of the father of George III., to decorate the grounds with temples, and other devices. The locust-tree, not uncommonly called simply the acacia, here holds a prominent place, and although comparatively rare in the northern parts of the empire, it had already become familiar from its frequent occurrence in the parks and squares of London, where the vegetation wears an aspect of freshness and vigour: even the trees in St. Paul's Churchyard, constantly impressed us with the salubrity of the atmosphere of the metropolis. Our groves are indebted to North America for this vegetable patrician, which is not a greater favourite in England and France than it is in its native land, where the untutored savage of the woods consecrates it to the genius of chaste love. The foliage of the tree is of a beautiful green, its leaves are pennate; and after the gaudy laburnum has shed its yellow

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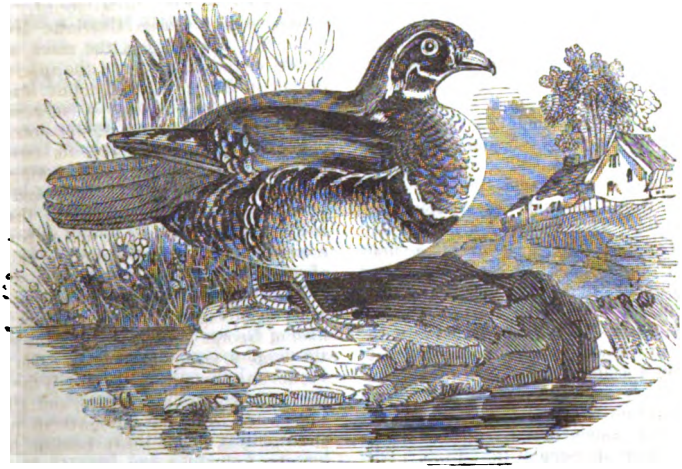
flowers, the *robinia* prolongs the charms of spring with its rich drooping clusters of sweet-scented papilionaceous blossoms. The nightingale, one writer tells us, takes kindly to this new inhabitant of our climate, "whose long and strong thorns seem to ensure protection to her family, and she descends to the lower branches to ravish our ears with her sweet melody." Like the true acacias, the *robinia* folds together the pennæ of its plume-like leaves, and goes to sleep at night. A pretty story is told of an infant, who, observing this interesting phenomenon from its nursery-window, said, "It is not yet bed-time, for the acacia-tree has not begun its prayers!"

Here the attention is attracted by magnificent specimens of the turkey-oak, the oriental plane, a North American lotus, the woolly-fruited maple of North America, cedars of Lebanon, which are now much commoner in England than on Mount Lebanon, lofty and umbrageous limes, horse-chestnuts, and other forest-trees. A weeping-willow is conspicuous, from its long pendent branches: it was derived from the celebrated tree which grew at Napoleon's tomb in St. Helena. Near it is the Glastonbury thorn, a variety of our common hawthorn, and one which bears foliage through most of the year, and flowers in winter as well as spring. According to the tradition of the Abbot of Glastonbury, this tree sprang originally from the staff of Joseph of Arimathea, who came to Britain, (so the story goes,) and founded, in honour of the Virgin Mary, the first Christian church in the island. To accredit his mission, he thrust his staff into the ground, and lo! it shot forth leaves and flowers. The tree was long reported to blossom annually on Christmas-day, a fancy which doubtless originated in its habit of winter-flowering. A number of rare pines from different countries are observed, including the deodar, from the mountains of Northern India, this specimen being amongst the first reared in Europe. It is observed by Sir W. Hooker:—"As the gates of Solomon's temple at Jerusalem, and those of St. Peter's at Rome, are said to have been made of the cedar of Lebanon, so it has been ascertained, and I believe on sure authority, that the gates of the temple of Somnauth are constructed of the Indian cedar, or deodar." The deodar appears to be merely a variety of the cedar of Lebanon. We noticed here the olive growing in the open air.



THE SUMMER-DUCK.

I.—THE WATER-FOWLS.

Ornithologists, in distributing birds into various orders, have formed one of what they term the *natatores*, containing those families of birds which display decidedly aquatic habits, swimming with facility, haunting rivers, lakes, and seas, and fitted by their whole structure for their appointed state in nature. Hence they have obtained the expressive name of *water-fowl*. They are generally very awkward on land; for, that the stroke of their paddle-feet may be as effective as possible, the limbs are placed behind the centre of gravity. Hence their amusing way of walking,—*waddling* as it is fitly termed. They are web-footed, that they may the better press on the circumambient fluid, and impel themselves in an onward course. The form of the body in the water-birds is boat-like; and in those that dive, the

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limbs are strong, and carried down so as almost entirely to surround and defend the internal viscera from undue pressure. The plumage is thick, close, and waterproof. There is a dense under-garment of down, overlaid by large, sometimes by silky feathers, which throw off the water as if their surface were oiled. In many the neck is long, and the tail very short; in some, the tail, composed of rigid feathers, acts as a rudder in the act of diving. A few are utterly incapable of flight, but use their wings as paddles in the water. From this order man has reclaimed several species for the sake of their flesh, which is excellent. One of the principal families comprised in this order is termed *anatidæ*, including ducks, geese, and swans.

The ducks are divided into two sections. The *marine* ducks, which live almost exclusively in the sea, and dive deep for their food. Their plumage is close and thick, the limbs placed far back, the neck thick and short, the wings short; and diving rather than flight is resorted to as a security from danger. The eider-duck may be mentioned as an instance.

The other section consists of the *fluviatile* ducks. The birds of this class are those with which most persons are best acquainted. They frequent rivers, lakes, swamps, &c., feeding upon aquatic insects, vegetables, worms, &c. They seldom dive, except superficially; and that rather in playfulness, or when hard pressed by danger, than for food. Of some of them the flight is powerful and rapid. Teals, wigeons, mallards, and our domestic duck, belong to this section, with several other kinds. Among them is,

II.—THE SUMMER-DUCK.

This is the wood-duck of the celebrated ornithologist, Audubon. This beautiful species is extensively spread over the whole of the United States of America, and is equally common in Mexico, and in the West India islands. Its favourite haunts are secluded sheets of water, embosomed in the woods, mill-dams, and ponds, the shores of the sea being seldom visited. In the warmer latitudes it is a permanent resident, but in the more northern districts it is a bird of passage, retreating southwards as winter comes on, and returning in the spring. Unlike the duck-tribe generally, this species never makes its nest on the ground, but chooses the deep hole which the great ivory-billed woodpecker has made in a tree, or the deserted retreat of some squirrel, or the hollow left by the breaking of a large main branch; the tree so chosen usually overhangs the water or swamp, or is at no great distance from it. When the breeding-place overhangs the water, the young ducks, soon after being hatched, scramble to the mouth of the hole, and, spreading their little wings and feet, drop into their favourite element, where the female diligently attends them. If the tree be at some distance from the water, she carries them there one by one in her bill, holding them so as not to injure their tender frame.

In captivity the summer-duck is very tame, and might easily be naturalized as a domestic tenant of our homesteads. As an ornament to our sheets of water, it has no superior.

The colouring of the male is,—head above and space below the eye and bill, glossy dark green: cheeks, and a large palete on the throat, purple, with blue reflections; a pendent crest of green and auricula purple, marked with two narrow white lines, one of them terminating behind the eye, the other extending over the eye to the bill: sides of the neck purplish red, changing on the front of the neck and sides of the breast to brown, and there spotted with white. From the root of the neck downwards, a play of duck-green, purple, blue, and velvet-black colours is exhibited.—The under parts are white. The flanks are yellowish grey, finely undulated with black. Almost all the coloured plumage shows a play of colours with metallic lustre. The bill is red, the legs are orange-coloured. The plumage of the female is much plainer, being chiefly coloured with drab and glossy brown; the fine pencillings on the sides being also wanting. The bird is about nineteen inches in length.

HABITS OF HARES.

Hares have a particular fancy for sitting near houses, undeterred by the noise of the men and dogs who may inhabit them. When found sitting, a hare sometimes seems fascinated in an extraordinary manner by the eye of a person looking at her. As long as you keep your eye fixed on that of the hare, and approach her from the front, she appears afraid to move, and, indeed, will allow herself to be taken up by the hand. A hare, when dogs are near her, is particularly unwilling to start from her form. In covert-shooting, many of the old and experienced hares steal off quietly the moment they hear the sound of dogs or beaters at one end of the wood; and thus their quick senses of hearing and smelling enable them to escape the guns, however numerous and however well-placed. Shooters in wood pay too little attention to the direction of the wind. All small game, like deer, are most unwilling to face an enemy standing to windward of them; but keepers either expect, or pretend to expect, that game will always go exactly ahead of the beaters, though the least observation ought to have taught them the contrary; for, once running game have discovered the scent of an enemy, they will never go in that direction, but will make their way back in spite of all the noise and exertions of the beaters.—*St. John's Field-Notes for* 1846.

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BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF FRANCES HOUGH.

An account of a singular conversion, speedily followed by a happy death, has been transmitted to us. It bears the form of a lengthened anecdote, rather than of a memoir. The facts narrated occurred in the year 1830: still, we think, they deserve to be recorded. They furnish great encouragement to those who seek to do good by the unostentatious, but most important, plan of inviting careless neighbours or acquaintances to the public worship of God. Those to whom no other talent is entrusted, are yet able, humbly and affectionately able, to say to those amongst whom they dwell, and between whom and themselves the customary attentions and offices of neighbourly kindness regularly pass, "I am going to worship God: will you accompany me?" That invitation may prove to be the occasion of their first religious impressions, and thus, ultimately, of their everlasting salvation. If all Christians were faithful in this one class of opportunities of religious usefulness, what good might be effected, what accessions of members might the several branches of Christ's church receive, what souls might be saved from death! All that is necessary is, in the first place, a conscience void of offence, a humble confidence that our invitation may not be answered by reproaches for our own inconsistency; and, secondly, zeal for God, and compassion for those for whom Christ died. It is awful to think that at the last day many may be found on the left hand of the Judge who spent their lives in the neighbourhood of religious professors, and never heard from them any warning of their danger, never heard the kind invitation, earnestly addressed to their conscience, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good!" Let each reader ask, "Is there no one whom I may thus invite, and to whom, by this invitation, I may prove, in God's hands, the instrument of salvation?"

Frances Hough was a poor woman who lived at Penketh, in the Warrington Circuit. She was the wife of a "flat-man," and her husband lived, as too many persons belonging to that class are in the habit of living, as if man had no soul, and had nothing to do but to labour for the body, and gratify its low and merely animal appetites. For many years this poor woman had never entered a place of worship. Of religious knowledge and feeling she appeared to be quite destitute. But in her youth she had been accustomed to attend a Sunday-school; and though its lessons seemed to be all forgotten, yet they had made her aware of at least the general character of religious duty. This was shown by the reply she made (in the course of the year 1830) to one of her neighbours, a pious woman, whose name was Hester Houghton, who had invited her to go to the Methodist chapel. Did a glimmering of light, long shut out, shine on her mind when she said, "No, I am willing enough to go; but if I go I shall perhaps get converted, and then I could never live with Bob?" However, the invitation having been repeated, she consented to go; and the two neighbours went together to the chapel. Hester Houghton, no doubt, went rejoicing in her success, and praying that the sinner, whom she was leading to the house of God, always the house of mercy, might there be met by God himself. The Rev. John Walsh, who resided at Runcorn, (which was then in the Warrington Circuit,) was "planned" to preach that afternoon at Penketh. It was a very wet day, and Mr. Walsh was delayed on the road, so that he did not arrive till after the usual time of commencing the service. Frances Hough sat waiting with the rest of the congregation. Who can tell what long-forgotten thoughts and feelings were revived in her, by the wonderful power of association? She had once been a Sunday-school scholar, and had often felt happy in the house of prayer. Long absent from it, she was there once more. Over the pulpit, in large letters, was the text from the book of Amos, "Prepare to meet thy God." Frances looked earnestly at the words; and, as if beginning to think, she took Hester Houghton's Hymn-book into her hands, and, having opened it, the lines that first met her view were,—

> "Yes, from this instant now, I will
> To my offended Father cry;
> My base ingratitude I feel,
> Vilest of all thy children, I,
> Not worthy to be call'd thy son;
> Yet will I thee my Father own."

She seemed to be struck by the words which met her eye. Perhaps, she thought they ought to be the language of her heart. After a minute or two, she said to Hester, in a low voice, "*We* can *pray*, if no Preacher comes." (A sure way, this, of never being disappointed. If there be no Minister to whose words we should listen, there is the present Hearer of prayer to listen to our hearts.) However, in a short time, Mr. Walsh came, and the usual service went on. Frances was deeply attentive. In the evening, she sent for Hester to "come and sit a little with her." She said, that she was glad that she had gone to the chapel, for she had since "felt more comfortable than she had done for a long while." On the Monday morning, she sent again for Hester, and told her that she had been praying most of the night "that God would make her what she should be; and that

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He would be pleased to take her, sooner than she should offend Him any more." As nothing like danger was apprehended, the conversation was short and general. On Tuesday afternoon she complained of being unwell, and said, she was afraid "that her old complaint" (one to which she had long been subject) "was coming on." She met Hester in the street, and requested her to "come and sit with her a little." As Hester did not go directly, Frances sent two of her little children to beg her to come directly. Hester went, and found her very ill. Two or three of her neighbours came in, and kindly did what they could for her. But it was "the old complaint," attacking her with more than usual violence; and as nothing they could do gave her any ease, one of them, neighbour-like, set off to Warrington, to "fetch the doctor." He came without delay, and saw that the attack would terminate fatally. When he was gone, she requested Hester to pray with her. Her views were very obscure, but she said, she felt "comfortable, happy!"

On Saturday morning, she said to her true friend, who scarcely ever left her, that "she felt that the Lord Jesus was *very sweet* to her in her heart." Her severe pain prevented her from saying much, but she was quiet and patient, quite unlike her former self, when she had been ill in like manner. She was thankful to her neighbours for their *neighbourly* attention; but it was to Hester Houghton that she looked. Hester Houghton was to sit by her bed-side and talk to her, to kneel by her bed-side and pray with her. All her comfort was, "Jesus feels very sweet to me in my heart!"

Thus she continued till Sunday afternoon, one week from the time that she had consented to accompany Hester Houghton to the chapel. About the hour that she had left the house of God on the preceding Sunday, did she, on the following Sunday, peacefully yield up her spirit. May it not be hoped that that visit to the house of God on earth, led to her reception into the house of God, eternal in the heavens?

POETRY.

THE RESTORATION OF ISRAEL.

"On rolls the host! From land and wave
The earth sends up the' unransom'd slave!"
CROLY.

A WEARY bard at sunset-hour reclined
On Zion's lonely site; beside him lay
His harp still quivering in the vesper-wind.
He thought on years that long had roll'd away;
He mused on Salem's brighter, better day,
That yet should rise. His youthful fire upsprung,
His dim eye kindled with prophetic ray,
He seized his harp, the trembling chords he strung,
And o'er that fallen shrine the' exulting lay he sung:—

"Amid the dim and dark array of years that onward roll,
There comes a morn that shall make glad the exile's weary soul;
That radiant sun-burst from on high heaven's azure shall enfold,
And wreathe the crown of Zion's King with gems of living gold.
O'er hill, and vale, and mountain-height, prophetic whispers steal,
And the careering winds of heaven portentous sounds reveal;
Now every ear hath caught the sound, and every exile-eye
Grows brighter with the seraph-light descending from on high.—
Hark! the 'mysterious trumpet's peal!'—on sweeps the' unransom'd throng,
In front the star-crown'd NAZARENE leads their proud march along;
Far o'er the burning eastern plains he guides their deep array,
On, on, to where the sacred hill o'erlooks their glorious way.—
On rolls the tide of human forms from earth's remotest shore,
From the dreary hills of the northern lands where the storms of winter roar;
From the fragrant groves of the spicy East, from Afric's sultry clime,
On pours the mingled multitude to the shining mount sublime.—
The gleaming gates on Zion-hill give way before their march,
On swells the wave beneath the span of a 'rainbow's mighty arch;'
On Salem's long-deserted throne sits an eternal King,
And from Heaven's everlasting fount immortal blessings spring."

LINUS.

Aberdeen.

THE POWER OF A WORD.

IT has its influence. Yes, our every word
Is fraught with meaning, full of life divine;
Of life that ever lives, strange though it seem.
What is a word but sound? The larynx moves,

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Constrains the waves of air, and to the ear,
In quick succession, though by us unseen,
They bear the wish'd vibration. There the mind
Takes up the sound mysterious, and receives
The deep impress, which no man can efface.
Throughout the life that deep impression runs;
It urges on the soul, the thinking powers,
To good or evil. So we daily act.
And e'en eternity can scarce disclose
The massive power of but a single word.
One word may seal our everlasting fate.
Be careful then. Let not thy neighbour's ear
Receive the tones of anger, or the sounds
Of folly, mingled though it be with jests,
And witty speeches, purposed to amuse.
Thy thought be pure, thy words in season be,
Few, choice, and good, and kindly spoken too.
So shalt thou useful prove among mankind,
And gather honour from the hand of Him
Who, even now, is Judge of all thy words.

B. T. SHARPE.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

IS THE OLD TESTAMENT TAUGHT IN YOUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL?

"A VERY useless question," I think I hear some Teacher say: "in our school the Old Testament is regularly read; and the boys in my own class nearly know it by heart." So much the better. Perhaps your school is blessed with intelligent and well-trained Teachers, and with an active, judicious, and inquiring Superintendent. Of course the biblical student regards the Old and New Testaments as forming but one book, and he draws his instructions and illustrations from both parts of the sacred volume. But in many schools, the course of weekly reading is left to the Teacher's own judgment; and every Teacher is not a biblical student. Go into these schools at the hour for Scripture reading. Wherein does the Bible-class differ from the Testament-class, except, indeed, that the boys are somewhat bigger, and that the books they hold are a trifle heavier. Converse with the Teachers. You find that they are men of piety and zeal, orthodox in their views, and earnestly wishful to do good. They believe firmly that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, throughly furnished unto all good works." Yet, being men of little thought and some prejudice, and having imbibed the notion that the Old Testament is not quite so well suited to children as the New Testament is, they practically set it aside. Now it is for the sake of these Bible-lovers, but Old-Testament-slighters, that the question, which you think needless, is asked. They shall state their objections.

"The Old Testament is not so easy to read or to understand as the New."

So thought not Mr. Wesley's admirable mother. As soon as her eldest son knew his letters, she made him spell out the first chapter of Genesis. Are you sure that the great difference you speak of is more than imaginary? Are there no words in the New Testament which your scholars are glad to pass by? Is the first chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel easier than the first chapter of Genesis; or is the Revelation of St. John more level with your children's understanding than the prophecy of Isaiah? Both Testaments have their difficult as well as their easy passages. You may omit such chapters as consist only of journeyings and genealogies, and explain to your class the reason of the omission.

"But the Old Testament is not interesting to children." Try; and you will find that there is something in the history of the world, and its people in their early days, particularly suited to the early days of each individual man. There is a simplicity and a freshness with which the child sympathizes. Nothing charms him more than Old Testament histories. Tell him about Adam and Eve, and his fancy is at work at once. He maps out the garden of Eden, and walks with Adam under the beautiful trees. He watches the strange animals as they move past, and look up submissively, but trustingly, into the face of their new master. He listens to Eve's conversation with the serpent; and when she yields to the tempter, he loads her first with blame and then with pity. He follows the sinful pair as they pass out of safe and happy Eden into an unenclosed wilderness of thorns and thistles, and feels, as the gate shuts, that he is cast out too. He builds the ark, and feeds its inmates with Noah; travels with Abraham's servant, and puts the bracelets on Rebekah's hands; settles the quarrels of Jacob and Esau; goes down into the pit with Joseph, and rides with him in the second chariot of Egypt. The daily life, the providential leadings, the angelic visiters, the dreams and visions of those Scripture heroes, fill his young mind with wonder and delight. The Old Testament not interesting! Why, each page is a picture, glowing with the many colours that children love.

"But then we read in the Bible of so much wickedness. It cannot be good for children to know such things."

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Strange, then, that God should have given it "to you and to your children." Do you forget that out of the group that gathers weekly round your knee, there is not a child whose own young heart is free from sin; not one who does not harbour within him the seeds of every kind of vice? Do you forget that in the lanes and alleys where these children dwell, crime is a common and an unhidden thing? It may be that there are those before you who have heard more wickedness spoken, and seen more wickedness done, than you ever imagined. You have not to do with spotless beings; and the question cannot be, Shall these children know evil or not? but—Shall they go out into the midst of vice, with or without a shield of defence? The Bible records crimes, but never dwells needlessly on their circumstances: it speaks of sin, but never sanctions it. Were the children of our Sabbath-schools to read Scripture as it stands, and were enlightened Teachers to point out the results of transgression in personal and family suffering, we should have the memory, the reason, the conscience of the young pressed into the service of righteousness, and made witnesses through riper years against unruly passions.

"But my aim always is to bring my class to Christ. What I want is the salvation of their souls." Very right. Sabbath-school teaching without this would come far short of its true aim. We are agreed as to the end: but then there is the question of means. Now it is not alone in the New Testament that Christ is to be found. We meet with Him in Genesis, in God's gracious promise to Adam; in Abel's offering; in Jacob's midnight visitant. Exodus reveals Him to us in the Paschal lamb; the daily manna; the smitten rock; in the mediator Moses, and the High-Priest Aaron. Leviticus speaks of Christ in every sacrifice; and "to Him give all the Prophets witness." We might easily multiply instances: the difficulty is not in discovery but in selection. There is, however, one work for which the Old Testament is especially fitted;—that of showing man his sinfulness and his need of a Saviour. "I had not known sin but by the law," says the Apostle. "The law is our schoolmaster, to bring us to Christ." This is God's order: should we do wisely to invert it? Many a child has felt himself to be a personal transgressor while reading the account of Adam's disobedience, and has owned himself condemned by each one of the ten commandments as a pious Teacher has explained its spiritual meaning. His heart has bled as each stroke of the hammer has driven the nail closer home. Some people have a notion that gentle persuasions, and tender drawings, and the voice of love, are the only means to be employed with children. But the voice of love does not always whisper. Is it not loudest in shouting a warning to a heedless friend in imminent peril? True kindness will often give sharp rebukes. Children are not easily crushed by fear or sorrow. They have an elastic, springing spirit which throws off the weight. You may venture to use the terrors of the law, as well as the mercies of the Gospel. Take them to Sinai, and hold it for a good sign if they "exceedingly fear and quake." Show them God's holiness, His just requirements, His hatred of sin, and His anger with wilful transgressors, till they run with eager haste to the only Deliverer, and till, once in sight of Jesus, they hold Him with no feeble and uncertain hand, but with the firm grasp of one who feels that he perils his all if he lets go. Perhaps, one reason, that, with a wide-spread evangelism, we have often in these days to mourn over a defective morality, is that the penitence of many is superficial. We are sanguine as to indications of distress, and so anxious to have souls "set at liberty," that we do not always ascertain whether or not they are painfully conscious of their bonds. Superficial penitence is followed by feeble and inconstant faith, and defective faith by imperfect obedience. Those whose sorrow for sin is the deepest and most pungent, are usually found to be the most stable converts. They "love much;" for they feel that they have "much forgiven." There is nothing like the law for making the Gospel precious; and nothing like an endeared Gospel for producing high and pure morality.

"After all, there are certain books in the Old Testament which contain little more than an account of the rites and ceremonies of the bygone Jewish temple-worship. These, surely, may be omitted in reading with children." By no means. Not to dwell just now on the very important typical teaching of these portions of the sacred volume, which, illustrated by the book of Hebrews, speak more clearly to the Christian child in his bright day than they did to the youthful Jewish inquirers after the distant Saviour whom they half revealed; nor on the frequent and beautiful illustrations of the doctrine of Providence which the history of the wayfarers in the wilderness supplies: let me ask your attention to the many useful lessons for Christian as well as Jewish children to be found in our Bibles, under the heading, "Divers laws and ordinances." The Bible contains no needless repetition; and here you may find texts for practical sermons to your young hearers which you may look for in vain in any other part of God's word. Do you wish to teach the self-confident and ill-mannered to show respect to age and experience? Then bid them hear the command, "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man, and fear thy God: I am the Lord." (Lev. xix. 32.) Are any of your scholars accustomed to sport wantonly with the infirmities of others? What a lesson for them in the words, "Thou shalt not

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curse the deaf, nor put a stumbling-block before the blind!" (Lev. xix. 14.) Do you wish to teach mercy in enforcing just claims? Turn to the twenty-fourth chapter of the book of Deuteronomy, and read the sixth verse: "No man shall take the nether or the upper mill-stone to pledge: for he taketh a man's life to pledge." Are you anxious that your boys should become honest tradesmen? Let them read, "Thou shalt not have in thine house diverse measures, a great and a small." (Deut. xxv. 14.) Would you teach them that, in providing for their own comfort and convenience, they ought to pay a due regard to the safety of their fellow-beings? May they not learn from the injunction, "When thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thine house, if any man fall from thence?" (Deut. xxii. 8.) Or does any among your class show a greedy disposition, holding tightly all that he possesses; giving no penny to the Missions, and sharing no apple with his friend? Will he not feel condemned as he reads, "When thou cuttest down thine harvest in thy field, and hast forgot a sheaf in the field, thou shalt not go again to fetch it: it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow: that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hands. When thou beatest thine olive-tree, thou shalt not go over the boughs again..... When thou gatherest the grapes of thy vineyard, thou shalt not glean it afterward: it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow." (Deut. xxiv. 19—21.)

Are not these capital starting-points for you? Are they not exemplary and suggestive of the detailed instruction, and the home-thrusts, that effect most good?

And there are many more such passages to be found by those that will seek. These are only a few specimens from a mine laden with precious ore; pearls from a bed richer than that of Ormus. O! seek for these pearls; dig diligently in that mine; and take the treasure home to your class with the gladness of heart, and eloquence of lip, of one who has found "great spoil."

H. S. R.

TABLE-TALK.

DIFFERENT WAYS OF ESTIMATING THE VALUE OF MEN:

OR, THE POET, THE PAINTER, AND THE SLAVE-MERCHANT.

One day, when Mr. Pope was sitting with Sir Godfrey Kneller, the nephew of the latter, who was a Guinea-trader, called to see his uncle. Sir Godfrey said to his relation, "You have now the honour of seeing two of the greatest men in the kingdom." "I do not know how great you may consider yourselves," said the dealer in human flesh; "but I do not much like your looks. I have often bought a man better than both of you put together for ten guineas."

As a counterpart to this judgment of the slaver, the well-known language of Dr. Watts may be cited. He was a man of very small stature, and was once seen by a person who expressed his surprise that so little a man should be so great a one. The Doctor thus extemporized on the subject:—

"Were I so tall 's to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean in my span;
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man!"

"THE FOURTH AT THE ASYLUM."

An American paper gives us a paragraph, which, whether true or feigned, contains not only some dry humour, but some instructive hints. The Editor entitles it, "*The Fourth at the Asylum.*" The *Fourth*, means the Fourth of July, the grand holiday in America, for the annual celebration of their national independence. The *Asylum* is the "State Lunatic Asylum at Utica." The inmates are represented as sitting together on the "Fourth," and giving a series of toasts, according to individual will or whim. Here are two or three specimens. Really, if such were the "sentiments" of lunatics, Shakspeare's *line*—"There's method in this madness"—will appear to be *longer*, and to reach farther, than he perhaps intended.

No. 1. "The day we celebrate: may its annual return find us more fitted to perpetuate the blessings it commemorates."

No. 9. "The revolutions in Europe: while the people in the old world are trying to mould governments after ours, may we take care that we do not spoil the pattern."

No. 44. "The coming election: may we not find that in the boiling of the political pot, the scum has risen to the top."

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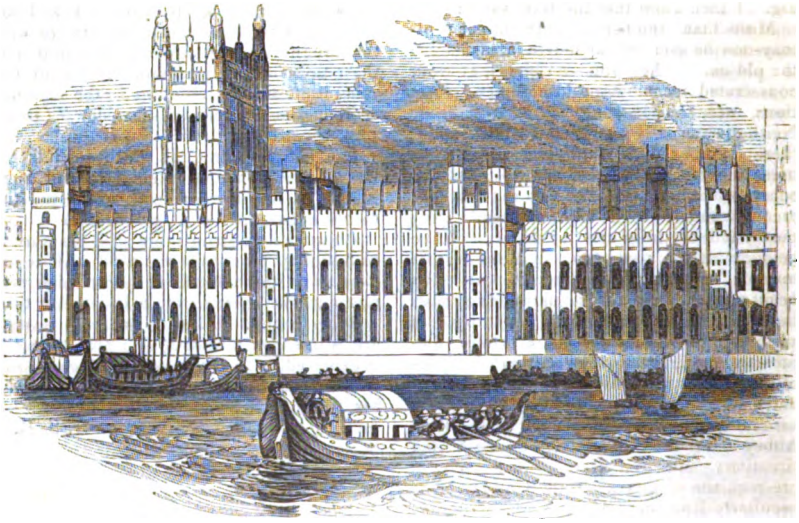
PUBLIC BUILDINGS.



THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Between five and six o'clock in the evening of the 16th of October, 1834, in returning from an excursion into Sussex, I had to cross Westminster-bridge, my residence being about half a mile farther towards the south. In passing the mass of important buildings situated between Westminster-Abbey and the river,—Westminster-Hall, the Courts of Law, the Houses of Parliament, &c.,—there was nothing to attract my attention. All appeared to be unusually quiet. Reaching home, I went into my usual sitting-room up-stairs, from the window of which the Abbey-towers, the ridge of its roof, and part of the roof of the old Hall, with its small cupola, were visible: I requested that a candle and tea might be brought to me. Before the light came, a member of my family called to me, telling me to look out of the window, for that a fire had just broken out. I did so, and saw an immense sheet of flame bursting upwards. From its direction and evident proximity, I saw that either Westminster-Abbey, or one of the Houses of Parliament, must be on fire, and, just stating this to my family, I seized my hat, and hastily retraced my footsteps towards the Palace-yard. As soon as I entered the open space before the west-end of the Abbey, I saw the flames pouring themselves forth from the buildings just behind the venerable Hall; and even at that early period it was evident that they, and perhaps the Hall with them, would soon be totally consumed. When I reached the spot, few persons were there, and all seemed thunderstruck and mute. But the scene soon changed. The light was visible all over London, the tidings spread rapidly, and, ere long, the whole tide of the population appeared to be pouring in the direction of Westminster. In less than an hour the whole open space from west to east was densely crowded. The parapets of the bridge were covered with spectators. Numbers had even climbed over, and stood on the narrow projection with nothing to guard them from falling into the water. I mixed freely with the crowd, but I heard no language but that of regret; unless it were from here and there one who looked like a stonemason or a builder, and who was speculating on the prospect of a "good job for workmen" in the new erections that must soon take place. I never saw so vast a crowd so orderly and well-behaved. The universal fear was that the favourite old Hall could not escape. And for a long period it was in great jeopardy. The fire nearly approached its southern end. The engines had to be taken inside, and torrents of water poured on the flame that, on its part, so rushed towards the firemen as almost to render their operations impossible. For some time it was like a hand-to-hand fight between the two elements which are such good servants but such bad masters. The water, however, proved a servant as able as faithful, but it was long before the victory was won. When I left, towards midnight, the battle was still raging; and several times

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during the night did I rise from my bed and look towards the fire to see if the old cupola was still in its place. And glad enough I was, on rising in the morning, to see it standing. I then knew that the Hall was safe.

More than another phœnix, however, it may now be said, will arise from the ashes of the old one. The former buildings, however consecrated by the most important associations, were anything rather than sightly. Neither externally nor in their interior was there anything to recommend them, but the uses to which they were applied. On this occasion, the Parliament resolved that the erection should be worthy of its great purposes, and of the nation to which it was to belong. It has already advanced so far towards its completion that much of its beauty may be seen. The part which fronts the Thames is certainly a splendid piece of architecture. And so is the lofty and substantial Victoria tower: it might be one of the noble structures adorning some of our old Cathedrals. The style of the architecture is the one which from the vicinity of the Abbey and the Hall is best suited to the situation; and even if there had been no pre-requisite of this kind, the Gothic seems peculiarly English. All our ancient buildings belong to the various classes of it. It is English by association: perhaps some of the most perfect specimens of it are to be found in our country.

The interior is, of course, broken up into a vast number of apartments; the rooms in which the Peers and Commons will hold their sittings being the principal. The internal decorations, when completed, will not, in the least degree, derogate from the outward magnificence. Sculpture and painting have been taxed for this purpose to the utmost; indeed all the arts connected with architectonic decoration. No one that saw the paintings that are to be fixed in different parts when exhibited previously in Westminster-Hall can ever forget the spectacle. It will be the history of England in painting. Historical painting has always been considered as at a low ebb in England; but this exhibition proved that the present race of British artists were in no way deficient in talent when there was a proper excitement to its exercise.

When completed and formally opened for all its intended purposes, which it will be, it is expected, in the course of another year or two, an opportunity will perhaps be afforded for a more detailed description. In the mean time we may say, that grand as it will be as a visible erection, still more grand will it be in its mental suggestions and associations. For what an extended and mighty empire will it be the source of legislation! May the laws enacted there all be for the honour of God, and the true weal of the nation!

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PRISONER IN THE BASTILE.

[UNDER the ancient royal *regime* in France the Bastile was the State prison, in which any person, by a royal order, might be shut up, and kept in confinement till the same order set him free. France had no *Habeas Corpus* Act. Royal *Lettres de Cachêt* were sufficient warrants to the Governor. These were abolished in November, 1789, the Bastile itself having been taken and destroyed by the Parisian revolutionists on the 14th of the preceding July. Louis XV. died in 1774, and very few were ordered to be incarcerated by his unhappy successor; indeed, it was by the Minister of Louis XVI. that the person to whom the following narrative refers was liberated. It is also right to say, that when the Bastile was taken, scarcely any prisoners were found there, and none of them were victims of royal displeasure.

We insert the following as an interesting account, illustrating the power of persevering activity. It may, also, make us thankful for having our lot cast in a land where the liberty of the subject is so carefully guarded by law. In the French Revolution there was much that was awfully criminal; but the French had long groaned under a crushing despotism, and Popery had shut up the masses in an ignorance which rendered them the only too eager disciples of an infidelity which taught them all sorts of freedom except one,—true Christian freedom, with that enlightened civil freedom which genuine Christianity so powerfully tends to introduce and establish.]

IN the year 1747, Henry Maseres de la Tude, son of a Knight of the Order of St. Louis, was sent to the Bastile for the grave offence of having sported with the feelings of Madame Pompadour, the celebrated mistress of Louis XV. With the thoughtless enthusiasm of a young man, he had, it seems, attached himself to the cause of this woman, in defence of her character. He wished to do her some ostensibly good office, and tried to render himself of consequence in her esteem. Having heard that she was unhappy from the apprehension of poison, La Tude waited on Madame Pompadour at Versailles, to acquaint her that he had seen a parcel put into the post-office, addressed to her; and at the same time

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expressed his suspicion relative to the contents of it, and cautioned the Marchioness to be aware. The parcel arrived, of course: La Tude having himself put it into the post-office; but the powder seemed, on chemical experiment, perfectly innocent. The result gave the Marchioness an insight of La Tude's design; and, offended at his presumption, she had him sent to the Bastile as an impostor.

La Tude, with great ingenuity, effected his escape from prison; and, feeling unconscious of any crime demanding severity of punishment, he gave himself up to the King. The unhappy man! The unfeeling Marchioness, piqued at his placing more confidence in the King than herself, made such representations to His Majesty, that he ordered La Tude back to the prison, and that he should be immured in one of its most dreary chambers, (a dungeon,) where another prisoner was also confined by order of the Marchioness.

Yet even from this impregnable fortress of barbarity, where no wealth could bribe, where no instrument of any kind was allowed, did La Tude and his companion, without money and unaided, effect their escape.

They had neither scissors, knives, nor edged instruments; and for a hundred guineas the turnkey would not supply them with an ounce of thread. Upon making a calculation of the difficulties to be encountered, they found that they required about one thousand four hundred feet of cordage, two ladders of wood and of rope, from twenty to twenty-five feet long, and another of one hundred and eight feet in length. It was necessary to displace several iron grates from the chimney, and in one night to make a hole in the wall several feet thick, at the distance of only twelve or fifteen feet from a sentinel. The wooden ladder and that of rope, when made, must be concealed; and the officers, accompanied by the turnkey, regularly came to visit the cell where they must do all these things to accomplish their design; and they had nothing but their hands to do them with.

The hand, to those that know its use, is the instrument of all instruments. The iron hinges of the table were, by whetting on a tiled floor, converted into a knife. With this bars were removed, and a saw constructed; wood was concealed from the daily fuel to construct the ladders: La Tude's portmanteau contained twelve dozen shirts, and other articles of apparel, out of which they made one thousand four hundred feet of rope. The bars in the chimney took six months to displace; and the whole of these preparations cost eighteen months' work day and night. The moment of attempting their dangerous enterprise now arrived. One night, after supper, La Tude first ascended the chimney, and drew the ropes, iron bars, &c., up after him, leaving a sufficient quantity of the ladder in the chimney to enable his companion to ascend with less difficulty. Being now on the top, they drew up the rest of the ladder, and then descended at once upon the platform, serving as a counterpoise to each other. They next fixed their ladder to a piece of cannon, and let it gently into the fosse; by which means they descended with their iron bars, wooden ladder, and all their equipage. During this time the sentinel was not more than ten fathoms from them, walking on the corridor.

This prevented them getting up to it, to go into the garden as they first intended: they therefore were under the necessity of making use of their iron bars. They proceeded straight to the wall which separates the fosse of the Bastile from that of the garden of St. Antoine, between the garden and the Governor's house. In this place there formerly had been a little fosse, a fathom wide and one or two feet deep, but now the water was up to their armpits.

The moment La Tude began to make a hole between two stones to introduce their iron bars as levers, the round-major passed by with his great lantern, at the distance of ten or twelve feet over their heads. To prevent being discovered, they sank up to their chins in water. This ceremony they were obliged to repeat every half-hour when the round came by. At length one large stone was removed from the wall; they attacked the second, and afterwards a third, with equal success; so that before midnight they had displaced several cart-loads of stones; and in less than six hours had entirely pierced the wall, which was more than four feet and a half thick. They drew the portmanteau through the hole, abandoning everything else without regret. They then descended into the deep fosse of the gate of St. Antoine; whence, after a narrow escape from perishing, they got upon dry ground, and took refuge at the abbey of St. Germain des Prèz. This was in 1756.

La Tude fled to Holland; but, on the demand of the King of France, he was given up by the Dutch Government, reconducted to the Bastile, and more closely confined than ever.

On the death of Madame Pompadour, La Tude was informed of it by a writing placed up at a window in the street, in consequence of some papers he had thrown from the Bastile tower.

Most of the prisoners in the Bastile were on this occasion liberated. The Minister Sartine, however, refused to set La Tude free, except on a condition which the unfortunate man, thinking it derogatory to his honour, would not accede to; and he was still doomed by remorseless vengeance to remain a prisoner ten feet under-ground, clad in tatters, with a beard reaching to his feet; no bed but straw, no provision but bread and water; overrun with vermin. Such, alas! continued for many years the wretched

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situation of La Tude, whose only crime was having offended the favourite of his Sovereign!

The ultimate liberation of La Tude is not the least wonderful part of his story. A woman named Le Gross, walking abroad in June, 1781, saw lying in a corner a packet of papers, that had the appearance of having been tumbled in the dirt. She took it up, and, returning home, read the contents. It proved to be a memorial stating part of the misfortunes of Sieur La Tude, prisoner in a dungeon, ten feet under ground, on an allowance of bread and water, thirty-four years.

The good woman was moved with compassion at the recital of such cruel suffering, and was incessant in her applications on his behalf to persons of high rank, till at last she obtained his liberation, on the 8th of March, 1782, through the influence of Baron Breteuil, who accompanied the glad tidings with a grant to La Tude of a pension of four hundred livres.

ANECDOTES.

JOHN KASPAR LAVATER.

HALF a century ago much attention was paid to an Essay on Physiognomy, by Lavater; and even to the present day his name is mostly known in England as the author of that work. Its references were not to what latterly has been termed phrenology, but to judgments concerning character, formed chiefly by a consideration of the shape of the head and features, and on the general expression of the countenance. Yet Lavater himself only regarded this work as the product of his hours of leisure and relaxation. Who and what was he? When and where did he live and die? He was born at Zurich, in Switzerland, December 15th, 1741. Trained by pious parents, he early yielded to the influence of evangelical truth and grace, and maintained the profession and possession of religion consistently and firmly through life. His natural disposition was lively, and he was at once a diligent and desultory student and reader. He became a Clergyman from a sense of duty, and was a faithful and laborious Minister of the Gospel. He wrote many works, none of them large, but all of them directed to the great objects of his ministry, the promotion of religious knowledge and principle, and the edification of his flock. His death was occasioned by a melancholy occurrence. The French revolutionary army had invaded Switzerland, and, with liberty and equality on its banners, established a uniformity of despotism and slavery wherever it went. A soldier knocked at Lavater's door, and rudely demanded money. When he had received, he demanded more; and when the donor had emptied his pockets, and given a considerable sum, the ruffian rushed on him with a drawn sabre; and when some of the standers-by interposed, he drew back a little, and fired on them. Lavater was severely wounded. The surgeons said that he must have been moving when struck by the ball, which thus was changed in its direction, otherwise it would have been instantaneously fatal. As it was, he lingered about fourteen months, often suffering extreme agonies, but sustained and cheered by the power of grace and the abounding consolations of Christ. He died January 2d, 1801. On the tablet erected to his memory are these words:

"What he,
The faithful witness of his Lord, spoke in this temple,
And what he wrote, and did, and suffered,
Was all for one object,—
The advancement of the kingdom of Truth and Love."

THE FORGIVING TEMPER OF LAVATER.

LAVATER composed hexameter verses very freely, and throughout life was accustomed to express his thoughts on passing occurrences, and other subjects, by writing on cards, kept by him for the purpose, some lines in reference to them. During his last illness, caused by a gunshot wound inflicted on him by a ruffianly French soldier, who had demanded money from him, he one day said to his daughter Louisa, "For whom do you think I am writing these memorial lines? Cannot you guess?" She quickly replied, "I think it must be for the soldier who wounded you." (He had previously forbidden any inquiries to be made: he would not even allow that any attempts should be made to ascertain the man's name.) And so it was. The following is a literal translation, line for line:

"May God forgive thee, as I from my heart forgive thee,
Mayest thou never suffer what I have suffered through thee.
I embrace thee, friend! unconsciously thou didst me good.
If this card reaches thee, may it be a pledge of the Lord's mercy,
Which pardons, purifies, and saves penitent sinners.
May God inspire my soul with earnest prayers for thee,
That no doubt may be felt: May we embrace one another
Hereafter in the presence of the Lord!"

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LAVATER AND THE (FIRST) FRENCH REVOLUTION.

When the French Revolution first broke out, the celebrated Lavater, like many other distinguished persons, hailed it as the harbinger of a new era for France and the world. He well knew under what a degrading despotism the people had long laboured; and though the reigning Monarch was most unlike his predecessors, the principles of the government were unchanged. A most awful moral corruption pervaded all classes. The first soldiers whom the Revolution called forth, and who carried conquest and terror throughout the neighbouring countries, had been trained up, as men, under the monarchy, and though the Revolution employed them, yet the monarchy had made them what they were. But these hopes were soon blighted: Lavater was a firm believer in Christian providence, and knew that, however events may be overruled by omnipotent and holy wisdom, from evil nothing but evil can directly proceed. He could look with pleasure and hope on no work that was governed by impiety. In October, 1792, he preached a sermon in Zurich, in which he thus spoke on the subject:—"It is not a groundless hypocritical complaint of the priesthood, when we say, irreligion is visibly ascendant in France: irreligion is the beginning, the middle, and the end. No nation, not even among Heathens, has so openly, so decidedly, so wantonly, expressed a contempt for religion as this. Without being a Prophet, I may say with confidence, as true as God liveth, where irreligion prevails, must lawlessness, immorality, trouble, and confusion prevail. As little can men dispense with air for breathing, or with light for seeing, as a country can do without religion. O France, France! drive away all thy Priests, destroy or sell thy temples, change thy Christian holidays into theatrical exhibitions, and thy holy altars into altars of freedom,—deliberate whether the word 'providence' shall yet be retained, and proclaim the epicurean gospel, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,' from the pulpits that remain; and then let us see what will at last take place! All evil comes with irreligion; all good comes with religion. O, may the purest, holiest piety increase among us, live in us, operate in us! Religion, the teacher concerning God and Providence, the revealer of the future, the Queen of good morals, the directress of conscience, the mother of the noblest dispositions and the worthiest deeds! Religion, the consoler in sorrow, the rejoicer in prosperity, the strengthener in death, the Queen of blessedness in eternity!"

MERE COINCIDENCE, OR PROVIDENCE?

We copy the following from a Canadian Paper, of May 23d, 1849:—

"We notice in several of our exchanges" (papers sent in exchange for others) "a notice of the death of D— M—. The event occurred at Louisville, under circumstances worthy of a notice which none of our contemporaries have ventured to make, perhaps have never thought of. In the circumstances connected with the death of this individual, others may see nothing but a strange coincidence: we cannot resist the impression that there was apparent more than a coincidence, —there was a Providence.

"M—— announced that he would perform on Saturday night, heading his play-bills with these words, in large letters, 'A Cure for Cholera.' When the hour arrived, announced for the commencement of the performance, he was actually suffering all the agonies of cholera! and, in a few hours after, died of the alarming disease he had treated with such unbecoming levity, not to say impiety."

Rash judgments on persons certainly are always best avoided; but is it possible being impressed with *such* a coincidence as is above stated? Providence may be defied jocosely and with levity, as well as with a more serious audacity; and may be defied *once too often*.

PAPERS ON BOTANY.

HAZEL-NUT.

Corylus is the genus of plants from which the natural order of *corylaceæ* derive their name. The order contains several species, among which the *corylus avellanus*, the common hazel-nut, is one of the principal. This plant, which is a native of all the cooler parts of Europe, northern Asia, and North America, is the parent of the many varieties of nuts and filberts now cultivated for their fruit: though there is a pretty purple-leaved kind which is planted in shrubberies. The term *filbert* was originally applied to those kinds of nuts which have very long husks; but, owing to the number of varieties that have of late years been obtained, this distinction, which was never scientific, appears to be nearly disregarded, and "nut" and "filbert" are almost synonymous terms, except that the wild uncultivated fruit, and those varieties that most nearly approach it, are never called filberts.

According to the most skilful cultivators, the soil on which the filbert succeeds best

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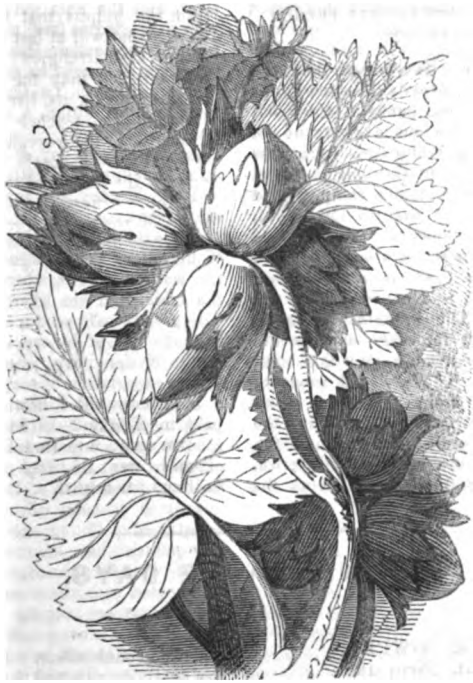

should consist of "a hazel loam of some depth, upon a dry subsoil;" but as this is not always found convenient, it should be remarked that it is not essential to the growth of the filbert, and some even recommend a dry poorish soil. The ground should be frequently dressed, (at least once in two years,) and a small quantity of manure given: woollen-rags are often used for this purpose with the greatest success, but manure of any kind will be found beneficial.

About Maidstone, and other parts of Kent, the management of the filbert is better understood than in any other part of the country; and as the soil and other circumstances seem to suit its growth, immense quantities are grown for the London market. In particular lands in Kent, where due attention has been paid to the proper method of cultivation, thirty hundred weight per acre have been grown.

Nuts are often mentioned in Scripture; but the only text in which hazel itself is specified, is in reference to the wands of hazel used by Jacob in his crafty management of Laban's flocks. The hazel, and filbert, the walnut, pistacea, and almond, are alike indigenous in Palestine; and though they are nowhere, like the chestnut, the dry fig, or the raisin, principal articles of food, yet they are more frequently used in diet than with us, and enter pretty largely into the composition of many eastern dishes. The lamb stuffed with pistacea-nuts, mentioned in the Arabian tales, is still one of the luxuries of the Arab camp, and pistaceas or almonds are strewed over the most savoury pillaws.

In ancient Italy, nuts were much used in food: indeed, the people of Prænestе, the modern Palestrina, received from the Romans the nick-name of "nut-eaters," which their descendants to this day inherit. A curious anecdote is recorded—perhaps the most curious in the whole history of nuts—by Livy, the Roman historian. In the second Punic war, Casilinum was besieged by Hannibal, (about 218 B.C.,) and reduced to the greatest extremity. Through the severity of the famine, some threw themselves from the walls; others stood unarmed upon them, a mark for the missiles of the besiegers. A Roman army, under the command of Gracchus, was stationed higher up on the Vulturnus, which flowed through the city; but, though he knew the desperate condition of the besieged, true to the severity of Roman obedience, he made no attempt to raise the siege, because the Dictator (who had gone to Rome to attend to certain religious rites) had commanded that no active movements should take place. Gracchus, however, endeavoured to alleviate the distress which he could not immediately remove. He ordered casks of corn to be put into the centre of the stream, and caused a message to be sent to Casilinum, informing the citizens of what he had done. For three nights the plan

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was successful. The casks floated unobserved into the midst of the city, and the provision was distributed among the most needy. After the third day, a swelling of the river, affecting the current, occasioned some of the casks to be cast on the banks of the river, and the besiegers, thus made aware of the plan, kept a more watchful guard. Gracchus then had recourse to another plan: "And nuts, poured out at the Roman camp, floated down the centre of the river to Casilinum, and were caught with hurdles." (*Nuces tamen fusæ ab Romanis castris, quum medio amni ad Casilinum defluerent, cratibus excipiebantur.* Liv., lib. xxiii., § 19.) Nuts were never put to a better use. The watchful besiegers, though looking out for *casks*, saw not the nuts floating in the stream during the darkness of the night. The besieged, aware of what was done to assist them, had their pieces of *wicker-work* (*cum cratibus*; the cases, formed in hurdle fashion, in which earthern-ware is packed up in our potteries, are still called *crates*) all ready across the river, and the nuts were enclosed for those who were glad to feed on even *mice*, but who tore off the leather from their shields, and, softening it, sought to satisfy the cravings of hunger with it. To those who were placed in such a condition, a supply of *nuts* would be most welcome.

At the present day, delicious confections of nuts, honey, and wheaten flour, are common to Italy, Turkey, and the countries bordering the Levant.

In Syria and Palestine great profit is made of the oil of the hazel-nut, as well as that of the walnut. Both, when fresh, are used for the table, and are likewise used for lamps. The greater part produced in Syria, however, is made use of by the soap-makers residing at the Syrian ports, whence there is a great yearly exportation of soap.

It may be added, that the amount of duty paid in England in 1841, on hazels and filberts only, imported for the table or the oil-mill, was £8,628; at the rate of two shillings per bushel.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

WILLIAM COWPER.

DIED APRIL 25TH, 1800.

THOSE whose labours have contributed to the improvement of mankind, are often supposed to have passed their days in comparative freedom from those ills incident to human nature in its present state. Had we known nothing of Cowper, except that he wrote the story of John Gilpin, we must have conceived of him as one of the merriest of mortals, far removed from the morbid melancholy, which borders on the black despair of the suicide. Yet so it was; the amiable, gifted, and pious author of "The Task" was as singular for his melancholy, as for his success in saving others from it.

Cowper could trace his descent through a considerable line of eminent ancestry, which originated in Henry III., King of England. He was born at Great Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, on the 26th of November, 1731, N.S. His father, John Cowper, was a Doctor in Divinity, Rector of the parish, and Chaplain to King George II., second son of Spencer Cowper, a Judge in the Court of Common Pleas, and nephew of Lord Chancellor Cowper. His mother, Anne, was daughter of Roger Donne, Esq., of Ludham-Hall, in the county of Norfolk, who was allied to several noble families, who also traced their pedigree to the blood-royal of England. She died in 1737, having been cut off in her thirty-fourth year, and ere her distinguished son had completed his sixth. Still her virtues as a mother left an impression on his mind which neither trouble nor time could efface. Fifty-two years after her death, he received from his cousin, Ann Bodham, his mother's picture, which drew forth a touching poem, strongly expressive of his vivid remembrance of her. In a letter to Mr. Hill, he says, "I can truly say, that not a week passes, (perhaps I might with equal veracity say a day,) in which I do not think of her! Such was the impression her tenderness made upon me, though the opportunity she had for showing it was so short."

Deprived of the care of this gentle mother, he was sent to a school kept by Dr. Pitman at Market-street, a few miles distant from her father's residence, where the usage he received from some of the boys laid the foundation of that depression of spirits which continued to mark his temperament through life.

His first serious impressions of religion were received about this time, while ruminating on his past sufferings, and fearing more to come. His confidence in God was strengthened by that passage of Scripture,—"I will not fear what flesh can do unto me." When he was about eight years of age, his friends became alarmed by the appearance of specks in his eyes, on which he was placed for two years under a female oculist in London, at the end of which he was so far restored as to attend Westminster School; four years afterwards he was seized with small-pox, which had the singular effect of quite restoring his eye-sight; on which he playfully observed, that this

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disease "proved the better oculist of the two." However, his eyes continued tender and subject to inflammation as long as he lived. In his eighteenth year he left this celebrated school, with a solid and an extensive stock of learning.

His father then placed him with a solicitor in London, in order to be instructed in the practice of the law. But for this dry profession his poetic soul was constitutionally indisposed. Nor does it appear that his master was distinguished for application to business, or burdened with much employment: hence his own account to his cousin, Lady Heaketh:—"I did actually live three years with Mr. Chapman, a solicitor; that is to say, I *slept* three years in his house; but I *lived*, that is to say, spent my days, in Southampton-row," (at his uncle's house,) "as you very well remember. There was I and the future Lord Chancellor" (Thurlow, then his fellow-clerk) "constantly employed from morning to night in giggling, and making giggle, instead of studying the law."

About this time he formed a tender attachment for his cousin, Theodora Jane, the daughter of his uncle, Ashley Cowper, Esq., which was reciprocated by the young lady. But her father would not consent to their union, on the alleged ground of their near relationship. This gave a deep wound to the sensitive mind of Cowper, and kept the lady from forming any other connexion. She survived him four-and-twenty years, and died unmarried.

Having finished his term, Cowper took chambers in the Temple, which he retained for nearly twelve years; without, however, imbibing any love for the law, or business habits for its prosecution. During this period, he formed acquaintance with several eminent literary men, including Bonnel, Thornton, Lloyd, Colman, and the Duncombes, who were delighted with his wit and pleasantry, and profited by his assistance in their literary labours. However, at this time his paroxysms of melancholy were frequent and distressing in the extreme: his own language is painfully descriptive of his state: he "lay down in horror, and rose up in despair." Being on a visit at Southampton while recovering from one of these terrible fits, his mind was affected in a very singular manner. He accompanied some friends to Freemantle, about a mile out of the town, and sat down on an eminence, when "on a sudden," he observes, "as if another sun had been kindled that instant in the heavens, on purpose to dispel sorrow and vexation of spirit, I felt the weight of all my misery taken off, my heart became light and joyful in a moment. I could have wept with transport had I been alone. I must needs believe that nothing less than the Almighty fiat could have filled me with such inexpressible delight; not by a gradual dawning of peace, but as it were with a flash of His life-giving countenance. I think I remember something like a glow of gratitude to the Father of mercies for this unexpected blessing, and that I ascribed it to His gracious acceptance of my prayers."

This gleam of joy was succeeded by seasons of deep anguish. He burnt his books of devotion, and became filled with horror, under the impression that he had committed "the unpardonable sin;" which lamentable state of mind was aggravated by the death of his father. About the same time, his patrimony was nearly spent, and poverty seemed rapidly approaching to increase his wretchedness, when a distinguished relation offered him the office of Clerk to the Committee of the House of Lords; but diffidence prevailed, and led him to ask, in preference, the situation of Clerk to the Journals, as being less public. But his kinsman's kind intentions were defeated: his right of nomination was called in question; a strong party was formed in the House of Lords to defeat it; and everything was done to discourage the delicate-nerved candidate. Anxiety brought on a nervous fever. Months were spent by him in looking into the journal-books, in order to fit him for an examination before the House to ascertain his fitness for the situation. As he applied himself, and the day drew near when he must give proof of his competency, his mental anguish rose to such a height, that he resolved on destroying himself. His views of the Gospel were confused and dark. Having carefully sought out every plea in defence of self-murder, he purchased some laudanum, in November, 1763, determined to swallow it as soon as he saw no other way of escape from this dreaded examination. From this time, till the night before the examination, suicide was always in his thoughts, and he was only hindered from committing it by the wayward and changeable state of his mind. He was fully under the influence of incipient insanity. His mental conflicts were terrible. During the night preceding the day on which the examination was to take place, he made several abortive attempts at self-destruction. At length he suspended himself from the corner of the door of his apartment, and remained suspended till he became insensible. The garter then broke, and he fell on the floor, and soon came to himself. In the morning, he told the whole melancholy tale to his relation, who came to conduct him to the House of Lords; and all thoughts of the appointment were now finally renounced. In a short time the dreadful malady came on him in its full force, and he was placed under the care of Dr. Cotton, who had opened a private asylum at St. Alban's; and through the judicious treatment of this Christian physician, he was happily restored to a sound mind. He then removed to Huntingdon, so as to be near his brother, where he suffered greatly from want of society: however, he felt pleasure in walking, and in

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attending the church, where he was pleased with the earnestness of the Clergyman and the devout deportment of the congregation. His appearance attracted attention, and through Mr. Unwin, the son of the Clergyman, he was introduced to the family. The kind reception he met with, and the conversation and amiable manners of Mrs. Unwin, gained his confidence, placed him as a boarder in the family, and opened up a source of happiness to which he had long been a stranger.

The death of the Rev. Mr. Unwin, about two years after he had been received into the family, led to his removal to Olney, as Mrs. Unwin could no longer stay with pleasure at Huntingdon after the death of her husband. Here he became intimate with the Rev. John Newton, and aided him in the composition of the Olney hymns, and in doing good among the people of his charge, the poor particularly.

In 1773, his mental malady again returned, and nearly six years elapsed ere he was restored to the full use of his reason. During this season of painful trial, Mrs. Unwin nursed him with maternal solicitude and extraordinary patience. As he was recovering, he found innocent amusement in taming three hares, which, with canaries, pigeons, and a favourite spaniel, shared his attention. About 1778, he resumed his literary efforts, and wrote many of his lively and beautiful letters. To the Rev. W. Unwin and the Rev. J. Newton, he observed: "The necessity of amusement makes me sometimes write verses; it makes me a carpenter, a bird-cage maker, a gardener; and has lately taught me to draw."

When about fifty years of age, he resolved on appearing before the public as an author, and produced "a series of poems," which, in point of vigour, variety, and originality, have not been surpassed since the days of Shakspeare and Milton. The success of his first volume did not equal the expectation entertained by his friends. However, when "The Task" appeared, general public attention was awakened, and the applause of Johnson and Franklin secured. Lady Austen, having settled at Olney, contributed greatly to his enjoyment, and also stimulated him to the prosecution of his literary projects. The facetious story of "John Gilpin," "The Task," and other pieces, were suggested to him by this lady. After an interval of thirty years, his cousin, Lady Hesketh, visited him, and persuaded him to remove to the beautiful village of Weston, about two miles from Olney.

In 1790, he finished his translations of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," which took him nearly five years to execute. His application may be estimated by reference to the varied productions of his truly Christian pen. His health gave way early in 1800; and on the 25th of April he expired, without a struggle, at East Dereham, where he was buried. Over his grave Lady Hesketh erected a monument, with an inscription, composed by his friend Hayley. The character of this English poet is universally respected for its amiability and purity. These appear in everything he wrote, not excepting those pieces which indicate a playfulness of fancy and brilliancy of wit, which contrast strongly with those fits of mental darkness which frequently reduced him to the brink of despair.

Among favourite poets, he is *the* favourite with that large class of religious readers who relish the productions of genius, sanctified by divine grace, and consecrated to the divine glory.

P. SAMUEL.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Barraclough, Mrs. Ann,	Low-Moor,	Bradford W.(York.),	64	Jan. 10th, 1850.
Blackhurst, Wm., Esq.,	Preston,	Preston,	63	Dec. 20th, 1849.
Burnell, Miss,	Whitehaven,	Whitehaven,	50	Nov. 16th, 1849.
Butt, Mr. William,	Ilkestone,	Ilkestone,	62	Jan. 12th, 1850.
Chisam, Mrs.,	Whitehaven,	Whitehaven,	72	Dec. 15th, 1849.
Field, Mrs. Nelly,	Barton,	Evesham,	74	Oct. 11th, 1849.
Hall, Mr. Elijah,	Preston,	Preston,	73	Dec. 24th, 1849.
Hopkins, Mrs. Eliz.,	Welford,	Evesham,	74	Nov. 14th, 1849.
Mitchell, Mrs. Hannah,	Low-Moor, [wold,	Bradford W.(York.),	79	July 8th, 1849.
Page, Mr. Josh.,	Stanton-on-the-	Nottingham South,	87	Dec. 15th, 1849.
Ridsdale, Mrs. Ann,	Hoxton,	London First,	62	Jan. 9th, 1850.
Roberts, Mrs. M. A.,	Badsey,	Evesham,	35	Sept. 10th, 1849.
Walford, Mr. J.,	Whitchurch, Salop,	Whitchurch,	56	Sept. 19th, 1849.
Worsnop, Mr. Jonathan,	Manchester-road,	Bradford E.(York.),	62	Dec. 26th, 1848.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

MAY, 1850.

SELECTIONS FROM A MINISTER'S MANUSCRIPTS.

No. XVIII.

THE HAUNTED HOUSES.

In opposition to the recorded statements of sacred Scripture, and numerous well-authenticated facts, few will be so sceptical as to deny all visits from the invisible world by the unclothed inhabitants of that world. Equally it might be deemed an infidel conclusion to question all supernatural agency employed, when no visible form is manifest to the sense of sight or feeling. Yet, it would be an unwarrantable stretch of faith to give credence to the numerous statements which have been handed down to us from our credulous progenitors, or presented to our acceptance by the creations of a frightened, fruitful imagination. It ever should be remembered that the world of spirits, as well as the world of bodies, is under the government of the one mighty Creator of all, and that none can pass from thence to us without His permission; and, when such a permission is given, the object must be worthy of the solemnity and character of the commission;—not to scare the young, or terrify the nervous, but to effect some special purpose, make some important discovery, or, what may be considered the chief and general design, direct the attention of careless, thoughtless man to the consideration of a disembodied eternal state of being—which, indeed, with the Bible in his possession, he is too apt to forget or exclude from reflection. Neglecting thus to reason on the subject, the hour of darkness has been dreaded, the solitary chamber avoided, the precincts of the quietly reposing dead clothed with terror, life spent in slavish fear, and even reason, at seasons, made to tremble on its disturbed throne. This might be avoided, by the aged, instead of entertaining the young with ghostly histories, teaching them to confide in the wisdom and goodness of God, and not to allow themselves to be imposed on by mysterious circumstances, when a little calm, persevering inquiry might be rewarded by a satisfactory solution of the dubious event. It may confidently be affirmed that the mass of such histories are dubious, and admit of solution, as the following examples may serve to show; and which are adduced, not to destroy belief in supernatural agency, but to dissipate groundless fear, and prompt, in similar perplexities, to deliberate investigation.

The writer was once domiciled in a dwelling which previously had been for some time uninhabited. Why and wherefore, he knew not. But he had not long been the tenant, before his family became the subjects of serious alarm,

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and that especially if he was not present with them. When duty called him from home in the evening, on his return he would find them, young and old, standing at the door, or not daring to sit with it closed. In the dead of night, and even at noon-day, (for the supposed visiter did not confine his visits to the hours of darkness,) consternation would be excited by the ringing of the parlour-bell. In the daytime, the servant would obey the summons, and learn that she had not been called for. The children would cling to their mother, and their father in vain endeavour to allay their agitation. Indeed, to him, the affair began to assume a serious character: rest was disturbed, and family quiet destroyed. Examination after examination was instituted, but all in vain; and notice was given to leave the bell-ringing abode. Before, however, it was abandoned, the cause of the alarm was fully ascertained, and domestic tranquillity restored. The watchful observations of the head of the family led to the remark that, after the noisy ghost had rung the bell, he was so obliging as not to ring it again until some member of the family did so; and then, and never till then, did he take his turn. This order was no sooner observed than the cause was ascertained. By the pulling of the cord of the bell-wire, it was found that a certain crank, placed in the corner of the room, stuck fast against the wall; which, in the course of time, by the pressure of its own spring, was liberated, and off went the tinkling bell. Alas, poor ghost! It never more was heard; and the haunted house lost all its mysterious celebrity, and sunk to the common order of other less famed habitations. Yet the head of the affrighted family is free to acknowledge that, had not the timely discovery been made, he should have left the dwelling with the strong impression that it had occasionally more inhabitants than were always visible.

Our second haunted house was yet more fearful and perplexing. Many years ago, when the noter of these events was a young man, at stated seasons he took up his abode with the kind, hospitable inmates of a large old farm-house. In the centre was the spacious kitchen, in which the family generally resided. To the right and left were other rooms and chambers, which placed the occupiers of them at a considerable distance from each other. If one only slept in the west wing, he could have no communication with those who lodged in the east, without coming down the stairs, and crossing the kitchen; so that his apartment was very solitary. It was the frequent custom of the good grey-headed farmer, after supper, to treat his guest with the history of the past inhabitants, and present state of his dwelling. Some of them had been notorious in their day; and one within its walls had, unsummoned, passed into the eternal world, and since that awful event the habitation had most assuredly been haunted by some unearthly visiter. Instances were given and minutely described. It was after one of these gloomy relations had been detailed, that the young man retired to his chamber for rest; and the other members to theirs, in the very opposite direction. The stairs were creaky, the door was far from being firm, and the room was large, having a bed besides the one occupied. Though confident in the protection of Him who has promised to be with those who fear Him in their up-rising and down-lying, yet he felt that he was not entirely free from an undefined timidity; and his degree of fortitude was soon put to the test. Scarcely had he extinguished the candle and reclined his head on the pillow, but he heard a faint, plaintive cry, sometimes from one, and at other times as from different voices. The light he could not rekindle, and to find his way in the dark to the distant part of the house seemed equally difficult. Still the noise continued: it appeared near, but nothing could be seen. The cry frequently sounded like the feeble plaint of a weakly child on the point of expiring.

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For several hours he was doomed to hear it. Sleep was unknown, and the perspiration of fear bathed his body. The morning's dawn was hailed with fervent gratitude; and, having dressed, he commenced diligent search for the cause of the cry, which still was heard, but seemed to become the more feeble as the light of day increased. He looked under and over the beds, in every corner and every accessible place, yet nothing could he find. And he was brought to conclude that the character of the house given by his host was correct; that, if apparitions were not to be seen, unaccountable cries were to be heard. He had taken the clothes from the bed on which he had reclined, but in vain; and as the other was in an undisturbed order, he concluded that there was no necessity to examine it. Resolving, however, before he left the room, to do everything, likely or unlikely, to discover the cause of his alarm, he began to take away the clothes from the other bed; and lo! if not the ghostly, the bodily disturbers of his rest were present to his view. The cat had found her way between the blankets, and deposited three kittens, and then had been shut out of the room. But for this explanation of the affair, nothing could have induced him to have slept in that room again; and he should have left his friends with the full persuasion, that indeed they did inhabit a haunted house.

Now, it is the firm conviction of the writer, that ninety-nine out of every hundred similar circumstances might be fully accounted for, if effort were made to ascertain the cause; and young persons might thus be saved from impressions which may often mar their comfort through life.

In recording these facts, there is no design to amuse at the expense of propriety. By them a profitable lesson of instruction may be learned. Placed in circumstances for which you cannot account, calmly exercise reason, institute judicious inquiry, and "trust in the Lord, and be not afraid."

Manchester. N.

READINGS IN KEMPIS.

No. IV.

VERY important is the third chapter, "On the Teaching of Truth." Man was made to know the truth, and to be influenced by it. His soul, like his body, is but as it were a congeries of capacities and faculties, arranged together according to the divine wisdom, and designed to be exercised upon the truth. When that which a man appears to know is false, his knowledge is unreal. It is worse than absolute ignorance, because there is as much to unlearn as he seems to know. What is wisdom but the practical knowledge of the truth by which his practice is to be influenced? All sin is falsehood and error. He who sins, errs from the truth; and as by his principles he is governed, he wanders in the error of his ways. Whereas the saint walks in truth. God teaches him by His word things which *really are*, so that he "walketh not in a vain show, nor disquieteth himself in vain." But that he may walk in truth, the truth must be in him, received into the innermost depths of his being, and rendered influential by the quickening power of the Holy Spirit. The light shines in vain on the dead eye. Food in the dead stomach remains a crude, undigested mass. So is the truth unavailing in the dead soul. But as life is to be sustained by proper food, so is the regenerate soul to be nourished by truth. Refusing the poison of sin, under whatever form presented, we are to "desire as new-born babes the sincere milk of the word, that we may grow thereby." Of all healthy piety this is an unfailing property: "But his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in His law doth he meditate day and night."

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There are too many persons in whom the faculty of knowledge seems fatally dormant. Their ignorance is a darkness that may be felt. Their soul is utterly sensualized. They are brutalized. A merely animal life is all that they possess. But there are many who, while they exert their mental faculties, exert them upon subjects utterly unprofitable: either because they are false, and then their knowledge is only a vain show; or because they are transient, and have no existence beyond the present life. Kempis rightly asks, "What profit is there in our many cavils concerning things hidden and obscure, for ignorance of which we shall not be reproved in the day of judgment? Great is our folly when, neglecting what is useful and necessary, we look beyond them to what is only curious, often hurtful. Having eyes, we see not."

He goes on to say, "He to whom the eternal Word speaks, is delivered from a multitude of mere opinions. No man without *that* rightly understands or judges. He to whom all things are One, who reduces all to One, and sees all in One, is able to have his heart fixed, and to abide peaceful in God." Beautifully does he pour out his soul in this earnest address: "O God, who art the truth, make me one with Thyself in perpetual charity. Often is it irksome to me to read and hear much;" (that only tends to distract the mind;) "in Thee is all I will and desire. Let all human doctors hold their peace, and the universe of creatures be silent, in Thy sight. Do Thou alone speak to me."

This is good advice:—"So much the more any one is recollected in himself, and made simple within, so much the more and the higher things will he understand without labour, because he receives the light of intelligence from above. A spirit pure, simple, and settled, is not dissipated amidst many works, because it works all to the honour of God; and preserving an inward quietness, strives only to be free from all self-seeking. Who impedes and molests thee more than the unmortified affection of thine own heart?"

There is much wisdom in the following sentences:—"The humble knowledge of thyself is a more certain way to God than the profound inquisition of science. Science, indeed, is not to be blamed, nor the simple knowledge of anything which, considered in itself, is good, and ordained of God; but a good conscience and a holy life are always to be preferred: but many, because they study rather to know much than to live well, often fall into error, and find no fruit of their toil, or very little."

This, also, is excellent:—"O, if men were as diligent in extirpating vices and planting virtues as in moving curious questions, there would not be so much dissoluteness, nor so many evils and scandals, among them! At the day of judgment, the inquiry shall not be what we have read, but what we have done; not how well we have spoken, but how religiously we have lived."

The conclusion of the chapter ought to be often and diligently considered:—"Truly great is he who has great charity. Truly great is he who is little in his own estimation, and reckons for nothing every height of honour. Truly wise and prudent is he who reckons all earthly things but as dung that he may make Christ his gain. And he is truly learned that doeth the will of God, and forsaketh his own."

USEFUL SUPPRESSIONS.

Suppress that feeling of pride and self-complacency. If you wish to give glory to God, you will do well to keep self out of sight. Those are not really

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the most useful nor the most holy persons, who are so in their own esteem. The Lord does not delight in those who seek to rob him of his glory, nor dwell in the heart of the proud; "But to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." When you have come to consider yourself very necessary to the Lord's work, you, probably, will be laid aside.

Suppress that feeling of jealousy. You think yourself slighted. Others, you think, have more honour than you, when you are more deserving than they. Perhaps you think right: probably, however, your pride has over-estimated self, and underrated others. If it is true that you are not appreciated, and others are exalted to your prejudice, be not disturbed by it. It is a very small thing that you "should be judged of men's judgment." These little inequalities of the earth will soon be all made level. Whatever conduces to our humiliation cannot hurt us. The dangers of injury lie in the opposite direction. If you cherish jealousies and envyings, you can make yourself very uncomfortable, and do great injustice to others. If, through rich grace, you are enabled so to live as to deserve better than you receive at the hands of men, be thankful and satisfied.

Suppress that inclination to indolence or ease. It is unbecoming and un-Christian. You have no time to waste; no talents which you have a right to hide in the earth. The glory of God, the salvation of men, and your own salvation, require of you to "live by the moment." Your whole life is made up of seconds. What right have you to waste one more than another, or a few and not the whole? "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." You know not which moment's work may be most blest.—*New-York Evangelist.*

CHRISTIANITY, BY REQUIRING PURITY OF HEART, IS THE ONLY SCHOOL OF TRUE VIRTUE.

CHRIST's law, and no other law but Christ's, requires immaculate cleanness of heart. This is the only proper basis on which to superstruct,—first innocency, and then virtue; and without this, the most rigid exacters of outward purity do but transcribe the folly of him who pumps very laboriously in a ship, yet neglects to stop the leak; or the worse tyranny of Pharaoh in requiring brick without straw. So far is it from severity in a Lawgiver thus to limit and restrain our thoughts, that it is an act of the greatest indulgence; by no means the laying on of a new burden, but the furnishing us with an engine to bear with ease that weight which otherwise the stoutest Atlas must sink under. And were but this one precept sincerely conformed to, it would not only facilitate but make certain the obedience to all the rest. If the first sparks of ill were quenched within, what possibility is there they should ever break out into a flame? How shall he kill that dares not be angry? be adulterous in act that may not even transgress in desire? How shall he be perjured that fears an oath? or defraud that permits not himself to covet? In the like manner all positive acts of virtue are but the natural effects of the interior habit. Where the love of God is seated in the heart, it will operate in all the faculties, and keep them in a busy endeavour of doing acceptable service: when fear is planted there, it will break forth in outward reverence and duty; and so proportionably will it be in every other instance. It is, therefore, an advice well becoming the wisdom of Solomon, to "keep the heart with all diligence." But then it is withal the work of Him who is greater

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than Solomon to teach and enable us to do this; for unless He "keep that city, the watchman waketh but in vain." If He instruct not to secure those "issues of life," they will betray and ruin us, and be indeed the "savour of death unto death." Now of this divine art of tactics and defence, Christianity is the only school, and therefore is most fitly qualified for the producing all those supernatural excellencies to which the timely prepossession of the heart is the rudiment and principle.—*Causes of the Decay of Christian Piety.*

THE UNBELIEF AND IRRELIGIOUSNESS OF THE GREAT NOT TO BE IMITATED BY OTHERS.

A BETTER AND BRIGHTER EXAMPLE IS SET BEFORE THEM.

Whenever it is urged that many wise and contemplative men, many men of knowledge and refinement, have opposed our holy faith; let it be remembered that the wise have their weaknesses and imperfections, the contemplative and refined their prejudices and perversions. But whether the despisers of God's holy law wilfully shut their eyes against the consequences of their presumptions, or whether they deceive their own hearts, it is our part to be guarded against the danger of their example. For this purpose I have endeavoured to inculcate the principle for which they themselves affect to contend with so much zeal; namely, that we are not to be influenced by mere human authority, but to labour freely and dispassionately in the search of truth: that we are not to be offended because men are found indifferent to what they have not examined, or are incapable of examining; because they dislike doctrines mortifying to their pride, and odious to their corruptions; or because the superficial, the vicious, the vain-glorious pretenders to speculation have contended against it. Doth this little band of gainsayers seem considerable enough to demand your attention? Behold, then, we claim your attention for a society infinitely more noble and venerable! We set before you the glorious company of the Apostles, the noble army of martyrs, the redeemed of all nations and ages, the assembly of Christ's faithful followers who have sprung up even in the most corrupted times; the good, and the wise, and the learned, in whose lives and labours His heavenly doctrine has shone out gloriously and irresistibly; the multitudes not to be numbered of the poor and afflicted who have borne their troubles with meekness, and fulfilled their daily course of duty only governed by the will of God, and comforted by spiritual joy and good hope through grace. Look at this vast array. Its numbers with one voice call on you; they adjure you by the mercies of the living God to use all diligence to make your calling and election sure: not to submit blindly and implicitly, but to try, to prove, to exercise that portion of reason, to embrace those opportunities of instruction which God has granted you, before the distractions of the world have dissipated, before its allurements have seduced, before corruption and vanity have blinded and perverted you. Listen to the awful admonition. So shall the "God of all grace stablish, strengthen, and settle you" in a steadfast and lively faith which shall preserve you blameless and harmless amidst a perverse generation; which shall make every action of your lives gracious and amiable, and prove at once your guide and comfort through the perplexities, and dangers, and calamities of this mortal state; which shall raise you to the glory for which you were created and redeemed, to the eternal inheritance of the sons of God, through Christ our Lord.—*Dr. Leland.*

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CHOICE SAYINGS: THEIR USE.

Our readers must not regard these as inserted merely for the purpose of *filling up* some vacancy in the page: they constitute an integral and very important portion of our entire design. We will, therefore, once for all, point out the aspect under which we wish them to be considered. And we will introduce our observations by referring to a fact in ecclesiastical history. In the earlier periods of monastic life, when the rules of the primitive institution were carefully enforced, the Monks were expected to be sparing of speech,—in some orders silence was rigidly enjoined,—and much in thought and meditation. Books in that day were not plentiful as they are now, and were for the most part written and read on a somewhat different system from that which obtains at present. Copying books was a work of great labour, and, therefore, what was written was generally the condensed expression of thought, often composed of sentences full of meaning. Many were written for the express purpose of promoting devout meditation. They were not consecutive treatises, but collections of observations, more or less brief, and only connected by reference to some general subject, so that it was not necessary to read more than one at a time. And this was commonly done. And the sentence so taken was reflected on in its whole meaning, and so digested as to pass, not merely in its crude form, into the memory; but, in its most profound sense, into the mental system,—to dwell there as though it had resulted from original thought. For obtaining *extensive knowledge*, larger treatises must be read. But these do not always contribute largely to the possession of a *solid moral wisdom*. We read some hundreds of pages, and perhaps never pause, but are content with the general information thus communicated. We by no means undervalue this. We only mean to say that the other mode is valuable likewise. We learn by it to think for ourselves; and if the sentences are expressions of truth, larger measures of truth are thus brought into the mind. To promote this healthful exercise in reference to truth and devotion, our miscellaneous "Choice Sayings" are given. Let the reader not merely look over them, and approve them, but occasionally take one for the employment of those leisure moments in which the mind either becomes listless, or is distracted by wandering and profitless thoughts. Few persons know how to mingle in company profitably: *fewer still know how to be profitably alone.*

To illustrate what we have said about the provision of short observations for the primitive Monks, we give two or three written by one of them, "the Monk Thalassius." He wrote four sets, one hundred in each, entitling them, "Sacred Sentences concerning sincere Charity, &c., with some concerning Self-Government."

Love, if it be wholly directed to God and fixed on Him, unites among themselves those who love, and all to God.

The mind rich in spiritual charity, nothing that is not suitable to charity will cogitate concerning others.

That in the time of thy prayers thou mayest dismiss all hinderances, thou must guard against intemperance and excess as to the body, and hatred and malice as to the soul.

In doing good privately thou shalt avoid vainglory; and pride, by contemning no one.

The companions of vainglory are simulation and boastful speech; but of pride, suspicion and envy.

Wretched is the man who in his works regards the body more than the soul, and the world more than God.

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THEOLOGY.

SECURITY AGAINST ENTERING INTO TEMPTATION.

A SERMON.

"Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."—Mark xiv. 38.

Some attention to the circumstances with which the delivery of this injunction was connected, will materially assist us in obtaining a knowledge of its precise import. It was addressed by our Lord to the three disciples whom he had chosen to be the witnesses of His sacred passion. They were alone with Him in the garden of Gethsemane. He had previously told them explicitly that the end was approaching, when He should be delivered into the hands of His enemies. Peter he had especially warned, predicting the fall to which his sincere but mistaken confidence in himself would lead. In the garden, Christ withdrew from them for a little distance, and was comparatively alone in his agony. Returning, he found them sleeping, "for their eyes were heavy." They had not that lively sense of danger nigh which would have banished sleep, and caused them, by reflecting on it, to guard against it beforehand, so as to be betrayed by it when actually present into nothing wrong. But they slept, and were at length taken by surprise. "While he yet spake" to them, "cometh Judas, one of the twelve, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief Priests, and the scribes, and the elders." It was a regular legal arrest, authorized by the highest national court. They at once saw their danger, and, yielding to the sense of it, they all forsook Him and fled. Had they previously revolved it in their mind, fixed on the line of conduct which it would be right to adopt, and besought help from God to enable them steadily to adhere to their resolution, the case might have been different. As it was, the unanticipated event awoke in their unprepared minds only the natural feelings of alarm, and desire of escape from danger; and under the influence of these feelings, thus called forth by external events, they became guilty of a cowardly desertion of their Master and Friend, whom they knew to be a righteous man, and whom they had acknowledged to be "the Christ, the Son of the living God." They entered into temptation; and, being unprepared for it, they were overcome by it.

That which happened to the disciples may happen to ourselves. The principles involved in the entire occurrence are such as to render our Lord's admonition one which requires the heedful attention of all who desire to flee from the wrath to come, whatever may be the particular character of the circumstances in which they are placed. What our Lord said to these three disciples in the garden, He says to all His disciples, in all places, and in all ages.

In one sense, however, it is limited in its application; and to that limitation it is necessary that our attention be first given. It is not addressed, primarily, to *men universally;* nor even to *Christians* who are *such only nominally.* There are persons who have no practical desire to flee from the wrath to come. They live for time alone. They are children of disobedience, in whom the tempter actually dwells and works. Their unbelieving minds are blinded. They are led captive by Satan at his will. The objects of temptation are, in their miserable case, already secured. It is not to *watchfulness* that they are to be called, but to an earnest *struggle for deliverance.* There is nothing in them of which *this* exhortation can take hold. They are already borne onwards by the current of outward events. They walk according to the course of this world. It is a most awful condition. They sleep, and must be awakened. They live for a dream, and must be called to yield to the influence of the stern, yet glorious, realities of truth. Through repentance, and saving faith in Christ, they must be made free from sin, and become the servants of God. Till then, they are fast tied and bound with the chain of their sins. Occasionally, better thoughts may arise within them, and they may resolve and struggle against besetting evil; but they are carnal, sold under sin, and therefore their struggles are ineffectual, and they soon relapse into carelessness. They must come to Christ for salvation. They will then be in a position for real resistance; and by the strength thus imparted, the resistance, if they are not wanting to themselves, will be effectual.

The direction is given to those who are *truly* the disciples of Christ. They have

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experienced His salvation, and enjoy forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them that are sanctified. In Him they are new creatures. Their former life was a life of sense: it is now a life of faith. They are fully awake to spiritual and eternal realities. They discern and acknowledge the great objects of life; and it is now the business of their life to secure them. In the objects included in their sphere of vision,—for they see all things in the light of faith and truth,—they see those which are supreme and those which are subordinate, and those which are to be shunned altogether. The care of the soul is with them the one thing needful, and by a steady reference to this they seek to be in all things and at all times governed. They do not live at random. They do not act on unsound principles. They walk by faith. To them, therefore, this injunction can be consistently addressed. They understand its nature and design, and are prepared to receive it as one of their constantly governing rules.

The whole address supposes a danger against which they are earnestly desirous of guarding, and points out the only way of security.

I. *Lest ye enter into temptation.*

1. *On what is this danger founded?* Two facts are to be remembered. We are safe only when we walk by faith; that is, when we live under the full power of spiritual and eternal, but unseen, realities. In our present fallen state, to walk by sight is to depart from God. Everything in the world may become, therefore, a source of temptation, by inviting us to regard it practically as our ultimate object,—to view it in itself, either with desire or aversion, as the case may be, and thus to have our hearts alienated from God. But more than this. Sin entered the world through the temptation of Satan, and he is still permitted to exercise his tempting power. We attempt not to solve the mystery; but the Scriptures allow us not to doubt the fact. By using occasions as they naturally occur, even by disposing them, within certain limits, for his own purposes, he may act with them, and employ them as instruments of temptation to evil. As in the case of Peter. All seems natural in the betrayal and seizure of our Lord. But Satan had entered into the heart of Judas. And of Peter it is expressly said, "Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat." How far he was successful, the history records. Temptation, thus understood, is one of the instruments of our probation and discipline; and by means of it are we exposed to danger.

2. *Wherein does the danger consist?* "Lest ye *enter* into temptation,"—not, "lest ye be *tempted*." Our Lord was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. He entered not into temptation. The Prince of this world came, *but had no part in Him.* St. Paul slightly varies the phrase. "They that *will* be rich,"—that make this their fixed object,—"fall into temptation and a snare." There is temptation that is strictly *without.* It is permitted to exert no influence. It is met by prompt and unyielding resistance. It is therefore said, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation." But there is another aspect of the subject. There is a mutual relation between outward objects and events, and the inward constitution of human nature. Such and such occurrences, simply, in their own nature, tend to excite such and such feelings. Such and such feelings are capable of being called into exercise by such and such occurrences. It is possible that the immediate tendency of such feelings may be to lead us to do something wrong. The sight of those who came with authority and power to seize the Master, had a natural tendency to awaken fear in the disciples. They might have resisted its influence, but they yielded to it, and fled. Our Lord was in the custody of his bitter enemies. Legal proceedings, so to speak, were instituted. The recognition of Peter by the servants of the High Priest had a natural tendency to alarm him for his safety. He might have gone in expecting this, prepared to meet it: but it came suddenly. The natural feeling was allowed its full sway. To secure himself from danger was his only thought. Yielding to this, he fell, and, even with cursing and oaths, denied his Lord. What we want, therefore, is clearly described in the prayer of the Christian poet:—

> "A mind *for all assaults prepared,*
> A *sober, vigilant* mind bestow;
> *Ever apprized of danger nigh,*
> And when to fight, and when to fly."

When, whatever the circumstances may be, our heart is fixed, one great object kept steadily before us, and no influence opposed to it is allowed to enter; when the life of faith within is preserved in unchanged power, however outward occurrences may vary; then, though we may have entered into a path beset with temptations, we have not entered into

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temptation. Temptation is rather addressed to us, than springing up within us. The enemy is kept without, and we are the better prepared to resist him steadfastly in the faith, than if we had likewise to combat with our own inward feelings, prompting us to surrender.

II. But a mind thus "for all assaults prepared," can only be ours by the exercise of watchfulness and prayer. "Watch ye, and pray, *lest* ye enter into temptation."

1. "*Watch ye.*" The word refers to that *watchfulness* by which we are aware of what takes place without us, in opposition to the *drowsiness* which renders us insensible; and implies the careful exercise of attention. The sentinel on his post is to keep awake, and not allow a movement to escape his notice. The sailor appointed to keep watch on deck is not only not to sleep, but to look abroad lest the vessel come to any damage. But no figure can convey the whole idea of Christian watchfulness. Its leading characters, as it is required by the text to be exercised, may be, however, briefly stated. (1.) *Preserve the general habit of vigilance.* Relapse not into carelessness. Be always mindful of the great *duty* of life,—to live for God and eternity; and of life's great *danger*,—to live for ourselves and for time. Recall the sentiment thus suggested till it becomes habitual; cherish it till it becomes habitually vivid and strong. Especially in periods when attention is unavoidably most occupied, let God and futurity be placed before you as ultimate objects of contemplation and search. Whatever is done *at the present*, let it be done with recollection *of the future*, and in reference to it. Let the state of mind be that of the actually journeying pilgrim, his loins girt about, his staff in his hand, "looking for and hasting to the coming of the day of God." In the morning, renew this impression of things spiritual, eternal, and divine. Through the day, keep up this hallowed seriousness. At night, examine yourselves whether it has been preserved. One of the best preparations for duty, one of the most powerful safeguards against sin, is found in careful attention to the injunction, "Be sober, be vigilant." (2.) But while this is the foundation of that watchfulness enjoined in the text, by which we are to be kept from entering into temptation, some more particular exercises are implied in it. A few of the chief may be mentioned. Watch over *the character of the occurrences through which you are passing.* You know your providential course. Ascertain with what dangers it is connected. Be equally attentive to events unforeseen, or less common. Danger may be so concealed as only to be detected by particular attention. And let this vigilance include a reference to yourselves. *You* may be in danger in circumstances which may not affect others; as *they* may be endangered where you are safe. *Look about you.* Watch over *your own minds.* Ascertain what it is to which your own disposition most exposes you. Make yourself fully acquainted with your own disposition and temperament. *Look well within.* It is there that danger is most to be apprehended, when the outward course of events, or the particular occurrence, is favourable to our particular inclinations and tempers. The concurrence of inclination with opportunity tempts to the easily besetting sin, and here it is that so many are overcome. Watch over *the actual influence of the outward event upon the actual movement of your mind.* Does that influence from without meet with an immediate and powerful counteraction within, so that the mind is altogether unaffected? Or is the presence of the object as a tempting object *felt?* Is that feeling productive of movement in the wrong direction; or, as soon as it is felt, is it checked and subdued? Keep thus the spark from falling where there is so much that is combustible: that is the best. But, if it obtain a momentary lodgment, let it not escape attention, and go on spreading till the flame bursts out with resistless fury. Notice even the spark. The greatest conflagrations were thus in the beginning. Notice it, and trample it out, or quench it. Watch particularly *on entering a new course of life, on mixing with fresh company*, or *on the occurrence of some unusual or unexpected event.* Ask,—Is there new danger here? If there be, what is its character? Into what am I likely to be led without being aware of the character or direction of the course? Peter, (Gal. ii. 11—14,) on one occasion, was thus "overtaken in a fault." He walked in evangelical liberty, treating the Gentile converts fully as his brethren. Some Jewish converts visit the place, full of their former prejudices, and refusing to hold intercourse with these Gentiles. "Before they came, he did eat with the Gentiles; but when they were come, he withdrew, and separated himself." Their coming was a snare to him. He had fallen before through the influence of company. He should have asked, when

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these men came, "How is their presence likely to influence me? What feelings will it occasion? Are those feelings right?" This had been a watchfulness which, with prayer, would have preserved him. As it was, it became to him a temptation to which he yielded. These are but instances of the particular exercises which this watchfulness implies; but they may suggest to the attentive reader the whole extent of this all-important subject. This, however, must be connected with prayer.

2. "*And pray.*" A similar distinction may be made here to the one observed in the former case. (1.) *The spirit of prayer is to be maintained, together with its manifestation in regular practice.* We are to live a life of dependence on God, of trust in Him, and of desire for the blessings which we need. Even were these particular dangers out of the question, prayer would still be our bounden duty, and our exalted privilege. But, (2.) There must be prayer *in special reference to the subject* we are now considering. We must pray for grace to preserve our soul in that healthy, active life, which shall render efficient watchfulness practicable. When life becomes languid, a drowsy, slothful habit is the necessary consequence. We shall only watch by fits and starts. Occasionally rousing ourselves, we shall relapse at least into a state of semi-slumber. The only remedy is resolute effort and earnest prayer. Intercourse with God awakens and invigorates the soul. And when we perceive that circumstances arise which may become an occasion of temptation, we must pray that we may be fully armed, and thus prepared for the combat that may be approaching. And especially must we pray if we feel that the *outward* is becoming an *inward* temptation. Then, most essential it is to our security that we seek for help from God, all-mighty and all-sufficient; that we cry for the succours of grace; that by lifting up our hearts to God, we place them under the influence of divine realities, just then when worldly appearances are beginning to act upon us. By watchfulness we perceive our danger: it is by prayer that we are enabled to avoid or to overcome it. It is by creature-influence that we are to be subdued; and this becomes all the more powerful as it attracts our attention to itself. By prayer we enter into the presence of God, and thus both obtain His gracious help, and experience the mighty influence which His character, His laws, His promises, His threatenings are calculated to exert. In prayer, "we look, not at the things which are seen,"—and while our minds are thus, so to speak, absent from them, they cannot tempt us,—"but at the things which are not seen." And thus have we, to guard and strengthen us, all the power of divine grace and divine truth.

All this requires effort and exercise. But this is the time and the place for them. It is the period of trial and discipline. It is the battle-field, in which we must either conquer, or be led by the enemy into captivity. So God has appointed. And we must take things as we find them. But it is a wise and benevolent appointment. Exercised and successful virtue becomes matured and triumphant virtue, rendering us, through mercy and grace, capable of higher degrees of glory. Yes; effort and exercise are indeed necessary. But in what will they result? The time of watching and combating will soon be over. The period of repose and enjoyment shall be eternal. Keep the prize in view, and no labour, no sacrifice, will appear too great. Watch, therefore, and pray, and persevere. The Lord is at hand; and when He, the Captain of the Lord's host, shall appear, all his faithful combatants shall appear with Him in glory. O, who would not

"Watch *a moment* to secure
An *everlasting* rest?"

MARTHA AND MARY.

It was the care of the body of her divine guest which drew Martha's ear from the communion of His blessed word, in order that her hand might minister to the comfort of his person. She was not ignorant of the oracle of wisdom which was seated between His lips, nor even of the awful power that rested in His word; for it was she who said unto Him, "If Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." Neither was she unskilled in religious doctrine; for when the Lord said unto her, "Thy brother shall rise again," she answered, "I know he shall rise at the resurrection of the just." But she was carried away by the bustling spirit of care, until even the gentleness and patience of the Lord was overcome, and he reproved her. Nay, so engrossing is this spirit of care, that, instead of being rebuked by the example of her sister Mary sitting at the feet of Jesus, she would have had the Lord to reprove her of idleness, forgetting altogether that there

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was a world of the spirit, after which Mary was hungering and thirsting, like the hart in a parched land. And then it was that our Lord taught her the inferiority of her spirit to her sister's, of her diligence to her sister's; the inferiority of her love to her sister's love, whereof the former treated Him but as the respected guest, the other as a Teacher sent from God; saying, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her;" which shall not be taken away from her, as shall be the object of thy care; for these things, comfortable to flesh and blood, with the care of which thou art cumbered, shall not enter with thee into the kingdom of heaven, which flesh and blood cannot inherit, but shall be debarred thence; whereas that "one thing needful," "that better part," the regeneration of the spirit, and its nourishment by the word of God, which thy sister Mary hath chosen, shall not be taken away from her; but shall find for her a passage into the joy of the Lord; when, for all that she hath lost, she shall receive an hundredfold; and besides the pearl of great price for which she hath sacrificed all things, all these very things shall be added in a new and incorruptible form.—*Rev. Edward Irving.*

THE SCRIPTURE EXPOSITOR.

"And let all the angels of God worship Him."—Heb. i. 6.

Though the LXX. have these precise words in Deut. xxxii. 43, yet, as they are not found there in our present Hebrew copies, or in any other version, there is no evidence that they were originally written there by Moses. The words are evidently taken from Psalm xcvii. 7, where we find them, with a little variation: thus, "Worship Him, all ye (*elohim*) gods." The Jewish writers apply this Psalm to the reign of the Messiah; and some of them explain *elohim*, of the heathen gods: but by the LXX. it is translated, or rather explained, "His angels;" and by our Apostle, "angels of God." This doubtless is the true sense; for how could the heathen gods, which are mere nonentities, be commanded to worship Him? The word which is rendered "worship," signifies to "bow down before;" and, though sometimes used in the Old Testament for civil homage, is always, (as Dr. Owen observes,) in the New Testament, expressive of religious worship, and, when given to a mere creature, is marked as idolatry. (See Acts x. 25, 26; Rev. xiii. 12, 15; xix. 10; xxii. 8, 9.) At any rate, it must signify divine worship in this place.—1. Because in the Psalm it is opposed to false religious worship: "Confounded be all they that serve graven images, that boast themselves of idols; worship Him, all ye gods." (Verse 7.) Now that which is opposed to the worship of idols is the worship of the living and true God. 2. Because the object of the worship here enjoined is, throughout the whole Psalm, termed Jehovah in the original: (see verses 1, 5, 8, 9, 10, 12:) and surely Jehovah is the proper object of religious worship. It must also be particularly noticed, that it is Jehovah in the person of the Son that is intended: otherwise this citation would not answer the Apostle's purpose; for he is not proving that the Divine Being, absolutely and essentially considered, is higher than the angels, (a point never disputed by any,) but that the incarnate and glorified Messiah is exalted above them, from their being commanded to worship Him. He had an original claim to their worship as their Creator: (Col. i. 16:) but there is a new and additional ground for it in His being exalted as Head over all principalities and powers; (Phil. ii. 9—11; 1 Pet. iii. 22;) and this is what the Apostle has immediately in view.

The Apostle's explanation of this verse gives us a key to the whole of the ninety-seventh Psalm, which contains a grand description of the dignity and majesty of Christ, of the extensiveness of His dominion, of the utter subversion of idolatry by the manifestation of His "glory," and of the celestial gladness which His reign should diffuse throughout Sion in her Christianized state, and among the daughters of Judah, or the Gentile churches, which shall then include the population of the globe. This passage not only proves the divinity of Christ, without which He could not be the object of religious worship, since it is written, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve:" (Matt. iv. 10:) but it also proves that the power and dominion given Him in the economy of redemption, as the King, Messiah, and First-born from the dead, is a reason why both men and angels should pay Him religious homage under that character. So Christ Himself says, "The Father hath committed all judgment" (that is,

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all rule and authority) "to the Son; that all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father." (John v. 22, 23.)—*Maclean.*

TRUE BLESSEDNESS, AND ITS ATTAINMENT BY MEANS OF PRAYING FAITH.

We expect to be satisfied in the possession of things which have in them no satisfaction to the soul, and so when we have them we are disappointed; which disappointment is only to be eased by the revelation to the soul of the very things which will yield her satisfaction. We are careful of the body's health, thinking that therein is blessedness. We are careful concerning the health of our children, thinking that therein is blessedness. We are careful concerning our good report with men, thinking that therein is blessedness. We are careful concerning worldly goods, thinking that therein is blessedness. And, in general, we are careful to attain unto all the natural desires of our heart, thinking thereby to be completely blessed. And so Satan tortures us with a thousand points of carefulness, upon which he extends the body of our natural being: there is not a joint that he doth not rack; there is not a fibre which he doth not make to quiver: he distendeth us abroad, and mangleth us at his pleasure, because he is a murderer and destroyer, and rejoiceth over his prey. But faith teacheth us that blessedness is not to be found in health, family, human favour, or estate; but in the light of God's countenance, the love of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit; in righteousness, faith, peace, and contentment; which possessing, we are not miserable, though in affliction and sorrow, forsaken and deserted of the world; blessed, though betrayed by our father's house, forsaken by our own children, persecuted and evil-entreated of all men.

Now the possession of those spiritual blessings which are blessings indeed, and are able to change the very face of misery itself, is within the power of every man by faith and by prayer. He seeketh not the impossible; he affecteth not the miserable; he is not in love with falsehood; but he seeketh that which is purchased for every believer, affecteth that which is desirable to every soul, and is in love with the very countenance and goodness of God Himself. And he shall receive to the very bounds of his desire, and be filled beyond the measure of his satisfaction; and there is nothing good, worthy to be cared for, for which he cannot pray; not only for himself, but for all men: for his father and his mother, his wife and his children, his kindred and his friends, his people and the world at large. And there is no emergency that can occur for which he hath not a refuge in the bosom of God; and there is no affliction for which he hath not a Comforter in the Holy Ghost; and there is no doubt nor perplexity for which he hath not a ready resolution in the word of the faith of Jesus. Prayer, prayer is possession; faithful prayer is sure possession of all that the redeemed will of man can desire from the will of God, into the unity and harmony of which it is redeemed by Christ. The man who is full of prayer is full of power; that is, of faithful prayer; for prayer without faith is given to the idle winds. And therefore I say that he who has faith to open the door of heaven, doth, in a manner, possess the store of heaven, which is large and abundant enough for all the wants of the needy earth.—*Rev. Edward Irving.*

THE SCRIPTURES.

The word is a telescope to discover the great luminaries of the world, the truths of the highest concernment to the souls of men; and it is such a microscope that discovers to us the smallest atom of our thoughts, and discerns the most secret intent of the heart. And as far as this light reacheth, it comes with power and authority, as it comes armed with the majesty of that God who reveals it, whose authority extends over the soul and conscience of man in its most secret and hidden recesses.—*Bp. Stillingfleet.*

STATED SEASONS FOR PRAYER.

Stated seasons, returning at regular periods, are peculiarly necessary to preserve this duty in its full vigour. He who prays at such seasons will always remember the duty; will form his schemes of life, so as to provide the proper place for performing it; will be reproached by his conscience for neglecting it; will keep alive the spirit of prayer from one season to another, so as to render the practice delightful; and will be preserved uninterruptedly in the practice of the strong influence of habit. He who prays at accidental seasons only, will first neglect, then hate, and finally desist from the duty.—*Dwight.*

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PARENTAL MONITOR.

THE PARENTAL RELATION.

VII.—JOYS OF PARENTS.

At this moment numbers of delighted mothers are embracing their firstborn infants; while the youthful husbands and happy fathers clasp both to their heart. The babe, innocent, lovely, smiling, is the object of their natural and mutual affection. God, who had given them "natural affection," has now given them an object worthy of its exercise. There is beauteous innocency, and there is innocent emotion. Attraction is set before the heart; and whilst the sparkling eyes gaze on the object, that heart melts in the flame of vivid joys. The mother's joys excel. To bear and to nurse are hers. For her suffering and toil she is rewarded by the bliss of stronger and purer affection. The link that ties her infant to her heart, is a conductor of pleasure that "a stranger intermeddles not with." It is a mother's joys in her own infant offspring. She had "sorrow," but she now remembereth it no more. Her babe hangs on her breast; her own arms embrace it; she rejoices over it with joy; she rests in her love; she joys over it with singing. May she have grace, have it daily and hourly, to offer up all a living, holy, acceptable sacrifice unto God.

An object of deep interest to parents is *opening mind*. If the blowing of a plant in the garden delights the person who has reared it, how much more the opening mind of a son or daughter. "A goodly child" of three years old, clean and neatly dressed, in the hand of its parents, is one of the loveliest objects presented to human eyes. Guileless, smiling, prattling, "of the kingdom of heaven," its attractions are angelic. The happy mother, the affectionate father, taste a thousand pure joys in the endless questions of the child's sweet and truthful lips: When pious Hannah carried up to Shiloh her first "little coat" for the "child Samuel," what were her emotions when she came in sight of him! In every stitch she put in the tiny garment for "the child" she had "asked of the Lord." O how her loving heart went with her needle! Working for him, thinking of him, praying for him for a whole year, when she saw him once more, clasped him to her heart, fell on his neck and kissed him and kissed him again, who does not sympathize in her raptures? The consciousness of her obligation to Heaven, the willing sacrifice she had made in giving up to God what she had asked of Him, the commendation of grateful Eli, his prayers for her and her family, and the blessing involved in the whole transaction, constituted parental joys exalted, pure, and unutterable. These joys were renewed and augmented from year to year, as "Samuel grew before the Lord," and the highly-favoured mother brought him the annual token of her affection and care.

Another branch of parental enjoyment is found in the happy influence children have on *the toils of industry*. "Parents ought to lay up for their children." The obligation is universally felt. The desire, the effort, the ability to "lay up for the children" form a wide field of pleasure. Employment is enjoyment. Labour is rest. Without labour human beings cannot be happy. But the labourer wants an object, a motive of which his moral nature can approve. In his children he finds it. Natural affection binds him to it, and rewards him in it. While the wants of children are before the eyes of parents, the flow of life is drawn away from stagnant miseries. At the sweet bidding of parental affection, employment and enjoyment arise among all classes of the human family. That wise, just, good command, "Six days shalt thou labour," would often impose slavery, but for the parental relation. But, "There is my beloved child, looking up to me with its imploring eyes, and numberless wants. For him I think, I plan, I delve, I plant, I build, I travel, I toil, I suffer; but 'labour is rest,' and even 'pain is sweet,' while I am thus engaged. Love makes it so; and I thank God for that relationship which has turned slavery and trouble into diversion and an ample reward."

When parents live to see their children come to *honour among men*, they find it to be another fruitful source of joy. "A wise son maketh a glad father." When Jacob came into Egypt, and found his much-loved Joseph at the head of civil affairs, acknowledged by all as the great instrument of "saving much people alive," and withal in such reputation for wisdom, glad indeed must have been the father's heart. When they met at Goshen, "Jacob fell on his neck, and wept on his neck a good while." These truly were tears of joy. Since that day, countless fathers and mothers have wept for joy at seeing their beloved children exalted to good repute. If they have not seen them in the position in which Jacob saw Joseph at Goshen, or as the mother of Wellington saw her son in the British Court, at his return from Waterloo; yet have they seen them in possession of happy competence, high integrity, widespread friendship, benevolent influence, "blessed and made a blessing." This branch of parental joy is greatly heightened when, like Jacob, the honoured parent of the honoured child feels that filial affection is

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exerted to soothe the sorrows of parental need.

But of all joys that spring up in the parental bosom, none are so rich or lasting as those which relate to their children's *eternal salvation*. I knew a father who had three children. He was instrumental in bringing them to God. Before their conversion he felt acutely for them. His fears that he should not see them in heaven, or that they would live to dishonour God on earth, produced much agony of mind. He appointed seasons of special prayer in secret. Thither he carried the promises of God to parents for the salvation of their children; and, to use his favourite expression, "he travailed in birth for them till Christ was formed in them." God heard his prayers. He saw them all in possession of a Saviour's love, and rejoicing in the hope of future blessedness. For thirty years "he was a glad father." Of the amount of his parental joy during this long period, it is not easy to form a sufficient estimate. It appeared from his tears of joy, and his lively expression of gratitude, that it was the daily subject of his rejoicing before the Lord. Awhile ago I entered a parlour, and found a mother alone in tears. Those, too, were tears of joy. On my appearance, she exclaimed, "I am a happy mother. I have just learned that this night the youngest and the last of my eight children enters the church of God." Some years after, I stood by the dying bed of this same happy mother, her children all pious, or "gone before." She said, with overwhelming emphasis, "I cannot utter a tenth part of the delight and joy my children's salvation has given me."

Did Paul say of his beloved Thessalonian converts, "What is my hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of Christ at his coming?" And is there not future joy to be anticipated when parents and children shall again meet where grief and parting shall be no more? I attended the grave of my first-born. He was in his twenty-first year; lovely and beloved by all who knew him. His life was pious; his death was happy. As his remains were being lowered to the dust, friends around me sweetly sung,—

"Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

"Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains."

I felt the presence of Him, who said, "I am the resurrection and the life." It was a balm for every wound. My spirit rejoiced in God my Saviour. The words of Jesus were sweet to my soul: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, ye may be also." There is Abraham, rejoicing over his beloved Isaac. Reader, have you children? There may you rejoice with them also.

St. Mawes. PASTOR.

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A REMARKABLE CHILD.

IN the diary of John Evelyn, Esq., (a fine specimen of a Christian English gentleman,) there is the following pathetic entry:—

"1658. 27th Jan.—After six fits of a quartan-ague with which it pleased God to visit him, died my dear son Richard, to our inexpressible grief and affliction, five years and three days old only, but at that tender age a prodigy of wit and understanding; for beauty of body, a very angel; for endowment of mind, of incredible and rare hopes. To give only a little taste of them, and thereby glory to God, who out of the mouths of babes and infants does sometimes perfect His praises: at two years and a half old he could perfectly read any of the English, Latin, French, or Gothic letters, pronouncing the three first languages exactly. He had before the fifth year, or in that year, not only skill to read most written hands, but to decline all the nouns, conjugate the verbs regular, and most of the irregular; learnt out of 'Puerilis,' got by heart almost the entire vocabulary of Latin and French primitives and words, could make congruous syntax, turn English into Latin, and *vice versâ*, construe and prove what he read, and did the government and use of relatives, verbs, substantives, ellipses, and many figures and tropes, and made a considerable progress in Comenius's 'Janua;' began himself to write legibly, and had a strong passion for Greek. The number of verses he could recite was prodigious; and when seeing a 'Plautus' in one's hand, he asked what book it was, and being told it was comedy, and too difficult for him, he wept for sorrow. Strange was his apt and ingenious application of fables and morals, for he had read Æsop; he had a wonderful disposition to mathematics, having by heart divers pro-

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positions of Euclid that were read to him in play, and he would make lines and demonstrate them. As to his piety, astonishing were his applications of Scripture upon occasion, and his sense of God; he had learned all his Catechism easily, and understood the historical part of the Bible and New Testament to a wonder, how Christ came to redeem mankind. These, and the like illuminations, far exceeding his age and experience, considering the prettiness of his address and behaviour, cannot but leave impressions in me at the memory of him. When one told him how many days a Quaker had fasted, he replied that was no wonder, for Christ had said that a man should not live by bread alone, but by the word of God. He would of himself select the most pathetic Psalms, and chapters out of Job, to read to his maid during his sickness; telling her, when she pitied him, that all God's children must suffer affliction. He declaimed against the vanities of the world before he had seen any. Often he would desire those who came to see him to pray by him, and a year before he fell sick, to kneel and pray with him alone in some corner. How thankfully would he receive admonition, how soon be reconciled! How indifferent, yet how continually cheerful! He would give his grave advice to his brother John, bear with his impertinences, and say he was but a child. If he heard of, or saw, any new thing, he was unquiet until he was told how it was made; he brought to us all such difficulties as he found in books, to be expounded. He had learned by heart divers sentences in Latin and Greek, which on occasion he would produce even to a wonder. He was all life, all prettiness; far from morose, sullen, or childish in anything he said or did. The last time he had been at church (which was Greenwich) I asked him, according to custom, what he remembered of the sermon: 'Two good things, father,' said he, '*bonum gratia*, and *bonum gloria*,' with a just account of what the Preacher said. The day before he died he called to me, and, in a more serious manner than usual, told me that for all I loved him so dearly, I should give my house, land, and all my fine things to his brother Jack; he should have none of them. The next morning, when he found himself ill, and that I persuaded him to keep his hands in bed, he demanded whether he might pray to God with his hands unjoined; and a little after, while in great agony, whether he should not offend God by using His holy name so often calling for ease. What shall I say of his frequent pathetical ejaculations uttered of himself? 'Sweet Jesus, save me, deliver me; pardon my sins; let thine angels receive me!' So early knowledge, so much piety and perfection! But thus God, having dressed up a saint fit for Himself, would not longer permit him with us, unworthy of the future fruits of this incomparable hopeful blossom. Such a child I never saw: for such a child I bless God, in whose bosom he is! May I and mine become as this little child, who now follows the Child Jesus, that Lamb of God, in a white robe, whithersoever He goes; even so, Lord Jesus, *fiat voluntas tua!*" ("Thy will be done!") "Thou gavest him to us, Thou hast taken him from us, blessed be the name of the Lord! That I had anything acceptable to Thee was from Thy grace alone, since from me he had nothing but sin, but that Thou hast pardoned! blessed be my God for ever. Amen!

"I caused his body to be coffined in lead, and reposited on the 30th at eight o'clock that night in the church at Deptford, accompanied by divers of my relations and neighbours, among whom I distributed rings with this motto, *Dominus abstulit*," ("The Lord hath taken away,") "intending, God willing, to have him transported with my own body to be interred in our dormitory in Wotton church, in my dear native county of Surrey, and to lay my bones and mingle my dust with my fathers', if God be gracious to me, and make me as fit for Him as this blessed child was. The Lord Jesus sanctify this and all other my afflictions. Amen!"

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE INDIAN ANTELOPE.

The antelopes, in zoology, form a genus of ruminating mammals, belonging to the hollow-horned family, distinguished by the round, annulated, and sometimes spiral form of their horns, and the grace and symmetry of their external proportions, together with the elegance and fleetness of their movements. The genus is a very extensive one, comprising three-fourths of the hollow-horned ruminants. Their hair is generally short and smooth, and of equal length over every part of the body, though some have manes along the neck and on the shoulders. The tails are mostly short, round, and tufted at the extremity. They are gregarious animals, uniting in large herds often for the purpose of migrating in search of more abundant pasturage. They are always exceedingly cautious in guarding against sur-

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prise, placing sentinels in various directions about their feeding-ground; and their vision and sense of smell are so acute, that it is only with the greatest circumspection that the hunter can bring them within the range of his gun. Only two species are found in Europe, and but one in America. The largest number belong to Africa. Several species, however, exist in Asia. One of them, the gazelle, furnishes a favourite subject of imagery with the poets of Persia. They are universally the images of gentleness and timidity, grace and fleetness. The greatest compliment that an Oriental admirer can pay to the object of his affection is to tell her that she has "the eyes of an antelope." The "roe" of the Old Testament is believed to be the wild mountain-gazelle, or antelope.

The *sasin*, or common antelope of India, is remarkable for the form and beauty of its horns, which compose a spiral of one or more turns. When full grown, it is about four feet in length, and two feet and a half high at the shoulder. The legs are long and delicate, the body round but light, and well formed, the head small, the eye large, lively, and expressive.

The *sasins* are so swift that it is useless to slip greyhounds after them, as, unless taken by surprise, which their excessive precaution seldom allows, it is impossible to overtake them. Nothing escapes the notice of their sentinels, and on the first alarm the whole herd take to flight. Their bounds and leaps are remarkable. Captain Williamson, who has written on the "Wild Sports of the East," states that he has seen a buck antelope lead a herd of females over a net at least eleven feet high; and that "they frequently vault to the height of twelve or thirteen feet, and pass over ten or twelve yards at a single bound." The *cheetah*, or hunting-leopard, is often employed in hunting the antelope. The cheetahs are led out in chains, with blinds over their eyes, and are sometimes carried out in carts; and when antelopes or deer are seen on the plain, should any of them be separated from the rest, the cheetah's head is brought to face it, the blinds are removed, and the chains taken off. He immediately crouches, and creeps along with his belly almost touching the ground, until he gets within a short distance of the animal, and then makes a few surprising springs, and seizes it by the neck. If many deer are near each other, they often escape by flight, their numbers, perhaps, giving them confidence. In Syria, tame antelopes are frequently seen in the court-yards of the houses; and their beauty, exquisite form, and playfulness, render them general favourites. The gazelle is somewhat smaller than the Indian antelope, being

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about one foot nine inches high at the shoulder. Its actions are light and spirited. In full flight it lays the horns back almost on the shoulders, and seems to skim over the level plain almost without touching it.

INSECTS AND SHELL-FISHES.

(From Mrs. Sigourney's "Tales and Essays for Children.")

We know, my dear children, how useful many of the animals are to us, and how much they add to our comfort; but perhaps we pay less attention to the insect race, and to those whose dwelling is beneath the waters. We see that they are often exceedingly beautiful. Their bright bodies, and transparent wings, and delicately-pencilled shells, show His skill who gives plumage to the bird, and clothes the wild flowers of the field in beauty. While we see in the humblest insects the great Creator's care, we might often, by attention to their habits, find them possessed of a degree of intelligence which would awaken our curiosity, and lead us to treat them with kindness, at least to leave them unmolested.

The *bee* has long attracted the admiration of the wise. It gives to man an example of industry. It teaches the habit of early rising, while it gathers its sweet food, with a cheerful song, amid the bright dews of the morning. Those who attentively observe a bee-hive, on a fine summer's day, will be reminded of a busy and populous town. Throngs are leaving its gates for their accustomed toil, and throngs entering to deposit their fragrant store. Some within may be seen building or repairing the cells; some taking care of the young; some removing whatever incommodes their little, pure apartments. All goes on without interruption, and without interference. They give us an example of order. The Queen-bee who rules them seems to have a perfect government. The obedience and attachment of her subjects are wonderful. A division of labour is established among them, and each minds its own work.

Bees seldom make use of their stings, unless they suppose themselves provoked or injured. Many stories are told of their sagacity, and of their attachment to the family where they have long resided. A French writer mentions, that a kind aunt of his, who took a great interest in the inhabitants of the hive, seemed to be known and respected by them. In damp and rainy weather, when their wings were chilled and torpid, she would take them in her hand, and warm and revive them with her breath. They never hurt her, but appeared grateful for her care.

The *wasp* is not so great a favourite as the honey-bee, and by no means as useful. It displays skill in the construction of its house, which it builds sometimes in the hollow of a tree, and sometimes in the ground. It is surrounded by a wall, with two entrances. The cells are made use of only to lodge the young in. Though the wasp is usually considered an ill-tempered insect, it displays great tenderness for its young, and a strong attachment to its home.

The *ants* show great industry, and a prudent care for the future. If one be seen labouring under too heavy a burden, several others go to his assistance. Their dwellings have numerous cells, which are united by little galleries. If they are molested or troubled, they patiently remove to a different neighbourhood, and construct another habitation.

When the celebrated Dr. Franklin was in Paris, as he sat quietly and alone at his breakfast one morning, he saw a number of black ants busy with the contents of the sugar-bowl. He drove them away, but they returned. Again he dispersed them. In a few minutes they were seen climbing from lump to lump, as if nothing had happened. To try their ingenuity, he had the sugar-bowl suspended by a string from the ceiling. They endeavoured to reach it, by standing on each other's shoulders. Several mounted in that manner, and reached upwards, but in vain. The chain of ants fell down as fast as it was raised. After repeated attempts, they went away. He supposed they had given up the matter. Presently he saw them descending the string, and dropping down upon the lumps of sugar. They had scaled the walls, traversed the ceiling, and discovered another road to the treasure.

The white ants, or "termites," as they are sometimes called, are very powerful insects. They inhabit warm countries. Their houses, or rather hillocks, are raised in the form of a sugar-loaf, sometimes to the height of ten or twelve feet. Their favourite food is wood; and, their appetite and strength being great, they are very destructive of any object on which they begin to feed.

The *spider* is a very remarkable insect. Though the threads of which he forms his web are so exceedingly fine, yet each one of them is composed of many strands, or cords, twisted together. As he feeds upon other insects, he shows great cunning in taking his prey. He builds himself a concealed apartment, where he lies in ambush till some heedless fly approaches, when he hastens out, and takes him in his net. Though the character of the spider is unamiable, he gives us an example of perseverance. If his web is swept down, he builds another. When King Robert Bruce of Scotland had been long unfortunate, he was once sitting alone, in a rude apartment, ready to despair. A spider was there, constructing its web. It was for a long time baffled, ere it could fasten the silken thread where it desired. But as fast as it was disappointed, it tried

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again. At length it succeeded. He looked at the spider, and received instruction. He returned with renewed courage to his own toils, and was at last victorious. And we should learn not to be discouraged by difficulties. We must not say of our studies, they are so hard that we do not understand them, and so we cannot get our lessons. When we have a task given us, we must not say we have no time, and are tired of working. Let us remember that the bee is never tired of working, and the ant does not shrink from the heaviest grain of corn. The spider does not complain when his house is torn down: he builds another. Let us be as wise as the insects.

We know less of the inhabitants of the waters. We cannot, therefore, expect to receive from them many moral lessons; but some of their properties deserve attention.

The *pinna*, from its faculty of throwing out fine silken threads is sometimes called the "silk-worm of ocean." It fastens itself strongly to rocks by a thick tuft of these threads. They are broken off, and used in the manufacture of gloves and stockings. The Sicilian women employ themselves in making these articles of clothing; and a large manufactory of them is established at Palermo, in Sicily.

The *razor-sheath* is furnished with an apparatus for digging. He excavates in the soft sand a pit of nearly two feet in depth, into which he descends, and hides himself when he pleases.

The *sea-acorn* adheres closely to rocks; and when the tide is boisterous, shuts the little door of its shell, and excludes it.

The *cheton*, or *coat-of-mail*, has a shell composed of eight separate pieces, so united that it can roll itself up in a ball, like the porcupine, when danger approaches. Thus, it is often seen creeping on the rocks, or attaching itself to long waving wreaths of sea-weed.

When *scallop-shells* find themselves deserted by the tide, they open their valves as wide as possible, and take a leap of several inches on the sand. This they continue to do until they arrive at home, in their native element.

Some of the *mussels* have the means of boring into coral rocks, to escape their pursuers; and they cling so closely to these houses of refuge, that they cannot be dislodged without breaking the material of which they are composed.

The *soldier-snail*, being destitute of a shell, ranges about till he finds some empty one, of which he takes possession. He even wounds or dislodges some more feeble shell-fish, and appropriates its dwelling to his own use. There he may be seen with his head and claws protruding from the door of his stolen mansion, ready to defend it.

The shell of the *nautilus* contains more than forty apartments, opening into each other, through their partitions. His own residence is in the largest chamber. Fleets of them are seen in fine weather, steering their course over the mighty ocean. They seem to expand their sails to the breeze, and to extend something resembling oars, to aid the progress of their frail and beautiful bark. The *argonauta*, also, though its shell is less complicated, and contains only one cell, steers its mimic vessel with surprising dexterity.

It would give me pleasure, my young friends, to tell you more particulars of the inhabitants of the deep. You have often admired the extreme beauty and elegance of the shell-palaces where they dwell. In the few instances which have been presented, we can perceive the exercise of infinite goodness, in the instinct that prompts, preserves, and renders interesting to us the frail tenants of a world of waters.

THE ROBIN AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

A CORRESPONDENT has sent us the following instance of the pugnacity of the robin. It would be amusing but for its termination. He says:—

"A few days ago, my bedroom-window was left open in the morning, that the room might be well-aired. A robin flew in at the window, saw himself at a small looking-glass that was near, and attacked it; continuing the contest with this reflection of himself for some time. Some person entered the room, and robin, thinking it was time to desist from the fight, took its departure. Soon after he again flew in, and, finding a clear field, recommenced the attack; but this lasted only a short time, for the same person had occasion to go into the room, and the little combatant retreated. It appears, however, that when the room was vacant, he entered, and renewed the seeming fight with great fury. This must have been the case; for in the course of the day, the poor bird was found lying close by the glass, and quite dead. It is supposed he had pecked at his image, and dashed himself against it with such violence, as to occasion his own death."

We have heard of robins fighting each other; but never of one fighting himself. His senses perceived an image, the unsubstantiality of which, though his pugnacious instinct led him to combat it, he had not the power of discerning.

FEROCITY OF WASPS.

IN a small outhouse at Baledgarno, used for holding broom and firewood, a colony of wasps had planted their paper palace several months ago. The house-cat had taken possession of a part of the premises, and was

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rearing three thriving kittens among the brushwood. One day one of the kittens, seeing the wasps' nest suspended from a twig, drew it down with one of her paws to examine it, when she was instantly assailed by hundreds of the ferocious inmates. Her screams brought the old cat to the rescue; but being met by a dozen or two of the enraged wasps, she was glad to escape, and the kitten was stung to death in a few minutes. The other kittens, singularly enough, remained unscathed, not a single wasp touching either of them.—*Dundee Courier.*

THE DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Every student of the natural history of the dog is bound to complete his education at Constantinople. Neglecting the beauties of the Bosphorus,—the mosques, seraglios, and kiosks,—he will find ample scope for study in this great canine commonwealth, or rather, group of republics; for the Turkish capital is parcelled out into districts by the dogs themselves, wholly irrespective of the vast human population tenanting it, with which they have little other concern than as consumers of their offal. The canine citizens of Constantinople have no human masters, nor other home than its narrow, steep, and tortuous streets; but they live under certain municipal regulations of their own, which it would be curious to investigate in detail. That which forbids any interloper of the species to enter other than his own district on pain of being devoured, seems a necessary effect of numbers pressing hard on the means of subsistence. The dogs of Constantinople are a meager, sullen, wolfish-looking race, covered with scars and bruises from horses'-hoofs, indolent from being ill-fed, seemingly careless of life and limb from the same cause. Basking under the midday sun, they scarcely move away from man or beast trampling upon them. The political economist, as well as the naturalist, might find many analogies, and various materials for study, in this great community of dogs, thus strangely insulated from man in the midst of human multitudes. —*The Natural History of Man: Quarterly Review.*

FIRESIDE TRAVELS.

THE RIVER JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA.

(*Concluded from page 90.*)

At two o'clock the next day in the afternoon we were once more afloat in our metallic boats, and sailing rapidly along to the place where the Jordan pours its boisterous tide into that body of water below which lie engulfed the ancient cities and inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah. Thus are we rapidly passing from the sacred stream of the Jordan, where such exciting scenes have been performed by the ardent pilgrims, to the salt and sulphurous lake, beneath whose surface, for many ages past, whole cities have been buried, so that the lake itself is the memorial of their sin and punishment.

At half-past four we had reached the borders of the Dead Sea, and were boldly carried into its waters by the rushing stream of the Jordan; but soon after entering we were driven back to the mouth of the Jordan by a sudden storm of wind, as though we had entered on a forbidden enclosure. The wind soon died away, and we made another attempt: the waves dashed with fury against the intruding boats, striking them as so many heavy sledge-hammers. But the brave tars pulled away at their oars, and succeeded in advancing some nine miles; when, coming to the camp, they were glad to be able to pause and wipe their sweating brows. They had had a hard pull, and it was then eleven o'clock at night. We hauled our boats on shore, and made them fast for the night. We have already noticed a few particulars of this celebrated sea. There is the extraordinary buoyancy of the water, which we perceive from the fact that our boats float considerably higher than when on the Jordan, though having the same weight in them. And then, the great *weightiness* of the water. We could not doubt this when we observed what terrible blows the opposing waves dealt upon the prows of our advancing boats. We remarked another peculiarity. When the men's hands became wet with it in rowing, it produced a continual lather, leaving the skin oily and stiff, with a prickly sensation all over it.

The next day, a storm prevented all aquarian operations; so I made a few observations in my note-book, as a summary account of our voyage down the Jordan. From the Lake of Tiberias to the Dead Sea is a straight line of sixty miles; but so circuitous is the course of the stream, that we have run a distance of two hundred. Sometimes, after a hard day's pulling, we appeared to have advanced but little beyond our starting-point on the land. Sometimes we were hedged in by high mountains,

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sometimes gliding along through a luxuriant valley. More than once its windings took us through thickets, when we were obliged to bend low in the boats to avoid being entangled in their overhanging branches. Then, again, we were driven through wild rapids, and dashed over bold and precipitous falls from ten to fifteen feet high. Nor must the professional thieves on shore be forgotten, who kept us ever on the watch by their bolder attempts or more secret manœuvres. Amidst all these difficulties, however, our voyage was performed in safety, and we found ourselves at the end of this portion of our work, in good health and spirits, all ready to commence in earnest our operations in reference to the principal object of the expedition.

The water is buoyant to a surprising degree: the bottom is covered with sand and slime, and has many crystals of pure salt. The beach-stones are covered with an incrustation of salt, so that they have the appearance of lumps of that substance. The water is transparent, very bitter, and extremely salt to the taste.

The Latins called this sea *Lacus Asphaltites*, from the quantities of bitumen found in it. This bitumen is black, very much resembling the hard pitch with which we are more familiar. The Arabs make it into crosses, and representations of various objects, selling them to the pilgrims.

The "soundings" made by the officers of the expedition were very various. The greatest depth was one hundred and eighty fathoms, or ten hundred and eighty feet. In some parts the bottom appeared to be entirely covered with crystals of salt. There is no outlet. The Jordan and some smaller streams pour their waters into it, but they escape from it only by evaporation, and this carries off no salt.

The Arabs show a pillar of rock-salt, which they represent as the monument of Lot's wife. We were, of course, anxious to see it. We went on shore for the purpose. Instead of finding a column five or six feet in height, we saw an *immense column*, rounded and turret-shaped, facing towards the south-east. It was measured, and found to be sixty feet in height, and forty in circumference. It really is rock-salt, one mass of crystallization. Most of us were glad to obtain specimens, some from its summit, others from its base, because of its locality, whatever may have been its origin.

Several of the party bathed in the sea, and found its waters so buoyant that they floated on them with ease. It was in fact difficult to get below the surface. Their sensations in the water were very agreeable; but on coming out the prickly sensation was quite the contrary: the skin seemed as if it had been rendered hard and tough. We saw birds flying over the lake, and some ducks swimming on it; but we detected nothing living in the sea itself. The greatest length is between forty and fifty miles; breadth, eleven or twelve.

May 11th, 1848, the "Expedition" left the scene of their operations on their march to the coast, there to embark for their voyage homewards. They reached America in December, after an absence of thirteen months.

VIEW OF ROME.

From the high tower, on the eminence called the Capitol, you obtain the grandest view of ancient and modern Rome. The gently-rising hills, the vales and declivities, render the site, perhaps, the finest in the world for the display of a city and its palaces. Upon the Capitol and Palatine hills, the noblest works of the Romans were erected. Nor did the situation lead only to splendour and magnificence, but nature fashioned arenas peculiarly adapted for sights and exhibitions to amuse the people, upon the grandest scale. From the terrace upon the Capitoline hill, you have a complete view of ancient Rome. In front, and below, lies the Forum,—that busy place in the heart of the city, where Cato trod and Cicero spoke. On the left, you behold the Temple of Peace, with its vaulted roofs; further on, the golden house of Nero, with the Coliseum below it. From thence arose the hundred steps that led up to the temple of Venus and Rome. On the right, covering the Palatine, is the glorious house of the Cæsars. What a panorama of magnificent architecture! any one of the buildings is more than the eye can take in at once. Broken down and dismantled as they are, we approach them with awe and reverence for their age, having withstood the ravages of time for two thousand years. The bold conceptions of this wonderful people, and the mighty execution of their works, will ever astonish the world. Turning to the west, in an opposite direction, you have a view of modern Rome, which stretches to the banks of the Tiber. The palaces, churches, obelisks, and domes, are mingled among the houses in a picturesque manner, not easily to be described. In this dense mass of habitations, there are more than three hundred churches, thickly planted in the crooked narrow streets. These wind about in intricate loops, like the maze at Hampton-Court; so that if a stranger venture into them, he is sure to be lost. The breathing-places are small pretty squares, called piazzas. Here you may, by chance, see the sun, but scarcely anywhere else; for everything is contrived to keep out heat and light,—a pleasant arrangement enough in summer, but destructive of comfort in winter. There are twenty fountains, fed from the Appenines, always playing, which afford life and salubrity wherever they stand. Scattered amongst the houses are forty-two

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palaces, thirty-two arches and gates, and nine Egyptian obelisks, forming an immense collection of grand objects in proportion to the size of the city, which contains only 170,000 inhabitants; not above half the population of some of our manufacturing towns. These, and innumerable treasures of art, render Rome the most interesting city in the world.—*Gardiner's Sights in Italy.*

POETRY.

THE LILY.—PURITY.*

"Be thou an example to believers....in purity."—1 Tim. iv. 12.

Spotless and stainless, fairest child of earth,
Without a speck upon thy snowy breast,
Ah, were I but like thee! O that my soul
Were free as thou from every hateful stain;
That, in this garden of God's human flowers,
My bosom were unsullied as thine own!
Here is a spot of pride, of passion there,
And here a stain of selfishness: all blurr'd,
Corrupted, and defiled. Why am I thus,
With these high powers, this leaning still to good,
This conscience lighting me to holy thoughts,
And manly resolutions? Why so marr'd
This lofty nature and this heaven-born soul,
Its snowy attributes disfigured thus,
Unhallow'd and impure? Yet there is One
Whose blood can wash my sinful nature clean,
Whose purifying grace cleanse even me.
O may He wash me, and uphold me still,
That in life's garden I may yet attain
A spotless bosom and a stainless name,
And to my fellow-men at least be pure.
So let my words be chaste and undefiled,
My actions upright, and my motives clean,
Each lurking thought, each secret unbreathed wish,
So subjected to uprightness and truth,
That no good man shall take offence at me,
Nor bad one tax me with a cherish'd sin.

* From "Voices from the Garden; or, the Christian Language of Flowers."

THE WATER-LILY.—HOPE.*

"Hope thou in God."—Psal. xlii. 5.

Thou ridest on the water joyously,
Child of the stream, still shifting with the tide,
Careless of ebb or flow. Now on the crest
Of the swollen wave thou mountest without harm,
Now in the valley sinkest without fear.
So would I ride upon the sea of life,
Buoyant upon the wild and varying surge,
And fearless of its changes. Though the storm
Should rudely toss me on the swelling wave,
It shall not snap my hope, but only raise
My spirit heavenward, my affections home.
If I sink down between the watery hills,
I shall not be o'erwhelm'd, but lift my head
Serene upon the wave, and look to Him
Whose eye is on me in my highest flight,
Whose hand will help me in the deepest woe.
Rising or sinking; elevated, fallen,
I shall be safe and happy, rooted fast
In the firm bed of the invisible,
And fixing still my full, unwavering eye
On the kind loving Father of the world,
Whose truest worship still is faith and hope.

* Ibid.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MISS ELIZABETH MORLEY,
OF BELPER.

The aged, it is often said, *must* die soon; but the young, also, *may* die soon. Happy they who, through divine mercy and grace, are prepared either to die soon, or to live long, whether they be old or young. The goodness of God is strikingly evidenced in this, that preparation for death is preparation for life too. That which gives happiness in death, will likewise give happiness in life. The memoirs of those who, having embraced religion in youth, have been enabled to hold fast their profession through a long pilgrimage, illustrate this; and so do those of the young who have obtained the prize soon after they began to run the race set before them. Brief as their course may have been, and early as has been its close, both the course and the close have been marked by true happiness.

Elizabeth Morley, who died at Belper, Derbyshire, March 18th, 1846, aged nineteen, was an instance of these sacred truths. Though preserved during her childhood and the first years of youth from manifestly evil practices, she was thoughtless on the subjects connected with vital godliness till she entered her seventeenth year. A short time previously, an older sister had sought and found personal religion, and frequently, with

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earnest affection, exhorted Elizabeth to follow her example. This led to very serious reflection; and the feelings thus awakened were strengthened by what may be regarded as a powerful call from above. While attending public worship, as usual, at the Methodist chapel, conscious that she was not what she ought to be, a hymn was given out, particularly referring to the young, as being subject to the law of human mortality not less than the aged:—

"The morning flowers display their sweets," &c.

Elizabeth was deeply moved. She thought that *she* might thus be cut down in the full bloom of life; and for this she knew that she was not prepared. Her sinfulness and danger were seen as in clear daylight, and she resolved at once to begin and seek for deliverance. It was in private prayer that she obtained it. Like Jacob she wrestled, weeping and making supplication; like Jacob she said, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me;" like Jacob she prevailed. She was enabled to trust in Christ, and the pardoning love of God was shed abroad in her heart by the Spirit of adoption. Her mourning was turned into joy, and her prayers issued in thanksgiving and praise.

This happy event occurred January 12th, 1844. Henceforth she went on her way rejoicing. She joined the Wesleyan society, and gave all diligence to make her calling and election sure. Her religion was a happy one; it was also a holy one. Elizabeth was evidently desirous of growing in grace, as well as of maintaining, as she did, outward consistency of conduct. And her prayers were heard. Comparatively a young and recent convert, she rapidly advanced towards spiritual maturity and establishment. She was often unavoidably placed in circumstances not very favourable to piety; but these, by stirring up the spirit of watchfulness and prayer, became occasions of good to her. She was in all things conscientious and faithful, and her God preserved and blessed her.

The hymn which had so powerfully impressed her, proved to be descriptive of the dispensations of Providence in reference to herself. Towards the close of 1845 she caught cold, and in a very short time the symptoms of rapid decline were too obvious to allow any doubt of the issue. And now she praised God, who had prepared her by his grace for sickness and death. In the prospect of death she enjoyed "solid comfort, settled hope, constant joy, and lasting peace." Once or twice she was assailed by inward temptation; but she then had recourse immediately to the *word of God*, and to *prayer*. She would fix on some promise suitable to her case, and then rest on it as the sure word of her covenant Lord, her merciful and reconciled Father. She sought by earnest prayer power thus to use "the sword of the Spirit;" and though the short conflict might have been painful, the victory was sweet and even glorious. Her last hour manifested her strong desire for the salvation of her friends. She exhorted her father, and mother, and sister, most affectionately, to strive to meet her in heaven. She directed that her large Bible might be given to one brother, and her small Bible and her Hymn-book to another. She had just before spoken of her confidence in Christ. "He is calling me to Himself," she said. After thus addressing those who were about her bed, she seemed to be exhausted, though she endeavoured to say something more, but was not able. She leaned backwards, as her friends thought for repose; but in a few moments they perceived that her spirit had fled. She had fallen asleep in Jesus.

RICHARD SERGEANT.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

WE do not profess to be sufficiently acquainted with architecture to speak *artistically* of the Bank of England, considered merely as a building. The associations connected with the sight of it would give a degree of *mental* grandeur to almost any edifice whatever in which the transactions of the Bank of England, considered as a corporation, might be carried on. We should not exaggerate its importance in saying that it is the centre of the monetary power of the world. Its very position seems to suggest this. All the great roads of the country meet there. In whatever part of London you may be, if you are on an *omnibus-line*, leading into the city, you are sure to hear the conductor of these carriages *for all*, in various tones, according to their natural powers, or acquired habits, uttering what to the Londoner is the familiar intimation, and which the visiter from the country so soon learns, "Bank! Bank!" If you come from the north, by Highgate, or the north-west and west, from the Euston-square or Paddington Stations, by the New-road, you get into City-road, and so onward to the Bank. If you come from Gloucester and Oxford, by Holborn, or from Exeter and Southampton, by the Strand, both roads take you into Cheapside, and thus to the Bank. If you come from Portsmouth, Brighton, Dover,

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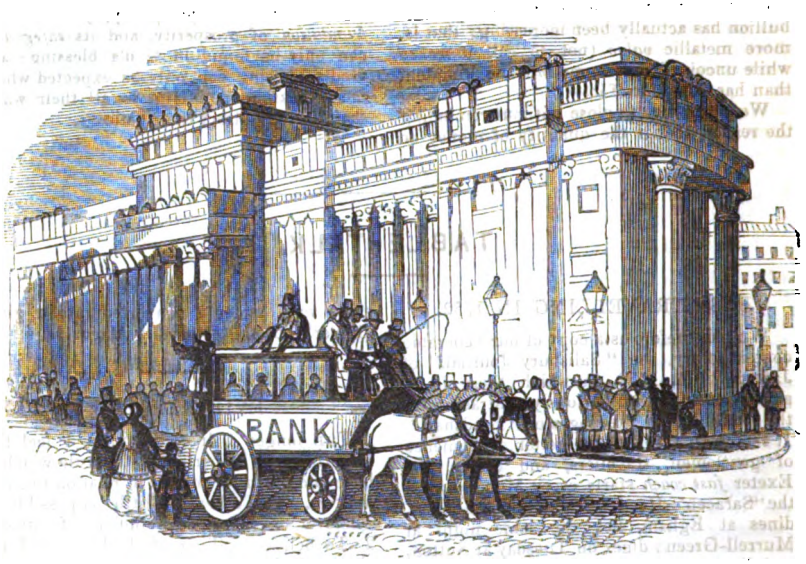

over London-Bridge, King William-street leads you to the Bank. And from all parts in the north-east or east, by Shoreditch or Whitechapel, you still come to the Bank. And as if the more decidedly to indicate its character, as you stand in the open space before the front which is delineated in our engraving, your attention is diverted to the grand building opposite, the Royal Exchange, where merchants congregate from every quarter of the globe, and whence they may easily step over to the building whose inmates are in correspondence with all parts of the world. There is a congruity between this central position of the Bank, locally considered, and the character of the corporation for the transaction of the business of which it was erected. To the unscientific spectator it will appear to be as plain and simple as a building of such magnitude well can be. The absence of windows will at first appear strange to him; and he will perhaps think that this is to prevent those who are within from having their attention diverted from their work by any notice of what is passing without. His surprise, however, will cease when he is told that the four sides of the building are not the four sides of a house, but the four walls which enclose, in fact, several houses, and areas, and courts. The present building was, in one sense, commenced in 1732. Two wings were added in 1766 and 1786. Sir John Soane was appointed "Bank Architect" in 1788; and by him the various parts were united together, other portions erected, and ultimately the present structure was completed. It covers an irregular area of about four acres. The exterior walls of the south side (of which our engraving is a representation) measure three hundred and sixty-five feet; the length of the west side is four hundred and forty feet; of the north side, four hundred and ten feet; and of the east side, two hundred and forty-five feet. This area comprises nine open courts, with the rotunda, committee-rooms, apartments for officers and servants, and the rooms appropriated to business. The principal suite of rooms is on the ground-floor, and, having no apartments over them, the light is admitted from above by lantern-lights and domes. The number below the surface of the ground is greater than that of those above ground. These are the cellars and vaults in which the treasures of the Bank are deposited. The material used throughout the greater part of the edifice is stone, and every means has been taken to render it indestructible by fire.

Some idea of the character of the Bank monetary transactions may be formed from the fact, stated by a Minister of State in a recent debate in Parliament, in which reference had to be made to the commercial condition of the nation, that in the cellars of the Bank were deposited between seventeen and eighteen millions of pounds sterling in value of *bullion*,—of gold and silver. Bank-notes, though wearing the *form* of paper-money, for convenience of circulation, are, it is well known, convertible, on demand, into *gold and silver*. In addition to the immense value of *securities* of various kinds lodged in the Bank, its cellars contain more than seventeen millions in bullion! And, during

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the last two or three years, the stock of bullion has actually been increasing; that is, more metallic *value* (not to call it *money* while uncoined) has come *into* the kingdom than has gone out of it!

We ought not to close without reminding the reader, that if the quantity of money be one *indication* of prosperity, yet the true *foundation* of prosperity, and its *safeguard*, can only be found in God's blessing: and God's blessing can only be expected where men "acknowledge Him in all their ways, that He may direct their paths."

TABLE-TALK.

FAST TRAVELLING IN 1752.

We have before us a copy of our venerable contemporary, the "Salisbury Journal," of January 20th, 1752, in which there is an advertisement which curiously contrasts with the time-bills in the pages of "Bradshaw." It sets forth that for the better convenience of gentlemen, travellers, and others, the Exeter *fast coach* starts every Monday from the "Saracen's-Head," Friday-street, London, dines at Egham, lies the same night at Murrell-Green: dines on Tuesday at Sutton, and lies the same night at the "Plume of Feathers," in Salisbury: on Wednesday, dines at Blandford, and lies at the "King's Arms," in Dorchester: and gets into Exeter on Friday, at one o'clock. We are not told where the weary travellers repose on Thursday night. The journey from London to Exeter by the fast trains on the Great Western railway (*via* Bristol) is now accomplished in five hours.—*Hants Independent.*

[In 1836 there was a *fast coach* to Exeter from London, by which we have travelled, performing the journey in seventeen hours, from five, A.M., to ten, P.M. We have also left London by the Great Western express-train, at ten, A.M., and heard the clock strike two, P.M., at Exeter.—Ed.]

ORIGIN OF CINDERELLA'S GLASS SLIPPER.

Two centuries ago, furs were so rare, and therefore so highly valued, that the wearing of them was restricted, by several sumptuary laws, to Kings and Princes. Sable, in those laws called *vair*, was the subject of countless regulations: the exact quantity permitted to be worn by persons of different grades, and the articles of dress to which it might be applied, were defined most strictly. Perrault's tale of "Cinderella" originally marked the dignity conferred on her by the fairy, by her wearing a slipper of *vair*, a privilege then confined to the highest rank of Princesses; an error of the press, now become inveterate, changed *vair* into *verre*, and the slipper of sable was suddenly converted into a glass slipper.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

EVIL REPORTS.

The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rule which I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters. 1. To hear as little as possible of whatever is to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it. 3. Never to drink in the spirit of one who circulates an ill report. 4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness expressed towards others. 5. Always to believe that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.—*Life of Simeon, by Carus.*

HOW TO FIND TIME.

A professional gentleman, of rare attainments, and one who added to the laborious duties of his calling a great variety of learning, much scientific research, and many elegant accomplishments, was asked by a young lady, how he found time for all he did. He replied, "There is one rule which I have found of great use, and therefore recommend it to you; and that is, always to do small things, such as writing a letter, copying out some short piece, making a sketch, reading a review, &c., in small portions of time, and to reserve a whole day of leisure for some long and important affair. Never use up a rainy morning in doing a variety of little jobs, and think because you dispatch a great many, that you have well bestowed your time: leave small affairs for odd half-hours; use your uninterrupted morning for something that cannot be done in half-hours. You have sometimes wondered at my having time to correspond with so many absent friends; but all my letters of friendship are written in odd minutes, while I am waiting for people who are not so punctual to their appointments as I am."

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ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

The cost of a telegraphic line in England is £150 per mile, in America from £30 to £35 per mile, and in Prussia under £20 per mile. The telegraph in Prussia consists of one wire, extending over one thousand four hundred and two miles, is underground, covered with gutta percha, and affording many advantages over the present lines in England. The instrument used in Prussia is by Morse, and it is capable of transmitting one thousand words in an hour. In America there are upwards of ten thousand miles of telegraph line, and all worked in a cheap manner. In England there are only two thousand miles of telegraph line in operation, and the cost of transmission is as yet much higher than in other countries. In this country the wires are exposed to the atmosphere. So long as this valuable mode of communication is above ground, so long must there be an amount of uncertainty about it. If the wires were placed underground, it would be much more difficult to destroy them. In the late revolutionary movements in Prussia the twenty miles of telegraph above-ground were cut away twenty different times, while those underground escaped untouched. The East India Company intend to adopt the underground telegraph for the ten thousand miles of line they are preparing to lay down in that country. The simplicity and expedition with which telegraphs in America are constructed are astonishing. Locust or laburnum poles, twenty feet long, are cut in the woods by the different farmers along the line, and placed by them at their several stations; holes are dug three feet six inches deep; the poles are set with glass insulators, (instead of earthenware, as here,) the wires are attached to the poles within three inches of the top, they are then extended, and, in a few days, at a comparatively trifling expense, whole lines are formed. The repairs of the posts and wires are intrusted to the farmers living at intervals of five miles along the lines, who are furnished with a few tools to effect repairs; namely, a hammer, a small hand-anvil, a punch, a pair of plyers, and a screw, by which the ends of the wires are drawn together, a few small rings and small linch-pins, with which the cold chisel-holes are punched in the ends of the wire, both ends passed through the ring, and the linch-pins put in, which completes the job; the farmer having for his reward the privilege of making his communications by the telegraph free. The lines are invariably carried along the sides of the mail-roads throughout the country; and it is astonishing the little amount of repairs annually necessary either to the wires or posts. There is no instance of malicious or wilful injury being done to either throughout the country. This is accounted for in two ways: first, the anxiety on the part of all classes to promote and encourage every useful improvement and invention throughout the whole extent of the land; and next, from the fact, that each farmer along the line, who has supplied either materials or labour for its erection, becomes very willingly a shareholder to the extent at least of the amount of the labour and materials he has furnished. Hence the residents along the line have an interest in its safety, and in promoting its success. To realise the regularity, the perfection, and at the same time the simplicity of the immense lines of telegraph in America, they must be seen and examined to be thoroughly understood. In the east, where materials are high and labour is not cheap, they are constructed at a cost of one hundred and eighty dollars, or thirty-five pounds sterling, per mile. In the west, where materials are cheap and labour high, the cost of construction is about thirty pounds sterling, or one hundred and fifty dollars, per mile. The line now surveying, and in contemplation, from St. Louis, on the Missouri River, to California, on the Pacific Ocean, extending more than two thousand five hundred miles, is estimated to cost not more than one hundred and fifty dollars, or thirty pounds sterling, per mile. Within the last year Morse's newly-invented machine is almost exclusively used, by means of which the communications are printed on a narrow slip of paper, and unrolled from a cylinder like a continuous piece of riband, the contents of which, as it comes off the cylinder, are registered in a book belonging to the office, and the actual printed slip itself put into an envelope, and sent off directed to the party for whom it was intended.—*Edinburgh Review.*

EGYPTIAN TILLAGE AFTER THE SUBSIDENCE OF THE NILE.

The soil of Egypt is either mud or dust, and sometimes the two together, as in this instance: much there was, however, both amusing and characteristic in the scenes opened up to us by our devious course. The sower was busy in the half-dried mud; in other places, the earth, after the rich annual deposit of new soil, glowed in the freshest and most vivid green imaginable; while yet the inhabitants of the villages, (which are situated on rising ground above the general level,) bared to the knees, were making their painful way, with long trains of buffaloes and other animals, through the miry pathways, or paddling in rude rafts to gain their isolated habitations. Clouds of birds darting about,

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were hovering over the half-watery expanse, or settling on the palm-groves; and the acacia avenues were vocal with thousands of invisible songsters, which love to haunt their close and fragrant foliage. At different bridges over the dyke fishermen had established themselves, to take advantage of the current for fixing their nets: the dyke itself, with the passage of flocks of horsemen and pedestrians, presented a moving picture, the whole possessing a charm not only from its singularity, but also from association; beholding, as we do, with so little variation, the unique, unchanging phenomena of the ever-renewing fertility of the granary of the ancient world.—*Forty Days in the Desert.*

SUPPLY OF WATER IN NEW-YORK.

The supply of water is calculated for the future rather than the present city, being at the rate of sixty millions of gallons of water in the twenty-four hours, three times the quantity proposed, also with a view to futurity, to be supplied to Manchester under its new water-works bill. It is brought from the Croton river, a distance of nearly fifty miles, by an aqueduct, sometimes tunnelled through rocks, and crossing valleys by embankments, till it reaches Haarlem river, which separates the island of New-York from the mainland, crossing by a bridge of stone one thousand four hundred feet in length, having eight arches of eighty feet span, and seven others of fifty feet span, each; the height one hundred and fourteen feet above tide-water. The aqueduct is of stone and brick, arched over and under, and is six feet three inches wide at the bottom, and seven feet at the top, and eight feet five inches high, with a descent of thirteen inches in the mile. This magnificent work was finished at a cost of 13,000,000 dollars, or £2,700,000 sterling! Notwithstanding the immense supply, there is a very limited use of water in cleansing the ill-scavenged streets.

ANECDOTES.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

We were now to be a week in a slave-state. There were slaves in the fields, slaves in the stores, slaves in the houses, and the children of slaves in the streets, of every variety of indicated intelligence, from the miserable-looking wretch apparently of the very lowest degree of human intellect, to him who possessed the European thoughtful cast of countenance. I did not wonder that, self-interest and the prevailing habit of thinking considered, the one was believed to be an inferior race, born to do the work of the dominant whites; but it was impossible to look on the other without astonishment that he should be considered as of an unimprovable race, and without deep sympathy for the degradation to which he is condemned. I was particularly struck with the appearance of one little girl, who had a beautifully-formed head, and whose large mild eye looked appealingly to me, when I gazed upon her; and, when I smiled, the bright sunny beam of intelligence that passed over her dark countenance showed that cultivation alone was wanted to develope the moral and intellectual faculties. We saw slavery in its mildest form. There was not labour in the cane-brake under an almost vertical sun; in a wheat-growing and grazing country there was the assurance of abundance of food; and, in the immediate vicinity of a free state, there was a public opinion repressive of open cruelty. I was told that the poor creatures were happy; I saw that they were light-hearted and thoughtless; but I knew that there was a law to prevent their discovering that they had higher destinies than the lower animals which shared their labours in the field. I was asked to visit more southerly plantations, that I might see how well the black race were kept; but I said that I denied the authority to *keep*. I saw, with pleasure, that there was in the minds of some a lurking doubt of the justice of holding fellow-creatures in bondage; and I heard with pleasure, from others, an acknowledgment of the existence of a great social evil, and the expression of a desire that it should be removed. I could only say to the latter, that where there was the will there was the way.—*Tour in the United States, by Archibald Prentice, Esq.*

GOD EVERYWHERE.

Lord Craven lived in London when the plague was raging there. His house was in that part of the town since called,—from the circumstance of its being situated there,—Craven Buildings. As the plague increased, his Lordship, to avoid the danger, resolved to go to his seat in the country. His coach-and-six was accordingly at the door, his baggage put up, and all things in readiness for the journey. As he was walking through the hall with his hat on, his cane

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under his arm, and putting on his gloves in order to step into his carriage, he overheard his Negro, who waited on him as postilion, saying to another servant, "I suppose, by my Lord's quitting London to avoid the plague, that his God lives in the country, and not in the town." The poor Negro said this in the simplicity of his heart, as really believing in a plurality of Gods. This speech, however, struck Lord Craven very sensibly, and made him pause. "My God," thought he, "lives everywhere, and can preserve me in town, as well as in the country. I'll even stay where I am. The ignorance of the Negro has preached a useful lesson to me. Lord, pardon that unbelief and that distrust of thy providence which made me think of running away from thy hand!" He immediately ordered his horses to be taken off from the coach, and the luggage to be brought in. He continued in London, was remarkably useful among his sick neighbours, and never caught the infection.

KING WILLIAM IV. AND SIR GEORGE SINCLAIR.

An incident is mentioned in Mr. Hamilton's "Memoir of Lady Colquhoun," recently published, which is highly creditable to Sir George Sinclair, and may be appropriately quoted now that so much is said on the Sabbath question. Sir George, being then at Brighton, was invited to dine with His Majesty, on January 15th, 1832, being the Sabbath-day. He returned the following manly and characteristic reply:—

"Sire,

"No one can value more highly than I do the honour and privilege of being at any time permitted to enjoy that social intercourse with which your Majesty has, on so many occasions, been pleased to indulge me for so many years. But I am fully aware with how much consideration your Majesty enters into the feelings and sympathizes with the wishes of those whom you honour with your friendship. I have for some time past been led to entertain very different notions from those which I once cherished as to the observance of this day, and subscribe fully to the views which the Church, and, I may add, the Legislature, have laid down with respect to its importance. Encouraged by the latitude of discussion which your Majesty has so long and so kindly vouchsafed, I lately took the liberty, though in opposition to your Majesty's opinion, to maintain that not merely a *part* but the *whole* of this day should be devoted to those great purposes for which divine authority has set it apart. I may be permitted to add, from grateful experience, that this decision has its reward even here. I have found that God honours those who honour Him; and, though encompassed with sin and infirmity, I can testify that He is not an austere Master, and that He has strength for all our weaknesses, indemnity for all our sacrifices, and consolation for all our troubles. I feel bound, on principles of conscience, to deny myself, what is always one of my most valued gratifications, that of paying my most humble and most affectionate respects, this day; and must rest satisfied with renewing in my retirement those earnest supplications for your Majesty's health and happiness which are equally dictated by regard for the public welfare, and by a thankfully cherished remembrance of much distinguished and unmerited kindness."

Mr. Hamilton adds, "The sequel was no less worthy of the King. Next morning, whilst they were seated round the breakfast-table, a royal messenger arrived, charged with an invitation to the Pavilion *that evening*. His Majesty made no allusion to the letter; but, to show how perfectly he appreciated the motives of his guest, he went beyond even his usual urbanity and kindness, and to the close of his reign no interruption occurred in a friendship equally honourable to the accomplished commoner, and to the frank and warm-hearted monarch."

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

After Frederick's accession to the throne, he paid very little attention either to the adorning of his own person, or to that of the individuals honoured with his conversation. As to himself, he had only one pair of silk stockings, which he wore once a year, on the occasion of the Queen's birthday, when an entertainment was given at her palace. M. Thiebault, one of the Professors of the Royal Academy, who has left behind him several interesting accounts of his conversations with the King, relates, that, having once waited on Frederick, when summoned in a hurry, in his travelling-dress, he offered a humble apology for the negligence of his attire. "On hearing my excuses," says Thiebault, "he turned his eyes towards me with a look of disdain, and said, 'You know well enough I never attend to such miserable considerations as these. Observe me: when I send for you, you may be as neglectful as you please about your dress, and I shall give myself little concern; but do not forget to bring your head, and I shall be satisfied: I want only your head.'"

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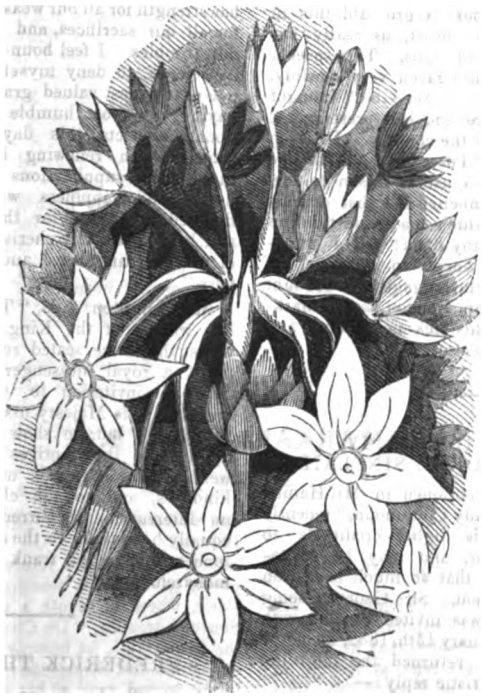
PAPERS ON BOTANY.



THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

THE *scientific* name of this plant is *ornithogalum umbellatum*, belonging to the natural order of the *liliacæa*. It is commonly known by the names "dove's-dung," or "bird's-milk;" more frequently by that of the "star of Bethlehem." The plant bearing this elegant little flower is believed to be once (and only once) named in Scripture; in 2 Kings vi. 25. The term employed in that passage, is "a cab of *dove's-dung*;" and the few critics who consider that a vegetable is designed, refer it to a kind of pulse. The marginal note in the Spanish Bibles calls it "a worthless kind of grain, like dung, which was given to pigeons." Samaria was besieged at the time to which the narrative relates, and the severity of the famine is proved by the high price given for every article which might be used for food. An old English chronicle says, that in the famine which laid England waste in A.D. 1316, "the poor ate pigeon's-dung." The *ornithogalum umbellatum* is a native of England; and in Italy and other southern countries its bulbous root was commonly eaten at that period: it is probable, therefore, that this was the *pigeon's-dung* of the English chronicler. Literally, the substance referred to could never be used as an article of food. The bulbous root of the *ornithogalum* has in all times been used as an esculent in Syria and the neighbouring countries. Dioscorides, an ancient medical writer, says that it was sometimes dried, pulverized, and mixed with bread-flour, and also that it was eaten both raw and roasted. An Italian writer, named Laurentius, in his "Essay on bulbous and tuberous Roots," states that in his time the peasants of Italy often roasted the roots of the *ornithogalum*, and ate them like chestnuts; or lightly boiled them, and peeled and used them as salad, with oil, vinegar, and pepper. The plains and valleys about Samaria abound in this pretty flower; and the dearth of its roots during the siege of the city by the Syrians under Benhadad, is shown by the high price to which they had advanced, proving the extremity to which the people were reduced by the famine. How different those times from our own! Nothing shows this more clearly than the

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disuse of these inferior articles of food. In our highly-favoured land, it is not to less nutritious pulse, or to roots that may assuage the pains of hunger, that even the lower classes of society have recourse. If not with the honey out of the rock, yet with the finest of the wheat, does a kind Providence feed them: and the lack of the honey is abundantly supplied by the produce of the sugar-cane, which we can now obtain so plentifully.

Lady Calcott, in her "Scripture Herbal," furnishes a pleasing suggestion. She says, "The *ornithogalum* grows wild in many countries. There are several pretty varieties in Spain and Portugal, but none more agreeable to the sight than our own 'star of Bethlehem.' I never saw so much of it in any one spot as in the Campo Sante of Pisa. While I was wondering at the circumstance, I was reminded that the whole of the earth within the enclosure was holy. During the building of that magnificent burial-place, every Pisan ship returning from Palestine brought, as ballast, a portion of the soil of the Holy Land, until there was sufficient to fill the area of the 'Sacred Field' to a great depth: so that those citizens who were prevented from performing a pilgrimage to Palestine during their lives, might still have their bones laid in its venerated soil." She then adds, "This accounts naturally for the number of the starry flowers I saw there: *and who knows how many of the lovely eastern blossoms that now enrich our garden-borders have thus been introduced by the unconscious hands of the pilgrim*," who, with well-meaning, though unenlightened piety, has brought back from the land which he visited a portion of its soil, containing roots or seeds which have sprung up, and added to the vegetable beauties of our own greatly-favoured country?

REMARKABLE DAYS.

JOHN CALVIN.

Died May 27th, 1564.

The homage paid by Calvinists to the opinions of the great supporter of their theological system indicates that he was no ordinary man. He was born at Noyon, in Picardy, on the 10th of July, 1509. His father's name was Chauvin, or Cauvin, who was a public notary. Young Cauvin afterwards changed his name to the more Latin form of Calvin. He received an excellent education, and made such rapid progress in all his studies, that at the age of twenty-one he was regarded as one of the best scholars in Europe.

Having shown early traits of religious character, his parents designed him for the Church. Even before he reached his twentieth year, he was preferred to several benefices, and to the title and emoluments of a cure, though he had not entered into Priest's orders, having received only the tonsure. While prosecuting his literary career at Paris, his townsman, P. R. Olivetan, succeeded in convincing him, that he ought to take the word of God as the only safe source of religious opinions and practice; and this soon led him to discover, and renounce, the glaring errors of Popery. He now yielded to the wishes of his father, and began to study the law. Both at Orleans and Bourges he pursued his studies in the civil law, under the first masters, with great assiduity and success; at the same time, not ceasing from the study of the holy Scriptures. The Greek was successfully and rapidly taught him by Professor Walmar. On the death of his father, in 1532, he returned to his native place, gave up his benefices, and set out for Paris, where he wrote a commentary upon Seneca's treatise, "De Clementia." Among the Protestants, he became one of the ablest expositors and champions of their tenets; but in the second year of his residence in Paris, having supplied his friend, Nicholas Cope, Rector of the University, with the substance of a speech in favour of Protestant doctrines, the authorities were offended, a violent persecution was excited, and Calvin narrowly escaped from the city, with his life. He was pursued to the College of Forteret; but escaped a second time, and took shelter in the house of Du Tillet, a Canon at Angoulême, where he continued his theological studies, and collected materials for his "Christian Institutes," obtaining his living by teaching Greek. After leaving Angoulême, he went to Poitiers; where he propagated his views, and dispensed the Lord's supper, in caves and secluded places to his disciples.

Under the protection of the Queen of Navarre, sister to Francis I., who was favourable to the doctrines of Calvin, he ventured back to Paris, in 1534; where he published a work against the opinion that the soul is in a state of sleep between death and the resurrection: but persecution soon obliged him again to leave the city, and repair to Basle; where he studied the Hebrew language, and published his famous "Institutes," with a dedication to Francis I., which

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some consider equal to anything of the kind that ever was penned.

He next proceeded to Italy, in order to extend the doctrines of the Reformers, where he was favourably received by the Duchess of Ferrara, daughter of Louis XII., and other high personages, who were disposed to favour the Reformation; but persecution soon chased him back to France: he took Geneva in his way, where the reformed doctrines had been received the year before by a decree of the Council. Here he met with Farel and Viret, two distinguished Reformers, who besought him to remain there, and assist in advancing the cause so favourably begun. He consented, and was chosen to be one of their Ministers, and Professor of Divinity. Leaving the pulpit services chiefly to Farel, he entered upon a course of theological lectures; but the more effectually to forward the work of Reformation, he began to discharge the duties of Minister in August, 1536.

The stern character of his mind now began to show itself by his assumption of high ecclesiastical authority. He and his colleagues proceeded to abolish every holiday except the Sabbath, and to remove the baptismal fonts from the churches. This excited resistance; and, in April, 1538, the Council commanded them to depart from the city. Banished from Geneva, Calvin went to Strasburg, where he was kindly received, and succeeded in establishing a French Church, according to his own plan. He was also called to occupy the Divinity Professor's chair. While here he published his "Commentaries on the Epistle to the Romans," and also a "Reply" to Cardinal Sadolet, who had written a book urging the Genevese to return to the Catholic Church. At this time he married a widow, named Idelette de Bures, who proved an excellent wife: but, nine years afterwards, she was taken from him by death, a stroke which he deeply felt; but he bowed submissively to the divine will.

The Genevese, hearing of his growing fame, felt ashamed of their rashness, and invited him to return. A deputation was sent to the Magistrates of Strasburg, to beseech them to allow him to return to his former flock, as he was now willing to accede to their wishes. But, as he had been appointed a deputy to the Diet at Frankfort, and was also engaged to assist at a Conference at Ratisbon, for the settlement of differences in religion, which then convulsed Europe, he first fulfilled these engagements, and then returned triumphantly to Geneva.

Having bound both Magistrates and people to receive a complete system of church-discipline, which was to be solemnly sworn to by them and their Pastors, he lost no time in imposing it upon them after reaching Geneva. On the 20th of November, 1541, in an assembly of the people, his new ecclesiastical law was adopted. According to it, a Consistory was formed, half of Clergy, and half of laymen; the latter to be chosen annually. This body was empowered to watch over all men's manners; to determine all kinds of ecclesiastical codes; to cite, control, and punish, even as far as with excommunication. This tribunal, headed by Calvin, proceeded to great lengths. It was, in fact, a censorship of morals, both public and private. So despotic was Calvin, that he ruled both the opinions and the conduct of the people. In the Council and in the Consistory he was the master-spirit; and the Judges promptly punished every one who dared to set himself in opposition to him. Hence, a Magistrate, whose life was deemed irregular, and who associated with those who were unfriendly to Calvin, was condemned to two months' imprisonment: James Gruet was beheaded, because he had written profane verses and letters, and endeavoured to overthrow church ordinances. By this Consistory Michael Servetus was seized, as he was passing through Geneva, in 1553, arraigned at Calvin's instance, tried, and condemned, for denying the Trinity. He was burned alive, in pursuance of his sentence. If Calvin is to be blamed for this, let his lay-associates bear their share of the blame. Alas for poor human nature! Whether lay or clerical, it is very much alike, in all ages, when under the influence of ambition and hot-headed self-will. Never will Calvin's memory cease to be stained with the blood of Servetus. If it be asserted that all the Protestant Cantons consented to his death, still Calvin was regarded as their chief and oracle. The severity of his proceedings sometimes excited great tumults in the city. His temper was hard and unrelenting; and the inflexible rigour with which he maintained the rights of his Consistory raised him many enemies. But no difficulty daunted him: he laboured with indomitable energy in carrying out his plans, and in maintaining what he believed to be truth. His creed may have been partly the offspring of his own mental temperament, or it may have tended to aggravate his natural sternness.

If it be true that "the most acceptable worship we can offer to God is to imitate Him," then Calvin's creed must have powerfully influenced him. Bengelius well observed, that "they who have a despotic God will themselves be despotic."

His views of the divine sovereignty, on which his theology is based, may be logically correct, if limited to a single aspect of the divine character; but this is not the scriptural method. No wonder that the Westminster Divines felt some misgivings about this "*horrible decree;*" and added in their confession, that "the doctrine of this high mystery of predestination is to be *handled with*

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special prudence and care, that men attending to the will of God revealed in his word, and yielding obedience thereunto, may, from the certainty of their effectual vocation, be assured of eternal election. So shall this doctrine afford matter of praise, reverence, and admiration of God, and of humility, diligence, and abundant consolation to all that obey the Gospel."

That Calvin was sincere in his views, and successful in spreading them, is abundantly manifest; and that with a weak constitution, and frequent attacks of sickness, he did so much to forward the Reformation as to place him next to Luther as a Reformer, shows the mighty energy of his mind.

The influence he possessed over the minds of Protestants throughout Europe was great. From every quarter large numbers were attracted to hear his lectures, or to obtain his counsel, on account of his fame for learning, eloquence, energy, and piety. An admirer observes, "He was a judicious, elegant, and indefatigable writer, and possessed great learning and zeal for the truth. He was temperate and austere, gloomy and inflexible, and seemed to have no other passion than to establish the opinions which he believed to be true." "His character was impetuous, and impatient of contradiction. He was also obstinate and turbulent; in consequence of which, the tone and language of his controversies were generally harsh, bitter, and contemptuous." If such be the picture of him, drawn by the hand of a friend, what are we to expect from a foe? Compare this with the description of a Minister of Christ given in 2 Tim. ii. 24, 25; and ask, Had his creed no concern in thus making him a stranger to meekness and love?

He continued his active labours till within a short time of his death. On the 6th of February, 1564, he preached his last sermon, at which time he was reduced to extreme emaciation and weakness by a complication of disorders, brought on through his intense studies, cares, and exertions. On the 29th of March he was carried in his chair to the Senate, to present a new Rector to their school. On the 2d of April he was taken to the church, and received the sacrament of the Lord's supper from the hands of Beza. He made his will on the 25th of May, and expired on the 27th. According to his wish expressed in his will, he was buried on the following morning, in the churchyard of the large palace, without pomp or ceremony, showing to the last his dislike of all ostentatious display.

For an examination and refutation of the views of this extraordinary man, the reader may consult the works of John Wesley, John Fletcher, Richard Watson, and other distinguished writers, who have felt it to be their duty to rescue the divine attributes and the human mind from the dark shadows thrown over them by Calvin's "horrible decree" of reprobation, and its kindred doctrines.

PETER SAMUEL.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

[All notices for this department, if not sent by one of the Ministers of the Circuit, must be authenticated by his signature, in addition to that of the sender.]

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Brown, Mr. William,	Bosley,	Macclesfield,	74	Jan. 7th, 1850.
Bullock, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Bosley,	Macclesfield,	66	Dec. 29th, 1849.
Campbell, Mr. William,	Sligo,	Sligo,	76	Feb. 3d, 1850.
Deane, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Ightam,	Sevenoaks,	62	Jan. 28th, 1850.
Foster, Mr. Isaac,	Silverstone,	Towcester,	71	Feb. 1st, 1850.
Matthews, Mr. Charles,	Zennor,	St. Ives,	65	Jan. 15th, 1850.
Neave, Mr. Richard,	Deansgate,	Fourth Manchester,	47	Jan. 1st, 1850.
Peat, Elizabeth B.,	Thirsk,	Thirsk,	23	Dec. 18th, 1848.
Richards, Mr. John,	St. Ives,	St. Ives,	58	Sept. 15th, 1849.
Richey, Mr. John,	Carnhiney,	Brookborough,	64	Jan. 21st, 1850.
Sandow, Mrs. Mary,	Lelant,	St. Ives,	83	Jan. 3d, 1849.
Slack, Mary,	Codnor,	Ripley,	47	Jan. 25th, 1850.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

JUNE, 1850.

WESLEYAN-METHODIST SOCIETY QUARTERLY TICKET, FOR JUNE, 1850.

"EXPLAIN the reasonableness of this," said the father of Methodism. Of what? The pecuniary usage of our class-meeting,—the weekly and quarterly contributions, the "class-money" and "ticket-money." In the Rules the matter is thus stated: "Every member contributes one penny weekly, (unless he is in extreme poverty,) and one shilling quarterly. Explain the *reasonableness* of this." Nothing belonging to Methodism has excited more notice among a large class of bystanders than these contributions. Some have thought "*this* Wesley's masterpiece of deep sagacity." Many have highly applauded, (especially our *faithful* friend Dr. Campbell,) and not a few have attempted imitation. It must be acknowledged certain parties have spoken against it, because they have deemed it oppressive, and others because they have thought it inexpedient. Mr. Wesley, fully persuaded of its justness and excellence, enjoins on all his Preachers the duty of explaining its "*reasonableness.*" As this is a point immediately connected with the quarterly Ticket, a few words on it will not be deemed irrelevant.

1. It is laid down as a law in those statutes of heaven which are "holy, just, and good," that no one shall be exempt from giving to the support of God's altar. Twice in Exodus "the Lawgiver" repeats these words, "None shall appear before me *empty*." (Exod. xxiii. 15; xxxiv. 20.) In the parallel passage in Deuteronomy, the words run thus: "Three times in a year shall all thy males appear before the Lord thy God in the place which He shall choose;. . . .and they shall not appear before the Lord empty: EVERY MAN shall give as he is able, according to the blessing of the Lord thy God which He hath given thee." (Deut. xvi. 16, 17.) It is *reasonable* that the creature should submit to the law of the Creator and Giver of all things. The principle of this law obviously stands under the *new* as well as the old covenant.

2. It is meet that by a voluntary act all should *acknowledge God's goodness*, in His becoming the Author of their temporal mercies. If those who are daily fed by the divine bounty, knew any particular mode of acknowledgment that would be highly acceptable to their temporal benefactor, it is but *reasonable* that they should express their gratitude in *that way*. Now the Lord is pleased in His kindness to select a certain class of men from among His faithful followers, whom He calls "His Ministers;" and sends them forth without "coat," "scrip," or "purse," for a particular purpose, that purpose

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being the benefit of the others; and says to the rest of their brethren, "Inasmuch as ye bestowed temporal blessings, food and raiment, house and home, on *them*, ye bestowed these things on *me*. Friendly aid, of the smallest kind done to them, I esteem as done unto myself." The reasonableness of our promptly responding to this appeal from Him who giveth us our being and our blessings, is necessarily *felt* by us all.

3. The same thing is plain to us on another ground. *Ministers are servants of the church.* Between them and the members of the church there is a covenant. On one part there is an engagement to bestow "spiritual things;" on the other, to supply "carnal things." By this agreement, the church receives spiritual instruction and consolation; Ministers the necessaries and comforts of life. Here is both the voice of reason and the ordination of Christ. "Do ye not know that they which minister about holy things live of the things of the temple? and they which wait at the altar are partakers with the altar? Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel." (1 Cor. ix. 13, 14.)

4. Nothing is more reasonable than *self-preservation.* The living ministry is necessary to our own welfare. It is divinely appointed, and the true "helper of our joy." The blessing and benefit of it have been felt by all who value "instruction in righteousness," or value themselves. All who have attempted to square their lives by reason and by grace, all who seek to enjoy the life that now is and that which is to come, have felt Gospel ministrations by "holy men of God" to be as green pastures in a desert, rivers of water in a dry place, help in every time of need. Yes, it is so. And "even so hath the Lord ordained it." But this living ministry, the work of men of like passions and appetites with ourselves, can be only sustained by the free contributions of those ministered to.* For this purpose God supplies *them* with means. Hence, if it be reasonable for a man to use food and raiment to sustain his existence, it is so for him to support the ministry. The living ministry is part and parcel of his own well-being. I might just as reasonably deprive my own eyes of the power of vision, as deprive the ministry of that support which God has appointed.

5. Two other remarks may be added in support of the principle contended for. (1.) The contributions made are so moderate, so small, they can *generally* be made without painful sacrifice. Of course, "extreme poverty" on one side, and more than competence on the other; taken with that divine law which is in our hand, "Every man shall give as he is able," give "as the Lord hath prospered him;" will suggest a graduated scale of giving, so "that there will be equality." Whether we take men's earnings a century ago, or at this day, "the reasonableness" of the thing is equally obvious. The outlay is small and practicable, the gain (unless we are wanting to ourselves) certain and great. (2.) In the contributions of "poor saints" to the support of God's cause in the earth, there is something so pious, so touching, so ennobling, that heaven and earth conspire to bless such "cheerful givers." When such an object is seen in a class or congregation as that "certain poor widow," with her "two mites," mentioned in the Gospel, the moral influence in favour of that person is so great, as almost to compel the hard-hearted to stretch out their hands to bless her in time of her necessity. Seldom is it that such are "forsaken," or seen "begging their bread." They are too much the object of moral homage, and the wards of Divine Providence, for

* In a free country, ALL Ministers of religion *must* be supported by a *voluntary* act of the *majority* at least.

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that. To them giving is a means of grace, of power, of honour; and it is not unreasonable to believe that one great cause why Methodism has been so blest *to* the poor, and *in* the poor, is found in *the just provision it has made in its pecuniary discipline, for raising them to the dignity of the world's benefactors, by giving them the high honour of holding openly so large a registered share in the privilege of supporting the living ministry.*

We proceed now to notice the *text* for the quarter. It is found in the eighteenth chapter of the first Book of Kings, and forms part of the third, ninth, and twelfth verses. The words are, "*Now Obadiah feared the Lord greatly:—and he said,—I thy servant fear the Lord from my youth.*"

Obadiah is an interesting character. He was a good man: a light shining in a dark place,—the "house" of wicked Ahab. He "*feared* the Lord;" worshipped, revered, loved the true God, the God of Israel. It is rather remarkable that such a man was found in such a place. How did that bad man, the furious idolater, Ahab, tolerate him in his own house, and make him "governor" of it? No doubt he found him a faithful, good servant; and for that reason, though he disliked his religion, he winked at it. Many a devoted Methodist, receiving this Ticket, may probably be found in circumstances not very dissimilar. The brewer of Bristol who said, "I have not a cask but Bundy has prayed behind it," had, it is presumed, no great relish for the religion of that old, warm-hearted, useful Methodist, James Bundy. But Bundy's honest services were more valuable to his master than his religion was offensive. So Ahab. Offensive Obadiah's religion must have been to him; but a better "governor" could not be found for Ahab's household. "When a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him;" especially the enemies of his religion. Let this encourage religious servants to be faithful to their God, who have unconverted, irreligious masters. Pious persons should not too hastily *quit* their post of secular duty because of mere contact with the ungodly. Obadiah stood his ground; and in this trying position, on a trying occasion, God honoured him by making him very useful to His persecuted Prophets. He saved the lives of "fifty."

Two striking things are said of Obadiah's piety. He feared the Lord "from his *youth*," and "he feared the Lord *greatly*." Eminence in religion is seldom found unless the foundation be laid in *youthful piety*. What means were used to plant piety in Obadiah's heart we are not told. In the midst of idolaters, wholly cut off from Jerusalem, the temple and worship of God, his early piety is the more remarkable. Was he born in Judah, and had he a pious mother, forced to Samaria against her will? Was he, somehow, when a child, cast among those "Prophets" for whom he had such an affection in later years? The *fact* of his having decided piety in his youth, while it is *probable* he was brought up amidst idolaters, is encouraging to pious parents, when their children become unavoidably exposed to pernicious example. The God-fearing youth, too, may here find something to cheer him in the conflict, if at all similarly circumstanced. Indeed, while we have the fact of so many young men, irreligious, amidst every incentive to the contrary, we see also a few, surrounded by evil influences, *true Obadiahs*. *Without* their own effort, God will not save the *most* favoured young; *with it*, He will not suffer the *least* favoured to be lost. In his pious youth, it is probable Obadiah had few helps, and many hinderances; and yet, lovely fellow! there he stands amidst every temptation, fearing, serving, worshipping the true God!

But he "feared the Lord *greatly*," as well as "from his youth." It must be admitted that *some* who begin early never become eminent. There are

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three courses open to every one who begins to serve God, whether it be in youth or age; but especially in youth:—the *descending*, the *flat*, and the *elevating*. The *first* leads back again into the world, into that part of it called "the land of backsliders." The *second* leads to a *low* part of Canaan, where the inhabitants are often "weak and sickly," the hospitals mostly full, and often in want of "*nurses*." It borders on the land of the Philistines. The *third* leads to the "*hill country*," where the people are mostly healthy, and "their souls prosper." Recruits from these highlands form the flower of Immanuel's army. They quit themselves like men; "are strong, and do exploits." Obadiah not only retained his piety, but his piety became eminent, and his life useful. He "feared the Lord *greatly*." Moral dignity, greatness in piety, is marked by three things: great *conscientiousness*, great *benevolence*, great *stability*. 1. Of the piety which is *deep*, a tender, a "good conscience" is the leading element. Obadiah must often have been in temptation. And when tempted, as often resisted with Joseph's sword of the Spirit: "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" He felt the eye of Omniscience fixed on him. This consciousness of the presence of a holy, heart-searching God made him serious, prayerful, watchful, recollected. The strength of the moral principle lies here; in "keeping the heart with all diligence."

2. Great *benevolence* is inseparable from his character who "fears the Lord greatly." God's nature, law, government, all are benevolent. "He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love." Reverence for children, disciples, friends, signifies imitation. We imbibe their spirit, and wish to please them. Obadiah's benevolence was remarkable. It was shown to the servants of God, contemned, hated, and persecuted by those about him; shown at great personal expense; shown at risk of situation, property, life,—everything. There steals away, at early morning, "while it is yet dark," the noble-minded, kind-hearted Obadiah; heavy laden; bearing "bread and water" to the Prophets in their sorry abode, trembling for their lives! O, what a messenger of mercy is this Obadiah! They are hungry, and he feeds them, because he loves them, and they are the servants of the God whom he worships.

3. But it can scarcely be said that any man fears the Lord "greatly" unless he has given some striking evidences of his religious *stability*. Obadiah was pious "*from* his youth." Not *in* his youth only, but "*from*" it. The word implies both continuance of principle and distance of time. He was now apparently advanced in life. He looked back to "youth" as a speck in the distant horizon. "Some thirty or forty years ago, I began to pray, and the fear of the Lord was fixed in my heart. Thank God, I have held on my way ever since. I have turned not to the right hand nor to the left, and my feet have held their steps. Blessed be the name of the Lord, my youthful locks have grown hoary in the way of righteousness!" Thus seems to speak good Obadiah. And without some such testimony, or strong *test* of time and conflict, we durst not say that any man has attained the dignity of moral eminence, and "fears the Lord *greatly*."

St. Mawes. B. C.

READINGS IN KEMPIS.

No. V.

The very title of the fourth chapter is suggestive and monitory: "Concerning Foresight in Things to be done." The mischiefs occasioned by the neglect of this are countless. If we *must* speak of *little* sins and *great*

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sins,—understanding by the latter grosser and visible offences against the acknowledged laws of religion and morality,—the far greater number of the wounds (at the time felt or unfelt) inflicted on the conscience by sins, of each of which, were our attention called to it, we should perhaps say, "Is it not a little one?" originate in want of forethought, and in that absence of caution which the want of forethought must assuredly occasion. Such wounds, too, are often very slightly healed, healed by being left to themselves; and in such processes of healing the chief danger is that that tenderness of conscience, which is one great evidence of a sanctified conscience, and one of our principal safeguards, should be materially diminished. Often-repeated wounds, improperly healed, generate *callosities*. It is a melancholy condition when the conscience becomes *superstitiously scrupulous*, and *morally obtuse*.

Kempis gives an instance of this haste in decision through the absence of foresight:—

"Not every word nor insinuation is to be believed; but cautiously and leisurely ought we to weigh all things as before God and according to His will. But, unhappily, we much more easily believe and speak evil concerning another than good, so infirm do we allow ourselves to be. But perfect men" (established in grace and charity, and living in singleness of eye and sincerity of heart) "do not readily believe all that is told them; for they know human infirmity, and that it is prone to evil, and especially given to carelessness in speech."

Perhaps in speaking of these as *little sins* we are chiefly influenced by their apparently trivial character, merely considered as actions. Yet the accumulation of stones may form mountains. Rightly does Kempis refer these to the absence of foresight. We are not on our guard. We speak unadvisedly. What we have said is contrary to truth, to charity, to holiness. But how soon is so small a thing as a word forgotten! Yet we have actually spoken it. God has heard it. Man has heard it. It has produced or strengthened evil in the hearer. Our words cause other words from him, addressed to other persons. The spark spreads to a widely-wasting conflagration.

And can the Christian be unmindful of the solemn earnestness with which the Scriptures speak—repeatedly speak—on this subject? *We* may think careless speech a trivial offence. The manner in which the Scriptures speak of it places it undeniably among offences of the very first magnitude. Let what St. James says (chap. iii.) be seriously pondered. There are expressions in that chapter sufficient to make the stoutest heart tremble. "The tongue is a world of iniquity. It defileth the whole body. It setteth on fire the course of nature, and it is set on fire of hell!" Can language go beyond this? Rightly did the Psalmist resolve, "I will *take heed* to my ways, that I offend not with my tongue."

To the same effect does Kempis admonish us. "It is great wisdom not to be precipitate in thy doings, nor pertinaciously to adhere to thine own opinions. To such wisdom also it pertains not to give credit to everything thou mayest hear; nor, what is thus heard or believed, immediately to pour forth into the ears of others. Take counsel with a wise and conscientious man, and seek rather by one that is better than thyself to be instructed, than to follow thine own inventions. A good life makes a man *wise according to God*; and such wisdom gives experience in many things."

A CHARACTER: FROM REAL LIFE.

His character bore the marks of habitual self-inspection and self-resistance. Humility was the virtue which he seemed to prize as the most comprehensive

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and productive. His effort was to bring every thought and desire into subjection before God, and to find security and motive in a fixed sense of his deficiencies and his obligations. This constant study of humility was his light and strength. It cleared and simplified the purpose of human life. It gave him more and more the command of his faculties, and the exercise of his affections, and the power of devoting himself to duty. It showed him on what principles men are commonly pronounced great, and how monstrous are arrogance and oppression in a mortal. But this moral warfare never threw an air of constraint or austerity upon his intercourse with others. It seemed as if his spirits were kept elastic by his constant guard over them. His very kindness and gentleness had none of the inertness of mere good temper, but were animated by an active, cherished principle of love, which discriminated its objects, and was all alive for the happiness of another.

In the pursuit of truth, he seemed more anxious for the certainty, than the amount and variety, of results. He was not fond of indulging in conjectures, that he might fill the void where he had in vain looked for satisfying truth; nor was he unhappy because of the uncertainties which cannot be cleared up in an imperfect state of being. His feelings, and wishes, and every extraneous or accidental circumstance, were as if they did not exist in his sober-minded inquiry. Or rather, the very influences that are most apt to mislead, did but sound the alarm to him to be single-hearted, and made his power of discerning the keener. He had the plainest common sense, and the most prudent judgment in common affairs; and not so much from having lived long in the world, as from his right temper of mind, and his habit of going far into the reason of things. This honesty or fairness of mind was his great distinction, and an explanation of his character. It was a proof of his moral and intellectual vigour. It was a religious principle. It ran through all his studies and experience, restraining him from injustice, and compelling him to condemn injustice; opening the way through ancient errors of whatever kind, and for the admission of light from whatever quarter; and making it absolutely impossible that he should be a mere partisan in anything.

His kindness, and warmth of affection, were especially manifest in his intercourse with the young. A plain man, in years, living in retirement, and obtruding his opinions on no one, he drew them to him as if he were their dependence; and they felt that they owed to him, not only some of their best-remembered seasons of pleasure, but in no small degree the direction and government of their thoughts. When he saw anything to blame, he spoke plainly and earnestly, and suffered no weakness of affection to conceal or impair the force of what he thought it his duty to say. If they neglected his admonitions, and disappointed his expectations, his regret was unmingled with selfishness, and his affection was unabated. He only thought they might need it the more.

RIGHT USE OF LEARNING.

The late Rev. Dr. C. Evans, of Bristol, having once occasion to travel from home, wrote to a poor congregation, to say that he should spend a night in their village, and that, if it were agreeable to them, he would give them a sermon. The poor people hesitated for some time, but at length permitted him to preach. After sermon he found them in a far happier mood than when he first came among them, and could not forbear inquiring into the reason of all this. "Why, Sir, to tell you the truth," said one of them, "knowing that you were a very learned man, and that you were a

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teacher of young Ministers, we were much afraid we should not understand you; but you have been quite as plain as any Minister we ever had." "Ay, ay," the Doctor replied, "you entirely misunderstood the nature of learning, my friend: its design is to make things so plain that they cannot be misunderstood."—*American Paper.*

THE FOUNTAIN OF JOY.

You may wear a crown, but if you have a guilty conscience, your crown will be lined with thorns; you may roll in wealth, but if your conscience be not purged, it will haunt you like a demon; you may launch into the pleasures of the world, but conscience will register every deed, and foretell a day of reckoning. Milton has put the deepest philosophy into the mouth of the arch-fiend, when he exclaims,—

> "The mind is its own place, and of itself
> Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

When all is tranquil around, the mind may be like the troubled sea. On the contrary, all may be tumult, confusion, and war from without, while calmness and peace may dwell within. The last thunder may roar, the earth quake, and the heavens dissolve and melt with fervent heat, and yet the soul, far from feeling the least alarm, may exult and sing. Nor need we wait for our happiness till death has unlocked the portals of bliss. Why not be happy now? To walk by faith, and serve our generation according to the will of God, will enable us to realize no small amount of blessedness.—*Ibid.*

CHOICE SAYINGS.

Well, let the flesh and fleshly-minded men deem or speak what they list concerning the state of the dead, the Spirit of truth saith, that all that die in the Lord are blessed.

Gregory Nazianzen saith, "After the night of this present life, there is no place for purging: it is better to be corrected and purged now, than to be sent to torments there, where it is the season of punishment, not of purging."

Let us not take on too much for them whom God hath taken away: let us not trouble ourselves for them that are at rest: let us not shed over-many tears for them who can now shed tears no more for ever: let us not grieve too much for them who cannot grieve, because sorrow and sighing are fled away.

Let us so live that, as Cyprian says, we may embrace the day which brings us to our filial inheritance; and which, freeing us from worldly snares, restores us to paradise, and to the kingdom of heaven.

Let us not show ourselves infidels by too much weeping at the death of believers. Whatsoever may be our loss, it cometh far short of their gain. Our cross is light in comparison of their far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Weep we may for them: at the grave of Lazarus "Jesus wept." But if we truly love them, we cannot but congratulate them in our hearts on their feasts of joy, their rivers of pleasure, their palms of victory, their robes of majesty, their crowns of glory. They died in the Lord, and they now live for ever with the Lord.

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THEOLOGY.

THE CLAIMS OF THE GOSPEL.

(From a Sermon by the Rev. Richard Watson.)

1. The Gospel demands from us the most devout acknowledgment.

Preachers, animated with the same spirit as St. Paul, have, in all succeeding ages, been raised up to publish the truth among Pagans, or to reassert its ancient doctrines in the fallen and corrupt church. In that pure form in which alone it is "the power of God unto salvation," in which it reveals "a righteousness of faith to faith," it has reached us, and is now ever before us in the written word, the living ministry, and in the examples of its saving efficacy. How ought this mercy, which crowns every other, and without which every other were in vain showered upon us, to excite our gratitude! "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift!" Guilty and unworthy as we are, we know what we must do to be saved; the true sacrifice for sin is exhibited to our faith; great and precious promises meet that variety of want which arises out of the state of our minds, the changes of a vain and suffering life, and our relations to eternity. All that the word religion, understood in the highest and most important sense, implies, is here stamped and authenticated by the seals of God. All that can exalt the intellect as truth, all that guides the heart and life as law, all that cheers the conscience as grace, are here exhibited. A system of influence and motive, which fosters benevolence and enjoins sanctity, is in operation, rendered effectual to all that believe by "the power of God." What prospects are thus opened to ourselves, to our families, to our country, and, if we are faithful to our vocation, to the whole world! The principle and the power of all moral order and happiness is vouchsafed to us; that which renews individual man after the image of God; that which creates peaceful and hallowed families; and that which, struck into the chaos of the world's confusion and disorder, will go on to control, arrange, and subdue all things to its own laws of truth, righteousness, and peace. For such a gift of God to the world, the whole world ought to bring its offering of universal praise.

2. The Gospel claims from us an unshrinking avowal.

"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," says the Apostle; and he was ready to assert its divine and pre-eminent claims in every place. Such ought to be the spirit with which we are influenced; modest and humble, as becomes the disciples of truth; but decided and unyielding. Are we taunted by the world for our love of this divine system, and our daily study of it? Let us answer, "It is the power of God unto salvation;" and what is there on earth which ought so deeply to interest me, and all to whom it is published? Is the doctrine of faith in the atonement, as the only condition of salvation, the subject of aspersion and contempt by proud and unhumbled men? The reply is at hand. The Gospel is the "power of God unto salvation" only "to every one that believeth;" and "the righteousness of faith is revealed only to faith;" the faith of him who, awakened to his danger, and cut off from every other hope, trusts in this alone, and accepts salvation as God has appointed to administer it.

Is the Gospel assailed by the sophistry or malignity of infidelity? I am not to shrink, although human reason affects to relieve me from mysteries, and to ground every part of its own theory upon demonstration. Here, if I judge truly, if I reason well, I cannot be made ashamed; for if I am saved by this Gospel, if "every one that believeth" is saved from guilty fear, and from sin's dominion, what demonstration is so clear as this? The ends of true religion are accomplished by it; and it is, therefore, true religion itself. We know what faith in the Gospel effects; but where are the moral triumphs of unbelief?

Does that false and delusive form of Christianity which boasts of its rationalism, endeavour to shame your simple faith by the philosophizing airs which it assumes? You may boldly expose the cheat, and charge home a real infidelity upon its head; the more aggravated for its pretended friendship; the more detestable because it cries, "Hail, Master!" and betrays Him with a kiss. It is "another Gospel;" not that which you have received from St. Paul, the teacher of us Gentiles "in faith and verity." It denies the Son; who, though of "the seed of David, according to the flesh," has been declared to be the Son of God with power,

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"according to the Spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead." Nor is its Gospel "the power of God," since it denies the Holy Spirit, whose power alone can make it so; and, for "the righteousness which is by faith," it substitutes its own proud and delusive Pharisaism.

Exalted, then, as your religion is, by the divinity of its Author; energetic as it is rendered by the influence of the Spirit, "the Lord and Giver of life;" and able as it is to ease every labouring conscience, by the offer of a "righteousness which is by faith;" if you rightly think and rightly feel, you can never be made ashamed of your hope. Let the cross of Christ be to "the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness; to us who are saved it is the power of God, and the wisdom of God."

3. The Gospel claims our grateful and practical acceptance.

Our theoretic faith, however right, is but the more reproving to us, and but the more aggravates our guilt, if it become not first the faith which moves by fear, and then the faith by which we are impelled into that only Refuge in which we can find safety. "Salvation" is the great end of the Gospel: nothing less than this can be supposed to be an adequate final cause for so wonderful an interposition as the incarnation and sufferings of the Son of God. It was surely not to set up mere opinions, and arrange new forms of worship, that He underwent His humiliations and passion; but to save us from the curse of the law, the dominion of sin, and the eternal wrath of our offended God. Whatever, therefore, of this Gospel we know, approve, believe, or practise, if it leaves us short of personal salvation, is utterly nugatory to us; this great system has been formed, and Christ has died, in vain. After all the eternal plans which have been devised, after all the fulfilments of prophecy, after all the miracles wrought by our Lord and his Apostles, after all the great providential interferences to preserve the truth from destruction, and the maintenance of the church upon its Rock, so that the gates of hell should not prevail against it, something is necessary to be done by us, although under the aids of grace; and without this the saving benefit will never become ours. The Gospel must be believed; so believed as to awaken our fears,—for the very greatness and inevitableness of our danger was that alone which rendered it necessary; so believed that we may become righteous by faith, or, in other words, be justified by the remission of our sins. If this do not take place, we are only left under the aggravated guilt of neglecting or refusing the appointed remedy; and if it take place, it must be sought with contrite and believing hearts. Arise, then, every one to whom this Gospel comes, "wash away thy sins, calling upon the name of the Lord." Turn to Him with "weeping and supplication;" "confess unto the Lord, and give glory to Him." "Take with you words, and return unto Him:" but with these words of contrite confession, take the promises of His mercy in Christ; rest upon them the whole case of thy fallen and endangered spirit; trust in the appointed Sacrifice for sin, to the exclusion of every other, and the salvation shall be thine. Now thou shalt experience deliverance from guilt and condemnation, from moral bondage and enslaving fears; and the same "power of God" which begins the work shall maintain and perfect it, until salvation from sin in this life shall issue in that full and complete salvation which eternity shall reveal and consummate.

HARMONY BETWEEN THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS.

We can read in the Hebrew dispensation the lineaments of an infant resemblance to the perfect dispensation that followed it; and thus we do more confidently look for a sustained harmony throughout when we thus recognise the same fostering hand at the earlier passages of this great enterprise, and onward to its full and final consummation. We believe it to be the uniform finding of every intelligent, and, at the same time, devout student of the Bible, that the more he is acquainted with the Old Testament, the more will he discover it to be full of the Saviour. It is this, we think, which explains the growing taste and predilection of the aged Christian for the strains of earlier inspiration. He rejoices in finding the substance of his faith under the veil of those rites and ceremonies by which Israel's figurative church was characterized; and it is not the less pleasing that it stands forth under another guise and in another attitude than he had been accustomed to behold it. The truth is, that there are harmonies between the prefigurations of the law and the principles of the Gospel, which do not reveal themselves at the first glance of a

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careless or rapid observer. But they are not the less real or substantial notwithstanding. They are not the creatures of fancy: they are the perceptions of a deep and steadfast prolonged observation, recondite only to those who do not search for them; but because of their very reconditeness all the more satisfying when found, and all the more certain indications of the profoundness of that wisdom which presided over both the Jewish and the Christian economy, and so proving that the same God is the author and finisher of both. We know that mysticism has been charged upon these speculations; but, in appreciating the justice of this imputation, it is of prime importance to determine whether it arises from the subject in itself being unintelligible, or from the persons who make the charge not being intelligent in regard to it. In either way there will be the same feeling of mysticism. It is the very feeling wherewith the uninitiated are visited when they have the doctrines of chemistry, or botany, or medicine, propounded in the peculiar and, to them, unknown nomenclature of these respective branches of learning. It is a feeling which, I am quite confident, would be dissipated by a single month of study directed to the harmony that obtains between the doctrines of the New, and the prophecies and ritual observances of the Old, Testament. You will find that these both radiate and reflect an increasing light upon each other; and, as the fruit of your investigations, I promise you an ever-growing conviction, that in like manner as the testimony of Jesus has been called the spirit of prophecy, so you will find the same testimony to be the animating spirit that actuates and pervades from one end to the other the Scriptures of the olden dispensation.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

SCRIPTURE EXPOSITOR.

"The fashion of this world passeth away."—1 Cor. vii. 31.

The word translated "fashion" seems to have been borrowed from the theatre, and points out the resemblance which its various and oft-shifting scenes bear to human life. The figure is elegant and just. Upon a stage the actors assume imaginary characters, and are clothed with borrowed and fantastic habits. One counterfeits the courage and triumphs of a hero; another appears with a crown and sceptre, and struts about with the majesty of a King; a third puts on the fawning smiles of a courtier, or the arrogance of a successful favourite; and a fourth presents himself in the garb of a philosopher or a divine. For an hour or two they amuse or terrify the spectators, by acting their several parts; but as soon as the curtain drops, the feigned Kings and heroes are divested of their ensigns of honour, and appear in their native meanness. Just so it is in the drama of actual life, on the stage of this vain world. Princes, politicians, and warriors; the rich, the learned, and the wise; together with the poor, the weak, and the despised, have their several stations in the theatre, and act their respective parts on its stage. Some lurk obscurely in a corner: they seldom come from behind the scenes, but creep along unnoticed. Others make a splendid show, and a loud noise; they are adorned with numerous honours, possessed of large estates, and great powers; they fill the world with the glory of their name, conquer in the field, or debate in the senate. But in a little time the scene changes, and the phantoms disappear. Either the King Eternal abases the proud, and exalts the lowly,—enriches the poor, and impoverishes the affluent; or, at His high command, the King of terrors clears the stage, and strips the busy actors of their fictitious ornaments; and, being reduced to a common level, they go down to the grave in their original nakedness, and pass away like a tale that is told. With its inhabitants, the manners, customs, cares, business, and enjoyments of the world pass away too. Life is a dream; its joys and sorrows are shadows; its noise and stir endure but for an hour, and then are hushed in the silence of the tomb. Few actors ever imagined themselves to be what they only appear to be, or that they really possessed the honour and authority of a crown because they wore it during the play. Whereas men generally are so intoxicated with the honours, pleasures, and possessions of this life, as actually to forget that these are transitory and illusive. They value themselves on their worldly distinctions as though they were everlasting, and would be recognised in that day as entitling their possessors to the rewards of the eternal world.

The actors in the Greek and Roman theatres came upon the stage in *masks*, adapted to the characters they sustained.

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In allusion to this, the text might be rendered, "The *masquerade* of this world passeth away;" pointing out the fraud, the hollowness, and the hypocrisy which prevail among the men of the world; and the flattering disguises which they put on and wear, but of which they shall soon be disrobed. How wise are they who "use this world as not abusing it!"

THE SUFFERING KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

THERE is a suffering kingdom of Christ and of true believers upon the earth, which is both inward in the soul and outward in the world; the former being the suffering in the flesh by which we cease from sin, the latter being the victory over the world, which is our faith. And its members are bound to forego the kingdom of this world, to deny themselves to its softest and tenderest affections, to withstand its most fearful and its most seducing trials, to take up their cross and to follow Jesus through good and through bad report. The trader, by strict honesty and unaccommodating righteousness, is to suffer the loss from which a little artifice and deception might have preserved him, and he is to withhold himself from the gain which might have been reaped by a little dexterity, cunning, and falsehood. The citizen is to partake in Christ's suffering kingdom by denying himself to ambition, and refusing to interest his heart and soul in the party and selfish questions which agitate the community and the state whereof he is a member; and when he is called upon to speak and to act, then by speaking and acting as having a Lord and Master in heaven whom all earthly lords and masters should obey; whence it will come to pass that he will be equally disregarded, disesteemed, and disliked by all the parties who fight and contend under their various banners for the kingdom that is seen and temporal. The man of property and power partaketh of Christ's suffering kingdom by refusing to intermeddle in the vain and sensual luxuries which surround him, and denying himself to those courtesies, briberies, and evil suits and applications, by which he might rise to dignity and honour in his own province, or in the state; and not only in these acts of self-denial, but likewise in works of holiness, and goodness, and mercy, through the whole sphere of his power; in helping the saints, in ministering to their consolation, in encouraging the faithful Ministers of the Gospel, and doing the office of the good Samaritan to all who shall stand in need of it. The servant, also, partaketh of his great Master's suffering kingdom by denying himself to every personal and private interest of his own, and consulting his master's interest in all things, remembering that he hath a Master in heaven. And so on, through all the relations and offices of life, in all the places and stations of society, there is to be discharged a duty and a function of the kingdom of Christ. And in every act which it is possible for man to do, and in every thought which it is possible for him to utter, there is to be a recognition of Christ the King, and of the church the kingdom, and of ourselves the subjects of the suffering King, the members of the militant church; and to every word so expressed, and to every act so performed in homage to the Lord, there will be found an active opposition of Satan in the flesh and in the world, from the first germination of it in the spirit, through all the progress of its growth, until it shed its fruit into the garner of the Lord, and be recorded as well done in the Lamb's book of life.—*Rev. Edward Irving.*

SIN IS FALSEHOOD.

THE root and origin of all misery to the soul consisteth in a lie; as the source and origin of all blessedness to the soul consisteth in truth. The mystery of iniquity had its beginning in a lie, when Satan said to Eve, "Ye shall not surely die." Whereupon the Lord said of him, that "he is a liar from the beginning, and the father of a lie." And until now, every one who is led astray into the paths of present or future wickedness and misery, is seduced by the falsehoods with which Satan hath possessed his soul. It is a lie that I should feel myself in anything separate from God; and that I should know anything without knowing that God is in it, either as its Creator or its Redeemer. And it is a lie that I should see anything without seeing my Maker in it; and that I should have anything without recognising in it my Maker's voice to me; or that I should will anything that my Maker willeth not; or that I should possess anything as if it were my own, and not the creature of His good providence, devoutly to be

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acknowledged, carefully to be improved for His glory, and faithfully to be accounted for at the day of judgment. This is the pall of darkness which the Light that lighteth every one came to remove from His goodly creation. This is the blindness of the eye, and the deafness of the ear, and the deadness of the heart, which the Spirit of the Lord God anointed Christ to remove; and by the removal of which he becomes "a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of His people Israel."—*Ibid.*

"I HAVE MADE MY WILL."

How unmindful are Christians of their obligations to Christ, and how unwilling to render to Him that which is His due! One would think that instead of being His property, "bought with a price," they were independent of Him, and held their talents and possessions by their own right. Many seem to think that if they do but give a shilling to promote His cause, they are bestowing upon Him a gratuity, and are entitled to His thanks for their liberality. O when will Christians understand their true position as stewards of their Lord's goods, and no longer esteem themselves the owners?

Not long since, a poor rebel, pressed down under the weight of his sins, went out to a secret place where he might pour forth his cries to God. In his distress, he wrestled and groaned in prayer. He was at last enabled to surrender all to his Saviour. God appeared for his deliverance, and spoke peace to his soul. Filled with joy, he hastened to his family with the glad news. When he entered his house, so great was the change in his appearance, that his wife exclaimed, "What is the matter, husband?" "I have made my will," he replied. "Made your will?" "Yes, I have made my will: I have *willed body and soul, and all I have, to Christ, for time and eternity.*" Have you ever made such a will?—*American Messenger.*

THE BETTER COUNTRY.

We may venture to affirm, that if heaven was now fully laid open to our view, it would be so impressive and engrossing, as to render everything here insignificant and uninteresting, and loosen and detach us from all our present engagements. St. Pierre tells us of his returning to France in a ship that had been absent several years in the East Indies. "And when," says he, "the crew approached their native country, they were all eagerness to discern it. Some of them mounted the rigging; some of them employed the glass. By-and-by an exclamation was heard, 'Yonder it is!' Then they became thoughtful and listless. But when they drew nearer, and began to discover the tops of the hills and towers, that reminded them of the spots on which they had been brought up, they knew not how to contain themselves. They dressed themselves in their best apparel; they brought out the presents designed for their connexions. But when the vessel entered the harbour, and they saw their friends and relations on the quay, stretching forth their hands to embrace them, many of them leaped from the ship, and other hands were employed to bring it to its moorings." Ah, Christians! could you see the better country for which you were born, and to which you are bound,—could you behold your connexions there, ready to receive you, your stations would soon be deserted, and other agents would be wanted to occupy them.—*William Jay.*

A WORK FOR EVERY MAN.

Divine Providence has placed every man in his peculiar situation, and assigned every man his work. The situation and work of mankind are various; but the appointment is of God. Some are appointed to guide the plough; others to direct the loom. Some to toil; others to think and direct. Some to study and teach; others to receive direction and instruction. Some are to submit; others are to govern. Every man has his providential appointment given him; and he may discover it, if he wish to do so. Whatever our situation is, God himself, in the counsels of his wise providence, has placed us in it, and connected with it certain duties. To every man he has said, "Be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

There are some persons who imagine that the labours which arise from providential circumstances are distinct from piety, and obstructive of it. But this is an error. They may be made so; but they are not so necessarily. They are parts of duty which, if performed in reference to the glory of God, from religious

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motives, and with a regard to religious ends, as they may be, will secure the divine blessing, and promote, not hinder, our eternal welfare. No man has a charter to be idle. Men of the most ample fortunes are the servants of God. A thousand doors of usefulness stand open before such persons as are exempt from the necessity of daily toil, and to whom God has been bountiful in the gifts of His providence. The man who buries his talent in the earth is deeply guilty, and incurs the displeasure of his Lord. Idleness as infallibly destroys the soul as open sin committed against God. We are all stewards of His manifold gifts: God Himself will at length say, "Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward."—*Watson.*

PAUL'S ESTIMATE OF HEAVEN.

In speaking of the glories of the eternal world, the rapture of the Apostle does not escape him as the sally of the imagination, as a thought awakened by the sudden glance of the object; he does not express himself at random from the sudden impulse of the moment, but in the sober tone of calculation. "I reckon," he says, like a man skilled in this spiritual arithmetic, "I reckon," after a due estimate of their comparative value, "that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed."

No man was ever so well qualified to make this estimate. Of the sufferings of the present world, he had shared more largely than any man. Of the glory that shall be revealed, he had had a glimpse granted to no other man. He had been caught up into paradise. He had heard the words of God, and seen the vision of the Almighty; and the result of this privileged experience was, that he "desired to depart and be with Christ;" that he desired to escape from this valley of tears; that he was impatient to recover the celestial vision, eager to perpetuate the momentary foretaste of the glories of immortality.—*Hannah More.*

THE MILLENNIUM.

O BLESSED Saviour! what a strange variety of conceits do I find concerning thy thousand years' reign! What riddles are in that prophecy, which no human power can read! Where to fix the beginning of that marvellous millenniary, and where the end; and what manner of reign it shall be,—whether temporal or spiritual, on earth or in heaven; undergoes as many constructions as there are pens that have undertaken it; and yet, when all is done, I see thine Apostle speaks only of the souls of the martyrs reigning so long with thee, not of thy reigning so long with those martyrs. How busy are the tongues of men; how are their brains taken up with the indeterminable construction of this enigmatical truth, when in the meantime the care of thy spiritual reign in their hearts is neglected! O my Saviour, while others weary themselves with the disquisition of thy personal reign here upon earth for a thousand years, let it be the whole bent and study of my soul to make sure of my personal reign with thee in heaven to all eternity.—*Bishop Hall.*

LOVE.

You say you love everybody. If so, why do you indulge in revengeful feelings? Why do you turn away from a poor brother or a fallen friend? There is no love in revenge or anger, none in selfishness or pride. You but deceive yourself, and are made to believe a lie, when you speak of your love to everybody. If you had the true spirit of love within you, you would be an entirely different person. Never would we behold the glow of anger on your cheek, hear a passionate remark, or witness the least unkindness to the poor or distressed. With love in your bosom, you could not do a selfish act,—you could not speak against a neighbour,—you could not hate those who despitefully use you. There are but few hearts imbued with the true spirit of love. But when it lives in the heart, you will behold the true Christian and the real friend.

NOVELTY.

IT is not the worth or excellency, but the strangeness of a thing which draws the eyes and admiration of men after it; for can anything in nature be imagined more glorious and beautiful than the sun shining in his full might? and yet how many more spectators and wonderers does the same sun find under eclipse!—*South.*

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PARENTAL MONITOR.

THE PARENTAL RELATION.

VIII.—FEARS OF PARENTS.

WITH fear and trembling we are enjoined to work out our own salvation; with fear and trembling Paul says he discharged his apostolic duties; and not without fear and trembling do the enlightened and conscientious enter "the cloud" of parental responsibility. They shudder lest their children should fail of the grace of God, should miss the path of peace, should lose that happiness which is the end of their being, through their unskilfulness, neglect, or some other defect or delinquency. What Christian can reflect on the future destinies of his child, and mark the influence which a parent's conduct must needs have on it,—have in determining the question whether the child shall be happy in this world and the next: who, I say, can think of it without fear and trembling? Ignorance or brutality may despoil father or mother of the dignity of a thinking being; (as, alas! it too often does;) but there is perhaps no father or mother, truly worthy of the "honoured" name, who ever looked at the subject, without being ready to exclaim,—as Moses in sight of, and in contact with, Sinai's God and its duties,—"I exceedingly fear and quake." Yet may it be doubted whether the responsibility of the legislator Moses at that moment was actually so great as that of the *Christian mother*; when first, as MOTHER, she is placed in sight of, and in contact with, that lovely, fearful thing, A LIVING CHILD! "Fearfully and wonderfully made," as it is, tremble, ye parents, while you touch it! And let your first and devoutest aspirations be to Him who only can give you the requisite help in this "time of need."

But where there is so much ground for rational and gracious fears, no encouragement should be given to morbid and needless fears. There *are* parents who are afraid to let their children go out of their sight. The wind must not blow on them, the shower must not fall on them, the common exposures of ordinary life must not approach them. Parental alarm is ever in exercise from puerile, imaginary evils. This is not to be encouraged. It is alike distressing to parent and child. Two things will aid in guarding parents against it: the consciousness of having done for their children what they believe to be right, or what common affection prompts; and the assurance that there is an infinitely wise and beneficent Providence ever watching over them, especially such as are daily committed to the divine guardianship in faithful, believing prayer. To this may be added, the cultivation of comparative indifference to the minor evils and pleasures of life, so that infinitely greater evils or pleasures may be avoided or secured.

In the parent's bosom anxious fears may justly arise from the consideration of comparative incompetency to "train up a child in the way he should go." This is the great parental duty. When the father or the mother looks at what is required of those who take the most responsible part in educating and training a human being to "act in harmony with his relations to God and man," time and eternity, and find themselves involved in *that* responsibility, fears respecting their competency for the great work are natural enough. Well may the "wise-hearted" parent exclaim, "Who is sufficient for this thing?" Considering the work to be done, the qualifications required, the innumerable failures, that parent must indeed have little self-knowledge "who has not sense to be afraid." Narrow is the way: few there be that find it. Superior light will not do without superior love and superior grace. We may mark and condemn others for cherishing what is wrong in their children, and shortly do the same things ourselves. How appropriate the language of Wesley on this point:—

"Father of Lights, thy needful aid
To us that ask impart!
Mistrustful of ourselves, afraid
Of our own treacherous heart.

"O'erwhelm'd with justest fear, again
To Thee for help we call:
Where many mightier have been slain,
By Thee unsaved, we fall.

"In spite of our resolves, we fear
Our own infirmity;
And tremble at the trial near,
And cry, O God, to Thee."

Job was a perfect and an upright man; but, as a parent, he feared lest his children, in mingling with company and frequent "feasting," should fall under the guilt and curse of sin. "It may be my sons have sinned." He saw and felt the danger they were exposed to in public life, and well knew, if they "sinned against God," His judgments would find them out. He perceived "the wrath of God revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness;" and, trembling for his children, he is found, "early in the morning," presenting "offerings" in their behalf, and pleading with the Judge of all the earth, that if they had sinned, He would *forgive*, and not *destroy*. O, how many holy parents since Job's days have trembled for their children while they

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have been mingling with their companions in convivial parties! Knowing the treachery and susceptibility of the human heart, and sin's poison and curse, they have feared for contamination and judgment. They tremble for the honour of God's name, and for the safety of their household. They may at times have other fears, fears truly distressing; but their fear lest they sin and for ever die, like Moses's rod, swallows up all other fears. "Shall I be the instrument of bringing into being a child that will fall under the eternal frown of God, and be banished from his presence for ever?" O, parents of tender conscience, who see their children living in sin and rebellion against heaven, feel *this fear* as iron enter into their soul.

These are the "few." A much larger class of parents are affected by fears on two other grounds: the fear of losing their children by disease, or some other cause; and the fear they will not succeed in the world. The many pathetic applications to Christ for the relief of children in various kinds of affliction, show how parental fears have ever been awake. "The father of the child cried out, with tears, If thou canst do anything for us, have compassion on us, and help us." "The nobleman saith unto him, Sir, come down ere my child die." The losing a darling child has sometimes been almost insupportable. This fear is not unfrequently connected with the perils of the deep. But the fear about their doing well in the world is of more common occurrence, and of longer continuance. The fear they shall not put them to the right calling,—the fear they will not possess business tact and talent,—the fear that their inexperience will ruinously expose them to the selfish and wicked designs of men,—the fear that some commercial disaster will swallow them up in the dread vortex of insolvency,—all press, in their turn, upon the affectionate heart of the thoughtful parent.

In dealing with these manifold fears, and others of a similar kind, wise parents will "give" some of them "to the wind." By a firm resolve they will dismiss and banish them from their mind; others they would moderate by the exercise of reason, prudence, faith, hope; and others, again,—those affecting religion and eternity, the honour of God and the salvation of the soul,—lead them to prompt, unwearied, anxious effort to copy the example of the Syro-Phenician woman, who "against hope" so persevered for her child, and at last so gloriously succeeded with Him who is "mighty to save."

PASTOR.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

MOLES.

THE mole-hills which we see in fields and meadows are thrown up by the mole, probably during its search for food. Little was known of the natural history of this animal till a French naturalist, M. St. Hilaire, published lately some interesting particulars respecting it. The mole forms several underground passages; and the way she proceeds in doing this is as follows:—She first makes a *run* in various directions, by undermining the ground, and unites this and several others at one point; making, however, some of them larger than the others. M. St. Hilaire says that she finishes by arranging them with the most perfect symmetry, plastering the sides with great care; and, when completed, it may be called her *encampment*. In the centre of these works she establishes herself, and appropriates a separate place to the reception of her young, which is in some respects differently constructed from her own. In order to render the respective habitations which she and her young occupy not liable to be injured by the rain, she makes them almost even with the ground, and higher up than the runs, which serve as drains, or channels, to carry off the water. She makes choice of the place of her abode with the greatest care, sometimes constructing it at the foot of a wall, or near a hedge or a tree, where it has the less chance of being broken in. This abode is sometimes protected by having a quantity of earth thrown over it, especially in light soils, where I have seen a mound almost large enough to fill a wheelbarrow. Sometimes, however, no earth is thrown up over the habitation. This precaution of the mole is very necessary, to prevent the places she has chosen for retreats for herself and her young from being trampled in. When a mole has occasion to make her run through a gateway, I have observed that she generally carries it as near as possible to the gate-post, where it is less likely to be injured. Some runs are so near the surface, that I have seen the ground crack during the animal's progress in working them. The bed for the young is composed of the blades of wheat, with which the mole forms a sort of mattress. Four hundred and two of them were counted in one nest, and all so fresh in their appearance that they had been probably collected by this little animal in the course of two or three days. This shows not only her extraordinary industry, but the great depredation she must commit.

The mole is never known to work for food

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near the place which she has fixed upon for her abode. She labours to procure it about two hours in the morning, and as many in the evening, and then returns to her home or resting-place, which is so constructed that she is instantly made aware of any danger. This effect is produced by forming the upper runs in a sort of circle, so as to communicate a vibration when anything passes over them. The mole then takes alarm, and escapes by one of her *safety* runs.

The mole is not often seen on the surface of the earth. I once, however, caught one, and turned it loose upon a lawn, the turf of which was on a bed of strong gravel, and particularly hard and dry. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the mole contrived to bury itself almost in an instant, working into the earth by means of her snout and fins (for they can hardly be called feet) so fast, that the ground seemed to yield to her mere pressure.

The power of smelling in the mole is very acute; and it is supposed that this sense serves to direct her in the search of her food. She hunts after beetles and worms, which last she pursues eagerly, but not always successfully; for the earth-worm is aware of her danger, and quick in escaping from it. Her search for prey taking place in the morning and evening, when birds are more generally on their feed, must be the means of contributing greatly to their subsistence by driving worms to the surface of the earth, and furnishes another striking proof that the "fowls of the air" have their food provided by an almighty and superintending Providence in a variety of ways.

Le Court, who assisted M. St. Hilaire in his observations, and who appears to have been a sort of philosophical mole-catcher, was surprised when the naturalist expressed a doubt as to the mole seeing. He informed him that, in swimming rivers, they habitually guide themselves by their sight; but, in order to satisfy M. St. Hiliare on this point, he contrived the following experiment with him:—They made two openings in a dry, tiled drain, at one of which several moles were successively introduced. Le Court took his stand at the other. If he stood quite still, the mole soon came out, and escaped; but if, at the moment in which she showed herself at the hole, he moved only his thumb, she stopped, and turned back. By repeating this as often as she re-appeared, the mole was kept imprisoned in the drain.

There has been a very general idea amongst our mole-catchers, that if the smallest drop of blood is taken from a mole, it occasions instant death. Le Court seems to account for this opinion in speaking of the fights which take place between the male moles, by saying, that if one is ever so slightly wounded in a vein near the eye, the wound is mortal.

In order to ascertain the rate at which a mole moved, he put in practice the following curious experiment:—He placed some slight sticks, with a little flag at the top of them, in the run of a mole, which he had previously ascertained, by tracing it, to be of considerable length, and along which the mole passed and repassed four times a day, in search of food. These sticks were placed at certain intervals in the run, so that if the mole touched them, the flag would instantly show it. He then introduced a horn at one extremity of the run, and blowing it loudly, frightened the animal; and she then went along the run at such a rate, moving the flags in her passage, that Le Court and his friends, who were stationed at intervals along the run, to assist in the observation, considered that she went as fast as a horse could trot at its greatest speed.

Hunger in the mole is thought to be a more violent feeling than fear, and its appetite is singularly voracious. If it sees a bird near, it quits its hole, approaches, as if to attack it; and, if the bird pecks it, the mole retires towards its hole, and tempts the bird to follow. She then watches her opportunity; darts upon it, seizes it by the belly, which she tears open, assisting herself for this purpose with her *flaps*, and thrusting her head into it, devours it. She drinks as greedily as she eats. The mole does not, like the mouse, lay up a store of food, as she preys on worms, and various kinds of insects: she will also eat frogs, but will not touch a toad, if ever so hungry. A mole was tried with eggs and oysters, but refused to eat either. They will, however, eat fruit, and, Buffon says, acorns. If two moles are shut up together without food, the strongest will devour the weakest, even to the bones: nothing but the skin is left, which they never eat, and which, when one has killed the other, is always seen to be ripped up along the belly. It was found that ten or twelve hours was the longest time they could live without food. This fact seems to prove that the mole is not torpid in frosty weather, which Linnæus asserted she was. It is known that, in such seasons, worms, ants, and the larvæ of cockchafers and beetles penetrate deep into the ground. It is probable, therefore, that the runs of the mole made in search of food are regulated, as to their depth, by the habits of the grubs on which she feeds. One would suppose, from the texture of its fur, which is particularly short and thick, that the mole is not very susceptible of cold. Indeed, its whole formation is admirably adapted to its mode of life.

It has been said that the mole, when the ground which it frequents is flooded, will climb up trees. This, however, seems to be unnecessary, as I have seen it swim with perfect ease; which, indeed, Le Court had also observed.—*Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.*

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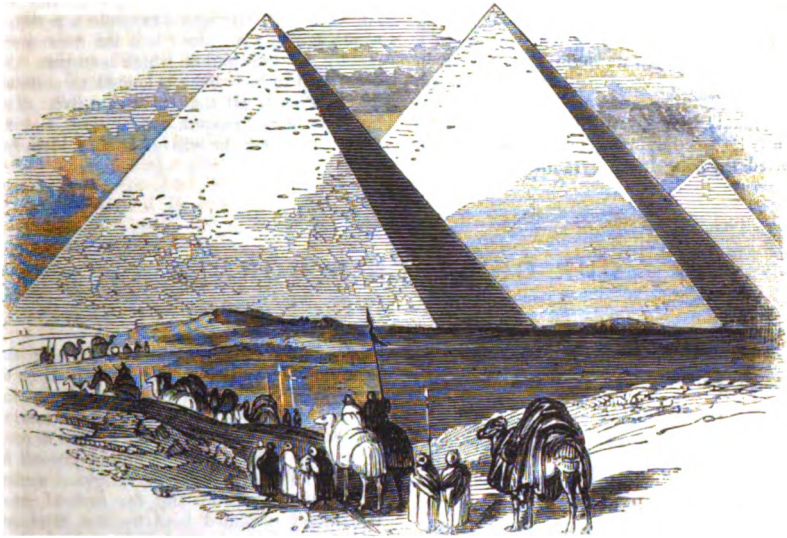
ORIENTAL SCENES.



THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

Every one has heard of those stupendous erections, the pyramids of Egypt: perhaps all who have heard of them are aware of their general appearance. They rest upon a square fundamental area, from the four sides of which, as from so many base-lines, four sloping triangles, pretty nearly equilateral, arise, meeting in an apex at the top. This, being at so great a height, appears from the ground at a little distance to be a point; but it is in reality a platform, which is comparatively of considerable size, so that several persons can stand and walk about upon it.

The Egyptian pyramids, of which, large and small, and in different states of preservation, the number is large, are all situated on the west side of the Nile. They extend, in an irregular line, and in groups at some distance from each other, from north latitude 30°, to north latitude 29°, a length of between sixty and seventy miles.

These pyramids, especially the two largest of those which are found at Jizeh, opposite to Cairo, are the most stupendous masses of building in stone ever accomplished by human labour. Records exist of their having been objects of wonder and curiosity from the age of Herodotus, the Greek historian, who was born B.C. 484, to the present time.

The pyramids of Jizeh stand on a plateau, or terrace, of limestone, which is a projection from the Libyan mountain-chain. The surface of this terrace is barren and irregular, and is covered with sand and small fragments of rock. Its height, measured from the base of the greater pyramid, is rather more than one hundred and sixty feet above the average level of the Nile in its low state.

Herodotus says, that he was informed by the Priests of Memphis that the large pyramid was built by Cheops, about four hundred and fifty years before the historian visited Egypt, and that a hundred thousand men were employed twenty years in building it. He states, that the second was built by Cephren, the brother and successor of Cheops, and the third by Mycerinus, the son of Cheops.

The sides of the pyramids are not smooth surfaces. However, a description of the largest, attributed to Cheops, will furnish a general notion of them all. Each side of the base is more than seven hundred and sixty-three feet in length. The area of the base contains about thirteen acres and a half. This is about the size of Lincoln's-Inn Fields, London. Reckoning the total height at four hundred and seventy-nine feet, this Egyptian structure would be fifteen feet higher than St. Peter's, at Rome, and a hundred and nineteen feet higher than St. Paul's, at London. The pyramid consists in reality of a succession of square platforms, each one rather smaller than that immediately below it. Each side presents, therefore, a receding and an ascending series of steps, by which the summit may be gained. The largest of these steps is about four feet eight inches, the

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smallest about one foot eight inches, in height. The whole number of steps is two hundred and three.

The pyramids appear to be monuments of human vanity. In the immense mass of stone, there are a few narrow passages, only to be passed by creeping, conducting to a small chamber low down in the interior, in which a sarcophagus has been deposited. Each structure to be a tomb for a single individual! And yet, how utterly vain is vanity! In the first place, it is only reported that the large pyramid was built by Cheops: but, next, even if this were certain, who or what was he? If the name be a true name, yet does it stand but as the shade of a name. The pyramid is not the monument of one whose memorial so perpetuates his fame that posterity seems to retain a personal acquaintance with him: it is the monument merely of the letters which compose the name said to have once belonged to a living man. This is all that earth can give. The fashion thereof passeth away. He, and he only, who doeth the will of God, abideth for ever!

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. J. T. BARR.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BACKSLIDER RECLAIMED.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

"O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee."

THE sacred Scriptures, referring to unbelievers in general, affirm, that they are strangers to peace, "having no hope, and without God in the world." And how should it be otherwise? For they are "condemned already, and the wrath of God abideth upon them." But I cannot conceive of any case more awfully wretched than that of a *backslider*; whose heart has been "swept and garnished" for the reception of evil spirits, even more wicked than those by whom it was formerly occupied. Truly the "last state of that man is worse than the first." He once walked in the beauty of holiness,—in the light of life; now he is wandering afar off, in the way that leads to the blackness of darkness for ever! The love of God, which glowed in his bosom as a refiner's fire, has been extinguished; and having turned from the holy commandment, delivered unto him in the Gospel, he has fatally joined himself to the society of evil-doers, of whom the Almighty himself has declared, "My soul shall have no pleasure in them."

But there is hope, even for the backslider. If he humble himself before his Maker; if he again venture on the atonement of Christ; if, like the repentant prodigal, he will retrace his steps to his Father's house, the Lord will heal his backslidings; and the angels of heaven will rejoice over his return.

At the early age of sixteen years, Alphonso obtained an assurance of the remission of sins; and was enabled, through faith in the divine atonement, to rejoice in the liberty of the sons of God. The soundness of his conversion was evidenced by the general tenor of his conduct, which was holy and devout. About the same period, he united himself in church fellowship with the religious society in his native town; and for several years was much esteemed both by the Ministers and people, as a steady, useful member. Soon after he had attained his twentieth year, a change in his sentiments began to produce a laxity in his moral deportment. The politics of the day engrossed his chief attention. This propensity to meddle with matters of state, and to declaim against the rulers of his country, instead of being checked in its infancy, was, unfortunately, encouraged by many of his most intimate friends, especially his youthful associates. From this time, a gradual change in the tone of his religious experience became too perceptible. The Bible was supplanted by the newspaper; and the house of God neglected for the democratic club. In the case of Alphonso, as in that of many others, his initiation into the arcana of politics led to a factious interference in matters of ecclesiastical polity. According to his perverted judgment, the disciplinary claims of the church had become oppressive; and its most salutary enactments were burdens grievous to be borne. The system of a paid ministry was regarded with abhorrence, as being opposed both to Scripture and to reason. "Priestly despotism," and "clerical arrogance," were epithets which, whether merited or not, were unsparingly heaped upon Christian Ministers in general. With such sentiments, imbibed in an evil hour, it is not to be supposed that Alphonso could any longer receive benefit from the ministrations of men whom, in accordance to his new-formed theory, he looked upon with aversion. He therefore relinquished his connexion with the church; and invented the most fatal sophisms to

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justify his abandonment of Christian ordinances.

St. Paul, in speaking of the ambassadors of God, says, "Learn to esteem them very highly in love, for their work's sake." But when the Ministers of religion, even the most holy of them, are held up to public scorn, as an ambitious oligarchy, lording it over God's heritage,—when the motives by which they were induced to enter on the sacred office are impugned by men, who have formed their creed in the school of a licentious liberalism,—it is no wonder that the message which they deliver should be disregarded; and that the pure "seed of the word" though faithfully scattered, should lodge upon the flinty "rock."

My readers will not be surprised to learn, that Alphonso's unhappy separation from the religious society, with whom he had experienced so many profitable hours, was followed by a life of sin and folly. I need not recount the scenes of depravity and vice, through which, for the space of twelve months, his untoward disposition too successfully led him. Having cast the fear of God behind him, he plunged, without restraint, into every species of sinful gratification. Occasionally, indeed, the inward monitor, which was not yet seared, would lift its voice in condemnation of his unhallowed career; and the Holy Spirit, who had not yet taken his everlasting flight, would ever and anon point to the hand-writing on the wall, and scare his imagination, even amidst scenes of hilarity and mirth, by the black catalogue of his transgressions.

About this time, several young men in the neighbourhood, who had also separated from the society, were making arrangements to visit America, with the ulterior design of settling in that distant country. Alphonso was entreated to embark with them. No enterprise could be more congenial with his feelings; and he at once assented. There was one difficulty, however, which he had to encounter: his father, who had been a widower for many years, was still living. And he was apprehensive, from the well-known sentiments of his parent, that he would never consent to a project so foreign to his views. His fears were fully realized; for in a conversation on the subject, which subsequently took place between the father and son, the former, after expressing his decided hostility to the plan, pointed out the folly of exchanging the land of his birth, where Providence had placed him in a situation which enabled him to secure the necessaries and conveniences of life, for the untried scenes and unknown privations of a foreign clime. Then, apparently overcome by the emotions of his mind, and bursting into tears, he continued: "Alphonso, your recent conduct has been the occasion of much uneasiness to me; and, I fear, will eventually break my heart. Instead of wasting your time in idle declamations about parliamentary and ecclesiastical reforms, endeavour, by the grace of God, to reform the little world within your own bosom. There is a book—" (and he pointed to the old family Bible which lay on the table, and which Alphonso himself had often perused with profit and delight,) —"There is a book which will materially help you in this essential work of personal reformation. But remember, my son, to a 'proud spirit' it is a 'sealed book.' Pray, therefore, for the grace of God, to enlighten your understanding, and to soften your rebellious spirit. Shun the society of those evil-doers, with whom you have unfortunately associated yourself; and whose callous hearts would only rejoice over the ruin which they already perceive is hanging over you. Return, as a humble penitent, to the bosom of the church, which has nourished and fostered your early years. It is not too late to retrace your steps. The lip of infallible truth has declared: 'Return unto me, and I will return unto you.'"

These faithful parental admonitions were unavailing; and the youthful victim of a licentious creed was alike unmoved by the tears of his father, and the pious advice which he had tendered. He was determined, at all hazards, to visit the "new world." The necessary arrangements for the voyage were accordingly adjusted; and on the evening preceding the day of their departure, Alphonso retired to rest earlier than usual, resolving to rise soon after midnight, and join his companions, who had engaged a vehicle to convey them to the sea-port from which the vessel was to sail.

The hour at length arrived; and Alphonso removed his luggage to the coach-office. It was a beautiful night. The air was still, and the heavens were cloudless. The moon, which was at her full, rode majestically along the sky; while the stars, as if conscious of their inferior lustre, began to "hide their diminished heads." Alphonso repaired to the chamber of his sire, in order to take a last glance of the author of his being. Sleep had already sealed his eyes; and the moon-beams played upon his face, which was paler than usual. Yet there he lay, smiling in his slumbers, and totally unconscious of the nefarious movements of his only child.

"When he awakes in the morning," Alphonso muttered to himself, "my poor father will be *alone*: he will find himself to be the solitary occupant of a solitary dwelling. Then he will curse me for my ingratitude. But no! He is too kind, too affectionate to curse me! He will weep at the remembrance of my folly; and perhaps, in the fervency of his soul, invoke a blessing on his prodigal son."

While Alphonso was thus soliloquising near the bed of his parent, the slumbers of the venerable saint continued undisturbed and unbroken. The heart of the youth ap-

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peared for a moment to be softened; and his rebellious spirit felt a momentary pang of remorse. The latent springs of filial feeling were not yet dried in his bosom; and yielding to the natural emotions which pervaded the inmost recesses of his soul, he stooped down and silently kissed the sealed lips of his sleeping father; while the scalding tears, wrung from a bleeding heart, moistened his pallid cheeks. The full-orbed moon, whose silver beams illuminated the apartment, was the only witness of the affecting scene. Silent and sad, Alphonso paced the chamber for the space of a quarter of an hour. His resolution began to fail; and he wished that he could relinquish his engagement. "But it is too late," he inwardly exclaimed: "my companions will think I have been trifling with them. I must no longer delay."

Then, softly descending the stairs, he sobbed a final adieu. "And when the mighty Atlantic shall at length separate us," he continued,—"when I am become the resident of a land of strangers,—may the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob be your friend and protector! Farewell, my father—for ever farewell!"

YOUNG PHILIP HENRY AN EXAMPLE TO YOUTH.

Of Philip Henry, (father of Matthew, the Commentator,) it is said by his son: "He also attended constantly at the monthly fasts, St. Peter's, (Westminster,) where the best and ablest Ministers of England preached before the then House of Commons, and the service of the day was carried on with great strictness and solemnity from eight in the morning till four in the evening. He likewise frequented extraordinary fasts and thanksgivings. He used always to sit upon the pulpit-stairs; and it was his constant custom, from eleven or twelve years old, to write, as he could, all the sermons that he heard, which he kept very carefully, transcribed many of them fair over after, and, notwithstanding his many removes, they are yet forthcoming.

"At these monthly fasts, he himself hath recorded it, he had often sweet meltings of soul in prayer and confession of sin, and many warm and lively truths came home to his heart, and he daily increased in that wisdom and knowledge which is unto salvation. Read his reflections upon this, which he wrote many years after. 'If ever any child,' saith he, 'such as I then was, between the tenth and fifteenth years of my age, enjoyed *line upon line, precept upon precept*, I did. And was it in vain? I trust, not altogether in vain. My soul rejoiceth, and is glad at the remembrance of it: *the word distilled as the dew, and dropt as the rain.* I loved it, and loved the messengers of it; their feet were very beautiful to me. And, Lord, what a mercy was it, that, at a time when the poor countries were laid waste, (in the civil wars,) when the noise of drums and trumpets, and the clattering of arms, was heard then, and the ways to Sion mourned, that then my lot should be where there was peace and quietness, where the voice of the truth was heard, and there was great plenty of Gospel opportunities. Bless the Lord, O my soul; I will praise my God while I have my being. Had it been only the restraint that it laid upon me, whereby I was kept from the common sins of other children and youths, such as swearing, Sabbath-breaking, and the like, I were bound to be very thankful. But that it prevailed through grace effectually to bring me to God, how much am I indebted! *What shall I render to the Lord?*'"

BIOGRAPHY.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF MRS. HANNAH ROSEWARNE, OF WIRKSWORTH.

Hannah Rosewarne was born at Bolehill, near Wirksworth, in July, 1782. Her parents were strictly moral, and sacredly regarded the Sabbath-day, reverenced God's holy name, and inculcated upon their children the love of truth, reading the Scriptures, prayer, and attendance on public worship. She was married in the year 1802. For some time after marriage, she and her husband lived as most of their neighbours then did, having little regard for the salvation of their souls. But on being invited by a kind neighbour to hear Wesleyan preaching at her own house, they attended, and were soon induced to seek and serve the Lord. About this time, the Rev. Charles Wesley's sermon on, "Awake thou that sleepest," was put into their hands, and convinced them more fully of the deep degeneracy of human nature, and of the necessity of being born again. Before long, they both found peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. They had previously become members of the Wesleyan society. From the time that Mrs. Rosewarne experienced the saving grace of God, she never wilfully departed from his love. But she had a deep conviction of her unworthiness and manifold infirmities, and this caused her often to weep before the Lord, both in secret

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exercises and public observances; but she always sought and found comfort in Christ. She earnestly desired the salvation of her children, and was careful to show them the good and the right way. Her kindness to the necessitous will not soon be forgotten; and yet she was extremely modest, never wishing what she did to be seen of men.

For some time before her last sickness, she complained of debility, pain, and shortness of breath, and thought that her time would not be long in this world. When severe sickness came upon her, she manifested a truly Christian spirit; and notwithstanding her great affection for her family, she devoutly resigned herself to the will of her heavenly Father. Her faith and confidence in Christ her Saviour were not in the least shaken. In her deepest suffering, she would bless the Lord for his mercy and goodness, and was grateful to her attendants for their ministrations. The following are some few of her expressions towards the close. On being informed that her brother was grieved on her account, she sent this message to him:—"He need not fret for me; for I have obtained the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." When her daughter said to her that she might adopt the language of Simeon, "Now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace," she herself added, "For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." To a kind attendant who spoke to her of the goodness of the Lord, and said that her sufferings would soon be over, she replied, "O yes! I shall have an abundant entrance into the heavenly kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." After uttering many such expressions, she fell asleep in Jesus, on the 2d of June, 1846, aged sixty-four years, having been a member of the Wesleyan society forty-two years.

The following sketch of her character is drawn up by one of her sons:—"The distinguishing traits of my mother's character were, that as a Christian she was meek and lowly in heart: her language (in one of her favourite hymns) often was,—

> 'Lord, that I may learn of Thee,
> Give me true simplicity;
> Wean my soul, and keep it low,
> Willing Thee alone to know.'

She never sought to obtrude herself on the notice of others, but her desire was to be little and unknown. As a member of the Wesleyan society, her conduct was consistent with her profession, in all things doing to others that which she would have others to do to her. She never sought to blend the interests of religion and the world together; and she often said to her children, 'It is not a mere profession of religion which will save us: it is the principle within.' And in her whole conduct she adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour, and gave evidence to the world of the genuineness of her religion by purity and seriousness of deportment, and holiness of life. As a neighbour, she was beloved and respected. She endeavoured by acts of kindness to win others over to the side of religion. She was considerate in her transactions with them, and it was always her design to maintain the bond of peace. But it was in her own house, and in the bosom of her family, that her light shone with greatest clearness. They who knew her best, loved and esteemed her most."

ROBERT HARRISON.

OUR SERVANTS.

AN ADMONITORY NARRATIVE.

WHEN very young, S— left her parents' house, and entered into service; and, for many years, she did well in different situations, until at length she was engaged by an elderly gentleman and lady. In their service she had comparatively little to do, and received good wages: but here began her life of misery. Her master and mistress were frequently from home; and S—, being left sole guardian of the premises, admitted any persons on whom she could prevail to come in and "enjoy themselves" with her. In this way she often assembled around her many of both sexes, who professed great attachment to her. But she soon found that her own earnings were insufficient to meet the demands made upon them by her love of dress and her gifts to her acquaintances. To supply the deficiency, she had recourse to dishonest practices; and this broad road, once entered, too soon became easy and pleasant. Her conscience was ensnared, and the unhappy victim urged on to destruction by the enemy of souls.

An old servant, who lived in the neighbourhood, told her that chains round her neck, and various ornaments of jewellery with which she used to adorn her person, when she went where her employers could not see her, were not at all proper in her station. Her reply was, that a rich relation of hers had sent them as presents, and that there was no harm in wearing them. Her numerous dresses, some of them costly ones, she accounted for in the same manner. And thus to ruin the deluded young woman hastened on, admired by some and envied by others, till intelligence of her proceedings reached the ears of her master, who set himself to watch her. But, as she did not

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notice the change which had taken place in his manner, she continued her depredations; and, of course, was speedily discovered, and at once dismissed.

Now, another page of her history opens before us. The rich relation of whom she once boasted has disappeared; her false friends have all left her; not one of them approaches, in the day of her calamity, to offer her a home or a meal; her little all was soon expended; her clothes and trinkets were sold; and she was left to feel the misery of approaching want. But here I must request my readers to excuse a blank in my story; as, for some time, I have no information respecting her. However, about three years afterwards she made her appearance, an altered being, plainly clad, and in a humble situation. She laboured hard for her daily bread, having cast away the follies that marred her youth, and the vanity that blackened her riper years with crime; and in penitence and submission we leave her to finish her course, if, indeed, it has not already terminated.

I had just written the above, when a friend said to me, "I have lost my purse, with a sum of money. I suppose I must have left it at some shop." Inquiries were made, but no intelligence could be obtained of the fate of the purse for about a week after the loss; but it was then found in the possession of my friend's servant, of course emptied of its contents.

These sad details of human depravity would never have been exposed to the light of day by my pen, but for the humble hope that some individuals in similar situations of life may read, and take warning. Satan, the instigator of evil, moved them from the path of rectitude: and what is it, my dear friends, that restrains you from following a similar course, but the grace of God? Then permit me to say a few words to you, in all kindness; for your immortal spirits are very precious in His sight who "gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.)

I have received much kindness from servants; and remember, with sincere and deep regret, how I joined with several others, in the days of my childhood, to torment one who had some peculiarities: but fever, with the swiftness of the mower's scythe, cut short her existence. Nor can I now restrain the starting tear, as memory once more recalls her, in imagination, from her lowly resting-place, where the small and great lie peacefully together, and the servant is free from his master. I can do nothing to benefit the dead. But, O! ye living, allow me to say to you, "Prepare to meet your God." *Living well* is the best preparation for *dying well*. Then serve your Master in heaven by serving with uprightness and singleness of heart your earthly masters. There are no distinctions in heaven. We shall all mingle in one company before one tribunal, to hear our individual sentences from the lips of one Judge: and, while many rich shall go away into everlasting torment, many a poor one shall rise into the eternal kingdom of God. But, remember! The rich will not be condemned because they were rich, nor the poor condemned because they were poor. Condemnation proceeds from unfaithfulness in our situation, whatever it may be. Christ says, "Where I am, there shall my servants be;" but to His servants He addresses the solemn exhortation, full at once of encouragement and of warning, "Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

N. S.

POETRY.

HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

[The following is by Ben Johnson, and shows the general character of the sacred poetry of the early part of the seventeenth century.]

HEAR me, O God,
A broken heart
Is my best part:
Use still Thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein Thy love.

If Thou hadst not
Been stern to me,
But left me free
I had forgot
Myself and Thee.

For sin's so sweet,
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent,
Until they meet
Their punishment.

Who more can crave
Than Thou hast done?
That gav'st a Son
To free a slave:
First made of nought,
With all since bought.

Sin, death, and hell,
His glorious name
Quite overcame;
Yet I rebel,
And slight the same.

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But I'll come in,
Before my loss
Me further toss,
As sure to win
Under His cross.

NONE BUT JESUS.

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

When life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love
Fear and distrust remove,
O bear me safe above,
A ransom'd soul!

—*Bible-Class Magazine.*

SOUND EDUCATION EARNESTLY DESIRED.*

O FOR the coming of that glorious time
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this imperial realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to *teach*
Them who are born to serve her and obey;
Binding herself by statute to secure
For all the children whom her soil maintains
The rudiments of letters, *and inform*
The mind with moral and religious truth,
Both understood and practised,—so that none,
However destitute, be left to droop
By timely culture unrestrain'd; or run
Into a wild disorder; or be forced
To drudge through life without the help
Of intellectual implements and tools;
A savage horde among the civilized,
A servile band among the lordly free!

* From Wordsworth's "Excursion."

PAPERS ON BOTANY.

TARES.

As a general observation, we may state that "tares" belong to the "natural order" (speaking botanically) of the *leguminosæ;* in other words, to the plants whose seeds are contained, very regularly arranged, in *pods,*—such as peas, beans, &c. For the most part, these seeds contain a larger proportion of nutritive matter than is usually found in plants. The larger portion of turnips, for instance, consists of water. Some of the seeds of the leguminous plants have more than three-fourths of their weight of nourishing substance. They are azotized, and possess a close affinity with some of the constituents of blood. Of the *leguminosæ,* upwards of six thousand species are known to exist.

Tares, in common conversation, have acquired rather an equivocal reputation. The reason is obvious. The expression occurs in one of our Lord's parables, in which tares—an inferior crop—are represented as springing up among the wheat, the more valuable and intended product. Some account of this plant, or rather, of these plants, (for there are several kinds,) will be both interesting and instructive.

Lady Callcott, in her "Scripture Herbal," has a brief and very general view of the subject, which we will, in the first place, copy. Of tares she gives two varieties,—*ervum tetraspermum,* smooth tare; *ervum hirsutum,* rough tare. She proceeds to say: "These are equally hurtful in corn-fields. In wet seasons the hairy tare has been known to overgrow and altogether to destroy the wheat crop, and the smooth tare is not much less mischievous.

"The beautiful parable of the sower who sowed good seed, but whose field was spoiled by the introduction of evil seed, contains a description of the manner of gathering in the harvest practised in some parts of Syria and Palestine even to the present day. When the corn is ripe, the reapers pull it up by hand, and with it the weeds that have grown up along with it, and then separate them. Sometimes the separation does not take place till after the grain is thrashed and winnowed.

"Dr. Russell speaks with delight of the beauty of the wheat-fields about Aleppo,

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where the greatest variety of variously coloured flowers grow up along with the ear. *Our* farmers would think this but a sorry compliment to their fields, whence they would rightly banish, if possible, every blade but what belongs to the harvest.

"All cattle are fond of tares: hence they are among the artificial green crops cultivated to a considerable extent for fodder.

"There are some weighty reasons for reading, in this passage, (Matt. xiii. 25, 27, 29, 30,) darnel, instead of tares; darnel, or *lolium temulentum*, being not only mischievous in choking up the crops, but having the character of being positively poisonous, so that many who have eaten of bread in which the darnel is mixed with the wheat, have died in consequence. This, however, is doubtful; and it is certain that a considerable mixture of the remains of darnel was found by Dr. Brown, in the bread discovered in the ancient Egyptian sepulchral chambers: therefore he thinks it is more probable that where the darnel has been found to be poisonous, the effect is produced by some kind of ergot; as we know the ergot of wheat, rye, and maize to be peculiarly so. Indeed the ergot of maize causes the hair to fall off, and occasions mules who eat much of it to lose their teeth and hoofs."

Dr. Kitto, in his "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," observes: "The word *zizanion* is not found in any Greek author: it is, therefore, supposed that the vernacular name of some particular plant was adopted, and thus introduced into the Greek version. This seems to be confirmed by the existence of a plant which is suitable to the above passage, and the Arabic name of which is very similar to *zizanion*. It is evident that this and the wheat must have had considerable resemblance to each other in the herbaceous parts; which could hardly be the case unless they were both of the family of the grasses. That such, however, is the case, is evident from what Volney says, that the peasants of Palestine and Syria do not cleanse away the seeds of weeds from their corn, but even leave that called *siwan* by the Arabs, which stuns people and makes them giddy, as he himself experienced. Avicenna describes two kinds of *siwan*; one, not unlike wheat, of which bread is made; the other, of an ill nature, producing a kind of intoxication, and springing up among other herbs. This is concluded to be our *darnel*, the *ivraie* of the French, the *lolium temulentum* of botanists, and is well suited to the palate. It is a grass often found in corn-fields, resembling the wheat, until both are in the ear, and remarkable as one of the very few of the numerous family of the grasses possessed of deleterious properties."

Mr. Wesley, when preparing his "Translation of the New Testament, with Notes," &c., saw the impropriety of using the word "tares:" in his *text*, therefore, he puts "*darnel*" instead. His *notes* are, "This is

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very like wheat, and commonly grows among wheat rather than among other grain: but *tares* or *vetches* are of the pulse kind, and bear no resemblance to wheat." "Darnel, in the church, is, properly, outside Christians, such as have the form of godliness without the power. Open sinners, such as have neither the form nor the power, are not so properly *darnel*, as *thistles* and *brambles*; these ought to be *rooted up* without delay, and not *suffered* in the Christian community. Whereas should fallible men attempt to *gather up the darnel*, they would often *root up the wheat with them*."

The present piece occupies more room than we usually allot to the articles explanatory of our pictorial illustrations; but this is justified both by the importance of the subject, and by the twofold character which the article itself sustains. It is a "Botanical Paper:" it is also an "Illustration of Scripture."

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CATSKILL MOUNTAIN-HOUSE.

On Thursday, the 6th of September, 1849, a small party consisting of six persons, of whom I was one, left the city of Hudson about nine o'clock, A.M., for the purpose of visiting the Mountain-house. Our first trip was on board the splendid steamer Alida, and in about twenty-five minutes, for just as many cents each passenger, we were set on shore at the Catskill landing. Mr. Beach, with his stages, was there ready to accommodate us. We were soon at Catskill, and by ten o'clock were on our upward course to the Alps of the Empire State. We took in one fellow-passenger, who lives at the foot of the mountain, and knew all about it. He had come from Old Haddam, in Connecticut, and had settled himself as a tanner in the region of Hemlock and Oak, on that beautiful stream called the Kaaterskill, well known to visiters as having one of the most beautiful waterfalls in the United States, being in its entire descent no less than two hundred and sixty feet. After a pleasant ride of four hours, including a little pedestrian exercise up the steeper parts of the road, by one o'clock we found ourselves on the solid rock, on which the hotel stands. From this elevated spot, which is two thousand two hundred feet above the level of the Hudson, is one of the finest views my eyes ever beheld. Between the mountain and the river all the inequalities of ridge and ravine, of hill and dale, disappear; and the whole face of the country, for many miles, has the appearance of a spacious plain. Beyond the river, stretching along in beautiful perspective, from the Green Mountains of Vermont to the Highlands below Newburgh, the landscape rises in gradual slopes till the sensible horizon and the bright blue sky seem to touch each other. Over this vast field the eye roves in ecstasies of delight; cities, towns, villages, farms, gardens, orchards, and forests fill up the picture, and seem to say, "Look, traveller; for you will never see the like again." The weather was quite unpropitious for our visit. As soon as we arrived at the Mountain-house, the thick mist that had hung upon the mountains turned to rain, and prevented our going out of doors except for a few minutes at a time, when a gentle breeze from the south-east lifted the veil from the fair face of nature, threw it gracefully over the summits of the mountain, and gave us a beautiful view of the Valley of the Hudson, and all the sunny regions beyond. These views were transient, and abated much of the pleasure we should have experienced if the day had been as bright and fair as the weather was calm and otherwise pleasant for the season. Our stay was only three hours; but it gave us ample scope for meditation, and afforded some very pleasing illustrations of Scripture: as, for example, while we were ascending the mountain, I noticed a large rock standing alone in the edge of the woods; its base was firmly fixed in the earth; the top was nearly level; the middle, on one side, was hollowed out, so as to afford a shadow from the heat, and a shelter from the storm. This reminded me of a passage in the Book of Job, (xxiv. 8,) and of another in Isaiah. (xxxii. 2.) Passing along, I observed other rocks, so piled one upon another, or so placed by the hand of nature, as to form dens and caves, over which towered a lofty pine or a sturdy hemlock. These reminded me of a passage in the Psalms, which says, "As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house: the high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies." Then, again, as I looked upward, toward the summit of the mountain, it seemed as if a parapet of rocks, with a coping, had been built and finished by the hand of man; and then, again, some of the rocks were heaped together in such confusion, that they exhibited the appearance of the wildest disorder, as if some terrible convulsion had turned the world upside down, and left the work unfinished. This brought to my mind the following passage in Isaiah: "And they shall go into the clefts of the rocks, and into the tops of the ragged rocks, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of His majesty, when He ariseth to shake terribly the earth." But the most sublime scene of all was the view taken from the solid plat-

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form, on which the Mountain-house stands: it required but a very little effort of the mind to imagine one's-self standing in a place similar to that where Balak and Balaam stood, when the latter, looking down upon the plain below, saw, perhaps, three hundred thousand tents, all arranged in perfect order, like a well-planned city, exclaimed, "From the top of the rocks I see him, and from the hills I behold him: lo, the people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations. Who can count the dust of Jacob, and the number of the fourth part of Israel? How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel!" The warriors in the camp of Israel, at that time, numbered six hundred thousand, which, reckoning them to be a fifth part of the whole, the Israelitish camp would contain three millions, which would require, probably, an area of twelve square miles, in order to furnish them room for their tents and cattle. Be this as it may, it must have been a grand sight to old Balaam; and no wonder, seeing he was a poet, that he was inspired to utter some of the most sublime predictions of holy writ, at such a sight as this. There was also another thought which this splendid view from the Catskill mountain suggested: it was that of Moses standing on the top of Pisgah, taking a view of the promised land, into which the Israelites were about to enter. His feelings on that occasion one can easily imagine. He had said to the Lord, "I pray Thee, let me go over, and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain and Lebanon." The landscape must have looked beautiful to his eye, at that time; but when it is considered that the Israelites could not possess that land without exterminating the inhabitants, the thought that millions must perish by the sword before the country could be subdued, must considerably abate the joy of the Jewish legislator and leader; and, contrasting the horrors of war with the blessings of peace, and the burdensome and shadowy dispensation of the law with the brightness and beauty of the Gospel economy, I could not but think that our situation on the Catskill mountain, misty and moist as it was, was vastly superior to that of Balaam, or even that of Moses. There was yet another thought suggested by the very transient view taken from the Mountain-house, during our brief stay there, which, perhaps, it may not be wrong to embody in this little sketch. It was that which is so feelingly expressed by Charles Wesley, in the 881st hymn of the old edition of our Hymn-book:—

"Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

"A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest."

This hymn, it is unnecessary to say, describes, in beautiful language, the "hope of perfect love," which hope three, at least, of our little company professed to enjoy.

There is still another train of thought which was revived by this short ramble among the mountains of Green county. The truly pious, in days of old, as they have often been since, were a persecuted people. "They wandered about in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." To visit such places as those above described, in a land of liberty, and in times of peace, is a luxury and a benefit both to the body and to the mind. "Here," as Cowper says, "meditation thinks down hours to moments, and knowledge wiser grows without his books." In view of all this, who can sufficiently estimate the blessings of a healthy country, a good government, and a state of society where the influence of a pure and unadulterated Christianity is felt and seen whichever way we turn our eyes, or direct our steps? G. COLES.

—*American Paper.*

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT TO SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

THERE are few sights of greater interest, than a long train of neatly-dressed Sabbath-school children, with smiling faces, and attended by their Teachers, walking in orderly procession to the house of God. Often have I observed the delight of parents, on seeing their children more favoured than themselves, and as often heard the regretful exclamation, "O! I cannot read: my parents were poor, and there were no Sabbath-schools when I was young." Unhappily, many children appear slow to prize the privileges thus placed within their reach, and it not unseldom happens that their Teachers' hearts are saddened by their apparent inattention. The following little history is intended as an illustration of the words of the Preacher, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper,

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either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good;" and may, perhaps, encourage the hearts of Teachers who are thus cast down, and stimulate them to renewed and increased exertion.

Several years ago, a boy about twelve years of age, an attendant upon a Wesleyan Sabbath-school, in stepping from a railway-carriage slipped, and one of his legs coming in contact with the wheel, a frightful wound was inflicted. This caused extreme agony for some weeks, and finally resulted in mortification and death. The poor sufferer was visited by various friends, but, being generally in great pain, was not able to converse much. However, he requested to have placed beside him the little books he had received at the Sabbath-school; and during intervals of ease read and repeated portions of them. By this means he was impressed with the necessity of pardon and a change of heart, in order that he might enter heaven; and he sought the Lord fully.

Not having heard anything respecting him for some days, I set off late one evening to see him. Upon gently tapping at the door, it was opened by his mother, who said, "My son has just been wishing for some one to sing and pray with him: come in." When I was seated, he requested his mother to lift him out of bed, and place him in a chair. This being done, he exclaimed, in a sweet confident tone of voice, "Jesus died to save *me!*" His mother said, that she had for some time noticed the calmness and serenity of his countenance and behaviour, and upon her asking if he felt great pain, he replied that he suffered much, but thought he would try to bear it patiently. I then commenced singing one of our beautiful hymns, in which he joined, and we sang the whole. Being quite exhausted, he requested to be laid in the bed; and, after commending him to God, I left him, much impressed with the simplicity of his faith, and the firm manner in which, although but a child in years, he was enabled to lay hold of the atonement as the hope set before him. In about an hour after, he gently ceased to breathe, and his happy spirit escaped from its tabernacle of pain, to join in the songs of the redeemed before the throne of God.

Soon after his death, I mentioned the above occurrence to one of the Teachers, who said in reply, "That boy was one of my class, and I frequently feared that my labours were in vain as it regarded him; he appeared so inattentive: but I will take courage for the future." No doubt many connected with Sabbath-schools have often experienced similar feelings; but let them remember that God will not reward their services according to the *success* attending them, but according to the purity and practical power of their *intention*; and though they may pray and lament in secret over the apparently small results of their self-denying toil, they may rest assured that in the great day of accounts multitudes shall "come from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south, who shall sit down in the kingdom of God," the fruit of Sabbath-school exertions. "Therefore, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

H. S. A.

ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN SUNDAY.

The Rev. Dr. Alder, in his admirable volume on the Wesleyan Missions, relates the following pleasing anecdote:—

"I understand," said John Sunday, the converted Indian Chief, to a congregation which he was called to address at Plymouth, in the year 1837, "that many of you are disappointed, because I have not brought my Indian dress with me. Perhaps, if I had it on, you would be afraid of me. Do you wish to know how I dressed when I was a pagan Indian? I will tell you. My face was covered with red paint. I stuck feathers in my hair. I wore a blanket and leggings. I had silver ornaments on my breast, a rifle on my shoulder, a tomahawk and scalping-knife in my belt. That was my dress then. Now, do you wish to know why I wear it no longer? You will find the cause in 2 Cor. v. 17; 'Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.' When I became a Christian, feathers and paint 'passed away.' I gave my silver ornaments to the Mission cause. Scalping-knife 'done away;' tomahawk 'done away.' That my tomahawk now," said he, holding up, at the same time, a copy of the Ten Commandments, in the Ojibwa language. "Blanket 'done away.' Behold," he exclaimed, in a manner in which simplicity and dignity of character were combined, "Behold, all things are become new!"

HINDOO WIT.

A Hindoo, having been summoned to give evidence before the court of judicature

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in Calcutta, deposed that such a circumstance happened in her presence. The Judge asked where it happened. She replied, in the verandah of such a house. "Pray, my good woman," said the Judge, "how many pillars are there in that verandah?" The woman, not perceiving the trap that was laid before her, without much consideration, said that the verandah was supported by four pillars. The Counsel for the opposition party immediately offered to prove that the verandah contained five pillars, and that consequently no credit could be given to her evidence. The woman, perceiving her error, addressed the Judge: "My Lord, your Lordship has for many years presided in this court, and every day that you come here you ascend a flight of stairs: may I beg to know how many steps these stairs consist of?" The Judge confessed he did not know. "Then," replied she, "if your Lordship cannot tell the number of steps you ascend daily to the seat of justice, it cannot be astonishing that I should forget the number of pillars in a balcony which I never entered half a dozen times in my life." The Judge was much pleased with the woman's wit, and decided in favour of her party.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

EAR-RINGS OF MEN.

In all ages, and in all countries, the members of the human family have been noted for their fondness for extraneous ornamental decoration. Even the more savage tribes, whose resources in this respect are extremely limited, manifest the existence of the disposition by tastily-arranged headdresses of the feathers of the birds they may be able to catch; and when they can do nothing else, they submit to the painful operation of tattooing, (imprinting various figures on their skin,) in the absence of the opportunity of *setting themselves off to advantage*, and feeding their own vanity by attracting the notice and admiration of others by the fashion of their garments. This stands among the evidences of the universal corruption of human nature. Man was so constituted by his Creator as instinctively to admire beauty, and to derive pleasure from the contemplation of it. The ultimate object of this faculty or emotion was, generally, the true loveliness of moral excellence, the beauty

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of holiness; and particularly, first, God himself, in whose manifested character the perfection of this loveliness is found; it is one of the principles of vital godliness to desire to dwell continually in the house, that is, the revelation of the presence and glory, of God,—to behold the beauty of the Lord, to see his power and glory as they are to be seen in the sanctuary; and, secondly, they who bear the image of God, being transformed from glory into glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord. And as man is a creature of body and soul as it were blended into one person, he thus becomes capable of perceiving and admiring material and visible beauty. And He who has implanted the faculty, has provided for its exercise. Nature is full of beauty, in forms, in colours, in countless arrangements and combinations. In an unfallen state, all these would have been seen in due relation to the Creator, as leading to Him, and increasing the admiration and love of which He would have been the great and ultimate object.

But by the fall of man all his faculties have been perverted, all his affections and emotions have been corrupted. Originally made for God, sin has broken him off from God. He has become the god of his own idolatry; and, not content with idolatrously worshipping himself, he seeks to engage others in the same service. And one way in which this is accomplished is by that attention to ornamental decoration of which we have spoken.

Let us not be misunderstood, as if we were censuring cleanliness, neatness, and propriety; but if any proof of the sinfulness and evil of the fondness for ornamental display were wanting, it would be at once supplied by the contemplation of the innumerable mischiefs, some of them of the most melancholy nature, or of the most fearful magnitude, which are occasioned by it. We are not going to dwell on the subject thus only casually suggested. We only remind the reader of the ornaments of which the soul is capable: there is the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price. Nor let the Christian duty—a duty of the most binding obligation—be forgotten, that we are required not only not to disgrace, but to adorn, the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.

Among these methods of personal adornment, one of the most ancient is that to which our woodcut refers. For the most part, however, the wearing of rings in the ears has been confined to females. Those worn by Hebrew females were probably similar to those worn in Egypt. These were large, round, single hoops of gold, from an inch and a half to two inches in diameter. Silver ones have been found at Thebes. That among the Israelites earrings were not worn by men, seems to be implied in what is said Judges viii. 24, where gold ear-rings are mentioned as distinctive of the Ishmaelites. In Egypt, also, the men abstained from their use; but that they were extensively worn by men in other countries, is shown by the heads of foreigners which are to be seen in Egyptian monumental paintings. None of the heads represented by our woodcut (which are all taken from these paintings) have any resemblance to the *contour* of the Egyptian countenance. At the present time they are worn by the men of some parts of Europe: we scarcely need say that they have a most effeminate, and, we might add, *disgusting*, appearance. All such foppery—indeed, *all* foppery—is both unmanly and repulsive.

TABLE-TALK.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

THERE cannot be found a better example than I have met with in reading some memoirs of the great and good Colston, the founder of those excellent charities in London, Bristol, and elsewhere. I find this passage in his Life:—"It happened that one of his most richly-laden vessels was so long missing, and the violent storms having given every reason to suppose she had perished, that Colston gave her up for lost. Upon this occasion, it is said, he did not lament his unhappiness, as many are apt to do, and perpetually count up the serious amount of his losses; but, with dutiful submission, fell upon his knees, and, with thankfulness for what Providence had been pleased to leave him, and with the utmost resignation, relinquished even the smallest hope of her recovery. When, therefore, his people came, soon afterward, to tell him that his ship had safely come to port, he did not show the signs of self-gratulation which his friends expected to see. He was devoutly thankful for the preservation of the lives of so many seamen; but as for the vessel and cargo, they were no longer his; he had resigned them; he could not in conscience take them back. He looked upon all as the gift of Providence to the poor; and, as such, he sold the ship and merchandise,—and most valuable they were,—and, praying for a right guidance, distributed the proceeds to the poor." How beautiful is such a charity! Here is no false lustre thrown upon the riches and goods of this world, that, reflected, blinds the eyes that

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they see not aright. The conscience of such a man as Colston was an arbiter even against himself; sat within him in judgment to put aside his worldly interest, and make a steady light for itself to see by, where, naturally, was either a glare or an obscurity, that alike might bewilder less honest vision.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

HOW TO TELL A SCOTCHMAN.

An incident such as the following contains a volume of instruction in a single sentence. A Scotchman was accustomed to test the veracity of beggars professing to be his countrymen, by asking them, "What is the chief end of man?" If they could not answer the first question in the "Shorter Catechism," they were no Scotchmen. Would that the natives of every country could be tested by a similar rule.—*Presbyterian Advocate.*

VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

From the register of Alnwick, Bishop of Norwich, it appears that a Testament of Wickliff's version, in the year 1429, cost four marks and forty pence; (£2. 16*s.* 8*d.*;) equal to more than twenty pounds of our present money: a large sum in those days, when five pounds was considered sufficient for the annual maintenance of a respectable tradesman, or a yeoman, or one of the inferior Clergy.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

JOHN HAMPDEN.
Died June 23d, 1643.

The profession of *patriotism* has become so general, that one is apt to think that it must be an essential attribute of man. Where is he who will suffer his patriotism to be questioned? The unprincipled demagogue, the sanguinary revolutionist, the anonymous slanderer, the secret or open sower of discord between brethren, either thinks or professes that he is acting under the influence of patriotism; and from virtuous hatred of tyranny, he seeks the destruction of tyrants, and the establishment of universal justice, liberty, and peace; at the same time preferring the glory of his own country to that of all others. The man whose death this month calls to the recollection of the reader of England's history, has been pictured according to the political creed of such as have written of him. By some he has been painted in dark colours, as by the illustrious historian of the civil wars of that period, when Hampden took a prominent place among the actors who appeared on the political stage. Others have set him forth as one of the purest lovers of his country, who both lived and died to show it. If, then, he was a true patriot, a slight sketch of his life and character may help us to understand what is meant by the very equivocal words, "patriot," and "patriotism," and who, among the innumerable claimants, really have a title to the appellation.

John Hampden was the descendant of an ancient and opulent family, which had received the lands of Hampden, in Buckinghamshire, as a gift from Edward the Confessor. In the male line the wealth, honours, and influence of the family descended not only without interruption, but with gradual accessions, till they became the inheritance of the subject of this sketch. It is supposed that he was born in London, in 1594; and when four years of age, through the death of his father, the family estates fell to him, comprehending not only the ancient seat and large domain in Buckinghamshire, but considerable possessions in Essex, Oxfordshire, and Berkshire. Having received the rudiments of learning at the Free Grammar-School at Thame, in Oxfordshire, he was entered as a Commoner at Magdalen College, Oxford, in his fifteenth year, and five years afterwards was admitted student of the Inner Temple, where he made considerable progress in the knowledge of common law.

In his twenty-fifth year he was married to his first wife, Elizabeth Symeon. Before this event, he is said to have been carried away by the usual levity and dissipations of young men of fortune, without, however, degrading his character by low profligacy. Clarendon says, "On a sudden he retired from a life of great pleasure and licence, to extraordinary sobriety and strictness, and yet retained his usual cheerfulness and affability."

His first appearance in public life was in 1621, when he took his seat in Parliament as a representative of Grampound, at that time a borough of wealth and consideration. He discharged his duties with great diligence, and associated with the leaders of the popular party, particularly with Selden, St. John, and Pym. Though he seldom spoke, his business tact placed him on many conferences and committees appointed by the House.

The encroachments of the Stuarts on the liberties of the subject were becoming more

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and more oppressive; yet, till after the Parliament of 1627, no one had dared to complain aloud. After its dissolution, Charles, on his sole prerogative, called for a general loan, which Hampden refused to pay, and was in consequence imprisoned in the Gate-House for some time, and afterwards sent under restraint to reside in Hampshire, till he and several others were released in March, 1628. On refusing the demand, he observed, that "he could be content to lend as well as others; but feared to draw upon himself that curse in Magna Charta, which should be read twice a year against those who infringe it."

Being returned to Parliament a second time for Wendover, in March, 1628, his resistance to the demands of the Crown gave him so much influence, that he was associated with Coke, St. John, Selden, and Pym, on all committees on bills relating to the disputes between the King and the Parliament.

Previous to the abrupt dissolution of Parliament in May, 1629, Hampden had retired to his estate in Buckinghamshire, to contemplate from a distance the course of events, which was every day tending to a rupture. While thus removed from the arena of political strife, he sedulously cultivated his mind, and made large accessions to his knowledge of history and politics. In these circumstances, his domestic happiness received a deep wound by the death of his wife, on the 20th of August, 1634. In the autumn of this year, a new Government scheme of raising money was devised, called "ship-money," without the advice or concurrence of Parliament. Success led to increased demands. In 1636 the charge was laid, by order of Council, on all counties, cities, and corporate towns; and the Sheriffs were required, in case of refusal or delay, to proceed by distress. Hampden, being called upon to pay thirty-one shillings and sixpence, refused. Proceedings were instituted in the Exchequer for the recovery of the amount. The case was solemnly argued before the twelve Judges: four declared their opinion in favour of the defendant, and eight for the Crown. On this Clarendon observed: "The judgment infinitely more advanced Mr. Hampden, than the service for which it was given. He was rather of reputation in his own county, than of public discourse or fame in the kingdom, before the business of ship-money. But then he grew the argument of all tongues, every man inquiring who or what he was, that durst at his own charge support the liberty and property of the country, as he thought, from being the prey of the Court. His carriage throughout this agitation was with that rare temper and modesty, that they who watched him narrowly to find some advantage against his person, to make him less resolute in his cause, were compelled to give him a just testimony."

So high did the King and his courtiers carry the royal prerogative, that many of the most loyal subjects of the realm determined to seek in America the religious and civil liberty which was denied them in their native land. But even the privilege of voluntary exile was denied them. On the 6th of April, 1638, a royal order was issued, prohibiting masters of ships from carrying passengers to America without special licence. At this very time there were eight vessels lying in the Thames, with emigrants, ready to depart, which were particularly forbidden to proceed. And what is worthy of remark, among the emigrants were Hampden and his cousin, Oliver Cromwell!

Charles, having kindled the flames of rebellion in Scotland by a rash attempt to impose Episcopacy on the nation, called Parliament together in April, 1640, in order to obtain money to carry on the war. Hampden (having just married Letitia Vachell, his second wife) was sent to Parliament for Buckinghamshire. At once every eye was turned to him, as the pilot destined to steer the vessel through the storm which began to threaten its destruction. Clarendon said of him, "I am persuaded his power and interest, at that time, was greater to do good or hurt than any man in the kingdom, or than any man of his rank hath held in any time; for his reputation for honesty was universal, and his affections seemed so publicly guided, that *no corrupt or private ends could bias them.*"

As he embraced the opinions of the Independents, he first endeavoured to introduce a bill to exclude Bishops from the House of Lords, and then to abolish Episcopacy altogether. Though he did not enter so frequently into the debates of Parliament as some other members, he took deep interest in all that was going on. "His practice was usually to reserve himself until near the close of a debate, and then, having watched its progress, to endeavour to moderate the redundancies of his friends, to weaken the impression produced by opponents, to confirm the timid, and to reconcile the reluctant. And this he did, according to the testimony of his opponents themselves, with a modesty, gentleness, and apparent diffidence in his own judgment, which generally brought men round to his conclusions."

Adding one blunder to another, the King, on the 6th of January, 1642, demanded five Members of Parliament to be delivered up on a charge of treason. Among these was Hampden. Matters were thus brought to a crisis. "A Committee of Public Safety was formed, of which Hampden was chosen a member. The power of the sword was claimed by the Ordinance of Militia; and the King issued his Commission of Array, and at last raised his standard at Nottingham, on the 22d of August." Hampden entered into the military contest with the same devotion

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he had displayed in his Parliamentary campaigns. Having raised a regiment in Buckinghamshire, he commanded it as Colonel. He endeavoured, in vain, to urge Lord Essex to a decisive engagement with the Royalists, as the only way of putting a speedy end to hostilities.

Prince Rupert succeeded in a series of predatory incursions against the outposts of the Parliamentary army, which lay widely scattered on the borders of Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire. It was here that Hampden was quartered with his regiment.

"On the evening of the 17th of June, 1643, Rupert set out from Oxford, with about two thousand men, and surprised and burnt the villages of Postcombe and Chinnor, which were occupied by Parliamentary troops."

No sooner was Hampden apprized of this, than, at the head of a small body of cavalry, who volunteered their services, he hastened, in hopes of keeping back the Royalists till Essex might be able to occupy the passes of the Cherwell, and so cut them off from Oxford. Four troops of horse came up to his support. When he had overtaken Rupert on Chalgrave-field, the Prince drew up his troops to receive him.

Soon after the action had commenced, Hampden received two bullets in the shoulder, which shattered the bone, and in an agony of pain he rode off the field: "A thing," observes Clarendon, "he never used to do, and from which it was concluded he was hurt." After six days' suffering from his wounds, he expired, at Thame, where he had received the elements of his education. Among his last words were, "O Lord God of Hosts, great is thy mercy, just and holy are thy dealings unto us sinful men. Save me, O Lord, if it be thy good will, from the jaws of death. Pardon my manifold transgressions. O Lord, save my bleeding country. Have these realms in thy special keeping. Confound and level to the dust those who would rob the people of their liberty and lawful prerogative. Let the King see his error; and turn the hearts of his wicked counsellors from the malice and wickedness of their designs. Lord Jesus, receive my soul." He then mournfully uttered, "O Lord, save my country. O Lord, be merciful to ——:" his speech here failed him, and he fell back and expired. Between such a patriot, and the host of insignificant grumblers against "the powers that be," there is as great a contrast as between an honest man and a rogue, between virtue and vice.

It is said that even the King regretted his death. On hearing of his condition, he sent his own physician to attend him, as a mark of respect. To his own party it was an irreparable loss; no one being so likely to take command of the troops after Essex, or to have laboured so wisely for a secure peace on the basis of a strictly limited monarchy. His removal opened the way for the career of Cromwell, and all the stirring scenes which followed this period. His natural endowments and acquirements, his penetration, power in counsel or debate, his self-command, courage, perseverance, and love of his country, were seen, confessed, and lauded even by his opponents; and his dying prayers intimated a piety but too rarely witnessed in political reformers and patriots by profession.

PETER SAMUEL.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

[All notices for this department, if not sent by one of the Ministers of the Circuit, must be authenticated by his signature, in addition to that of the sender.]

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Butt, Mr. William,	Ilkeston,	Ilkeston,	60	Jan. 12th, 1850.
Champion, Mrs.,	Durham,	Durham,	25	Jan. 29th, 1850.
Charlsworth, Mrs. E.,	Buckminster,	Grantham,	76	Dec. 2d, 1849.
Flinders, Mr. Jarvis,	Old Brinsley,	Ilkeston,	81	Jan. 6th, 1850.
Hartley, Margaret,	Downham,	Clitheroe,	15	Dec. 23d, 1849.
Hill, Mr. Harrison,	Stibbard,	Holt,	75	March 5th, 1850.
Jesson, Mr. James,	Buckminster,	Grantham,	59	Feb. 10th, 1850.
Page, Mr. Joseph,	Stanton in the Wolds,	Nottingham, South,	87	Dec. 15th, 1849.
Townsend, Mrs. Mary,	Buckminster,	Grantham,	86	Feb. 15th, 1850.
Walker, Mrs. Sarah,	Rye-street,	Bishop-Stortford,	49	Feb. 7th, 1849.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

JULY, 1850.

THE AUSTRALIAN SETTLER.

He was a disbanded soldier, belonging to the old New South Wales corps, and was of that class of men, who, in one way or other, *must* make themselves prominent. Educated or uneducated, possessions or no possessions, servants of sin or servants of righteousness, in office or out of it, they stand before you in bold relief. If you turn to the annual Wesleyan Missionary Report for the current year, under the head of "Former Donations and Benefactions of Ten Pounds and upwards," you read, "Lees, Mr. John, 1826-29, £36. 1*s.* 9*d.*" This is the man, and his name is no disgrace to that immortalizing record of benevolence. Illiterate, "the chief of sinners," before his conversion, and not without his failings afterwards, he was a man of God, possessing and exhibiting an extraordinary character, rescued from sin and wretchedness, want and woe, by "the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ."

DRUNKENNESS AND THE LAST PIG.

John had a small allotment of land granted him by Government, and some other little aid to commence the "settler's" life. He was married, and had a rising family. Hard work was not irksome to him. Several acres of tall timber-trees were felled by his axe, and the wood was burnt off. He was often seen diligently at work with his spade and hoe, amidst the usual array of standing "black stumps," the remains of the former occupants of the soil. His live stock increased, and he was in a thriving way. But his strong propensity for drink, checked for a while by his industry, again grew on him, till he bore all the marks of a reckless, confirmed drunkard. It happened in his case, as in a thousand others, one article after another went, till part of his land, and all his stock, were gone, except *one pig*, now fat in the sty. The intemperate, unhappy man, "sold under sin," was contemplating the taking of this "last pig" to pay off a *score* run up at a neighbouring house, where they sold intoxicating liquors, when God, by a remarkable instrumentality, suddenly arrested him in rapid progress to destruction, and made him a striking monument of his mercy.

CONVERSION BY THE BITE OF A VENOMOUS REPTILE.

Stepping out of his hut one night for a log of wood to lay on his fire, while in the act of laying hold to lift it from the ground, he accidentally grasped in his hand *a deadly snake!* The fearful reptile instantly bit him in the wrist. As death often ensued shortly after a bite of this kind, he was seized

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with violent alarm for his life. Eternity, and "the wrath to come," opened before him. He hastened to Windsor, a neighbouring township, to seek relief. On entering the house of the Rev. Mr. Cartwright, he fell fainting on the threshold. Recovering from insensibility, medical aid was obtained; and by a gracious providence he was saved from dying in his sins. The event was sanctified. He was awakened by the Spirit of truth; and the more deadly bite of the "old serpent, the devil," now engaged his anxious thoughts. He thirsted for the water of life. His fervent soul sought refuge in Gilead's balm, the atoning blood of Jesus. Soon the opening heavens with the sacred beams of mercy shone around him. He obtained to his guilty conscience the inward "whisper" of pardon and salvation. Old things were done away; all things became new. "The same man was just and devout, and the Holy Ghost was upon him."

BEARING THE TRIAL OF THE BLESSING.

We had had a gracious season at the chapel in the wood. John Lees had built it, and delighted to repair thither to meet a few of his neighbours at the "hour of prayer;" to call upon God together; to hold with them sweet Christian communion in the class-meeting; to teach a little Sunday-school; "to hear God's most holy word." The "Blue Mountains" were at the back of the loved little wooded sanctuary; and between it and John's humble cottage lay the ground first broken up by his own hands, and a peaceful well-fished lagoon, which was passed and repassed by a small boat, to attend worship. I had left the chapel, in company with my good friend, and we walked homeward in silence. Our souls had been greatly refreshed. We were happy. John, mostly talkative on ordinary occasions, had scarcely uttered a word since we left the house of prayer. There was no sound floating on the soft breeze that gently wafted over the lofty evergreens, embosoming the cultivated patches. It was a beautiful, serene Australian evening. At last the solemn silence was broken. In a firm and devout tone of voice, John said, "*I have been praying, Sir, for grace to bear the trial of this blessing.*" More than four times seven years have passed away since the sound of that sentence broke on my ear, in the stillness of the Australian night; but the incident is yet very vivid in my recollection. The little fact, and the great principle of spiritual instruction contained in it, have a thousand times pleased and profited me. Yes, it is true: every cheering blessing of grace must be tried as by fire, especially the blessings of religious excitement. When they are given either in public or private devotion, indeed in any way, so that we are made partakers of joyous animation within, how needful it is to call to mind the principle of "the Australian settler," and imitate his example of silent, mental, devout effort, to obtain grace from heaven to "*bear the trial of the blessing!*"

THE WEATHER WILL ALWAYS BE RIGHT.

On another memorable occasion, returning from the same house of prayer in the wood, and passing together in the same direction, and over the same spot of ground, one other striking sentence was uttered by my devout friend. It was the season of harvest. John had reaped his wheat. It stood in shocks around us. The weather was very unfavourable. Rain had been almost incessantly descending for several days preceding. The corn was at the point of sprouting in the sheaf, and being greatly damaged; and the heavens were yet hung with the black and threatening clouds. I expressed my sympathy for him as the owner of the property now seen in danger, and my fears as to general results from the then unsettled state of the weather.

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In doing so, I used a sort of common phraseology, indicating that it was now bad weather for the harvest. At the sound of "*bad weather*" from my lips, he appeared moved in an extraordinary manner. Instantly standing still in the midst of his dripping, discoloured sheaves, feeling for the honour of his God, as the God of the weather, he looked at me with mingled seriousness and astonishment, and, with a kind of frown on his countenance, said, in an air of authority, "I THINKS, *Sir, the weather will always be right.*" The next day, by a sudden change, the weather proving very fine, the heat of the sun from the bright heavens quickly drying the wheat, and John carrying it into his barn, comparatively uninjured, I was left to meditate on the lesson of "instruction in righteousness" which I had received. Few harvests have since passed, or other occasions in which unfavourable weather has been concerned, but I have fancied I heard ringing in my ears this ungrammatical sentence, but telling and righteous thought,—"diamond in the rough:"—"I *thinks*, Sir, the weather will always be right." Certainly the state of the physical elements, governed only by the hand of God, *is ever right.* Right, although, at certain times, God may very strikingly use them in chastening and correcting the erring, unrighteous race for whom they were created, and are now sustained in mysterious operation.

"PUT ME DOWN SIX GUINEAS."

It was the first Missionary-meeting held in the colony, now just thirty years ago. We were assembled in the Wesleyan chapel, Prince-street, Sydney. John had come down in his jolting cart thirty-five miles to attend this meeting. He had heard much of Missionary-meetings in England. They suited his taste, and he came on tip-toe of expectation. Various persons had addressed the meeting; it was drawing to a conclusion; and the Secretary had taken down a pretty long list of subscribers, with their respective subscriptions annexed to their names. John, who was sitting near my right hand, just below the platform, now stood up with his tall, lean figure, and mean costume, amidst the better dressed and better pursed, and said, with great seriousness in his countenance, and great firmness in his tone of voice, "Mr. Secretary, PUT ME DOWN SIX GUINEAS." Astonishment took hold of all in the meeting. Those were not the days of great givings. So large a sum had not been named, although some present were getting their thousands annually. The Secretary, knowing his narrow circumstances, and large family, could not bring his pen to set down in his list, "John Lees, £6. 6*s*." And while all proceedings were thus taken aback in this storm of benevolence from the "Blue Mountains," John, guessing the cause of the deep embarrassment, was again on his feet to relieve his friends. His heart was full at the thought of God's love to himself and his family. Amidst flowing tears, and with broken accents, he assured the meeting of his deep, heart-felt obligation to Christ his Saviour, and that he must be permitted to present that sum, to promote a cause to which he was so great a debtor; concluding with a most touching reference to two of his children,* whom God had recently taken from his embrace to the happiness of heaven. Every heart was affected and subdued; his name was now readily entered at the head of the subscription-list, and his speech pronounced by the attorney Secretary the best of the evening. As John *literally* "sought FIRST the kingdom of God," he found ways and means in due time to pay his

* One of these had married a Lay-Missionary belonging to the Church-Mission in New-Zealand, and had returned to the colony, and died happy in God.

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noble subscription. Nor was he long content even with this gauge of Christian benevolence. The next year, when we went up from Sydney to hold a Missionary-meeting at his little chapel in the wood, he rose and spoke as follows:—"Mr. Chairman, I shall this year give for *myself six guineas*, as I did last year. But I wish also to give now something for my family. Put down *one guinea* for my wife; *one guinea* for Richard; and *one guinea* for John." These several subscriptions, munificent and princely for one in his circumstances, were as promptly paid as his subscription on the former year. "Him that honoureth me, I will honour."

BENEVOLENCE IN TRIAL AND IN TRIUMPH.

One of those distressing droughts with which New South Wales is not unfrequently visited, occurring the following year, John's crops, in common with others, failed. His "fields yielded no meat," and he was greatly put to it, to know how he should keep up his subscription of *nine guineas* to the Missionary Society. His liberal heart devising still more liberal things, he resolved to accomplish it by making sale of one of his horses. For some months great pains were taken by him, his wife and children, to make it as marketable as possible. It was often seen tied under a shady tree, and the children were employed in the woods cutting grass for it. On the week immediately preceding our anniversary Missionary-meeting at Sydney, I happened, on the day of the market, to cross the market-place, and saw John, my most benevolent friend from the Nepean, in the act of mounting his horse to return home. Not knowing his errand there, nor the state of his mind, I spoke cheerfully to him about attending the meeting; for we could not well afford his absence, "having no man like-minded." He returned no answer. I spoke a second time: he was still silent. On lifting my eyes to his countenance, as he sat on the horse, I saw he was overwhelmed with grief. As well as tears and heart-rending sorrow would permit, he said, "No, Sir, I *shall now be ashamed to be seen there. I can't pay my subscription; for I can't sell my horse.*" More astonished at this speech of tried, noble benevolence, than anything about "*giving*" that had before dropped from his lips, or any other, I attempted to render him a word of consolation, such as, indeed, the circumstance well admitted. But the sorrow was too genuine and too deep to admit of any such comfort. He broke from me while I was in the act of speaking; leaving me to wonder at what was "*in his heart*," while he bore the burden of his painful disappointment the thirty-five-mile journey, to the door of his distant abode in the bush. Apologizing for his absence at the meeting, and non-payment of his subscription, the incident did not fail to draw tears from the audience. But, improving culture, fruitful showers, and the blessing of God on grounds so connected with the skies, gave him a very plentiful crop the following year. On leaving his lowly roof to go with him to the Missionary-meeting at his own chapel in the wood, his wife—in very homely attire, sitting on a stool with an infant on her lap—called loudly after us, "*John, mind; you did not pay your subscription last year: you must pay two years' now.*" Considering that Mary was not a member of the society, that she did not in everything see eye to eye with her zealous husband, and that the *rate* of subscription stood at a point *so elevated*, this word of exhortation, I could but think far above things of common place. John did his duty at the meeting. He put down various subscriptions *in kind;* the whole of which, when disposed of, I think amounted to fourteen pounds. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth."

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GIVING AS THE LORD PROSPERS.

The next year, 1824, was a prosperous year with John Lees. His grounds brought forth extraordinarily, and his barns were filled with plenty. He came to our Missionary-meeting at Windsor. After some animating remarks about the duty of giving to God's cause, John said, "I wish to encourage my friends at Windsor to give. Put down my name for twenty bushels of wheat, as my subscription to this Branch Society." The next day was the meeting at John's chapel. Here he was full of gratitude to God for the abundant prosperity He had given him. "In addition," said he, "to what I gave yesterday, I shall now give *forty bushels of wheat* more. And, as my tobacco crop is good, I shall give *ten pounds of tobacco* also." After the meeting was over, he added to these subscriptions *a cow and calf*. He sold the whole for the benefit of the good cause. The amount was forty-five pounds. This was the sum which he presented to the Auxiliary Treasurer, (the late Mr. James Scott, of Sydney,) as his subscription to the Missionary Society for that year.

Religion prompted John Lees to give in this liberal manner. But he was not "hurt" by it. When he began to pray and to give, he was in abject poverty. Now he was in respectable life. Giving he had found "the surest and safest way of thriving." It may be added, that for some years previous to the date of the Missionary-meetings, he set apart a portion of his ground for the church of God, and cultivated it gratuitously from year to year for the benefit of the Mission. He had the honour, also, of raising three chapels; one of which was, I think, the first Wesleyan chapel in the southern hemisphere. Notwithstanding his diligence in business, he found opportunity to sing and pray with his family three times a day. It is five-and-twenty years since we parted; and some ten or a dozen years since I received a letter from a friend, in which were these words about him, and no more: "Good old John Lees is gone to heaven."

B. Carvosso.

SCRIPTURE TRUTH CONFIRMED BY EXAMPLE.

Example XIII.

THE JEALOUSY OF JEHOVAH.—EXODUS XX. 5.

At a very early period of the world, and under circumstances of the most imposing solemnity, Jehovah declared unto Israel, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Thus there is no sin of which man is capable, so offensive to God as the sin of idolatry, whatever may be the form or character of the idol. It is a sin against the majesty and government of God, the setting up of a creature-rival against the Creator's supremacy and glory. It cannot, therefore, be surprising that by Him it is marked with displeasure, and visited with judicial punishment. To preserve the creature from such a daring insult to the only true and one God, the sin is distinctly named, strongly prohibited, and alarmingly threatened. Yet, to this sin the people of Israel, though favoured with many astonishing displays of Jehovah's power, were exceedingly prone. "They provoked Him to jealousy with strange gods, they sacrificed to gods whom they knew not, to new gods that came newly up." At such seasons, and under such grave charges, He abhorred them; gave them up into the hands of their enemies,—enemies whose gods they adored, to the dishonour of the living God. This degradation of the human mind might be deemed

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impossible: it might be thought that no intelligent being could sink so low as to bow down "to the stock or stone," the work of man's hand; yet one of the finest intellectual minds ever known became so degraded. Solomon, who had conversed with the Lord, to whom Jehovah had deigned to appear, was thus debased. He went after Ashtoreth, and Milcom, and Chemosh, the gods of the heathen nations; and in so doing, he provoked the Lord to jealousy, who was angry with Solomon, and rent the kingdom from his family, and gave it to his servant. Happy would it be for the inhabitants of the earth, had this crime ceased to be committed; well would it be for many if it were confined to heathen lands; but numbers with the Christian name are verily guilty before God. The object of their idolatrous affection may not stand before them a "graven image;" it may, or it may not, have a defined form; but it has its homage, its adoration, to the seducing of the heart from God, the Maker of heaven and earth, and the provoking of Him to jealousy. It may be the creature, possessions of wealth, costly fashionable dress, the pleasing pursuit, the valued companion, or something more vain or groveling, if possible. The object determines not its degree of guilt: this is the same, whether it be insect or angel. It is the idolatry, and not the mere idol, which provokes the jealousy of God, and brings upon the offender His displeasure. Variously the displeasure may be manifested: it may appear in the death of the idolater, or in the removal or destruction of the idol; and in all these ways Jehovah declares, "There is no God else beside me:"—a truth confirmed by the examples to be adduced. Some hundreds of years ago there lived a "certain man," who rapidly increased in worldly goods, so much so, that he knew not where to dispose of them. After some deliberation, he resolved to enlarge his storehouses, and make his treasures the object of his soul's enjoyment, and that for many years. As though the soul could be satisfied with, and have pleasure in, mere material things! He addressed his soul, and said, "Soul, take thine ease;"* and this proved the state of his heart, —the world was his god; and the God to whom he was indebted for all his possessions, was not in all his thoughts. The jealous God was provoked, and He suddenly required his soul; and he had to leave his idol to others. Of the same character, said the Divine Teacher, "is he who layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God." This, another example, of recent date, confirms. Within the records of memory, there was a member of a Christian church, who began life in poverty: he was then humble, pious, and devout. The providence of God smiled on his endeavours, and he rose in station. But in his fulness he rebelled against his Benefactor, and forsook His service. The jealousy of God was provoked, and his possessions were swept away. In his poverty he recovered his piety, and went on his way rejoicing in the Lord. Again he was tried with prosperity, and a second time departed from the way of righteousness. He could not bear to be exalted, and was once more reduced to poverty; and was restored to the divine favour, finally departing this life rejoicing in the salvation of grace. Thus it is manifest, had not the idol been removed, it would have proved his everlasting ruin; and in this example Jehovah was not only jealous of His own honour, but mindful of the real happiness of His creature. This truth may be yet further elucidated by another example. One who had learned to keep holy the Sabbath, and reverence the sanctuary, returning in the morning of the holy day from public worship, saw an esteemed acquaintance in his garden, playing with a lovely, healthy child. He admonished him for neglecting the public worship

* That is, "Thou art provided for."

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of his God. The friend, holding up his beautiful child, exclaimed, "This is my god." In two or three weeks after, he saw the fond mistaken parent in the house of prayer, clad in the attire of mourning. When service closed, they joined in conversation; and having congratulated the mourner on meeting him in such a place, and in such employment, he replied, "The Lord has taken away my god. Shortly after I saw you, my child was stricken, and suddenly died; and my loss has led me to be mindful of the worship of the God of heaven." By these facts, God continues to declare, "I, the Lord God, am a jealous God; I will not give my glory to another."

Manchester. N.

CHOICE SAYINGS.

It is not enough that you do good according to your power when you have criminally neglected to enlarge the power. Will you call the idle man a "Howard," who indeed shares his loaf with his brother beggar, but who, by industry, might have procured the means of making thousands happy?

The distinguishing duties of our holy religion, as it comprises a code of moral laws, are humility, purity of heart, kindness to *all*, manifested by kindness to each that comes in our way, forgiveness of our worst enemies, forbearance under the heaviest injuries, detachment from the pleasures and pursuits of this world, supreme love to God. All these grow out of the several relationships we sustain; and from these issue the particular acts of what the Heathen would term "virtue." But Christianity differs from Heathenism in this, that the latter supposed the possible co-existence of virtues and vices; whereas the former seizes on the entire man, sanctifies every principle, faculty, and affection, and fixes in the soul the root of universal holiness, that we may thus be *filled* with the fruits of righteousness.

As charity is the first of Christian virtues, Christianity requires of us an active life. It is only God who, by some evident dispensation of His providence, can exempt us from this. We have to mingle with our fellow-men, and to exert ourselves in promoting human well-being. We cannot do too much good in the world. By detachment from it is meant detachment in affection, not monastic retirement.

"Resist not evil." "Bless them that curse you." Here is a duty almost too sublime for performance. But religion shrinks not from declaring its full height: "Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect." Many Christians try to explain this away, and infidels laugh at it. But it is in the Bible, and to the Bible we must strictly adhere. What is the end of human existence but to prepare for heaven? And how can we prepare for heaven but by cultivating love to God and man?

I fear many read the volume of Nature without once thinking of its Author. There is nothing in nature but the plan of its construction was first in God, and by the divine power was the divine idea realized.

How greatly is the Bible neglected! By many that treasure of wisdom, holiness, and comfort is trodden under foot. The wonders of redeeming love excite no sentiments of gratitude; the tidings of a Saviour are heard without joy. What is the cause of this but infidelity,—that of the heart, if not of the head. Many who do not reject Christianity, who even profess to embrace it, can hardly be said to embrace it; for they never examine the foundations on which it rests, nor give its principles admission into their heart nor the purpose of influencing and governing them. Avowed infidelity practically does no more.

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THEOLOGY.

A PACIFIC TEMPER AND DEPORTMENT NECESSARY TO THE COMPLETE MAINTENANCE AND UNSULLIED MANIFESTATION OF THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

A SERMON.

"Do all things without murmurings and disputings: that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world; holding forth the word of life; that I may rejoice in the day of Christ, that I have not run in vain, neither laboured in vain."—Phil. ii. 14—16.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

THE CHARACTER WHICH THE CHRISTIAN IS REQUIRED TO MAINTAIN IN UNSULLIED MANIFESTATION IN THE MIDST OF A SINFUL AND OPPOSING WORLD.

The text, only considered by itself, evidently consists of two parts,—an earnest exhortation, and a statement concerning the result of attention to it. Considered in the connexion in which it stands, this appears still more clearly and impressively. It is an integral portion of the paragraph which commences in the twenty-seventh verse of the preceding chapter, in which the Apostle entreats the Philippians to be careful that their whole manner of life should be so ordered and governed, as always to be in harmony with the Gospel which they had embraced. Its interests they were required to promote; and he more than intimates that their aggressive warfare on the ungodliness of a fallen but redeemed world, could only be successfully carried on by their evangelical piety and their fraternal affection and unity: "That whether I come and see you, or else be absent, I may hear of your affairs; that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the Gospel." Men were to be received into the Christian church as professing to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour and Sovereign, as taking His Gospel for the rule of their lives, and as being willing and resolved to seek to accomplish its benevolent and holy purposes in themselves and others. So much stress did the Apostle lay on this, that he directed that all such should be received. If, indeed, they were "weak in the faith," and had opinions of their own inconsistent with this unity, he lays down a rule for testing their sincerity. If they were willing to keep these opinions to themselves, waiting for better light, not allowing them to infringe brotherly union, nor to interfere with the great design for which the church was instituted,—the glory of God, and the salvation of souls,—they were still to be received, "weak in the faith" as they might be: but if they were resolved to make their church position a standing-ground for advancing their own opinions, if they wished to enter the church to make all others think as they did,—to establish a universal conformity to their own judgments respecting "days," or "meats and drinks," or "herbs," or "flesh,"—then they were to be kept without. The church is not man's institution, but God's. It is instituted, not that men may dispute in it about subordinate matters, under the pretence of promoting liberty and contending for their own rights; but that they may assist each other in "working out their own salvation with fear and trembling." "Him that is weak in the faith receive ye; BUT NOT TO DOUBTFUL DISPUTATIONS." The church does not exist for the attainment of uniform agreement in subordinate and doubtful matters, and its unity is not to be disturbed by disputing about them. Its members, indeed, are to "contend earnestly," but this determined warfare is to be maintained for the preservation and extension of "the faith once delivered unto the saints." Well had it been for the church and for the world had its members recollected that wherever "doubtful disputations" were to be held, the church was no place for them. It is the duty of Christians, *as* members of the church, to "stand fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the Gospel." A promoter of "doubtful disputations" will be received into no well-constituted Christian church. In such a church, he will not be suffered, after due exhortation and warning, long to continue.

It will be seen that the entire hortatory paragraph, of which the text is the practical conclusion, is founded on these principles, and seeks to enforce them. The first eleven verses of the chapter describe the Christian

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character in this respect, as it is illustrated by the example of our Lord Jesus Christ. He humbled Himself; He pleased not Himself; to privation, suffering, and shame, He exposed Himself; His condescending benevolence, His noble generosity, not having the slightest mixture of self-seeking taint; in all that He did, one object was evidently before Him, the glory of God in the redemption of man; love the most disinterested and active, meekness the most quiet and submissive, devotion the most pure and fervent, characterized His life on earth. And thus did He leave us an example that we should follow in His steps; not by an outward and formal imitation, but by imbibing His spirit, by participating in that holy vitality which was the source of His excellence; that the life of Jesus might be manifested in our mortal body in the development in us, according to our state and circumstances, of the same results which issued from it in Him. He is to be as the very soul of our soul, quickening and directing our soul as our soul does our body. "*Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus;*" for the same mind will produce the same character. The outward is the consequence and manifestation of the inward. So did the Apostle understand this, that, speaking of himself, he describes a sort of change of moral personality as the result of his faith in Christ: "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Before his conversion *he himself* lived. All that he did was done by Paul, and manifested what Paul was. But when he became a new creature in Christ, of his whole moral life Christ dwelling in him became the source and rule. It was no longer Paul, but Christ. And so it is with all who are justified by faith, and born of God. If this is truly the case, though they live personally, they do not live selfishly. "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." In true religion, self is deposed, and the indwelling and exalted Saviour, sitting on His throne, makes all things new, by making all like Himself.

It is by seeking the full consistency, the settled establishment, and unshadowed manifestation, of this character, that the Christian believer fulfils the injunction contained in the twelfth verse, to work out his own salvation; and to do this as so serious a matter requires, not with carelessness and levity,—there has been too much of that Antinomianism among religious professors,—but with fear and trembling; remembering, that difficult as may be the task, the believer is aided by the might of Omnipotence. It is God which worketh in him both to will and to do.

And just here the text comes in, thus rendered more clear in its meaning, and more strict in its obligation, by its position. "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ. Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." And, if you wish fully to possess, and consistently and clearly to exhibit, the Christian character, that so the great objects of the Christian ministry may be accomplished in you in all their completeness, then, "Do all things without murmurings and disputings: that" so "ye *may* be blameless and harmless," before God and man.

The character which the Christian is to sustain and manifest, consistently and clearly, in the midst of the ungodly world, first calls for consideration.

Blameless.—This, of course, is to be taken with the restriction suggested by other texts of Scripture. Our Lord says, "Men shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake." And to the same effect is the language of St. Peter:—"Having a good conscience; that, whereas they speak evil of you, as of evil-doers, they may be ashamed that falsely accuse your good conversation in Christ." To be censured undeservedly is one part of the persecution which they who will live godly in Christ Jesus must expect to suffer. Thus, St. Peter directly states that their good conversation in Christ will be falsely accused. It will be said that they are righteous overmuch, that they do not regard their relations and friends as they ought, that they are negligent of their worldly interests, that by their own strictness they condemn others. Mere infirmities will be swelled into faults; mistakes will be exaggerated; and, rather than there should be no seeming ground for censure, charges will even be invented. This is what the Christian must often expect from a crooked and perverse nation; but for this very reason must he be all the more careful that he give no just cause for it. "If they will speak evil of me," he will say, "they shall speak evil of me falsely." He will, therefore, continually exercise himself that he may have a good conscience both toward God and man. Knowing that he is closely watched, and that the least occasion for blaming him will be promptly seized, praying to God for light and power, his constant endeavour is to walk circumspectly, to abstain from the

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very appearance of evil, and not to allow his good to be evil spoken of. Especially will he endeavour to preserve that consistency and harmony of character which is one of the chief recommendations of religion. Religious and worldly duties, strictly so called, will not be allowed to interfere with each other. Nor will religious professions be made an excuse for the neglect of moral obligations. Daniel was so careful to fulfil the duties of his situation that his bitterly malignant enemies could find neither error nor fault in him. The servant will be conscientiously exact. The mistress will be kind and equitable. The employer will not take advantage of the dependent condition of his workman; nor will the workman be dishonest, or negligent of the interests of his employer. He who aims at being unblamable in holiness, will pay equal and well-balanced attention to the three great branches of moral duty. He will live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world.

Harmless.—Even in the restricted sense which this term bears, it implies what is of no ordinary importance,—that the Christian will be injurious to no one in deed or word; that others will be safe from any attacks made by him on their person, property, or character. He will patiently suffer wrong, and commend the wrong-doer to the mercy of God, forgiving, as he hopes to be forgiven. But he will not do wrong. He will not only not do it intentionally; he will be conscientiously careful that he may not do it through neglect. But, though all this is important, and necessarily involved in Christian duty, it does not adequately represent the full meaning of the term. It implies, as well, *artlessness and sincerity.* Love is without dissimulation. The wisdom that is from above is full of good fruits, as being without hypocrisy. In the true Israelite there is no guile. He is blameless and harmless, because he walks in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God. He is thoroughly an honest man. He is not one of those well-meaning men who are always doing ill, and whose professed good intentions are ever causing mischievous actions. In an earlier part of this epistle the Apostle connects together sincerity and inoffensiveness. There is a blundering sincerity which only implies that we think ourselves right, although we take no pains to ascertain whether we may not be wrong. From this, the harmlessness, the artlessness, of the text are strikingly distinguished. True sincerity is enlightened sincerity. "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light," is the sacred promise of the "Light of the world." The holy purity of intention produced by living faith, nourished by the word of God, and upheld by his Spirit, ever produces a wise uprightness of conduct. Christian wisdom is not worldly cunning. The artless sincerity of the true Christian is that high quality of honesty described by heathen moralists, but of which they so seldom could furnish examples, and even those were maimed and imperfect. It is heathen honesty baptized by the Spirit of God, and sanctified by his truth.

The sons of God without rebuke.—The Apostle does not refer here to the great privilege of the Gospel, by which, on our acceptance of Christ, our sins being forgiven, and ourselves being accepted as righteous, the filial relation to God is restored, and we are adopted into His family. Among the Orientals the term "son" was often used, intellectually and morally, to denote the possession of certain qualities, or the imitation of certain persons in the more leading and distinguishing features of their character. It would be easy to quote numerous passages illustrative of this employment of the term, or of its cognates. In relation to wickedness we have, "children of Belial;" "Ye are of your father the devil, and his works ye do;" "children of darkness;" "child of the devil, and enemy of all righteousness;" "son of perdition;" &c., &c. So, on the other hand, we have, "children of light;" "children of Sion;" "children of wisdom;" "children of Abraham," as professing "a faith like his;" "children of promise;" "children of the resurrection." And on the same principle, the phrase "sons," or "children, of God" is used very definitely. The peacemakers shall be called "the children of God." They who make the impartial benevolence of the divine character the rule of their conduct are thus described by our Lord: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you," &c., "that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven." "As many as are led by the Spirit of God" are declared to be "the sons of God." We are exhorted to "walk in love," and so to be "followers of God, as dear children." The regenerate keep themselves by the grace of God, and are thus preserved from sin; and, by this decisive test of character, it is said, "the

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children of God are manifested, and the children of the devil." (1 John iii. 9, 10.)

In this moral sense, as distinguished from the exalted privilege of *adoption*, the phrase, "children of God," refers to those who resemble Him in character; who manifest that they are again, by the power of redemption producing a new nature, possessed of the image of God; who, as He which calleth them is holy, are likewise holy in all manner of conversation; partakers of His holiness, by being partakers of the divine nature. And especially do they resemble Him in universal, pervasive, impartial benevolence: so that the murderous passions of corrupt human nature are subdued, and they love their enemies, blessing those that curse them. They are imitators of Him, as His dear children, walking in love as He has manifested His love to them in Christ Jesus. All bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-speaking they put away, with all malice; and they are kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven them.

And as they are thus the children of God, they are to be so, likewise, *without rebuke*. That is, they are to be so evidently, clearly, completely, undeniably; aiming at being sincere and without offence, being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ unto the glory and praise of God. This implies all that is necessary for the full formation of character:—Direct attention to the subject, keeping it ever before the mind; diligence in the cultivation of all the principles and affections by the development of which it is constituted; conscientious watchfulness against all that is inconsistent with it, inwardly or outwardly; frequent self-examination, and the impartial reference of ourselves in all instances of conduct, and all manifestations of character, to the supreme rule of the word of God, taken in all its comprehensiveness of requirement, and minuteness of detail. And all this is to be done in connexion with the life of faith, and all that is implied in that humble dependence on God, and that earnest and confident prayer for the full energy of the indwelling Spirit of Christ, included in the scheme of practical redemption and personal salvation. They must endeavour to possess and manifest this character as if they could form it by their own diligence: they must seek for it by prayer, as if it were only the work and the gift of God.

Such is the character they are required to possess and manifest. This is their duty in relation to their own individual obligations, irrespectively of all others. But there are additional obligations. Every individual is connected with the merciful plans of God respecting the salvation of the world. That salvation is to be directly sought by a faithful ministry: the ministry is to be seconded by the religious and moral fidelity of the church. The one is to hold forth the word of Christ by preaching, the other by example. Both are to be directed to the same object. The Apostle, therefore, thus enforces his exhortation:—"That I may rejoice in the day of Christ, that I have not run in vain, neither laboured in vain." An unfaithful church largely and powerfully hinders the operations even of a faithful ministry.

Observe the circumstances in which this *ministry of holy example* is to be exercised,—amidst the *crooked and perverse*. Morally, the unregenerate are the former; for they have not those settled objects before them which require a straight-forward honesty of purpose and instrumentality. They move in various directions. The highway of holiness is a direct line from earth to heaven without divergence. The path to destruction is zig-zag and devious. In all their relations to God the wicked are the latter. Fearful as is the phrase, it is the only true one,—they are perpetually quarreling with the will and the ways of God. The carnal mind is not only unsubmissive to God; it so directly opposes Him, that it is declared to be "enmity against Him."

Now, these are still the objects of the divine compassion in Christ, and therefore they may be saved. But for this they must penitently turn to God through His Son. To call them to this is the great design of the ministry. But the church has its duty likewise. Amongst the crooked and perverse, faithful believers *shine as lights in the world*. Christian conduct is not only strongly contrasted with worldly conduct, but, as it is enlightened, so it is enlightening. The true Christian shows the careless sinner what he ought to do. He thus *holds forth the word of life*. He shines, but it is with imparted light. God has taught him what he seeks to teach others. Generally, he stands an example of the riches of divine mercy, and of the power of divine grace; an example equally of the ability and willingness of Christ to save. He is an example of the very way of salvation. As a message of redeeming love he holds forth

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the word of life. And even more than this. The written word of God is the expression to man, and given as man can receive it, of the holy will of God. Thus does God show to us the path of life. In the Scripture this is written. By the ministry it is explained and enforced. In the conduct and character of the consistent believer it is exemplified. The same Apostle who on this very ground so earnestly presses on the conscience the obligations of fidelity in all holiness, elsewhere states the grounds of this, "Ye are manifestly declared to be the epistle of Christ ministered by us, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in fleshy tables of the heart." The written law is the law which the sanctifying Spirit writes within; and it is by the conformity of inward principle and feeling with the written word, that religious experience is proved to be the genuine work of the Holy Ghost. He writes the law inwardly, and Christian duty is to show the real character of the inner man by the character of the outward man. And tremendous are the interests connected with this. Our own souls are at stake; and by our negligence the souls of others are imperilled. The influence of a faithful ministry is as truly and powerfully checked by negligent and inconsistent professors of religion, as it is strengthened, extended, and advanced by the humble, but steady and enlightened and resolute, consistency of the holy believer.

THINGS THAT ARE COMING.

Manhood will come, and old age will come, and the dying-bed will come, and the very last look you shall ever cast on your acquaintance will come, and the agony of the parting breath will come, and the time when you are stretched a lifeless corpse before the eyes of weeping relatives will come, and the coffin that is to enclose you will come, and that hour when the company assemble to carry you to the churchyard will come, and that minute when you are put into the grave will come, and the throwing in of the loose earth into the narrow house where you are laid, and the spreading of the green sod over it,—all, all will come on every living creature who now hears me; and in a few little years the Minister who now speaks, and the people who now listen, will be carried to their long homes, and make room for another generation. Now, all this, you know, must and will happen: your common sense and common experience serve to convince you of it. Perhaps it may have been little thought of in the days of careless, and thoughtless, and thankless unconcern which you have spent hitherto; but I call upon you to think of it now, to lay it seriously to heart, and no longer to trifle and delay, when the high matters of death, and judgment, and eternity are thus set so evidently before you. And the tidings wherewith I am charged,—and the blood lieth upon your own head, and not upon mine, if you will not listen to them,—the object of my coming amongst you, is to let you know what more things are to come; it is to carry you beyond the regions of sight and of sense to the regions of faith; and to assure you, in the name of Him who cannot lie, that as sure as the hour of laying the body in the grave comes, so surely will also come the hour of the spirit returning to the God who gave it. Yes, and the day of final reckoning will come; and the appearance of the Son of God in heaven, and His mighty angels around Him, will come; and the opening of the books will come; and the standing of the men of all generations before the judgment-seat will come; and the solemn passing of that sentence which is to fix you for eternity will come. —*Chalmers.*

THE GREATEST WANT.

No men in the world want help like them who want the Gospel. Of all distresses, want of the Gospel cries loudest for relief. A man may want liberty, and yet be happy, as Joseph was; a man may want peace and yet be happy, as David was; a man may want plenty, and yet be full of comfort, as Micaiah was; but he that wants the Gospel wants everything that should do him good. A throne without the Gospel is but the devil's dungeon; wealth without the Gospel is fuel for hell; advancement without the Gospel is but going high to have the greater fall. What do men need that want the Gospel? They want Jesus Christ; for he is revealed only by the Gospel. He is all, and in all; and where he is wanting there can be no good. Hunger cannot truly be satisfied without manna, the bread of life, which is Jesus Christ; and what shall a hungry man do that hath no bread? Thirst cannot be quenched without a living spring, which is Jesus Christ; and what shall a thirsty soul do without water?

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A captive, as we all are, cannot be delivered without redemption, which is Jesus Christ; and what shall the prisoner do without his ransom? Fools, as we all are, cannot be instructed without wisdom, which is Jesus Christ; without Him we perish in our folly. All building without Him is on the sand, and will surely fall. All working without Him is in the fire, where it will be consumed. All riches without Him have wings, and will fly away. A dungeon with Christ is a throne; and a throne without Christ is a hell. Nothing is so ill, but Christ will compensate. All mercies without Christ are bitter; and every cup is sweet that is seasoned with but a drop of his blood; He is truly the love and delight of the sons of men. He is the Way; men without him are Cains, murderers, and vagabonds. He is the Truth; men without Him are liars, like the devil, who was so of old. He is the Life; men without Him are dead, dead in trespasses and sins. He is the Light; men without Him are in darkness, and go they know not whither. He is the Vine; those that are not grafted in Him are withered branches, prepared for the fire. He is the Rock; men not built on Him are carried away with a flood. He is Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, the author and the ender, the founder and the finisher, of our salvation; he that hath not Him hath neither beginning of good, nor shall have an end of misery. O blessed Jesus, how much better were it not to be, than to be without Thee; never to be born, than not to die in Thee! A thousand hells come short of this,—eternally to want Jesus, as men do who want the Gospel. They want all holy communion with God, wherein the only happiness of the soul doth consist. Without Him, the soul in the body is a dead soul in a living sepulchre. They want all the ordinances of God, the joy of our hearts, and the comfort of our souls. O the sweetness of a Sabbath! the heavenly raptures of prayer! O the glorious communion of saints, which such men are deprived of! If they knew the value of the hidden pearl, and these things were to be purchased, what would such poor souls not part with for them? They will at last want heaven and salvation; they shall never come into the presence of God in glory, never inhabit a glorious mansion. They shall never behold Jesus Christ, but when they shall call for rocks and mountains to fall on them, and to hide them from His presence. They shall want light in utter darkness; they shall want life under the second death; want refreshment in the midst of flames; want healing under the gnawing of conscience; want grace, continuing to blaspheme; want glory in full misery; and, which is the sum of all, they shall want an end of all this; for "their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched."—*Dr. John Owen's Sermon before the English Parliament in* 1646.

GOOD WORKS.

If thou hast bodily strength, disease, when it invades, will put a stop to joy from that source. If thou hast beauty and bloom, the approach of old age will wither it, and take away that joy. Or, if thou enjoyest a sumptuous table, when evening comes on, the joy of the banquet is at an end. For everything belonging to this life is exposed to interruption, and is unable to afford us lasting pleasure; but piety and virtue of the soul are altogether the reverse of this. If thou hast done an alms, no one is able to take away this good work. Though an army, or Kings, or myriads of calumniators and conspirators, were to beset thee on all sides, they were unable to take away the possession once deposited in heaven. The joy of it is lasting, and still remains; for Christ says, "He hath dispersed abroad; he hath given to the poor; his righteousness endureth for ever." And very justly; for in the storehouses in heaven it is laid up, where no thief breaks through, nor robber seizes, nor moth devours. If thou pourest out continued and fervent prayers, no man will be able to spoil thee of the fruit of them; for this fruit too is rooted in the heavens; it is out of the way of all injury, and remains beyond mortal reach. If, when evil treated, thou hast done a kind action; if thou hast borne with patience to hear thyself evil spoken of; if thou hast returned blessing for reproaches; these are good works that abide continually, and the joy of them no man taketh away.—*St. Chrysostom.*

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OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. J. T. BARR.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BACKSLIDER RECLAIMED.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

"'Tis a cruel lot
At best to leave the land that gave us birth,
And shelter'd us for many a pleasant year,—
The friends that loved us, and the spots we loved,
For such a distant country."

THE third day from that on which he left his father's house, Alphonso and his companions went on board the vessel, the deck of which was already thronged with passengers. The wind proving favourable, the sails were soon spread, and the ship rode majestically out of the harbour, on its way to the western world.

With mingled emotions of pleasure and regret, Alphonso watched the shores of his native country receding from his view; and when he at length beheld the land of his nativity diminished to a mere speck in the distant horizon, his feelings were overpowered; and he inwardly sighed at the recollection of home. Nothing of particular interest occurred during the remainder of the voyage. I will therefore proceed to recount the painful vicissitudes, the privations and discouragements, through which he was called to pass, in New-York, to which city he at once bent his course immediately after landing in America. After many fruitless attempts to establish himself in some respectable business, agreeably to his preconceived notions of American independence, and finding his pecuniary resources gradually failing, he was thankful to avail himself of a situation as clerk in a mercantile house, at a moderate salary. This situation he retained for the space of three months, at the expiration of which he was dismissed, on the ground of inattention to the duties of his office. A similar opening was now presented, in a remote part of the city: but in this he was equally unfortunate; for his irregular habits and ungovernable temper had become so offensive to his employers, that they discharged him at the end of six months. Disappointed and grieved, and seeing no means of improving his circumstances, he was now obliged, with a view to procure a honest livelihood, to accept the offer of a very humble calling, the bare contemplation of which, a few months previously, would have created in his mind feelings of disgust and mortified vanity. His new employment consisted of the most menial toil,—mere drudgery. But in the case of Alphonso there was no alternative: he must labour for a subsistence, or starve in a land of strangers. Necessity, therefore, compelled him to submit, though painfully sensible of his humiliating position. Yet even this ignoble situation at length failed; and he had scarcely been two years in America, when the horrors of poverty, with all its attendant privations, began to thicken around him.

He had no friend to whom he could look for help, no patron from whom he could crave assistance. Two of his associates, who had accompanied him on his voyage, were themselves reduced to the greatest extremities, and were therefore unable to render him the slightest aid. The rest, who had been more successful, and who were filling the most lucrative situations, had long since ceased to associate with him.

One beautiful Sabbath evening, in the blooming month of May, the wretched wanderer seated himself on the steps of a gentleman's door, in a state of utter exhaustion. During several preceding days, he had secured a scanty supply of his wants by going on errands, or carrying parcels for persons who were disposed to employ him. But on this day, being the Sabbath, he had tasted nothing; no food had, as yet, passed his lips. While ruminating on his misfortunes, he experienced all the bitter pangs which a guilty conscience, awakened from its moral slumber, could produce. The recollections of the peaceful home which he had left, and the affectionate father whom he had so basely deserted, caused abundance of tears to flow from his sunken eyes. The thought of writing to that injured father now, for the first time, began to agitate his mind. "Probably," he muttered to himself, "if I inform him of my present destitute condition, he may forward to me money sufficient to defray the expenses of my passage to England. And with what delightful sensations shall I retrace my steps to his paternal dwelling!"

But a consideration of the length of time which must necessarily elapse before that help could be received, appeared to damp his rising hopes. "I may die," he continued, "before receiving any communication from my father. Yes; in a land of strangers, unknown, unpitied, unlamented, I may close my eyes upon this world for ever!"

Again he wept; and his whole frame seemed to be convulsed. Directing his eyes to the opposite side of the street, he observed a crowd of persons flocking into a place of worship. He instinctively followed them, and was soon seated in the house of God. It was the first time that he had entered a

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chapel during his residence in New-York. The sermon was a most awakening one; and numbers in the congregation appeared to feel the power of the word: but none more than the penitent Alphonso. His heart was broken; his proud spirit was humbled, as in the dust; and, under a deep consciousness of his awful backsliding from God, he more than once exclaimed, in an audible voice, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

At the close of the sermon, a revival prayer-meeting was announced. Alphonso remained, and was among the first who appeared at the "penitent-form," to receive instructions from the officiating Minister, and to beg an interest in the prayers of the church. As his repentance was deep and genuine, it was not long before he obtained deliverance from the burden of his sins. He saw such a fulness in Christ, such ample provision in His divine atonement, even for the most inveterate backslider, that he was enabled by faith to lay hold of the promise, and to rejoice in the liberty wherewith Christ had made him free.

I will not attempt to describe the emotions of his mind, the ecstasy of his soul, when the whole congregation, exulting over his conversion, sang the beautiful doxology,—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

When the service was closed, a respectable man, who had taken a prominent part in conducting the prayer-meeting, beckoned Alphonso to follow him into the vestry. "Are you not from the town of ——, in England?" he inquired.

"I am," was the reply.

"Then your name is Alphonso ——?"

"Yes."

"How long have you been in America?"

"About two years."

"Where do you reside?"

"Alas!" said Alphonso, bursting into tears, "I have no home; nor the means of procuring even a temporary lodging. I have been out of employment for some time; and for several nights have been compelled to sleep in a shed on the outskirts of the city."

"But have you not written to your father, to solicit assistance? I knew him well; and before I left England, he was in good circumstances."

"I rashly, nay wickedly, left my native land without my father's knowledge; and I have not written to him since."

"Well, come to my house, and to-morrow we will hold some further conversation; for I feel deeply interested in your welfare. I was a Local Preacher when you first joined the society in ——; but, as I have now been in America for nearly five years, I do not wonder that I am unknown to you."

With a grateful heart Alphonso acceded to the request of his new friend, and accompanied him to his residence, which was near the chapel. In the course of the evening, he related to him the particulars which led to his backsliding from God, his withdrawal from the society, his departure from England, and his unsuccessful career in America.

On the following morning, his benevolent host thus addressed him:—

"Alphonso, I have thought much of your eventful history; and feel truly thankful that your coming to America, though inauspicious in a temporal point of view, has proved the happy occasion of your restoration to the favour of God. But, considering your present destitution, I have two things to propose, either of which you can adopt; and I shall feel much pleasure in furthering your wishes. If you are desirous of remaining in New-York, I will immediately procure you employment. But if you prefer returning to England, I will solicit from a few friends, who, I am sure, will commiserate your sufferings, a sufficient amount to defray your expenses home."

With tears of joy, Alphonso expressed his gratitude to his generous host. And, as he preferred the adoption of the latter course, the money was soon raised, his friend adding a considerable sum to the amount out of his own purse. In a few weeks, the happy youth embarked for the land of his birth. The weather was unusually auspicious; so that the voyage was both pleasant and quick. On landing at Falmouth, Alphonso proceeded, without delay, to his native town, which he reached, in a feeble state of body, on the following morning.

The sun had risen in unsullied brightness, and his golden rays had already lighted up the face of nature. The hills appeared to rejoice in his returning splendour, and the valleys to smile in his unclouded light. These attractive objects, so familiar to his eyes, were contemplated by Alphonso with enthusiastic feelings. Hastening towards the well-known street, in which was situated the house of his father, his heart began to beat with increasing violence, when he at length approached the door of the paternal abode. It was opened by a stranger.

"Is not this the residence of Mr. ——?" inquired Alphonso, with a tremulous voice; for the most gloomy forebodings involuntarily took possession of his bosom, as he gazed on the countenance of the unknown person whom he addressed.

"No," was the reply. "He has been dead more than three months."

"My father dead! O heaven, support me!" And he sunk, fainting, into the arms of the stranger.

Slowly passed the "vital fluid" through the bosom of Alphonso, when he was placed on a bed in the same apartment in which he had been accustomed to repose in former years. The inmates of the house watched over him with a tender solicitude; and, by

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their unremitting attention, he was soon restored to consciousness. The next day he appeared to be convalescent; and the first visit he paid was to the grave of his father. Here he shed "some natural tears;" and, while reclining on the green turf, bitterly reproaching himself as having, by his disobedient conduct, contributed to hasten that fatal event which he was now bewailing, he several times exclaimed, "O, that he had been spared a little longer, that I might once more have seen the author of my being!"

But Alphonso had become a "new creature." His heavenly Father had healed his backsliding, and put a new song in his mouth. The assurance of his acceptance which he received in the sanctuary in New-York was still indubitable; and his hope of heaven, arising from that assurance, continued to animate his soul. He was therefore enabled, under this painful bereavement, to bow with submission to the divine will; and to respond to the sentiment of Scripture,—"It is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth Him good."

He re-united himself to the church which he had formerly abandoned. His religious experience assumed a more elevated tone; and his general conduct was irreproachable.

For several years after his return to England, he lived in the affections of all; then, dying in the triumph of faith, his happy spirit soared to heaven, to mingle with the spirits of the just made perfect.

In writing these affecting particulars, my tears have more than once blotted the page. But my readers will not censure my weakness when they learn that Alphonso was one of my earliest schoolfellows.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

CUNNING OF THE SPIDER.

A DEGREE of the marvellous has characterized the stories of the sagacity of this animal that we do not attempt to reach: a simple exhibition of it, however, fell under our observation some two or three days ago, which we will relate. A spider, of moderate size, had fortified himself within a very formidable web in the corner of our office, where he was suffered to remain, for no other reason than his predilection for musquitos. His taste for variety, however, was very soon developed. We observed him, a morning or two since, making very rapid preparations to attack an enormous beetle, whose peregrinations had extended into his neighbourhood. The web was made fast to two of his legs at the first onset. Mr. Beetle, apparently not altogether satisfied with this "fraternal hug," bade him good morning, and marched off, carrying his chains with him; in doing which he had well-nigh demolished the fortress itself. In a few moments, however, the beetle repeated his visit. In the meantime, the spider had repaired damages, and was prepared for the reception of the formidable stranger. The web was about eighteen inches from the floor: the spider precipitated himself from it, but stopped suddenly when within about two inches of the floor. As this feat was again and again repeated, we have no doubt that it was an experiment to try the strength of his cord. At length he threw himself upon the back of the beetle, attached the web to the posterior extremities, and then retreated. Mr. Beetle's suspicions of the purity of the intentions of his long-legged host were now confirmed; and, apparently with no small degree of displeasure, he turned his back upon the spider, the frailty of whose web, notwithstanding his precaution, interfered not in the slightest degree with the dignity of Sir Beetle's measured tread. The spider, convinced that open attack was altogether unavailable, resorted to stratagem. With rather an eccentric manœuvre, he fastened the attention of Mr. Beetle upon himself, and then commenced a retreat up the surface of a somewhat rough wall. Whether Mr. Beetle mistook this act of the spider for politeness, under the impression that he was conducting him to his castle, or whether it was a matter of sheer curiosity that induced him to follow his betrayer, we are not able to decide: it is sufficient that the decoy was successful. Mr. Spider was vastly civil to Sir Beetle: court language was used on the occasion, without doubt, until they reached a point directly over the web, when he threw off his disguise, and, in a trice, mounted upon the back of Sir Beetle, disengaged his feet from the wall, and they tumbled together into the web. With the rough legs of the beetle, and being unable to obtain foothold, extrication was impossible, escape hopeless. He surrendered at discretion; and, on the following evening, was found dead in his chains.—*American Paper.*

THE HAMBURG COCK AND HEN.

THE domestic fowls are too well known to require description, when the text, so to speak, is only a single variety. Chickens, roast or boiled, is an English dish common enough; and as for eggs, why, they are

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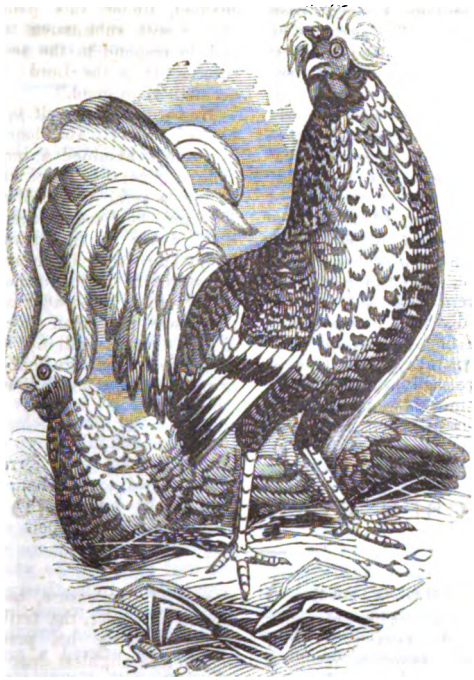

become a large article of commerce. A greatly increased population has multiplied the demand far beyond what it was a few years ago; and the enlarged facilities of communication, not only between the different parts of the country, but with foreign lands also, have so increased the supply as to make it quite adequate to the demand. The northern and western portions of England are supplied from Ireland; the eastern counties and the metropolis and its neighbourhood receive what they require from the Continent, particularly from France.

Instead of taking the opportunity furnished by the pictorial representations of a single *variety* among our domestic fowls, to lay before our readers a general description, we shall, in the first place, merely refer to the instance before us, and then remind our readers of an admirable principle of which he will find examples in every portion of organized nature.

As might be expected, great attention has been paid in England to the various kinds of poultry; and several counties—as, for example, Sussex and Surrey—have long been celebrated for successful endeavours to improve the breed. Dorking fowls are generally placed in the first class. The flesh is remarkable for whiteness and delicacy of flavour. Vast numbers are regularly sent to the London markets.

A breed of fowls of a very large size, often seen around London, is termed the Spanish. The plumage is black, the comb large, and often pendulous, and the naked skin behind the ears white. There is also a black Poland or Hamburg breed, with a large top-knot of long white feathers. Two varieties of this breed, remarkable for beauty of plumage, are the gold-spangled and silver-spangled ones. These have small combs on the forehead, and a full top-knot of feathers on the crown. Fine fowls of this kind are highly valued.

The *principle* to which we have referred is one calculated to enlarge our views of the power and wisdom of the Creator, to show us—what we might call, speaking in language borrowed from human qualities and exercises—His amazing skilfulness, and the vast extent of His resources. It is a common observation that not two blades of grass, not two leaves of the same tree, are alike. A similar observation is suggested by the human countenance and by the human voice. The features of the human face are few in number, very limited in size, agreeing both in form and arrangement; and yet, by gradations in themselves almost imperceptible, and of which it would often be difficult to give any account, this surprising and most important effect is produced, that no two faces so nearly resemble each other that the difference, on inspection, is not clearly perceptible. Still more simple and limited

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are the organs of articulation; and yet, the Creator has willed that every man should have most distinctly his own voice, and what He has willed, His power and wisdom have accomplished.

But there is another kind of variety connected with similarity. Animals, birds, fishes, are all distinct in virtue of their several points of agreement; yet what an amazing number of kinds are there, all differing from each other! Then birds, as well as other living creatures, are distributed into orders, families, genera, species, and so on. Of each division, the members are at once alike and different. If we even come to one of the lower divisions, our domestic fowls for instance, we find different sorts, all agreeing as to the general type, yet presenting varieties which are easily distinguished.

Everything in nature is wonderful. To whatever our studious attention is directed, that for the time appears to be the most wonderful. Yes; everything in nature is wonderful. The resources of the Creator are exhaustless; and may we not say that He delights to show us this? In all this there is nothing accidental; nothing, if we may so speak, to excite the great Author's surprise, as if it were something unexpected: All is intended; all is produced; and exists because it is intended and produced. When men produce variety of patterns and forms, and in successive productions exactly produce both the agreements and the differences, we naturally suppose they have some mould, some drawing, some rule, according to which they work. In the Creator's productions, differences connected with resemblances appear to be one of His methods and designs. The idea existed in His own infinite mind; and that was the mould by which He chose to govern His marvellous proceedings. There is nothing in the nature of which He is the Author but it is the result of His own intention, and the manifestation of that which previously existed in Himself. It is in His moral perfections, indeed, that His chief glory is to be found; and the highest, brightest display of this is in the cross of Christ. But though, for obvious reasons, this most demands our attention, it is not the exclusive fountain of His glory. Very wonderful, very admirable, are the reflections of His infinite excellence which we cannot see in their primary radiations, but which become known to us from nature as from a mirror! How great a God is our God! According to our opportunities, glad should we be to know all of God that He is pleased thus to make known concerning Himself. The whole earth is full of His glory; and nature becomes more beautiful and sublime, more magnificent and awful, when it is beheld as the manifestation of living perfection. Happy are they who can find pleasure in collecting materials for adoration and praise from universal nature; and who, through the redemption that is in Christ, can say, "This God is our God for ever: He will be our Guide even unto death!"

THE RAT AND THE FERRET.

A STRIKING proof of the sagacity, courage, and I may say reasoning power, of these animals, has been recently given me by a medical friend living at Kingston, who is much devoted to the pursuits of natural history.

It appears that from his having entertained a great deal of surprise that the ferret, an animal of such slow locomotive powers, should be so destructive and obnoxious to the rat tribe, he determined to bring both these animals fairly into the arena, in order to judge of their respective powers; and having selected a fine specimen of a large and full-grown male rat, as also an equally strong buck ferret, which had been accustomed to the haunts of rats, accompanied by his son, he turned these two animals loose in a room void of furniture, in which there was but one window, determined to wait patiently the whole process of their encounter. Immediately upon being liberated, the rat ran round the room, as if searching for an exit. Not finding any means of escape, he uttered a piercing shriek, and, with the most prompt decision, took up his station directly under the light, thus gaining over his adversary the advantage of the sun. The ferret now erected his head, sniffed about, and seemed fearlessly to push his way towards the spot where the scent of his game was strongest, facing the light in full front, and preparing himself with an avidity to seize upon his prey. No sooner, however, had he approached within two feet of his watchful foe, than the rat, again uttering a loud cry, rushed at him, and in a violent attack inflicted a severe wound on the head or neck of the ferret, which soon discovered itself by the blood which flowed from it. The ferret seemed astonished at the charge, and retreated with evident discomfiture; while the rat, instead of following up the advantage he had gained, instantly withdrew to his former station under the window.

The ferret soon recovered from the shock he had sustained, and, erecting his head, once more took the field. This second rencontre was in all its progress and results an exact repetition of the former, with this exception, that on the rush of the rat to the conflict the ferret appeared more collected, and evidently showed an inclination to get a firm hold of his enemy. The strength of the rat, however, was prodigiously great, and he again succeeded in not only avoiding the deadly embrace of the ferret, but also inflicting another severe wound on his neck and head. The rat again returned to his retreat under the window, and the ferret

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seemed less anxious to renew the conflict. These attacks were resumed at intervals for nearly two hours, generally ending in the failure of the ferret, who was evidently fighting to a disadvantage from the light falling full on his eye whenever he approached the rat, who wisely kept his ground, and never for a moment lost sight of the advantage he had gained.

In order to prove whether the choice of this position depended upon accident, my friend managed to dislodge the rat, and took his own station under the window; but the moment the ferret attempted to make his approach, the rat, evidently aware of the advantage he had lost, endeavoured to creep between my friend's legs, thus losing sight of his natural fear of man under the danger which awaited him from his more deadly foe. The ferret by this time had learned a profitable lesson, and prepared to approach the rat in a more wily manner, by creeping insidiously along the skirting, and thus avoiding the glare of light that heretofore had baffled his attempts. The rat still pursued, with the greatest energy, his original mode of attack; namely, inflicting a wound, and avoiding, at the same time, a close combat; whilst it was equally certain that his foe was intent upon laying hold of, and grasping, his intended victim in his murderous embrace.

The character of the fight, which had lasted more than three hours, was now evidently changed, and the rat appeared conscious that he had lost the advantage he originally possessed, and, like the Swedish hero, had taught his frequently beaten foe to beat himself in turn. At last, in a lengthened struggle, the ferret succeeded in accomplishing his originally intended grapple: the rat, as if conscious of his certain ruin, made little further effort of resistance, but, sending forth a plaintive shriek, surrendered himself quietly to his persevering foe. — *Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.*

A BEE-HUNT.

THE beautiful forests in which we were encamped abounded in bee-trees; that is to say, trees in the decayed trunks of which wild bees had established their hives. It is surprising in what countless swarms the bees have overspread the "far west," within but a moderate number of years. The Indians consider them the harbinger of the white man, as the buffalo is of the red man; and say, that in proportion as the bee advances, the Indian and the buffalo retire. We are always accustomed to associate the hum of the bee-hive with the farm-house and the flower-garden, and to consider those industrious little animals as connected with the busy haunts of men; and I am told that the wild bee is seldom to be met with at any great distance from the frontier. They have been the heralds of civilization, steadfastly preceding it, as it advanced from the Atlantic borders; and some of the ancient settlers of the West pretend to give the very year when the honey-bee first crossed the Mississippi. The Indians, with surprise, found the mouldering trees of their forests suddenly teeming with ambrosial sweets; and nothing, I am told, can exceed the greedy relish with which they banquet, for the first time, upon this unbought luxury of the wilderness. At present, the honey-bee swarms, in myriads, in the noble groves and forests that skirt and intersect the prairies, and extend along the alluvial bottoms of the rivers. It seems to me as if these beautiful regions answer literally to the description of the land of promise,—"a land overflowing with milk and honey;" for the rich pasturage of the prairies is calculated to sustain herds of cattle as countless as the sands upon the sea-shore, while the flowers with which they are enamelled render them a very paradise for the nectar-seeking bee. We had not been long in camp when a party set out in quest of a bee-tree; and, being curious to witness the sport, I gladly accepted an invitation to accompany them. The party was headed by a veteran bee-hunter, a tall, lank fellow, in homespun garb, that hung loosely about his limbs, and a straw-hat, shaped not unlike a bee-hive; a comrade, equally uncouth in garb, and without a hat, straddled along at his heels, with a long rifle on his shoulder. To these succeeded half-a-dozen others, some with axes, and some with rifles; for no one stirs from the camp without fire-arms, so that he may be ready either for wild deer or wild Indian. After proceeding some distance, we came to an open glade on the skirts of the forest. Here our leader halted, and then advanced quietly to a low bush, on the top of which I perceived a piece of honey-comb. This, I found, was the bait or lure for the wild bees. Several were humming about it, and diving into its cells. When they had laden themselves with honey, they would rise up in the air, and dart off in one straight line, almost with the velocity of a bullet. The hunters watched attentively the course they took, and then set off in the same direction, stumbling along over twisted roots and fallen trees, with their eyes turned up to the sky. In this way they traced the honey-laden bees to their hive, in the hollow trunk of a blasted oak, where, after buzzing about for a moment, they entered a hole about sixty feet from the ground. Two of the bee-hunters now applied their axes vigorously at the foot of the tree, to level it with the ground. The mere spectators and amateurs, in the meantime, drew off to a cautious distance, to be out of the way of the falling tree, and the vengeance of its inmates. The jarring blows of the axe seemed to have

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no effect in alarming or agitating this most industrious community. They continued to ply at their usual occupations; some arriving full-freighted into port, others sallying forth on new expeditions, like so many merchantmen in a money-making metropolis, little suspicious of impending bankruptcy and downfal. Even a loud crack, which announced the disrupture of the trunk, failed to divert their attention from the intense pursuit of gain. At length down came the tree, with a tremendous crash, bursting open from end to end, and displaying all the hoarded treasures of the commonwealth. One of the hunters immediately ran up with a wisp of lighted hay, as a defence against the bees. The latter, however, made no attack, and sought no revenge: they seemed stupified by the catastrophe, and, unsuspicious of its cause, remained crawling and buzzing about the ruins, without offering us any molestation. Every one of the party now fell to, with spoon and hunting-knife, to scoop out the flakes of honeycomb with which the hollow trunk was stored. Some of them were of old date, and a deep brown colour; others were beautifully white, and the honey in their cells was almost limpid. Such of the combs as were entire were placed in camp-kettles, to be conveyed to the encampment; those which had been shivered in the fall were devoured upon the spot. Every stark bee-hunter was to be seen with a rich morsel in his hand, dripping about his fingers, and disappearing as rapidly as a cream-tart before the holiday appetite of a schoolboy. Nor was it the bee-hunters alone that profited by the downfal of this industrious community. As if the bees would carry through the similitude of their habits with those of laborious and gainful man, I beheld numbers from rival hives, arriving on eager wing, to enrich themselves with the ruins of their neighbours. These busied themselves as eagerly and cheerily as so many wreckers on an Indiaman that has been driven on shore,—plunging into the cells of the broken honeycombs, banqueting greedily on the spoil, and then winging their way full freighted to their homes. As to the poor proprietors of the ruin, they seemed to have no heart to do anything, not even to taste the nectar that flowed around them, but crawled backwards and forwards, in vacant desolation, as I have seen a poor fellow, with his hands in his pockets, whistling vacantly and despondingly about the ruins of his house, that had been burned. It is difficult to describe the bewilderment and confusion of the bees of the bankrupt hive, who had been absent at the time of the catastrophe, and who arrived, from time to time, with full cargoes from abroad. At first they wheeled about in the air, in the place where the fallen tree had once reared its head, astonished at finding all a vacuum. At length, as if comprehending their disaster, they settled down in clusters on a dry branch of a neighbouring tree, from whence they seemed to contemplate the prostrate ruin, and to buzz forth doleful lamentations over the downfal of their republic.—*Washington Irving's Tour in the Prairies of the "Far West."*

THE ELEPHANT.

THE following curious illustration of the peculiar sagacity of this animal was brought under my notice at this place:—A few days before my arrival at Enon, a troop of elephants came down one dark and rainy night close to the outskirts of the village. The Missionaries heard them bellowing and making an extraordinary noise, for a long time, at the upper end of the orchard; but knowing well how dangerous it is to encounter these animals in the night, they kept close within their houses till day-break. Next morning, on examining the spot where they had heard the elephants, they discovered the cause of all this nocturnal uproar. There was at this spot a ditch, or trench, about five or six feet in width, and twelve in depth, which the industrious Missionaries had recently cut through the bank of the river, on purpose to lead out the water to irrigate some part of their garden-ground, and to drive a corn-mill. Into this trench, which was still unfinished and without water, one of the elephants had evidently fallen; for the marks of his feet were distinctly visible at the bottom, as well as the impress of his huge body on its sides. How he had got in, it was easy to imagine; but how, being once in, he had ever contrived to get out again, was the marvel. By his own unaided efforts, it seemed almost impossible for such an animal to have extricated himself. Could his comrades, then, have assisted him? There appeared little doubt that they had; though by what means, unless by pulling him up with their trunks, it would not be easy to conjecture. And in corroboration of this supposition, on examining the spot myself, I found the edges of the trench deeply indented with numerous vestiges, as if the other elephants had stationed themselves on either side, some of them kneeling, and others on their feet, and had thus, by united efforts, hoisted their unlucky brother out of the pit.—*Pringle's African Sketches.*

WARM AFFECTIONS OF CATS.

A FAVOURITE cat, much petted by her mistress, was one day struck by a servant. She resented the injury so much, that she refused to eat anything given to her by him. Day after day he handed her dinner to her, but she sat in sulky indignation, though she

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eagerly ate the food as soon as it was offered to her by any other individual. Her resentment continued undiminished for upwards of six weeks. The same cat having been offended by the housemaid, watched three days until she found a favourable opportunity for retaliation. The housemaid was on her knees washing the passage, when the cat flew at her, and left indubitable marks on her arms that no one could ill-use her with impunity. It is, however, but fair to record her good qualities as well as her bad ones. If her resentment was strong, her attachment was equally so; and she took a singular mode of showing it. All the tit-bits she could steal from the pantry, and all the dainty mice she could catch, she invariably brought and laid at her mistress's feet. She has been known to bring a mouse to her door in the middle of the night, and mew till it was opened, when she would present it to her mistress. After doing this, she was quiet and contented.—*Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

IMPORTANCE OF COAL TO ENGLAND.

WHAT should we do without coal? But for the timely discovery of the coal-fields of Northumberland, West Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Staffordshire, our country would have been a desert; our nation scattered or extinct; our wool, cotton, and iron manufactures as ridiculously poor and insignificant as they are now magnificently rich and incalculable; our navy unmanned, and at the mere mercy of wind and tide. Steam, which, in its endless applications, constitutes nine-tenths of our material, and is the essential feeder of our political and even moral greatness, would have issued forth in no more powerful jet than from the spout of a kettle, and Watt, Arkwright, and Stephenson would have been names unknown.

If we look around, we everywhere behold some sign or token of the greatness which we derive from coal. It is this which enables us to clothe and feed the world; to produce, in endless varieties of form and texture, every conceivable article of ornament or use; and to carry to the remotest corners of the globe our civilization and our religion. When, in the year 1851, specimens of the natural and artificial products of every country in the world shall, under the auspices of the discerning Prince who opened the Coal Exchange, be assembled at Hyde-Park, a block of English coal might well occupy the centre of them all; for, without its generating force, ninety out of every hundred of the works of art would never have been brought into existence; while the locomotive power which it supplies will be the only means by which the vast collection will be made. Although both the Queen and her citizens of London agree that we are "a free, loyal, and religious people," yet there may be some danger, lest, like the ancient Egyptians, we should attribute to the work of God the praise due to God alone, and set up a national idolatry of coal.—*Patriot.*

POETRY.

MUTUAL ASSISTANCE.

A MAN very lame
Was a little to blame
To stray far from his humble abode;
Hot, thirsty, bemired,
And heartily tired,
He laid himself down in the road.

While thus he reclined,
A man who was blind
Came by, and entreated his aid:
"Deprived of my sight,
Unassisted, to-night
I shall not reach home, I'm afraid."

"Intelligence give
Of the place where you live,"
Said the cripple: "perhaps I may know it:
In my road it may be;
And if you'll carry me,
It will give me much pleasure to show it.

"Great strength you have got,
Which, alas! I have not,
In my legs so fatigued every nerve is;
For the use of your back,
For the eyes which you lack,
My pair shall be much at your service."

Said the other poor man,
"What an excellent plan!
Pray, get on my shoulders, good brother:
I see all mankind,
If they are but inclined,
May constantly help one another."

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THE CRY OF THE MISSIONARIES.

"I hear the voice of my father and brothers calling to me from my native land, 'Come over and help us;' and I must hasten to obey."—*S. D. Scudder, June 30th*, 1849.

A WAIL upon the ever-sounding sea,
A cry above the thunder of its waves;
"Help, or they die," it echoes ceaselessly,
Where Indian pearls lie deep in ocean-caves;
"Help, or they die; but not for earthly bread;
Few are the labourers, the vineyard broad;
We stand between the living and the dead,
Come ye into the breach, and fight for God!"

"For help we plead, a frail, devoted band,"—
Their prayers are blended with a father's sigh,
It cometh from thine own beloved land,—
How wert thou wont to listen to that cry!
How would the bright flush gather to thy cheek,
And words crowd to the lips no longer dumb,
And the heart leap before the tongue to speak,
"Yet but a few brief days, I come! I come!"

Still on the sounding sea that earnest call,
So idly lying on the earth's cold breast,
Dost thou not hear? Hast thou forgotten all?
Rouse thee! Is this a time for slothful rest?
Awake! young dreamer! gird thine armour on:
Why sleeping here before thy work is done?
Here lie pale leaves when summer winds are gone,
Their race is o'er, *thy* mission but begun.

Awake! thou wert not wont to lie so still,
Where the far hills were bluer than the skies,
Where the boughs trembling woke a joyous thrill,
And the glad light was mirror'd in thine eyes.
Awake! tears fall for thee, a bitter rain,
They mourn to whom thy very name brought light;
Once would thy warm heart grieve to give them pain;
Hast thou grown heedless in thy manhood's might?

Heedless and cold! True friend, thou wilt not wake,
Death's shadow resteth on thy silent lips,
Our feeble wail will ne'er thy slumber break,
Eternal, dreamless, till the world's eclipse.
Thou *livest!* thou who wert so young
Art "old in wisdom" now. And shall we weep
That never more thy spirit shall be wrung,
That "God hath given his beloved sleep?"
—*New-York Observer.*

LIFE OF A SINNER.

SEVEN years in childhood's sport and play,	7
Seven years in school from day to day,	14
Seven years at trade or college life,	21
Seven years to find a place and wife,	28
Seven years to pleasure's follies given,	35
Seven years by business hardly driven,	42
Seven years for fame, a wild-goose chase,	49
Seven years for wealth, a bootless race,	56
Seven years in hoarding for your heir,	63
Seven years in weakness spent and care,	70
Then die, and go—you know not where!	

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR
OF MRS. ELIZABETH BRIGHT,
OF ABERSYCHAN,
IN THE ABERGAVENNY CIRCUIT.

To those who view the various occurrences of life only in their relation to earth and time, "the short and simple annals" of Christian piety will appear to possess little interest. At best they will be insipid: they may even be repulsive. They call for a biography of stirring events and romantic incidents, something that will excite them like a tale of fiction. In the feeble glimmering of a starlight night, that portion of the landscape which lies within the limits of possible vision will seem to be but a dreary, monotonous plain; while the more distant region will be altogether blank. But let the beholder stand in the full blaze of day. How vast the difference! How striking the contrast! The extensive prospect is full of diversified yet harmonizing loveliness, and every spot on which the eye rests adds its own share of beauty to the comprehensive whole. Thus is it with Christian biography. They who stand in the darkness, which rests on all who refuse to "come to the light," can see nothing to attract their gaze. But let it be read in the light of heaven and eternity, and all becomes important and interesting. All that is connected with eternity is invested by eternity with a measure of its own greatness. Even the infidel might have been moved by the magnificent spectacles connected with the dedication of

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the temple by Solomon. But, in the view of saints and angels, the daily, the hourly, exercises of that living sacrifice which is constituted by the simple, unobtrusive services of the humble Christian, furnish an object of greater moral interest and worth. The outward splendours of the Jewish ritual had no real value but that which they possessed as symbolical instructions, and disappeared when the appointed time was come for the performance of the "REASONABLE SERVICE." In this case, also, "He taketh away the first that he may establish the second."

These remarks are not designed to introduce the biographical sketch which will be inserted in our present Number. They refer to Christian biography in general, and to the simple character of those notices of what, comparatively speaking, is recently departed worth, which it is one part of our plan monthly to introduce.

MRS. BRIGHT did not begin to seek after God till, in 1798, when she was in her twentieth year, the place in which she lived was favoured with what is always a heavenly visitation, yet connected with awful responsibilities,—a revival of religion, caused by a special influence from above on the ordinary means of grace. She was deeply convinced of sin; she remained for some weeks under the spirit of bondage unto fear; and then, earnestly praying for help, she received power to rest in the Great Atonement, and her faith was immediately followed by the Spirit of adoption, shedding abroad in her heart a sense of the pardoning love of God. She at once saw that it was her privilege, and felt that it was her duty, to connect herself closely with the church: she therefore became a member of the Wesleyan society, and continued in steady and consistent fellowship with it as long as life lasted. Soon after, she and her husband had to remove to Risca, where there was no Wesleyan society; but in a short time a few persons came to reside there like-minded with herself, and a society was formed, which remains to this day. Subsequently Mr. and Mrs. Bright removed to Abersychan, where she ended her life. These changes were all in the way of duty, and produced no spiritual distraction. Her heart was fixed, trusting in God. Wherever she went, she sought still to be with Him, and in holy communion she realized His promised presence. She kept herself in the love of God, and her loving obedience to His written word evinced that the divine love was written in her heart.

Nearly half a century had now elapsed, in which she had enjoyed much, laboured much, and suffered much; but she stood, preserved by grace. As her years advanced, her thankfulness increased. Mortal affliction at length came, but it found her prepared. Christ was especially precious to her soul. All her refuge was in His fulness of redeeming merit, all her confidence in His redeeming love, all her consolation—and it was abundant—in the assured hope of being with Him for ever. The night before her death she spoke to her son concerning her emaciated body. "It will soon be food for worms," she said; "but I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that this vile body shall be changed, and made like His glorious body." She added, "Blessed Jesus! He has been my Friend all the way through the wilderness, and He will bring me safe into Canaan." She soon after repeated the verse,—

> "Who suffer with our Master here,
> We shall before His face appear,
> And by his side sit down:
> To patient faith the prize is sure;
> And all that to the end endure
> The cross, shall wear the crown."

Extreme weakness prevented her from saying much in her closing hours; but her repeated, and at length dying, petition was, "Come, Lord Jesus, and receive my spirit to Thyself." She fell asleep in Him on the morning of February 18th, 1846.

THOMAS SHEERS.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ALGUM, OR ALMUG.

THE two words appear to refer to the same thing; and the change may be accounted for by an easy, and even natural, transposition. As no particular observations of our own seem to be required, we shall content ourselves with some extracts from Lady Callcott's "Scripture Herbal."

"A coniferous tree, growing in the north of Africa, may lay claim to being the almug of the Old Testament, and the thyine-tree of the Revelation. Desfontaine says that it grows in arid land, and attains to the height of sixteen feet. Vahl talks of it as a shrub of six feet high; but Schow, in his account of African trees, says that it is something between a tree and a shrub. It is called *arar* by Schousboe, who resided some years in Mauritania, and is shown by him to be the *thuya articulata*. He says that the usual size was from twenty to twenty-four feet in height, and a foot, or a foot and a half, in diameter. Desfontaine says that he saw the tree among the mountains near Algiers, and had been assured that there were larger in Morocco. The difference in size may pro-

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bably be owing to the difference of soil in the places where they grow.

"The algum was one of the costly materials furnished by Hiram, King of Tyre, to Solomon, for the building of the temple of Jerusalem; and also for his own magnificent palaces, particularly the house of Mount Lebanon. Pillars to ornament the magnificent terraces of the temple and the palace were formed of it; but a part was reserved for the making of harps and psalteries for the King's singers. Thus the whole was dedicated to pious or to regal uses. Nor had it sunk in estimation when St. John wrote the Apocalypse; for he names it as one of the precious things that shall no longer attract the merchants of the earth to follow Babylon. Pliny says that the thyine-trees grew in the neighbourhood of the temple of Jupiter Ammon, and also in the Cyrenaic provinces: (on the north-eastern coast of Africa, where the shores of the Mediterranean constitute almost the northern boundary of the great Libyan desert:) he adds, that Theophrastus, an author who had written nearly five hundred years previously, recommends the timber for temples, and such buildings as should be almost everlasting.

"These various descriptions, I think, leave little doubt that the thyine is the algum-tree of Scripture, the modern *thuya articulata*; and as it was easily procurable by the ships of Tyre from the ports of Cyrene and those of Mauritania, Hiram would naturally send so precious a material for the building of the temple. That it came to Jerusalem from Joppa with the firs and cedars, appears certain, because Solomon applies to Hiram for it in these words, 'Send me also cedar-trees, fir-trees, and algum-trees, out of Lebanon.' (2 Chron. ii. 8.) This tree also yields the gum sandarach, so much used in the preparation of parchment; and, therefore, absolutely necessary to the Jews, who were commanded to make such frequent copies of their Scriptures, and who required, besides, an immense quantity of parchment for their phylacteries; that is, texts written on slips, to be bound upon their hands, and worn as frontlets between their eyes, and placed upon the doorposts of their houses, and upon their gates."

FIRESIDE TRAVELS.

A RIVER-FLOOD IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

One of the most singular features of at least the eastern portion of Australia is the absence of great rivers. River-courses there are; but though when the waters come down in torrents from the mountains in the interior these are full, yet at other times they

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appear but as a succession of ponds connected by little more than the sand deposited by the rushing streams. The following account is from Sir Thomas Mitchell's "Journal" of his "Expedition (in 1846) into the Interior of Tropical Australia, in Search of a Route from Sydney to the Gulf of Carpentaria," (the mouth of which is about 10° south latitude,) for the purpose, if a practical one were found, of facilitating the intercourse with India.

On the 12th of February, the Journalist says: "The channel of the Macquarie was deep and dry. I found only two water-holes on examining it for two miles. One of these was, however, deep; and we encamped near it, surrounded by excellent grass in abundance." The next night all was altered, and the river was full to overflowing.

"Mr. Stephenson returned early, having met two of the mounted police, who told us that a flood was coming down from the Turon mountains. The two policemen said they had travelled twenty miles with it, on the day previous, and that it would still take some time to arrive near our camp. About noon the drays arrived in good order, having been encamped where there was no water, about six miles short of our camp, the whole distance travelled having been about nineteen miles. In the afternoon two of the men taking a walk up the river, reported on their return that the flood poured in upon them so suddenly while in the river-bed, that they narrowly escaped it. Still, the bed of the Macquarie before our camp continued so dry and silent, that I could scarcely believe the flood coming to be real, and so near to us, who had been put to so many shifts for want of water. Towards evening, I stationed a man with a gun a little way up the river, with orders to fire on the flood's appearance, that I might have time to run to the part of the channel nearest to our camp, and witness what I had so much wished to see, as well from curiosity as from earnest need. The shades of evening came, however, but no flood, and the man on the look-out returned to the camp. Some hours later, and after the moon had risen, a murmuring sound like that of a distant waterfall, mingled with occasional cracks, as of breaking timber, drew our attention, and I hastened to the river-bank. By very slow degrees the sound grew louder, and at length so audible as to draw various persons besides from the camp to the river-side. Still no flood appeared, though its approach was indicated by the occasional rending of trees with a loud noise. Such a phenomenon in a most serene moonlight night was quite new to us all. At length, the rushing sound of waters, and the loud cracking of timber, announced that the flood was in the next bend. It rushed into our sight, glittering in the moonshine, a moving cataract, tossing before it ancient trees, and snapping them against its banks; picking its way like a thing of life, through the deepest parts of the dark, dry, and shady bed of what thus became again a flowing river. By my party,—situated as we were at that time, beating about the country, and impeded in our journey solely by the almost total absence of water, suffering excessively from thirst and extreme heat,—I am convinced the scene can never be forgotten. Here came at once abundance, the products of storms in the far-off mountains that overlooked our homes. My first impulse was to welcome this flood on our knees. The scene was sublime in itself, while the subject, an abundance of water sent to us in the desert, greatly heightened the effect to our hearts as well as to our eyes. Suffice it to say, I had witnessed nothing of such interest in all my Australian travels. Even the heavens presented something new, at least uncommon, and therefore in harmony with the scene: the variable star of Argus had increased to the first magnitude just above the beautiful constellation of the Southern Cross, which slightly inclined over the river in the only portion of sky seen through the trees. That very red star, thus rapidly increasing in magnitude, might, as characteristic of her rivers, be recognised as the star of Australia when Europeans cross the line. The river gradually filled up the channel nearly bank-high, while the living cataract travelled onwards, much slower than I had expected to see it; so slowly, indeed, that more than an hour after its first arrival, the sweet music of the head of the flood was distinctly audible from my tent, as the murmur of waters, and the diapason crash of logs, travelled slowly through the tortuous windings of the river's bed. I was finally lulled to sleep by that melody of living water so grateful to my ear, and evidently so unwonted in the dry bed of the thirsty Macquarie. The thermometer at sunrise stood at 47°; at noon, 79°; at four P.M., 88°; at nine, 63°; and with wet bulb, 57°." (It will be remembered that as Australia is in the southern hemisphere, the seasons there are just the opposite of those in Europe. February would be the same as with us is the beginning of August.)

"In the morning of February 14th, the river had risen to within six feet of the top of the banks, and poured its turbid waters along in fulness and strength, no longer with noise. All night that body of water had been in motion downwards, and seemed to me enough to deluge the whole country to the Darling, and correct at least any saltness in its waters if stagnant."

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TABLE-TALK.

DR. CHALMERS AT THE HANOVER-ROOMS, HANOVER-SQUARE.

I WAS present, eight or nine years ago, in the Hanover-square-Rooms, at crowded meetings, among which were the flower of the English aristocracy, the leaders of the Tory party; and where, on sofas placed at the foot of the platform, were seated Princes of the royal family, Ministers of State, and Bishops. The speaker who electrified these large meetings was *Chalmers*, that Prince of British orators.

Sometimes energetic words in favour of political liberty, and of the independence of the church, fell from his burning lips: for he was then bearing witness in London, in the Queen's Concert-Room, to the same truths which, five years after, he maintained in the rustic hall of the Cannon-Mills at Edinburgh. He alluded to the saying, so famous in England, that "every Englishman's house is his castle." He repeated those well-known words,—that no one has a right to enter it,—"The King cannot; the King dare not;" and then returning suddenly to the church, he declared that the political power could not meddle with her power, could not meddle with her doctrine, and her spiritual administration; and thus, taking his stand, as it were, at the door of the church, he hurled forth these words, which resounded like thunder through the assembly, "The King cannot; the King dare not." When Chalmers had thus spoken in the honour of true liberty before this English aristocracy, think not that murmurs were heard aloud. No, there was unbounded applause. Loud declamations arose from this multitude of noblemen and Tories; and when this cheering had subsided, it began again, and was thus three times renewed. I then saw the fine and venerable head of the Duke of Cambridge, the Queen's uncle, nodding with an expression of the most cordial acquiescence. I was confounded. How magical, thought I, is eloquence! "Do you know," I said, as I went out, to a Tory friend, "that if, on the Continent, even in France, they were to hear this applause given, such homage rendered to liberty, they would think themselves in a conventicle of *carbonari*." — *D'Aubigne's "Germany, England, and Scotland."*

LONDON SOLITUDE.

IN London anything may be had for money; and one thing may be had there in perfection without it,—that one thing is solitude. Take up your abode in the deepest glen, or on the wildest heath, in the remotest province of the kingdom, where the din of commerce is not heard, and where the wheels of pleasure make no trace, even there humanity will find you, and sympathy, under some of its varied aspects, will creep beneath the humble roof. Travellers' curiosity will be excited to gaze upon the recluse, or the village Pastor will come to offer his religious consolations to the heart-chilled solitary; or some kind spinster, who is good to the poor, will proffer her kindly aid in medicine for sickness, or in some shape of relief for poverty. But in the mighty metropolis, where myriads of human hearts are throbbing, where all that is busy in commerce, all that is elegant in manners, all that is mighty in power, all that is dazzling in splendour, all that is brilliant in genius, all that is benevolent in feeling, is congregated together,—there the penniless solitary may feel the depth of his solitude. From morn to night he may pensively pace the streets, envying every equipage that sweeps by him in its pride, and coveting the crusts of the unwashed artificer. And there shall pass him, in his walks, poets that musically sing of human feeling, Priests that preach the religion of mercy, the wealthy who pity the sorrows of the poor, the sentimental whose hearts are touched by the tale of woe, and none of these shall heed him; and he may retire at night to his bedless garret, and sit cold and hungry by his empty grate; the world may be busy, and cheerful, and noisy around him, but no sympathy shall reach him; his heart shall be dry as Gideon's fleece, while the softening dews of humanity are falling around him.—*Atlas.*

LEGH RICHMOND'S MANNER OF PREACHING.

LEGH RICHMOND was a Clergyman of the Established Church of England. He was "blessed with an intelligent and piously-disposed mother, who early instructed him in the holy Scriptures, and the principles of true religion." Although his mother knew not fully the way of salvation by faith, *experimentally*, till after he obtained the "knowledge of the remission of sins," yet he was indebted to her early and pious instructions, instrumentally, for his religious bent, and for his greatness as a holy and useful Minister. He was not made personally acquainted with the "spiritual nature of the Gospel system, the vital character of personal religion, the corruption of the human heart, and the way of salvation by Jesus Christ," until two months after he had taken charge of his first flock in Brading, in the Isle of Wight. "It pleased God, who had marked him out as a chosen instrument of extensive

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usefulness in His church, by an apparently trivial and unimportant circumstance, to produce a complete revolution in his religious sentiments. A thoughtless candidate for the ministry, one of Mr. Richmond's college friends, having been presented by one of his relatives with a copy of Mr. Wilberforce's work on "Practical Christianity," and having no disposition to peruse it, sent it to Mr. Richmond, with a request that he would read it, and inform him what he was to say respecting its contents. In compliance with this request, he began to read the book, and became so deeply interested, that he did not lay it down till he had finished it." The reading of this book led him to Christ, and laid deeper and broader the foundation for his practical usefulness and effective ministrations, for which he was so distinguished through a long course of life. This very useful book, following in the train of his pious mother's plain and lucid mode of explaining religion and philosophy to him in his earlier youth, operating on his ardent temperament and deeply devotional soul, gave that simple, practical, and powerful impressiveness to his style and manner of preaching, which so eminently distinguished him above the mere ministerial rhetorician. The following extract from his life presents him in his style as a *model* Gospel Preacher:—

"In his preaching he was very plain and familiar, so as to be understood by the most unlearned in his congregations; nor was he satisfied till he explained his idea in every possible variety and point of view. On this account he sometimes seemed, to persons unacquainted with his design, to employ a needless number of words. It was once pleasantly said by one who heard him, 'An excellent sermon, but with too many various readings.' He used to refer his friends, who conversed with him on the subject of preaching, to the advice of his college tutor:—'Don't use terms of science. The people have no abstract ideas: they cannot understand comparisons and allusions remote from all their habits. Take words of Saxon derivation, and not such as are derived from Latin and Greek. Talk of riches, not affluence; of trust, not confidence. Present the same idea in a varied form, and take care that you understand the subject yourself. If you be *intelligent*, you will be *intelligible*.'" —*Pittsburg Christian Advocate.*

ACTIVITY OF MIND.

"We are all," says Sir James Mackintosh in a letter to the Rev. Robert Hall, "accustomed to contemplate with pleasure the suspension of the ordinary operations of the understanding in sleep, and to be even amused by its nightly wanderings from its course in dreams. From the commanding eminence which you have gained, you will gradually familiarize your mind to consider its other aberrations as only more rare than sleep or dreams; and in process of time they will cease to appear to you much more horrible. You will thus be delivered from that constant dread which so often brings on the very evil dreaded; and which, as it clouds the whole of human life, is itself a greater calamity than any temporary disease. Some dread of this sort darkened the days of Johnson; and the fears of Rousseau seem to have constantly realized themselves. But whoever has brought himself to consider a disease of the brain as differing only in degree from a disease of the lungs, has robbed it of that mysterious horror which forms its chief malignity. If he were to do this by undervaluing intellect, he would indeed gain only a low quiet at the expense of mental dignity. But you do it by feeling the superiority of a moral nature over intellect itself. All your happiness has arisen from your love and pursuit of excellence. Disappointed in the pursuit of union with real or supposed excellence of a limited sort, you sought refuge in the contemplation of the supreme excellence. But, by the conflict of both, your mind was torn in pieces; and even your most powerful understanding was unable to resist the force of your still more powerful moral feelings. The remedy is prescribed by the plainest maxims of duty. You must act: inactive contemplation is a dangerous condition for minds of profound moral sensibility. We are not to dream away our lives in the contemplation of distant or imaginary perfection. We are to act in an imperfect and corrupt world; and we must only contemplate perfection enough to ennoble our natures, but not to make us dissatisfied and disgusted with these faint approaches to that perfection, which it would be the nature of a brute or a demon to despise. It is for this reason that I exhort you to literary activity. It is not as the road of ambition, but of duty, and as the means of usefulness, and the resource against disease. It is an exercise necessary to your own health, and by which you directly serve others."

VALUE OF EARLY RISING.

The difference between rising every morning at six and at eight, in the course of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same time he otherwise would, amounts to 29,200 hours; or 3 years, 121 days, and 16 hours, which will afford eight hours a day for exactly ten years; so that it is the same as if ten years of life were added: a weighty consideration, in which we could command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds or the despatch of business.

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THE BIBLE CHAINED IN CHURCH-PORCHES.

"The secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed belong unto us, and to our children for ever, that we may do all the words of this law." This is one of the declarations connected with the committal to the congregation of Israel of the "oracles of God." The written word was for them and for their children. They being "broken off because of unbelief," we are "graffed in," that we, likewise, might partake "of the root and fatness of the olive-tree;" and surely our privileges are not to be more confined than theirs. "The promise is unto us and our children;" and therefore to us and them do the written records of the promises belong. Everything that is said in the New Testament agrees with this view of the case: to the contrary, there is not a word, not a hint. If privileges, hitherto by the very letter of the grant open and unconfined, are to be limited, the enactment of limitation ought to be plain and accessible; but where is it said in the New Testament that Christians are not to read, not even to possess, the holy Scriptures, without the licence of their ecclesiastical superiors?

For a long period, dark and melancholy, the Scriptures were a prohibited book to the common people. The last Romanist Council, that of Trent, confirmed this prohibition, and solemnly re-enacted the prohibitory law. And this is still the law of Rome. Whether in Protestant countries, to conceal the disgraceful fact, licences are granted with more freedom than elsewhere, we know not; but the prohibition, except where leave is given, is the positive, written law of Rome. In England and her colonies we sometimes hear of Bible-burning; and how opposed are the Priests

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to Bible-reading in Ireland, is matter of common notoriety. It was the law in England till about the year 1535 or 1536. Shortly after, prohibition was again restored. Under Edward VI., Scripture-reading once more became a common privilege; but the people were deprived of it by "bloody Mary." When Queen Elizabeth came to the throne, the word of God was declared to be free, and in our favoured country has continued so to the present day.

But when, three hundred years ago, the people at large were admitted to the perusal of the word of God, times were not as they have since become. Printing, then comparatively a recent invention, had not become cheap. Reading was not so generally diffused through the community; and as readers were scarce, books would not be plentiful. Fewer copies would be printed in a single edition, and the entire expense would have to be divided among those few. To all other hinderances of the free circulation of Scripture, this would have to be added, that the price would be far beyond the ability of the great majority of the people. And what was the plan devised for meeting this difficulty, and overcoming it as far as possible?

In 1536, Henry, then under Protestant influence, issued certain "Injunctions." This was one of them: "Item, that every Parson or Proprietary of any parish church within this realm, shall, on this side the feast of St. Peter *ad vincula* next coming, provide a book of the whole Bible, both in Latin and also in English, and lay the same in the quire for every man that will to look and read therein; and shall discourage no man from reading any part of the Bible, either in Latin or English, but rather comfort, exhort, and admonish every man to read the same, as the very word of God, and spiritual food of man's soul, whereby they may better know their duties to God, to their Sovereign Lord the King, and their neighbours; ever gently and charitably exhorting them, that using a sober and a modest behaviour in the reading and inquisition of the true sense of the same, they do in nowise stiffly or eagerly contend or strive one with another, about the same, but reserve the declaration of those places that be in controversy to the judgment of them that be better learned." The next year it was enjoined that the Bible should be "of the largest volume in English," and "the same be set up in some convenient place within the said church that ye have cure of, whereas your parishioners may most commodiously resort to the same and read it."

The Bibles thus "set up in churches," sometimes in the "porch," were usually strongly bound, literally "in boards," and were chained to the desk on which they were placed, that they might not be removed. In those days he who could read "occupied the place of the learned" among his neighbours; and to him the task was allotted of reading aloud for the public good. And deeply interesting were the scenes that often presented themselves. On Sabbaths and holidays all the parishioners that could leave their homes would congregate in the "convenient place," where the book of God, the food of their souls, was placed; and would listen earnestly and devoutly to the "words whereby they might be saved." The collections that have been made from authentic sources by our great martyrologist, Foxe, prove that from the very days of Wycliffe there had always been, among the "common people of England," a goodly succession, many of whom sealed the truth with their blood, who felt the oppressions of Popery to be a grievous burden, and who longed for the liberty of intercourse with God by means of His word. And the day long desired, scarcely anticipated, at length came in a way as mysterious as it was unexpected. The wrath of man was turned to the praise of God. A despotic and sensual tyrant, loving neither truth nor purity, chose to quarrel with the Pope; and the wicked were corrected, and had their plans subverted, by the wicked. But whatever were the instruments, the results were good. How delightful it would be to see the inhabitants of a village, the grey-headed elders, the robust labourers, the good housewives, young men and young women, boys and girls, all surrounding that good man who stands before a desk, to which a large folio Bible is fixed, and opened, and with a loud voice he reads to them,—not idle legends,—but that which he can introduce with, "Thus saith the Lord!"

The times are indeed changed. There are now few persons who cannot read. And Bibles are so cheap, that not only may there be one in every house, as the "large family Bible,"—not even one merely in every room,—but one for every inmate. The very children now desire to have a Bible of their own. And the Bible is not a neglected book. Still, is the privilege valued and improved as it ought to be? When the villagers only *heard* the divine sayings, they would treasure them in their memory; by reflection they would seek to realize their import; and by meditation they would fan the flame, as well as increase the fuel, of devotion. Let us not, in these times of plenty, prize our blessings less than was done by our ancestors in days of scarcity. Is not the rule a most just one,—"Where much is given, much shall be required?"

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ANECDOTES.

LORD MANSFIELD.

LORD MANSFIELD, after the determination of some cause, found reasons to alter his opinion in the directions he had given to the jury. Some time after, he saw one of the Counsel to whose client his opinion had not been favourable, and desired him to make a motion for a new trial. Lord Mansfield was telling this circumstance one day to one of his brethren, who seemed rather astonished at the cool and easy manner in which he mentioned his change of opinion. "Why," said he, "after all, it is only showing the world that you are wiser to-day than you were yesterday."

A literary friend of this nobleman applied to him for materials for a biographical record, wishing, as he said, to perpetuate the memory of so great a luminary of the British law. His Lordship's answer was, "My success in life is not very remarkable: whatever powers nature gave me I was enabled to cultivate; my father was a man of rank and fashion, and early in life I was introduced into the best company, where my circumstances permitted me to support the character of a man of rank and fashion; and to these circumstances I chiefly owe my success in life. But if you wish to write the life of a truly great man, take that of the late Lord Hardwicke. He was indeed a wonderful character. He became Lord Chancellor of England merely by his virtues, abilities, and learning. His father was an obscure attorney, and his grandfather an humble peasant." Such was the noble mind of Lord Mansfield, the victim of factious persecution.—*Chambers's Journal.*

CURIOUS HISTORICAL FACT.

DURING the troubles in the reign of King Charles I., a country girl came up to London in search of a place as a servant-maid; but not succeeding, she applied herself to carrying out beer from a brewhouse, and was one of those then called tub-women. The brewer observing a well-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant; and, after awhile, she behaving herself with so much prudence and decorum, he married her; but he died when she was yet a young woman, and left her a large fortune. The business of the brewery was dropped, and the young woman was recommended to Mr. Hyde, as a gentleman of skill in the law, to settle her affairs. Hyde (who was afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon) finding the widow's fortune very considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II., and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.—*Ibid.*

REMARKABLE DAYS.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

DIED JULY 29TH, 1833.

THE British Senate presents a roll of names as illustrious as any legislative assembly in the world can boast; and among the most illustrious must ever shine that of the man whose energies were successfully consecrated to the cause of oppressed and suffering humanity. The name of Wilberforce is embalmed in the hearts of tens of thousands, and will be had in everlasting remembrance. This truly great and good man, whose respectable ancestry had long possessed a large estate at Wilberfoss, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, was son of a Hull merchant, at which town he was born on the 24th of August, 1759. Before he reached his tenth year, his father died, and he was committed to the care of a paternal uncle, whose property he inherited along with what fell to him on the death of his father.

After having received the rudiments of his education at the grammar-school of Pocklington, in Yorkshire, he was removed to St. John's College, Cambridge, in his seventeenth year, where he became a Fellow-Commoner in 1776. No sooner had he passed through his college-course than, at the general election of 1780, he was returned to Parliament as the representative of his native town, having just completed his twenty-first year. He was at once carried into the vortex of fashionable and political society; and having formed an acquaintance with Mr. Pitt, at Cambridge, he entered into a friendship with that celebrated statesman that continued unchanged amidst all the vicissitudes of his stirring career.

Four years after his first appearance in Parliament, he made a speech at a public meeting held in the Castle-yard at York, which so won the regard of the electors, that he was chosen Member for the county of

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York; and subsequently he was returned by his constituents to six successive Parliaments.

In 1784, along with some female relations and Dr. Isaac Milner, Dean of Carlisle, he visited the Continent; during which tour the early impressions of religion which had been made on his mind by his aunt, were so deepened through the conversation and example of Milner, that he became decidedly pious, and resolved to devote himself to the pursuit and practice of real practical Christianity. Three years after this he entered on a career of extensive usefulness. His first grand effort was the formation of an association for the suppression of vice and open immorality, and the reformation of manners. With indomitable energy he visited all parts of England, and sought to engage the influence of both Clergy and laity in carrying out his plans.

At the same period his attention was called to the horrors of the slave-trade, which had long been denounced by the Quakers as a moral evil of appalling magnitude. In 1765 Granville Sharp appeared as the vindicator of the children of suffering Africa. A slave who had been abandoned by his owner as likely to die of disease was restored to health by the brother of Mr. Sharp, on which the heartless owner seized him, and would have shipped him off into slavery again, but Mr. Sharp resolutely resisted, and ultimately secured the liberty of the victim of oppressive avarice. It was decided in the Court of King's Bench, in 1772, that the right of a master over his slave ceased as soon as the slave was found on English ground. Six years after this, a still more explicit decision was given in the Scotch Court, in the case of Wedderburn *v.* Knight; and in 1783 the feelings of the nation were inflamed against slavery, when an action was brought by some underwriters against the owners of the ship "Zong," on the ground that the Captain had thrown overboard one hundred and thirty-two sickly slaves, in order to claim their full value, for which the plaintiffs would not have been liable if the cargo had died a natural death! No prosecution was entered into against the perpetrators of this wholesale murder.

The Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, in 1785, proposed, as the subject of the Bachelors' Prize-Essay, the question, "Is it allowable to enslave men without their consent?" Thomas Clarkson became the successful competitor; but, in gathering the materials for his essay, his mind was so horrified with the crimes associated with the slave-trade, that up to the latest moment of his protracted life he sought, by every means in his power, the entire annihilation of the system in all its forms. It is to be regretted, that the sons of Wilberforce should attempt to deprive Clarkson of the honour of being the first who threw his whole soul into the work of destroying slavery, in order to shed a more sparkling glory around their illustrious father's name, who could well afford to leave Clarkson in quiet possession of the honour he claimed as the friend of the slave.

Wilberforce was waited upon by Clarkson, in order to engage his Parliamentary influence; when the former said that "the subject had often employed his thoughts, and was near his heart." Clarkson's statements determined him to use every proper means for the removal of such a system of cruelty and crime. In 1787 a Committee was formed, of which Wilberforce became the Parliamentary leader. And the year following he gave notice of his intention to introduce a Bill for the suppression of the slave-trade. Severe indisposition deprived him of the opportunity; but his friend Pitt moved and carried a resolution, pledging the House to enter on the consideration of the subject the ensuing session.

On the 12th of May, 1789, Mr. Wilberforce moved a series of resolutions, founded on a report of the Privy-Council, exposing the iniquity and barbarity of the traffic in slaves. Burke, Pitt, and Fox supported the resolutions. Though the speech of Wilberforce was characterized by eloquence in earnest, and unanswerable appeals to the first principles of justice and religion, the consideration of the subject was put off to the following session. And again the delay was repeated, till, in 1792, Mr. Wilberforce's motion was met by a proposal to insert the word "gradually" in his motion for the abolition of the slave-trade. Everything was done to divert attention and defeat the motion which was brought forward by Mr. Wilberforce in each successive session. In 1796, it was carried through the Commons, but arrested in the House of Lords, by a proposal to hear evidence. At length, after a cessation of a few years, he renewed his application for leave to bring forward his Bill, which was granted in 1804, when he made a powerful appeal to the Irish Members, who had been introduced to Parliament in consequence of the Union; but though in the House of Commons there was a majority of one hundred and twenty-four to forty-nine in his favour, the Lords again evaded it by postponement. However, after many a struggle and temporary defeat, his efforts were crowned with success on the 2d of January, 1807, when Lord Grenville brought forward a Bill in the House of Lords, which passed safely through both Houses of Parliament; and on the 25th of March it received the royal assent. Thus did this noble-minded Christian Senator witness the triumph of a cause which absorbed his soul, by night and by day, from the moment he discovered the evil, and felt his duty to labour for its removal.

The light in which Wesley regarded the efforts of Wilberforce in this contest was

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expressed in a letter addressed to him in 1791, in which he remarks: "Unless the divine power has raised you up to be as *Athanasius contra mundum*, I see not how you can go through your glorious enterprise, in opposing that execrable villany which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature. Unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils. But 'if God be for you, who can be against you?' Are all of them together stronger than God? O 'be not weary in well-doing!' Go on, in the name of God, and in the power of His might, till even American slavery (the vilest that ever saw the sun) shall vanish away before it." Such were the views of Wesley, only four days before he left the world. The conduct of Wilberforce, throughout this twenty years' conflict, was such, as to secure for him universal applause. When Sir Samuel Romilly addressed Parliament on the second reading of the Bill, he called the attention of the younger Members to the example of Wilberforce in such a way, that "the whole House, surprised into forgetfulness of its ordinary habits, burst forth into acclamations of applause: a tribute of approbation such as was scarcely ever before given," says Bishop Porteus, "to any man sitting in his place in either House of Parliament."

While he was thus labouring for the removal of Afric's wrongs, he looked around him, and did what he could to emancipate his own countrymen from spiritual slavery; which led, in 1797, to the publication of his "Practical View of Christianity," in which he contrasted the prevailing system of professing Christians, in the higher and middle classes in this country, with real Christianity. In this he displayed a moral heroism which stands almost alone, among the efforts of men in his circumstances. It took the world by surprise: his most intimate friends wondered, and confessed that such a stand for vital Christianity had rarely been witnessed. The book was blessed, and made a blessing to thousands: five editions were called for within six months. In England and America at least sixty editions have appeared; besides which, it has been translated into French, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, and German. Churchmen and Dissenters have read and applauded it, and confessed that no book of the age has done so much to diffuse vital religion among the upper ranks of society. Though Wilberforce took no very prominent part in merely political debates, he continued to be the fearless advocate of everything likely to promote the moral and religious happiness of his fellow-men. He resigned the representation of Yorkshire in 1812; and left the House of Commons in 1825. As long as he lived, he took a deep interest in the African race, and viewed the progress of the abolition of slavery with increasing hope. And having witnessed the determination of Great Britain to wash away the stain of slavery throughout her colonies, and heard its doom pronounced, he rested from his labours on the 29th of July, 1833.

Though he desired that no pomp should be associated with his funeral, his family yielded to the request of a numerous body of the Members of both Houses of Parliament, that his remains should be interred in Westminster Abbey, near those of Pitt, Fox, and Canning. The moral worth of this man has shed a lustre over his character, which no mere intellectual eminence could have imparted. His name will continue to command the admiration of every one who regards doing good in a suffering world as the noblest employment of man.

PETER SAMUEL.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

[All notices for this department, if not sent by one of the Ministers of the Circuit, must be authenticated by his signature, in addition to that of the sender.]

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Alcock, Mr. Thomas F.,	Bidford,	Evesham,	54	March 29th, 1850.
Askew, Mr. William,	Turner-Shiel,	Allendale-Town,	44	Feb. 10th, 1850.
Harper, Mrs. Catherine,	Willenhall,	Walsal,	60	April 20th, 1850.
Harrison, Mrs. Mary,	Greenly-Cleugh,	Allendale-Town,	76	March 27th, 1850.
Henry, Mr. Andrew,	Rathbraghan,	Sligo,	82	Jan. 3d, 1850.
Russell, Mr. John,	Bidford,	Evesham,	79	July 29th, 1849.
Walter, Mrs.,	Field-Irish,	Kilkhampton,	52	Jan. 12th, 1850.
Walter, Miss E.,	Field-Irish,	Kilkhampton,	15	Jan. 14th, 1850.

H. T. & J. ROCHE, PRINTERS, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

AUGUST, 1850.

A VOICE FROM THE CONFERENCE.

BRETHREN, pray for us. Use your influence with heaven in behalf of the Conference. We feel our position, our weakness, our responsibility. A great door, and an effectual, is opened to us; but there are many adversaries. We have "opportunity," a glorious opportunity, "to do good unto all men;" but sin, and Satan, and the world are against us. Earth and hell combine to oppose. In the interval of the meetings in Manchester and those of the metropolis, what conflicts, what troubles, have we seen and past! The tongue of England has been loosed to defame us, the tongue of churches to smite and afflict us. "Sharp arrows of the mighty" have been shot at us; "coals of juniper" have been cast over us. Not a few of us have exclaimed in bitterness of soul, "Woe is me! that I sojourn in Mesech, and dwell in the tents of Kedar!" But it is the burden of the Lord. We have borne it for our Master's sake and yours. A pure ministry has been our aim, God knoweth. This you have a right to expect at the hands of those whom you recognise as your spiritual guides. It was for the truth's sake the acts of expulsion took place. They were painful to us. They were known and felt to be a strong measure. A Methodist ministry only could attempt it. But feeling that something must be done to put away the evil from amongst us, the Conference dared, in the fear of God, to do it. A storm was foreseen as the result; but the "doers of the work" were men of God, and knew there was "a Rock higher than" themselves, under which they could "shelter." Others might have shunned the cross; or their form of church-government might allow a less effective discipline. The Conference, fully persuaded that its own holy principles, God's glory, your profit, the world's welfare, required the excisions, inflicted the painfully-exciting stroke, trusting themselves and their holy cause in the hands of the eternal Power and Godhead. That some portion of human infirmity *may* have been in the act; that we *might* have better done the same thing; that possibly some other and better plan of "purging" this "fruit-bearing branch" of "the true vine" called Wesleyan Methodism, *might* have been adopted, we attempt not to deny, for we lay no claim to infallibility. But we could see no other way. There was war within. It was waged by subtle hands. "Sin," with all its "deceitfulness," existed in Israel's camp. "The staff" was infected. We honestly strove to cast out the evil. "Stones" were lying before the wheels of Messiah's chariot. We attempted by the expulsions to "gather them out" of the way, "that the word of the Lord might have free course." If in everything

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concerned in this matter we *may* not have executed our object so *perfectly* as "workmen who need not be ashamed," yet do we feel we have taken the high ground to set an humble example of godly ministerial discipline to Reformed Christendom, to all denominations of Christ's flock on earth. Believing that we have "suffered for righteousness' sake," we cannot, till we have more light, consent to retract. Surrounded by mists, and agitated by storms, we try to keep our eye on the Bible. Aware of the enmity of the carnal mind, and of the deceitfulness of the human heart, while punctured by the pricking thorn and torn by the grieving brier, we sincerely strive to walk in love towards all, within and without. We see our duty, we know our danger, we are conscious of our frailties, we feel what is expected of us by God and man, and are constrained to exclaim, "Who are sufficient for these things!" "Narrow is the way" for Ministers of the Cross. We "watch for your souls as they that must give account." We are "with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling." Pray for us. O, brethren, pray for us! Too remiss have we been in claiming, earnestly and frequently claiming, this benefit at your hands. God has entrusted *you* with great power to help *us*. Your prayers in behalf of Israel's watchmen "avail much." "Bold by the blood of Jesus," many of you daily enter the "holy of holies." You are no strangers there. O, bear us on your hearts before God when nearest the throne! Would that this "voice" could reach *you*, "the poor saints," who lie hidden in the deep folds of obscurity! You have no office, you have no money, you have no name but in the page of the Lamb's book of life. But "you are rich," you have "power with God and with men." Alas! sinners against our own souls are we, if we look more to gold and to silver, more to the beauty of our polity, more to the goodliness of our "tents and tabernacles," than to you. The kingdom of heaven cometh *not* with observation. "Blessed be ye poor." Feel, not pride, not enmity, but love, and the dignity which the Maker of all has conferred on you. God has "exalted" you. The treasure is in earthen vessels. But—forget it not—by that Conference which, in the past year, has been truly "a sign spoken against," has God enriched you. Instrumentally, "she is the mother of us all." That useful, time-honoured, traduced assembly claims succour at your hands. Give us your heartfelt, believing, persevering prayers. Help us by "all prayer." Met in your classes, your prayer-meetings, at your family altar, and entering into your closets, remember us in your intercessions. Pray, pray for your Ministers; and may the Holy Ghost, which dwelleth in you, "swell" your souls' "unutterable groan," and breathe to the highest heavens your devoutest wishes for us. O, yes, beloved brethren, pray for us. Whether you are poor or rich, in office or out of it, young men or maidens, old disciples or children, pray for us. If, indeed, you have "received the Spirit" through that ministry which forms the Wesleyan Conference, if you now walk in that Spirit, then, in prayer and supplication, with *thanksgiving*, let your requests on our behalf be made known unto God. Ask Him to give us grace, wisdom, and understanding. Ask Him to forgive us our sins, negligences, and ignorances. Ask Him to pour upon us the fulness of the Holy Spirit; to make us all more heavenly-minded, more skilful in saving souls from death; to qualify us more eminently for the awful duties of Pastors and Teachers; to enrich us with all the power and peace of "pure religion," and "wisdom from above;" that in our hands the glory of Methodism may not only remain unimpaired, but shine more and more till death calls us to resign our momentous charge into the hands of those whom God may appoint our successors. Hitherto the Lord hath helped us, and to His name alone be the glory.

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Will the devout reader permit one whose humble name has been associated with the acts and responsibilities of Conference for more than five "seven years," to request, that on "Wednesday, July 31, 1850,"* (the day appointed for the annual meeting in London,) he will take this brief paper into his closet, look at its contents, and there and then throw himself before the mercy-seat, and pray that great grace may be on us all, and that our deliberations this year may result in "glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good-will toward men?" B. C.

SCRIPTURE TRUTH CONFIRMED BY EXAMPLE.

Example XIV.

GOD MUST HAVE THE WHOLE HEART.—PSALM CXIX. 2.

From the revelation of the divine will, and the entire economy of salvation, it is fully manifested that God designed that religion should not be a mere profession of the tongue, but engage the heart, and influence the powers of the soul. This truth is established by divine requirements, the experience of holy saints, and numerous interesting facts; proving that lip-service, however pleasing, and, in certain circumstances, a positive duty, is not sufficient; that heart-work alone can render man acceptable to God. It is reasonable that it should be so; for it is a transaction between man and his Maker, and that for the interest of the soul through endless ages. Were religion only an empty name, a temporary convenience, or political device, it might be confined to the head, commanding no feeling of the heart; but it is a substance to be desired, a lasting good, the principal wisdom. It is, therefore, a just and righteous demand of Jehovah when he says, "Give me thine heart;" and inquires, "Who is this that engages his heart to approach unto me?" God must have the love of His creatures, the love of the whole mind, its pure and perfect love. This is a truth deserving the serious, careful consideration of all who desire acceptance with, and favour from, God; for if the spirit of full sacrifice and devoted surrender is not possessed, every effort to obtain grace in the sight of God is in vain. How stands the promise? "Ye shall seek me and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your hearts." That is, when the strength of heart-energy, and undoubted sincerity, are employed; and the heart is open to receive Him, and Him alone. On this principle acted the Psalmist, who could say to his God, "With my whole heart have I sought Thee." "I entreated Thy favour with my whole heart;" and this accounts for his power to declare, "Lord, I am Thine." But the want of this heart-purpose and desire, will ever be fatal to success. The object, or creature, that divides the heart, or detains it, may be valuable or insignificant; for it is not the worth or worthlessness of that which is esteemed that forms the hinderance, but its rival character. In the days of our Redeemer's abode on earth, there was a young and interesting inquirer after eternal life, who possessed something so amiable and good, that it is recorded, when beheld by Jesus, the Saviour loved him. He had not been profane in his conduct, but a strict observer of the law of God, as it respected the outward deportment. But one thing he lacked,—the spirit of sacrifice: the world possessed his heart. He had great possessions. These he was required to give to the poor: the requirement

* As our Numbers for July and August are published simultaneously, we have not altered the form of our Correspondent's request. This communication came too late for insertion in the "Miscellany" for July.

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filled him with grief. He could not part with his treasures: these he placed against eternal life, and decided in favour of the world. Here the heart was asked, but it was not given; and he went away from Christ sorrowing. In his case the hinderance was valuable; but the truth has been found equally correct when the object of attachment was comparatively insignificant.*

Some years ago, cock-fighting was a passionate amusement of the colliers of the north of England, and their trained birds were objects of strong attachment. An individual of this description had a very favourite bird, considered valuable on account of its successful contests. At this time, by the kind providence of God, he was induced to attend the ministry of the Gospel; through which he was convinced of the sinfulness of his conduct, made sensible of his lost condition, and induced to seek the mercy of an offended God. In a company of Christian friends he stated his case to the following effect:—"When I saw my sinful state and awful danger, I was led to wrestle in fervent prayer for salvation; and at times, when on my knees, I appeared to be just on the point of laying hold of the blessing of pardon, but at that moment the thought of my admired bird would cross my mind,—then I was thrown back, and lost my power in prayer. At different times I was found in these circumstances, and I could not give my idol up. I mourned bitterly; but I mourned in vain. There was nothing stood between me and God but that bird. I thought I would sell it; but then it occurred to my mind, the purchaser will sin with it, and if so I shall be a participator in his sin. One day, after praying in vain, in great distress I rose from my knees, went to the bird, and cut off its head. Having done so, God immediately blessed me with a sense of pardon." This relation may excite the smile of the carnal, and perhaps the sneer of the half-hearted, formal professor; but it confirms the truth of the Scripture, that less than the whole heart God will not accept; and that anything, however trifling, may close the heart to Him. But when it is given up, God will be faithful to His promise, and be found of them who seek Him. To this day, the verity of the word of God is confirmed, "Blessed are they who seek Him with the whole heart."

Manchester. N.

READINGS IN KEMPIS.

No. VI.

The fifth chapter bears the suggestive title, "Concerning the Reading of the Holy Scriptures." The love, and therefore the practice, of this exercise has always and uniformly been one of the characteristics of the saints of God, whether under the Old or the New Testament dispensation. It is an unfailing characteristic. It not only *is* so, but it *must be* so. Religious affections never exist in man but as the work of the Holy Spirit; and it was as moved by the Holy Ghost that the holy men of old time spake and wrote. Between religious affections and holy Scripture there is the sympathy which must be produced where the Author is the same. And those very subjects which in Scripture are unfolded, are the subjects to which the most powerful emotions of the regenerate soul are directed. Such a soul loves to read of them, even in writings where there is the mixture of human infirmity. But where such mixture exists not,—where God himself speaks concerning the

* A fact of this class is adduced, because such are the most common, and the least suspected of obstructing the work of salvation.

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things of God, it cannot be but that the new heart will be drawn towards the words of God. In the law of the Lord, *as it is law*, declared and given for our government, true piety delights: in the law of the Lord as spoken by God himself, where nothing human occurs to obscure the lustre of revelation, nothing to dilute and lower it, where matter and form are equally from God, delight in each will be strengthened by the other, and produce an attachment stronger far than any earthly object can awaken. And most beneficial is this attachment. When truth is only dealt with by the intellect, it is rather *seen* than *received*: it therefore exerts no influence, contributes nothing to the formation of moral character. Even religious truth will produce no more effects than would be produced by mathematical or physical truth. Truth is only morally powerful when it works by means of the affections. We must receive the love of the truth, that we may be saved by it. Without this, its light is but like that of the cold and clear moonbeams, playing on the hard surface of the frozen earth. Love softens and warms the heart. It thus makes the soil genial, and whatever is sown in it, being congenial with itself, vegetates, and grows, and is developed into the fully-formed plant. And this is one of the chief instruments of human sanctification. It is God that sanctifies; but God sanctifies us through the truth which is contained in His word. And let it not be forgotten, that though we often speak of truth as though it were one, there is an important sense in which it is more than one. The word of God contains many kinds of truth, all alike in nature and power: all are truths, and all are sanctifying; and yet so far are they various, as that each is calculated and designed to produce its own particular effect. The plants which grow in the soul when it is made by divine grace as a well-watered garden, are each and all produced by the separate seeds of truth. If we are deficient in any particular grace, it is because the truth relating to that grace is not properly received in the love of it into the soul. This, therefore, is one most important branch of religious duty. Happy they who are well acquainted with the methods of spiritual cultivation, and who carefully practise them. Nature supplies us with many instructive analogies on this subject. Take the human body. What various substances it comprises! Flesh, bones, teeth, nails, hair, skin, all differing in composition. All are supported by the blood, as the blood comes from the food. But if the food does not contain the element necessary for the due support of any one of these substances, the blood will be destitute of it, and cannot impart it. That one substance will therefore gradually decline, wasted by the wear of constant action. We must love the *whole* truth, and this must make us careful to receive *every* truth. St. Peter, in a well-known passage, directs our attention to the separate virtues of the Christian character, and requires us to pay diligent attention to each separately, that we may be deficient in none. Add to your faith, moral energy; and to moral energy, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance, and self command and control; and to this temperance, patience, meek and forbearing endurance; and to this patience, devout religiousness; and to this godliness, brotherly-kindness; and to brotherly-kindness, charity, universal love. When these are in us, in us jointly and severally, and when, through giving all diligence, they are healthy and abundant, the united effect is, that we are neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. Our soul is not barren, and the knowledge of the Lord Jesus, dwelling in it in connexion with the love of truth and holiness, produces its intended results.

Such is the importance of the regular and devotional reading of the holy Scriptures,—of delighting in the law of the Lord, and meditating therein day and night. In the days of Kempis they were not so extensively valued

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as they ought to have been, and in too many instances their place was occupied by unprofitable, often hurtful, legends. But wherever there was piety like that of Kempis, the soul naturally desired the sincere milk of the word, and desired it for its proper object, as the whole chapter shows.* Truth is to be sought in them, he says, not eloquence; usefulness, rather than any subtlety of speech: that is, sought *primarily;* for not only is true eloquence to be found in Scripture, but it ought not to be passed over by us. Chapters might be written on the beauties of Scripture, even considered as a literary composition. Still, our love for the word of God must rest on another foundation. Kempis rightly says, that curiosity is often a hinderance to us; we are not profited because we seek for something beside profit. If we would derive benefit from reading the word of God, we must read humbly, simply, faithfully, not with the vain desire of obtaining the reputation of knowledge and learning.

It is not meant that we are to read nothing but the Bible. In the order of Providence, many wise and good men have been raised up who have written ably on subjects connected with the Bible, especially on its truths in their sanctifying and devotional character. These advantages will be thankfully received by us as far as we have the opportunity. Kempis concludes his chapter with an exhortation to this:—"Interrogate willingly, and hear silently the words" (thus presented to us in the books) "of holy men; and be not displeased with the parables of the elders, for they are not sent forth without cause." Much time is often lost in vain conversation, or in company where we find little profit. It were well if professors of religion would learn to enjoy the company and conversation of good books. Along with these they might commune with their own hearts, with the wise and pious of all countries and ages, and, what is greater and better than all, with God himself.

THE REV. JOHN FLETCHER'S PREACHING.

On my occasional visits I was struck with several things. Preaching on Noah as a type of Christ, he was in the midst of a most animating description of the terrible day of the Lord, when he suddenly paused. Every feature of his expressive countenance was marked with painful feeling; and, striking his forehead with the palm of his hand, he exclaimed, "Wretched man that I am! Beloved brethren, it often cuts me to the soul, as it does at this moment, to reflect that, while I have been endeavouring by the force of truth, by the beauties of holiness, and even by the terrors of the Lord, to bring you to walk in the peaceable paths of righteousness, I am, with respect to many of you who reject the Gospel, only tying millstones about your neck to sink you deeper into perdition!" The whole church was electrified, and it was some time before he could resume the subject.

On another occasion, after the morning service, he asked if any of the congregation could give him the address of a sick man whom he was desired to visit. He was answered, "He is dead, Sir." "Dead! dead!" he exclaimed; "another soul launched into eternity! What can I do for him now? Why, my friends, will you so frequently serve me in this manner? I am not informed that you are ill till I find you dying, or hear that you are

* Once for all we repeat our wish that our readers would procure a copy of Kempis, and place it open before them while reading the observations we may be led to make on it. It will thus be unnecessary to quote from it. To refer to it (as in the present instance) will be sufficient.—Ed.

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dead!" Then, sitting down, he covered his head with his gown; and when the congregation had retired, he walked home buried in sorrow, as though he had lost a friend or brother.—*Rev. Melvill Horne.*

REFLECTION.

As we look back on our past lives, we regret many a bargain we have made, and many a step we have taken. Here we went too fast, and there too slow: one day we lost by our folly, and the next by our pride and extravagance. In reviewing the past, we thus see causes for regret and repentance. But there is one thing we are never sorry for, let us live as long as we may,—we never mourn over a correct and virtuous life. When pillowed for the night, we have no reproaches for a good deed or a kind suggestion. When the world has no attraction for us, when its prospects and its glories are fading from our gaze, and the visions of an eternal state are bursting upon us, it is then we love to think of an honest and upright life. Who, with the hour of death in view, would ever perform a wicked act? One hour of serious reflection will unfit us for any vicious society or unholy career. How strange it is that, amid the dying and the dead, mankind will so far forget themselves and their Creator as to serve a career of folly and crime, when the next breath of disease may sweep them to destruction!—*Portland Bulletin.*

CHOICE SAYINGS.

Religion is the only treasure worth pursuing. He who consistently recommends it to society, is more useful than the greatest statesman and patriot that adorns the page of history. What liberty so valuable as liberty of heart, freedom from sin?

Let me seek, not wait, for opportunities. Let the active spirit of Christian charity be ever watchful in discovering objects of usefulness, and persevering in devising the means of fulfilling my intentions.

Love is happiness: he who grows in love, grows, therefore, in happiness. God is love; and love is His image within us. If I would resemble Him, let me strengthen love, never allowing a degrading selfishness to reign in my heart.

How continually selfishness brings forth! It must be resisted perpetually. Let nothing be spoken or done to display self, but let simple love be the spring. Who can tell how high either of these principles will rise if cherished and cultivated?

Let me apply to my most painful, humble duties first and continually.

Let me live in continual preparation for prayer, preserving such a state of mind that I may at any time immediately engage in it.

When I have any portion of time not devoted to any particular purpose, let me ask,—Can I not spend it with God? Let me seize it as a peculiarly privieged season.

If you would be humble and know what you want Christ for, never think how much you have done, but how much you have left undone. On the other hand, make not what Christ has done for you a pretence for doing less than you might.—*Rev. Thomas Adams.*

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THEOLOGY.

A PACIFIC TEMPER AND DEPORTMENT NECESSARY TO THE COMPLETE MAINTENANCE AND UNSULLIED MANIFESTATION OF THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

A SERMON.

"Do all things without murmurings and disputings: that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world; holding forth the word of life; that I may rejoice in the day of Christ, that I have not run in vain, neither laboured in vain."—Phil. ii. 14—16.

IN TWO PARTS.

(*Continued from page* 204.)

PART II.

WE have seen the character which the Christian believer is to maintain decidedly, and which he is to exhibit fully and clearly, so that by those among whom he dwells, and who have not embraced religion in its power, (many of them, indeed, scarcely possessing even its form,) there may be no just ground for mistake on the subject. And that character which is thus to be manifested by individuals, is to shine forth with united brilliancy from the entire church, considered as a collective body. Its members, separately, will have those individual and personal modifications by which men are as truly distinguished from each other in mind as they are in countenance. By these distinctive and personal modifications, Divine Providence works out great results, and accomplishes its important purposes: but as modifications of countenance all imply, great as is their variety, the existence of the same features in all; just so, in relation to those who possess the true power of godliness, varieties of individual character, produced by different kinds and degrees of ability and talent, different orders of mental capacity, different intellectual tendencies, different dispositions and temperaments, are all to be kept within the limits prescribed by the essential features of Christian holiness, manifested in practice. In all that is subordinate in character, the church will present as great a variety as any other collection of human beings of the same number; but in that which is distinctively the church-character, (and which is character in its highest relations, and in its governing power,) such variety is not to exist. There is a sound sense in which it may be said that no two persons are alike in character, that every man has a way of his own; but this must not be carried too far, nor be permitted to affect the essentials of Christian character, as those are constituted by the development of the different branches of Christian holiness. A professor of religion is not at liberty to plead *his own way*, as excusing deviations from *God's way*. "But we ALL," says the Apostle, "with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, ARE CHANGED INTO THE SAME IMAGE." And thus is it that the church, collectively, is to be the light of the world, shining with brilliancy increased by union, many lights blending into one blaze, and exhibiting a splendid lustre, which none but the wilfully blind can fail to see. For this preserved identity of character is a moral phenomenon of no ordinary kind. Identity of character in perfect union is seldom seen, even when but few are associated, and the object of the association is one. The character of the whole will present evident traces of individual varieties. But in the Christian church we have the highest species of character attainable by man; and while, in all that is subordinate to this, the individual varieties will be seen, —though delightfully harmonizing in one common effort for the glory of God in the salvation of man,—yet the collective character, implying, as it does, so much self conquest and control, so much that is opposed to our natural self-concentration, possesses a power of commanding respect and admiration far beyond that which it exerts in its individual elements. It is not often that metaphors furnish analogies fully justifying similar conclusions; but it is the case here. As a multitude of lamps shining together, each furnishing the same *kind* of light, afford an aggregate quantity equal to the product of the quantity of each multiplied by the number of the whole, so is it in reference to what we have termed the united character of the church, though constituted by a number of individual and homogeneous characters. The whole shines with a brilliancy all the greater for being the whole. And thus is the church the Pharos, the directing light-house, of the world, emitting a

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splendour strongly contrasted with the deep darkness resting on the ocean beyond, informing the erring voyager that there is a harbour of refuge and safety, and guiding him to its entrance. And from this arises the inexpressible importance of preserving church-character in its effective purity and brilliancy, by preserving its totality. The individual who acts contrary to this rule commits two evils. He withdraws the portion of light which he ought to have contributed, and he introduces (to change the figure) a positive element of discord. Not only is there less light, but over that light which remains—over the whole of it—there is cast an obscuring shadow. To this point, therefore, is the zealous and conscientious care of every church-member to be directed: "I must be all that the whole church is required to be. I must not, by my own inconsistency, shade the lustre and diminish the brightness which ought to issue from the whole." And what that character is, considered individually and collectively, has been already shown. "Be ye blameless, harmless, the unrebukable sons of God," shining as lights of the world in the presence of the crooked and perverse, holding forth to them the word of life, seconding the labours of the ministry by the force of a holy example.

But in thus reviewing the character which the text describes, we still leave unnoticed its chief import, considered as an exhortation. Assuming the duty of sustaining the character thus described, the Apostle exhorts to a particular line of conduct as necessary for this very purpose. He does not say, "Be ye blameless," &c.; but, "Do all things without murmurings and disputings, that ye *may* be blameless," &c. Whatever else we do, if we neglect this, the rest will be rendered to a great extent ineffectual. The true doctrine of the text, taken as a whole, therefore, is this:—

A pacific temper and deportment are necessary to the full maintenance and clear and consistent manifestation of the Christian character, both individually and collectively.

I. We shall notice the exhortation itself.

II. We shall show the necessity of attending to it.

I. "Do all things without murmurings and disputings." The two may exist together: they may, however, exist and operate separately. It will be best, therefore, to consider them separately.

1. "Do all things without *murmurings*." The word occurs in three other places. In John vii. 12, it refers to an ill-humoured, fault-finding temper. There was much murmuring among the people concerning our Lord. Some said, "He is a good man;" others put the worst construction on his proceedings, and said, "He deceiveth the people." Here is one form of murmuring. In Acts vi. 1, the Grecians fancied themselves overlooked, dealt unjustly with; for they said their widows were neglected in the daily ministration. Here is jealous suspicion, producing evil surmising. In the multiplicity of business some appearance of oversight might have occurred, and this is at once attributed to design. This, too, is a form of murmuring. And another is set before us in 1 Peter iv. 9: "Use hospitality one to another without grudging,"—literally, *murmuring*. The social action seems as if it were kind and generous; but it is vitiated by the inward temper, which is evidently a repining unwillingness,—a regret to be obliged to act outwardly in a manner opposed to the inward feeling. We need not look at any other forms of the word. Its use on these three occasions unequivocally establishes its meaning. It is that fretfulness of temper that is never pleased. It is that suspiciousness that knows no gratification but in finding fault, in putting the worst construction on words, in referring indifferent actions to an ill motive, in representing mistakes as intentional slights, in being unwilling to act according to the promptings of kindness and generosity. Such is the murmuring temper, leading to complaining, fault-finding, grumbling expressions. It is envy, jealousy, suspicion, selfishness; implying not merely the absence of divine charity, but the existence of a temper positively its opposite. The grumbler finds fault with everything and everybody, aggravates small faults into great ones, turns mistakes into positive wrongs, and attributes evil to manifest excellence. Even in the holy and benevolent Jesus, that model of devotion, purity, and kindness, it could only see a deceiver of the people, one who seemed to do good only for the purpose of leading others astray. It seems to be hospitable, to be kind, to be generous; but even while thus acting, frets at the restraints which it is thus obliged to impose upon itself, and not only is outwardly liberal *without* any inward kindness, but *against* the feeling that reigns within. All that is done, is done grudgingly.

Some persons are murmurers in their

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family. None of its members can please them. They are always finding fault. Passion may not blaze out in volcanic eruptions of fury, but there is a constant fretfulness, a continual dropping in a rainy day, a disposition ever on the look-out for faults, real or imaginary. Others are murmurers in the *friendly circle*, or among their neighbours. According to the emphatic and very significant description of the Apostle, they are "busy-bodies in other men's matters,"—a class of persons whom holy Scripture places in the same category with "murderers, thieves, and evil-doers," (1 Pet. iv. 15,) * —an association sufficient to make the stoutest heart tremble, as showing that the indulgence of such a temper is not a venial infirmity, a something not good, indeed, but yet not very bad, nor affecting the Christian position of pardon, and acceptance with God; whereas it is evidently marked as sinful, and bringing the soul into guilt and condemnation. Then, there are murmurers in the *state*. They "speak evil of dignities." They needlessly occupy themselves in public affairs, and, without a clear understanding of the subjects of which they speak, either as to facts or principles, endeavour to produce a general uneasiness and discontent. While others are murmurers in the *church*. They who are called to the administration and direction of its public affairs and proceedings are the objects of their calumnies and censures. It is impossible to read the Epistles of St. Paul without perceiving how much he suffered from this quarter. All the Apostles, in fact, join in directing the most pointed exhortations against it. James and Jude express themselves with even an awful significance on the subject. The venerable John himself could not escape the malicious murmurings of a Diotrephes.

These are but illustrations of this sinful and unhappy temper. Are they not abundantly sufficient to give force to the exhortation, "Do all things without murmurings?"

Let us not be misunderstood. In understanding—especially in moral and spiritual understanding—we are to be men, while children in malice. It is impossible that we can approve of all that we see; and there will be occasions when the honest expression of disapproval will be our duty. But in performing it, inasmuch as the path lies on the very verge of evil, and the slightest false step will occasion a fall into it, let such rules as these be ever kept in view:—Remember that charity thinketh no evil, but hopeth all things. Put the best construction on all you see. Give to the accused the benefit of all honest doubts. Ask yourself, Is this a matter which concerns me? Am I providentially called to interfere? or is it the language of duty, "What is that to thee? follow thou me." If the latter be the case, pass on, unruffled in temper, moved only by compassion, and breathing an earnest prayer for the erring. If the former, then adhere most rigidly to the command, "Speaking the truth in love." Whatever be the case, let charity, in its scriptural character, maintain its full dominion. And take care that only the truth be spoken. Before you speak, search out the case; see that you understand it. It is no excuse for falsehood, that you think you are right, if you have not done all in your power, with impartial honesty, to be correct. And decide not on the mere saying of others. They may be mistaken. They may even be malicious. That you invent not the calumny, excuses not your utterance of it. The receiver is as bad as the thief; often worse; as, if there were no receivers, there would be fewer thieves. Your indorsement makes you responsible. Of the citizen of Zion it is said, not only that he "speaketh not evil against his neighbour;" but, with a significance that ought deeply to impress our conscience, "and taketh not up a reproach against his neighbour:" if he finds it in his way, he does nothing to aid its progress. He remembers that the scriptural name of the Wicked One is *calumniator*. Of all the features of diabolical character, this is the

* Even those who do not understand Greek, must have heard of the power, the flexibility of the language, in admitting the formation of composite words for the purpose of expressing in one compound word a whole sentence of meaning. The *six words* of our translation are given by St. Peter in a single epithet,—αλλοτριοεπισκοπος; from αλλοτριος, *of, or belonging to, another*, and επισκοπος, an *overlooker*, one who *searches into things*, a *superintendent*, a *bishop*. The compound word admits not of direct translation: our translators have given its exact sense in the paraphrase they have inserted in their version. The reference is to those who concern themselves in the affairs of others for the purpose of finding faults; to those who, in common parlance, are gossips, scandal-mongers, tale-bearers, backbiters, furnishing a form of the murmuring so strictly forbidden in the text. The mischief done by such persons in the church and in the world, is incalculable.

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one from which the Holy Spirit has taken his denomination. The enlightened and tender conscience of the true believer, desirous above all things of maintaining holy and happy communion with God, will dread and will avoid the sin of calumny, bearing on its plain surface the image and superscription of the devil,* as anxiously and carefully as he will avoid any sin of the flesh.

2. "Do all things without *disputings*."

Less observation will be required on the temper and practice thus prohibited than was necessary for the explanation of the former, not because the evil is less, but because the term refers to what is plain and open. As employed in the text, it cannot for a moment be understood as referring to legitimate argumentation, honestly employed in seeking for the truth, or in defending it. What is said of St. Paul at one period of his labours—"Disputing daily in the school of one Tyrannus"—may be taken as descriptive of a large portion of his ministerial exertions. Man is made capable of arguing. It is one of the principal exercises of his reason. He does not perceive truth intuitively. He has often to arrive at it through a long induction, patiently pursued from step to step till the conclusion is reached. And this, combined with the faculty of speech, renders him capable of putting his own mind in connexion with the mind of another, and either of obtaining help in his search after knowledge and wisdom, or of rectifying the mistakes into which others have fallen, extricating them from the entanglements of error, and bringing them into the light and liberty of truth. Not *all* disputings, therefore, are here forbidden.

The candid mind, acquainted with human nature in itself and in other persons, will find no difficulty in referring the Apostle's prohibition to its proper subject. All are aware both of the existence of a captious, disputing temper among men, a love of debate, and an eagerness to engage in it, not from any desire to discover the truth for ourselves, nor to make it known to others; but from the pride and vanity which seeks in all things to have the pre-eminence; from a fixed resolution to have our own way in any undertakings with which we may be connected; or from a spirit of opposition to the plans of others, or of cherished resentment against their persons. The practice itself, together with the evils to which it unavoidably gives rise, may be easily illustrated in a few general observations.

Some persons have the unpleasant habit of disputing on any and every subject. Say what you will, they are prepared with contradictions and objections. They reverse the Apostle's direction. They are slow to hear and swift to speak. To say the least, this habit gives rise to the utterance of many idle words; and in "the multitude" of such "words," "there wanteth not sin." Truth may be violated, charity impeded, and for the time almost quenched. It is a habit utterly opposed to that *bridling* of the tongue which the inspired word declares is necessary to prevent our *offending* with it. The apostolic rule —"Swift to hear, slow to speak"—is founded in the deepest wisdom, and demands more attention than is often paid to it. And if *this* habit be evil and dangerous, what shall be said of those who, of set purpose, and avowedly, dispute for victory, not truth? dispute for the purpose of showing their cleverness in argument, and the facility with which they can overcome an opponent? Such persons must often do real violence to their conscience, by speaking against their better judgment. They may defend error till at length they believe it. It is a dangerous thing to take up a cause, and, without regarding its real character, to undertake to defend and establish it. The love of truth is a real and an important branch of Christian sanctification; and the moral mischief of trifling and tampering with the truth is fearful. A disputatious temper is frequently produced by *the love of pre-eminence*. (3 John 9, 10.) By Diotrephes, in the time of St. John, that temper was evidently indulged, both in cause and in effect. There was the love of pre-eminence; manifested, too, in what in modern phrase would be termed, church proceedings and church courts. There were not only *deeds* in opposition to the aged Apostle, the beloved disciple, who, great part of a century previously, had leaned on the bosom of his Saviour and Lord; but *words* also; malicious words; and words employed publicly and plentifully, as the mode of description plainly implies, "prating against us with malicious words." And these were used in disputation. In the meetings of the church he took his ground, maintained it, and argumentatively defended

* Thus the lexicons give the word, Διαβολος, a *calumniator; the devil, Satan.*

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it. "Neither doth he himself receive the brethren, and forbiddeth them that would, and casteth them out of the church." Now, such arguments produce recrimination, and recrimination reply. In the progress of dispute, the minds of the disputants become warm; the necessity of strict adherence to truth had first been forgotten, and then the laws of charity are infringed. Light is obscured; love is cooled. And even if here the evil rested, enough is done to make the man who seeks to live in the presence and favour of God, and to enjoy the light of his countenance, pause and reflect. His conscience is wounded through the neglect of truth and love; and cure and peace can only come by the grief and humiliation of repentance, and the renewed exercise of a self-renouncing faith. But is this to be done every time he chooses to dispute, and seek victory for his cause or himself? Even such wounds of conscience as these are not to be trifled with. We are not to sin thus, that we may repent when all is over, and get all things set right, as if we only had to do with men of like passions with ourselves. He with whom we have to do is God, the God of truth, and love, and holiness; the God that pardoneth iniquity, transgression, and sin; and that will not, —O awful words! let them keep our conscience from slumbering,—that will not (that will by no means) clear the guilty. Let men like the disputative Diotrephes pause and reflect. Can they go to their closets for humble communion with God, after a meeting in which they have been prating with malicious, or arguing with empty, words? Or can they do this repeatedly, habitually? But this is not all. Dispute produces opposition, and this soon becomes repeated on every occasion. The disputants seek assistance from their friends. Parties are formed. Debates become eager and constant. A false philosophy plausibly says, "And thus truth is elicited; and this is only the tax we must pay for larger discoveries of truth." *Plausibly* says; but *only*, and *scarcely*, plausibly. We appeal to the plain language, to the unmistakable tenor, of the evangelical Epistles. Let the Epistle to the Galatians be carefully read; let the first two chapters of the first Epistle to the Corinthians be read, and diligently pondered; let the frequent directions occurring in the Epistles to Timothy and Titus be made the subjects of honest and devout meditation; and will not such results as these be obtained? Plausible as is the representation, yet, in point of fact, a disputatious spirit seldom advances even the interests of truth. *In point of fact*, there is only the establishment of *this* opinion, and the defeat of *that*. Out of this, indeed, adorable Providence works its own ends; but so far as man's actings and designs are concerned, the only result is the victory or defeat of one of the disputing parties. This is the utmost real gain: but what is the loss? In the church the spirit of party is established, drawing after it all its disputes. And now,—"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!"—a schismatic spirit is introduced; disputes are carried on for victory rather than truth; the growth of a schismatic spirit counteracts and neutralizes love, and gradually opens the way for doctrinal heresies of the most flagrant and dangerous character. We wish for no stagnancy in the church. Give us manly activity in the development of truth. But from mere party discussions no good ever directly arose. Schism is as opposed to truth as it is to love. The words *schism* and *heresy* have been so used by ignorance and bigotry, that even Christians have begun to think that they imply no evil. We appeal to the New Testament. What are the rules of church order and of church discipline there laid down? Do you wish to belong to a church constituted on New-Testament principles? Do you even boast of the fact, that such is the church with which you are connected? You must take the church in its obligations, as well as with its privileges. And here they are. There can be no mistake about them. A grumbling, disputing temper is strictly forbidden. Rectitude and truth can be secured in the church without either. The beacon-light of the church shall shine brighter without them. The great objects of the faithful ministry shall all be secured without them. Human passion will not be indulged, human pride not gratified and fed; but God shall be glorified in the accomplishment of his purposes, and the salvation of souls. The highest objects shall be secured through lowly meekness; the noblest, grandest purposes accomplished through a self-denying, submissive acknowledgment of God; and still shall the seeming paradox be realized, "The foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men."* "Do all things without mur-

* We had intended to finish the Second Part in the present Number; but the subject

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murings and disputings, *that ye may be* blameless and harmless."

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

LOSSES.

What news is it, that a bird with wings should fly? Riches have such, and it is a thousand to one but some other did lose them before. I found them when another lost them; and now it is likely some other will find them from me: and though perhaps I may have lost a benefit, yet thereby likewise I may be eased of an encumbrance. In most things of this nature, it is the opinion of the loss, more than the loss, that vexes. If yet the only prop of my life were gone, I might rather wonder that in so many storms I rid so long with that one single anchor, than that now, at last, it should break and fail me. If, in the blackness of the night, one by accident allows me the benefit of his light to walk by, shall I quarrel with him because he brings me not home? I am to thank him for a little which he did not owe me, but never to be angry that he affords not more. Shall God afford us all our life long not only food, but feasting; not for necessity alone, but for pleasure? And when at last He withdraws them, shall I be passionate and melancholy? God will be left still; and who can be poor that hath Him for his friend? In penury a Christian can be rich; and it is a kind of paradox to think he can be poor that is destined to be a kingdom's heir.—*Feltham.*

LOOK TO JESUS.

In every enjoyment, O Christian, look unto Jesus: receive it as proceeding from His love, and purchased by His agonies. In every tribulation, look unto Jesus: mark His gracious hand managing the scourge, or mingling the bitter cup; attempering it to a proper degree of severity; adjusting the time of its continuance; and ready to make these seeming disasters productive of real good. In every infirmity and failing look unto Jesus, thy merciful High-Priest, pleading His atoning blood, and making intercession for transgressors. In every prayer look unto Jesus, thy prevailing Advocate, recommending thy devotions, and "bearing the iniquity of thy holy things." In every temptation look unto Jesus, the Author of thy strength and Captain of thy salvation, who alone is able to lift up the hands which hang down, to invigorate the enfeebled knees, and make thee more than conqueror over all thy enemies. But, especially, when the hour of thy departure approaches, when thy flesh and thy heart fail, when all the springs of life are irreparably breaking,—then look unto Jesus, with a believing eye. Like expiring Stephen, behold Him standing at the right hand of God, on purpose to succour His people in this, their last extremity. Yes, my Christian friend, when thy journey through life is finished, and thou art arrived on the very verge of mortality; when thou art just launching out into the invisible world, and all before thee is vast eternity; then, O then, look unto Jesus. See by faith the Lord's Christ. View Him as the only "way" to the everlasting mansions; as the only "door" to the abodes of bliss.—*Rev. James Hervey.*

ACTION.

I have often had occasion to observe that a warm, blundering man does more for the world than a frigid, wise man. A man who gets into a habit of inquiring about properties, and expediencies, and occasions, spends his life without doing anything to purpose. The state of the world is such, and so much depends on action, that everything seems to say loudly to every man, "Do something: do it; do it."—*Cecil.*

TOO TRUE.

It has been said, that men carry on a kind of coasting-trade with religion. In the voyage of life they profess to be in search of heaven, but take care not to venture so far into their approximations to it as entirely to lose sight of the earth; and should their frail vessel be in danger of shipwreck, they will gladly throw their darling vices overboard, as other mariners their treasures, only to fish them up again when the storm is over.

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has, in a manner, grown upon us. We cannot help feeling the vast importance of it, and have therefore allowed ourselves to devote what space was allotted to this department to the sole consideration of this portion of the Second Part, *what is forbidden:* in the next Number, we shall have room to consider with sufficient minuteness, *why it is forbidden.*

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DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

A NIGHT AT CLONELLY:

OR, THE POWER OF PRAYER A HIDING-PLACE IN THE TEMPEST.

CLONELLY is an interesting, considerable fishing-village on the coast of North Devon. Its position is most singular. From its upper end to the water's edge you descend a precipitous street, or a sort of flight of steps and slips, of several hundred yards' length, with the dwellings arranged on either side. To a stranger, it looks quite an enterprise to go down or get up. From the water, when approaching the landing-place, the houses and cottages appear, at first sight, as if hung up in the side of a cliff; and the whole affair looks romantic and strikingly picturesque. A great number of boats belong to the place, depending for subsistence chiefly on the herring-fishery. In consequence of the inhospitality of the shore for several miles up and down the coast, and the impossibility of approaching the quay, or finding security from a storm, if it come from a certain quarter at the receding of the tide, sad disasters have at different times occurred, sweeping off at a stroke a large portion of boats and men together. Not long before my visit a calamity of this kind had happened, when above *twenty lives* were lost.

There is a Wesleyan chapel at the top of the village, of a suitable size and character for the place, a nice little congregation, and a society of many years' standing. Many are well disposed to the Missionary cause, and according to their ability handsomely contribute towards its funds. It was the night of the Missionary Meeting that I was there. Some regret was expressed that, as the boats were out, the congregation would not be so large as could be wished. The night was already threatening; and during the time of the Meeting, the wind rose high, and ominously roared around us. Soon after our return from the chapel, it increased dreadfully, and the greatest alarm prevailed for the safety of the men who were that fearful night out in their fishing-boats. The *fatal* combination of *wind* and *tide* had again happened. "*It is the same as when the twenty-two were drowned!*" was sorrowfully reiterated from many lips. Most of the boats were out. The wind howled around us terribly, and shook the dwellings where the wives, the daughters, the sisters, the friends, of the men at sea crowded together in their anguish, and gave affecting vent to their heart-rending sorrows. Several of the females before us, of different ages, were our own people, and their tears and sobbings were touching in the highest degree. Knowing we had access to Him who on the Lake of Galilee said, "Peace, be still," and "there was a great calm," we knelt down to pray. One, and another, and another poured out their souls to God, in fervent, believing supplication. For myself I never remember to have felt anything like it. Access to God was given in a sense before unknown. Prayer was inwrought by the Power that helps human infirmities. Every request was the "prayer of faith;" and God seemed to say to each petition, "It shall be done." We rose from our knees. My mind was solemnly and strangely affected. A large Bible lay on the table. I threw it open, and my eye was at once directed to the words of the Lord Jesus: "Again I say unto you, That if any two of you shall agree as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst." My faith was confirmed, and my heart said, "Surely God is in this place." From that moment, some who were distressed and inconsolable had their fears entirely removed. They could weep no more. God wiped their tears away. Their agitated bosoms became serene and tranquil, and their anguished souls were filled with joy and peace in believing. One young female, of interesting mien and aspect, whose husband was out in the storm, said, in a firm and sweet tone of voice, "I now believe God will bring him in, in safety; but if He do not, I am perfectly resigned to His will." The change was so striking, so happy, it appeared to my own mind no common proof of the truth and excellence of the religion of the Bible. The same storm still raged and roared without; but the care of the distressed and agitated was "cast on Him who cared for them," and by whom they were graciously *assured of it*. At the cry of their distress Jesus came. Now "agony was heaven," and the sound of weeping and wailing was exchanged for the voice of praise and thanksgiving. I went from house to house to comfort the mourners, and was instructed and edified by all I saw and heard. It was a memorable night, a season never by me to be forgotten. The lapse of ten years has left the scene as vivid as if the occurrence were but of yesterday.

In the morning the shore was eagerly watched for the return of the boats. No fewer than *sixty* had that night been exposed to the perils of the deep in the horrid tempest. Not a boat, nor a man, nor a net was injured! When the last boat reached in safety, great and universal was the joy. Many, even those who knew little of inward religion, acknowledged the hand of God, and in grateful accents, with full hearts, magnified His name. "They that do business in great

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waters, these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.—Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then they are glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven. O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!"

St. Mawes. B. C.

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. J. T. BARR.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

"How sweet and solemn, all alone,
With rev'rend steps from stone to stone,
In a small village churchyard lying,
O'er intervening flowers to move!
And—as we read the names unknown
Of young and old, to judgment gone,
And hear in the calm air above
Time onwards softly flying—
To meditate, in Christian love,
Upon the dead and dying!"

THESE beautiful lines are from the pen of Professor Wilson; and the sentiment which they breathe cannot fail to find an echo in every bosom whose "genial current" has not been frozen by the chilling atmosphere of vulgar scepticism. Gray's "Elegy" on the same subject is so well known, and so universally appreciated, that I need not remind the reader of the many beauties which it possesses.

Though I love to wander through some shady wood, or linger on the margin of a purling stream, and listen to its gentle murmur, as it softly glides through the verdant meadows; yet there is no spot in all my solitary rambles which I prefer to a *country churchyard*, where, freed from the cares and disquietudes, the sorrows and anxieties, of life,

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Surrounded by the abodes of the dead, it is here that the mind, abstracted from sensual objects, becomes intuitively disposed to serious meditation; and, absorbed in contemplations of a higher and more exalted character, receives a deeper impression of the vanity of all worldly pursuits. It is true there are many who will visit a churchyard, and gaze on the numerous mementoes of mortality, without bestowing a single thought on death, or a future state; and even traverse the gloomy recesses of a charnel-house, without experiencing any of those inward emotions which are so essential to prepare the mind for the contemplation of the "things which are above." But the soul which has "passed from death unto life"—born again from above—soars in thought to regions beyond the confines of the grave, "where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

In this lonely receptacle of the dead, what multitudes of former generations, young and old, rich and poor, are mouldering into dust! The term of their earthly career has expired; their day of probation has ended. "For there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave."

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from her straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, and the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed."

The soft breezes of spring may continue to murmur through the spreading branches of yon stately yew-tree; but, to them, all is silence. The sultry beams of the summer sun may fall on the green turf which covers their cold remains; but, to them, his light is for ever extinguished. The return of autumn, "crowned with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf," may cause the voice of joy and gladness to be heard in the land; but, to them, its richest bounties are unavailing; "for their harvest is past, and their summer is ended." The wintry winds may howl, and strip the trees of their faded foliage; but to those who sleep in the dust, the storm of life is over, and they are landed on the shores of eternity. "Man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep."

A few years since, during one of my rambles in a country churchyard, an incident occurred which will not be soon effaced from my memory. It was in the season of autumn. The withered leaves, blown from the numerous trees, which formed a beautiful avenue in this retired place of sepulture, were thickly strewn on the path.

"Emblem of man's short life! He views the scene,
And feasts his hopes upon to-morrow's joys;
But while he views the promised bliss, he's gone,—
Alas! for ever gone."

The harvest had just closed; and the

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children of the peasantry were straying through the fields, to glean the scattered ears of corn. In the early part of the day, the weather had been tempestuous; and I could still hear, occasionally, a faint peal of thunder, murmuring at a distance. But the clouds were rapidly dispersing; and the returning rays of the sun again enlivened the face of nature. The feathered choristers, whose aërial melody had been hushed by the storm, resumed their joyous notes. I passed from grave to grave, reading the inscriptions to the memory of the departed; for I love to read such inscriptions, "spelt by the unlettered muse," notwithstanding the dog-gerel and nonsense which attach to many of them. On this occasion, I met with an epitaph, which caused an involuntary smile. It was as follows:—

"O cruel death! how could'st thou be so unkind,
As to take her before, and to leave me behind?
Thou should'st have taken both of us, if either,
Which would have been a comfort to the surviver."

Whether the writer of these lines was a native of the "Emerald Isle," or whether he had allowed the tempest of his grief for the loss of his beloved partner to becloud his poetic muse, when he wrote this (doubtless his first) effusion, I could never ascertain. Still, the sentiment of strong attachment, had it been properly expressed, would have been duly appreciated, and, perhaps, have awakened a feeling of sympathy in many a tender bosom.

I seated myself on a stile, leading from the churchyard into the fields, and attempted to convey, in more intelligible language, the obvious meaning of the author. This I did in the following lines:—

Insatiate death! when in thy fatal grasp
My beauteous Anna breathed her final gasp,—
Why did thy erring dart the husband spare,
And fill this bosom with a weight of care?
Thou should'st have stricken *both*: together then
Our kindred souls had reach'd the heavenly plain.

When I had finished my little task, I observed a venerable-looking man, standing near a grave, which, from its appearance, must have been recently made, as the grass had not yet covered the earthy mound. His face was pale, deathly pale; and from his sunken eyes the tears already began to flow, moistening his furrowed cheeks. He could not, I conjectured, be more than fifty years of age; though, from the wrinkles on his forehead, and the grey locks which here and there protruded through his tangled hair, he might be regarded as much older. He was clothed in "inky black," the habiliments of woe, which gave a more pensive tone to his pallid features. For a few moments, he appeared to be absorbed in mental devotion, as he raised his eyes to heaven. Then seating himself on the sod which covered the last remains of one to whom he had evidently been united by closer ties than those of friendship, he covered his face with his hands, and wept like a child. I wept too; for the feelings which I had been indulging during my solitary ramble through this secluded cemetery, had already prepared me to "weep with them that weep." At length the venerable man rose from the ground, and, casting an anxious, lingering look on the depository of the dead, slowly departed.

"I will follow him," I whispered to myself. For my curiosity and my sympathies were at once awakened.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

FEAST OF ANTS.

I FOUND much amusement to-day in watching the operations of some red ants, with which the surface of the ground appears to be covered, and whose bite I have often found troublesome and annoying. A wounded beetle of about an inch and a half long was lying on his back on the bank of the lake, when the ants attacked and devoured him while yet alive. The process which those on outpost duty adopted to give universal information was singularly amusing, and convinced me of the wonderful sagacity of these social little animals. I attentively observed all their motions, from the first discovery of the dying beetle, by a single ant, till the assembly of the myriads collected to devour him; and this scene convinced me that they kept a party of foragers constantly on the look-out. The individual who first discovered the beetle, after a careful reconnoissance, went in search of the nearest sentry, who returned with him to the spot, as if to certify himself of the truth of the intelligence. They again set off, and brought a third and fourth sentinel, who also departed a second time on the same errand, till about a dozen had convened; when, the beetle being somewhat restless, they pinioned down his horns to the ground, which seemed to answer the purpose of quieting him; and as soon as he lay perfectly still, again proceeded to give further information. They next fixed upon a spot a few inches distant from their prey, and hurried backwards and forwards very often, as if to mark out a road, either with the effluvia from their own bodies, or by impregnating their feet in that of the beetle. And now two or three went a little in advance, constantly returning with new companions. In this way they continued for some time, always increasing in number, and extending

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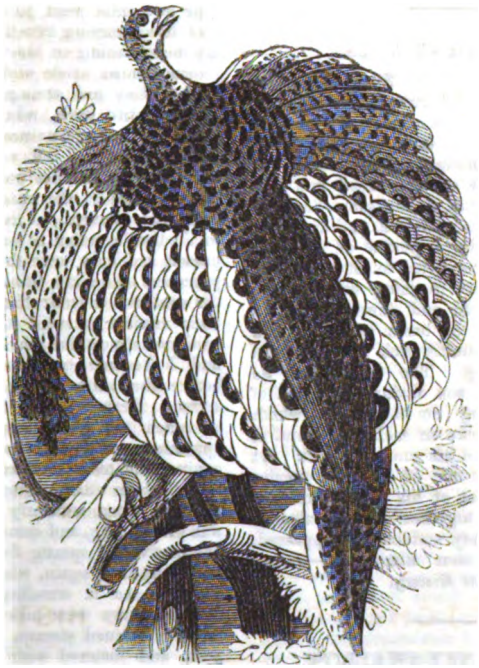
the road farther and farther from their prey, which they still kept their eye upon, by retracing their footsteps till they at length reached the stump of an old tree, that must have led to head-quarters, for from thence a regular march almost immediately commenced, all sallying forth by one aperture, and keeping the military road, so that in a short time the beetle was completely covered with thousands, who began to devour him with one accord; and as if they had been only waiting for a signal to inform them that the communication with the rendezvous, or seat of government, had been fully established. To prevent accidents from too much crowding, a certain number only remained around the beetle at a time, and then, after finishing their meal, returned to head-quarters.—*Medwin's Angler in Wales.*



THE ARGUS PHEASANT.

THE true pheasants differ in many points from our domestic fowls in general, though there are also so many points of resemblance that they are always arranged along with them. The head is destitute of a comb, the tail is long, more or less drooping, composed of gently-arching feathers, of which the middle ones exceed the rest in length; the legs of the male are armed with spurs. The pheasant has little in his port of the upright bearing of the game fowl: his attitude is more crouching, and the whole figure lower and more elongated. The common pheasant is well known. It is naturalized among us, but originally came from the neighbourhood of the ancient Colchis, in the modern Mingrelia and Georgia. The Greeks first derived it from the locality about the river Phasis, (the present Faz,) whence its Greek name,—*Phasianus* in its Latin form: the step from this to our English "pheasant" is easily discernible.

The Argus pheasant is the *Argus giganteus* of some naturalists. It is a native of Sumatra, Malacca, and the south-east of Asia. It is a bird of recluse habits, frequenting wooded hills remote from human abodes. It has never been brought alive to England, and it is said to pine in captivity. Its size is a little inferior to a peacock. There is a short, hair-like crest or bush on the head. The secondary quill feathers are remarkable for their elongation and breadth, spreading out boldly at their extremities, and forming, when the wings are opened, a sweeping fan-like plume. Each of these feathers is beautifully ornamented with a row of eyes down the web on the outer side of the shaft, and the rest of this web is filled up with linear and oval marks of a deep brown on a yellowish-grey ground. The inner web is

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white at its edge, but the remainder is filled up with oval spots, as on the outer web. The primary quills are of a fine yellowish grey, with oval dusky spots, and blue shafts. The tail-feathers are of a rich brown, thickly dotted with small spots of white. The shoulders and upper part of the back are pale brown, thickly dotted with round spots of deep brownish black; and the lower half is pale buff, thickly spotted with black. Viewed altogether, the Argus pheasant is a beautiful and magnificent bird.

A PRUDENT GULL.

THE family of H. Peter, Esq., of Harlyn, on the north coast of Cornwall, one morning at breakfast-time, threw a piece of bread out of the window to a stray sea-gull, which happened to have made its appearance at the moment: the bird ate the bread and flew away. The next day, at the same hour, he appeared again, was again fed, and departed. From this time, for a period of eighteen years, the gull never failed to show himself at the window every morning at the same hour, and to stalk up snd down till he had received his meal, (a basin of bread and milk,) when he instantly took his leave till the next morning. The only time he omitted to do this was during the period of the pilchards being on the coast, which lasted about six weeks in each year; and at this time he omitted his morning visit. At length he brought one of his own species with him to partake of his meal; and they continued to come together daily for about a fortnight, when they suddenly disappeared, and were never seen afterwards.—*Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.*

THE CHIMNEY-SWALLOW.

THE following interesting account of the chimney-swallow is from Audubon's work, recently published.

Immediately after my arrival at Louisville, in the State of Kentucky, I became acquainted with the amiable and hospitable Major William Croghan, and his family. While talking one day about birds, he asked me if I had seen the trees on which the swallows were supposed to spend the winter, but which they only entered, he said, for the purpose of roosting. Answering in the affirmative, I was informed that on my way back to town there was a tree remarkable on account of the immense numbers that resorted to it; and the place in which it stood was described to me. I found it to be a sycamore, nearly destitute of branches, sixty or seventy feet high, between seven and eight feet in diameter at the base, and about five for the distance of forty feet up, where the stump of a broken hollowed branch, about two feet in diameter, made out from the main stem. This was the place at which the swallows entered. On closely examining the tree, I found it hard, but hollow to near the roots. It was now about four o'clock, afternoon, in the month of July. Swallows were flying over Jeffersonville, Louisville, and the woods around, but there were none near the tree. I proceeded home, and shortly after returned on foot. The sun was going down behind the Silver-Hill: the evening was beautiful: thousands of swallows were flying closely above me, and three or four at a time were pitching into the hole, like bees hurrying into the hive. I remained, my head leaning on the tree, listening to the roaring noise made within by the birds, as they settled and arranged themselves, until it was quite dark, when I left the place, although I was convinced that many more had to enter. I did not pretend to count them, for the number was too great, and the birds rushed to the entrance so thick as to baffle the attempt. I had scarcely returned to Louisville when a violent thunder-storm passed suddenly over the town, and its appearance made me think that the hurry of the swallows to enter the tree was caused by their anxiety to avoid it. I thought of the swallows almost the whole night, so anxious had I become to ascertain their number before the time of their departure should arrive. Next morning I rose early enough to reach the place long before the least appearance of daylight, and placed my head against the tree. All was silent within. I remained in that posture probably twenty minutes, when suddenly I thought the tree was giving way, and coming down upon me. Instinctively I sprang from it; but when I looked up to it again, what was my astonishment to see it standing as firm as ever! The swallows were now pouring out in a black continued stream. I ran back to my post, and listened with amazement to the noise within, which I could compare to nothing else than the sound of a large wheel revolving under a powerful stream. It was yet dusky, so I could hardly see the hour on my watch; but I estimated the time which they took in getting out at more than thirty minutes. After their departure, no noise was heard within, and they dispersed in every direction with the quickness of thought.

I immediately formed the project of examining the interior of the tree, which, as my kind friend Major Croghan had told me, proved the most remarkable I had ever met with. This I did in company with a hunting associate. We went provided with a strong line and a rope, the first of which we, after several trials, succeeded in throwing across the broken branch. Fastening the rope to the line, we drew it up, and pulled it over until it reached the ground again. Provided with the longest cane we could find, I

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mounted the tree, by the rope, without accident, and at length seated myself at ease on the broken branch: but my labour was fruitless, for I could see nothing through the hole, and the cane, which was about fifteen feet long, touching nothing on the sides of the tree within, that could give any information. I came down fatigued and disappointed.

The next day I hired a man, who cut a hole at the base of the tree. The shell was only eight or nine inches thick, and the axe soon brought the inside to view, disclosing a matted mass of exuviæ, with rotten feathers reduced to a kind of mould, in which, however, I could perceive fragments of insects and quills. I had a passage cleared, or rather bored, through this mass, for nearly six feet. This operation took up a good deal of time; and knowing by experience that if the birds should notice the hole below they would abandon the tree, I had it entirely closed. The swallows came as usual that night, and I did not disturb them for several days. At last, provided with a dark lantern, I went with my companion about nine in the evening, determined to have a full view of the interior of the tree. The hole was opened with caution. I scrambled up the sides of the mass of exuviæ, and my friend followed. All was perfectly silent. Slowly and gradually I brought the light of the lantern to bear on the sides of the hole above us, when we saw the swallows clinging side by side, covering the whole surface of the excavation. In no instance did I see one above another. Satisfied with the sight, I closed the lantern. We then caught and killed, with as much care as possible, more than a hundred, stowing them away in our pockets and bosoms, and slid down into the open air.

THE MONKEY AND CROW.

In the jungles about the neighbourhood of Tillicherry, in India, there is a large species of monkey, frequently tamed by the natives; and at a village a short distance from this celebrated sea-port, we had an evidence of the remarkable sagacity of this animal. A few yards from the house of the person to whom it belonged, a thick pole, at least thirty feet high, had been fixed into the earth, round which was an iron ring, and to this was attached a strong chain of considerable length, fastened to a collar round the monkey's neck. The ring being loose, it easily slid up the pole when he ascended or descended. He was in the habit of taking his station upon the top of the bamboo, where he seemed perched as if to enjoy the beauties of the prospect around him: this was really striking. The crows, which in India are very abundant and singularly audacious, taking advantage of his elevated position, had been in the daily habit of robbing him of his food, which was placed every morning and evening at the foot of the pole. To this he had vainly expressed his dislike, by chattering, and other indications of his displeasure equally ineffectual: nothing that he could do was of any avail to scare away these unwelcome intruders upon his repasts. He tried various modes to banish them, but they continued their periodical depredations. Finding that he was perfectly unheeded, he adopted a plan of retribution as effectual as it was ingenious.

One morning, when his tormentors had been particularly troublesome, he appeared as if seriously indisposed: he closed his eyes, drooped his head, and exhibited various other symptoms of severe suffering. No sooner were his ordinary rations placed at the foot of the bamboo, than the crows, watching their opportunity, descended in great numbers, and, according to their usual practice, began to demolish his provisions. The monkey now began to slide down the pole by slow degrees, as if the effort were painful to him, and as if so overcome by indisposition that his remaining strength was scarcely equal to such exertion. When he reached the ground, he rolled about for some time, seeming in great agony, until he found himself close by the vessel employed to contain his food, which the crows had by this time well nigh devoured. There was still, however, some remaining, which a solitary bird, emboldened by the apparent indisposition of the monkey, advanced to seize. The wily creature was at this time lying in a state of apparent insensibility at the foot of the pole, and close by the pan. The moment the crow stretched out its head, and ere it could secure a mouthful of the interdicted food, the watchful avenger seized the depredator by the neck with the rapidity of thought, and secured it from doing further mischief. He now began to chatter and grin with every expression of gratified triumph, while the crows flew around, cawing in boisterous chime, as if deprecating the chastisement about to be inflicted upon their captive companion. The monkey continued for a while to chatter and grin in triumphant mockery of their distress; he then deliberately placed the captive crow between his knees, and began to pluck it with the most humorous gravity. When he had completely stripped it, except the large feathers in the pinions and tail, he flung it into the air as high as his strength would permit, and, after flapping its wings for a few seconds, it fell on the ground with a stunning shock. The other crows, which had been fortunate enough to escape a similar castigation, now surrounded it, and immediately pecked it to death. The expression of joy on the animal's countenance was altogether indescribable; and he had no

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sooner seen this ample retribution dealt to the purloiner of his repast, than he ascended the bamboo to enjoy a quiet repose. The next time his food was brought, not a single crow approached it; and I dare say that, thenceforward, he was never again molested by those voracious intruders. — *Oriental Annual*, 1836.

OUR SERVANTS.

MASTERS, MISTRESSES, AND SERVANTS.

Part I.

The fifth chapter of the second book of Kings is eminently suggestive of instruction to each of these classes. Naaman, his wife, the little Israelitish maid, Naaman's servants, Gehazi, furnish a group not only collectively interesting, but each figure, taken separately, teaching most important lessons.

First, we have Naaman himself. We are told what he was in the field and at court, and we are enabled to infer what he was in his family. Successful and honoured, it was to be anticipated that he would be somewhat proud, expecting from all the respect which he believed to be his due, and, which is often seen to be the case in persons generally good-tempered and amiable, sensitive and hasty, liable to sudden bursts of passion. Still, two things place him before us in a very favourable light. The manner in which the juvenile captive speaks of him, and the desire for his recovery from a sad disease, lead to the conclusion that he was a favourite at home; that he was kind to his servants, and, without losing sight of his proper position, easy of access. Had not this been the case, the servants who accompanied him to the house of Elijah would neither have expostulated with him as they did, employing such terms of respectful affection, nor would he have been so willing to listen to them. His wife, though less is said of her, yet stands before us as possessing a similar spirit. The little girl would very likely witness the grief occasioned by her husband's calamity, and, sympathizing with her, addressed her in language which led ultimately to his recovery. Such were this heathen master and mistress. Christian masters and mistresses have reasons for being such which these heathens knew not. The example of Christ is one of deep seriousness, and perfect holiness; but among its features, meekness and gentleness shine pre-eminently. In our blessed Lord we see all that is amiable and attractive. Religionists who are sour, gloomy, repulsive, and passionate, have nothing of the mind that was in Christ. They bring no honour to God; and though they may make a loud and strict profession of religion, they are evidently self-deceivers, for they are not new creatures in Christ Jesus. It is a melancholy fact, and furnishes a sad, but unequivocal testimony respecting the laxity of moral principles among religious professors, that few seem to doubt but that they are very good persons. They do not swear, they do not go to places of public amusement, they are not given to intoxication; and thus, if there be a tolerable degree of conformity to the worldly standard of social morals, they are said—we repeat it with grief—to be very good men and women. In the mean time they are censorious in regard to their neighbours, harsh, overbearing, ill-tempered, and passionate in their families. And yet, they are good people! Are none bad but those who indulge themselves in sins of the flesh? Are sins of the spirit less offensive to God, less injurious to man? Undoubtedly not; and public religious opinion will be largely tainted with guilty antinomianism, till these two classes of sins be considered as equally irreconcilable with the enjoyment of the divine favour, equally inconsistent with the possession of true religion. Why is a drunkard not a good man? Because he disobeys the positive command of God. Why are those who are bitter and censorious, harsh, overbearing, austere, and passionate, not good men and women? For the same reason: they disobey the divine command. The *world* may consider them as good people; but the *church* ought to have another standard. *Christian* goodness—and no other goodness is valuable in reference to eternity—implies all that is amiable in temper, speech, and behaviour.

That Christian masters and mistresses are bound to manifest this character to those who for the time are under their authority, is also shown by the clear doctrine, and the most explicit language, of the New Testament. They are to remember that masters and servants are alike under the authority of Christ. Servants are "the servants of Christ." Masters have a "Master also in heaven." Relative duties rest on the same foundation which supports religious and personal duties; and in requiring their conscientious performance, there is no respect of persons with Him with whom we have to do.

Happy is the family where practical attention is paid to the rules thus suggested! The case of Naaman may be cited as an illustration of the beneficial effects of the

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kindness which his character displayed. It was through the instrumentality of his servants that he obtained deliverance from the gigantic calamity of his life, by human means incurable. And even where such singular benefits do not result, the peace, the order, the very prosperity of the family, arising from the united interest taken in its concerns by all its members, supply an ample reward. How different the case of the family where selfishness reigns! Two separate classes exist in it, and great is the gulf between them. The one only seeks to obtain the greatest quantity of service for the least possible payment: the other, to render the least quantity of service for the greatest possible amount of wages. Neither cares for the other. And can it be said to either, "God careth for you?" Masters and mistresses, see to it that ye "walk within your house with a perfect heart," aiming at taking your servants with you to heaven.

(*Part II. in our next.*)

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

How many hundreds of young persons are engaged on the Sabbath-day in the great and good, but arduous, undertaking of training the rising generation! And should there, amongst Christian communities, be one class of persons that more than another needs our sympathy and encouragement, it is that of Sabbath-school Teachers. How many thus occupied feel the responsibility of their situation, and, in the midst of their labour of love, exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things!"

Those employed in this work may have been brought, in the morning of their days, to seek the Lord; they have been the subjects of early religious instruction, have had the lessons of divine wisdom poured into their minds, so that some of their best and earliest recollections are associated with a Sabbath-school: and to persons so influenced by the grace of God, and instructed by the word of truth, there is no employment so pleasing, as leading the lambs of the flock; for having tasted the good word of life, and felt the powers of the world to come, higher, holier influences have taken possession of their hearts, and with glowing zeal they desire to impart to others that word, the entrance of which giveth life. Sabbath-school Teachers have their discouragements: they may labour Sabbath after Sabbath to impress the minds of those committed to their care with divine truths, and yet there may not be any visible appearance of good. But let them take courage: it is the Lord's work, and "in due season they shall reap;" for "he that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Take courage, and

> "Labour on at God's command,
> And offer all your works to Him."

Let it be said of you as of one of old, "She hath done what she could." Think of the reward; and should you be instrumental in saving any of those committed to your trust, you assist in wreathing for them an unfading crown of glory; and, when earthly teachings fail, you shall unite with them in laying it at the feet of Immanuel. If Sabbath-school Teachers would take encouragement, they must be united in their work, in their efforts; they must "be of one mind;" by mutual prayer stimulate and encourage each other in the instruction of the children; and by their spirit of love one towards another, verify the beautiful words of the Psalmist, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

A SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER.

Keighley.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MRS. HANNAH SPENCER,

OF CHARLTON, WOOLWICH.

MRS. HANNAH SPENCER was born at Selby, in Yorkshire, in the year 1817. In infancy she manifested a thoughtful disposition. The care of her pious parents was evidently not bestowed on her in vain. She was only nine years of age when she "chose the good part" for herself, and through divine grace held fast the beginning of her confidence steadfastly to the end. At the age of twelve she began to note down her religious experience in the form of a diary, continuing the practice to the later years of her life,

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This journal shows her self-knowledge, her uniformly peaceful state of mind, her deep compassion for the unconverted, her inward conflicts and victories, and her steady communion with God throughout her comparatively brief, but devoted, career. She was, while she had the opportunity, a useful Sabbath-school Teacher, and a Tract-Distributer. Unostentatiously, quietly, and zealously, she sought to do good, and to bring glory to God. She visited the sick and the needy, and many disconsolate ones were relieved and cheered by her affectionate attention. From her youth to what the world would call her premature death, she steadily maintained a quiet but effective course of well-doing, careful at the same time to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. Living in the favour of God, and keeping a conscience void of offence by watchful diligence, and free from guilt by constant recurrence to the blood of sprinkling, she maintained the spirit of prayer, and had prevailing power in her wrestlings with God.

In 1841 she was married to Mr. Joseph Spencer, then a Local Preacher at Goole, since taken out into the regular Wesleyan ministry. After a short residence in Goole they removed to Woolwich; and though her disposition was modest and retiring, the circle of friends to whom she was introduced soon perceived her sterling worth, so that among strangers she soon found herself at home. Where fellowship with the Father, through the Son, and by the Spirit, is maintained, the communion of saints follows as a religious necessity. They who are born of God belong to the same family, have the same hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, and speak the same language. The materials for a perfect sympathy exist, and only require the concurrence of favourable circumstances to effect a union which years of intercourse could not have produced in the world.

But she was about to be called to the higher communion of the saints in light. The disease (puerperal fever) which occasioned her death was of short duration. Only three days after the appearance of the first symptoms, all hope of recovery was gone. She had previously, with great calmness, "set her house in order;" and now, resigning herself to the will of God, she had nothing to do but suffer for a brief space, and then die. Before the more fatal indications appeared, though extremely weak, she was very happy. She requested her husband to sing the verse, "There is my house and portion fair;" and repeated the last lines with a marked emphasis,—

"And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come."

Her mind soon began to wander, and was only occasionally recalled to rational consciousness. In a brief lucid interval she raised her arms in triumph, and exclaimed, "Light, light! light in the valley!" And in another, "Jesus! that precious name! Jesus is precious!" A few minutes before she expired, recollection seemed once more to return: she again raised her arms, but her utterance had become indistinct. She was heard to say, however, "Come, Jesus! Lord Jesus, come!" Almost with these words on her lips, her spirit was freed from the burden of the flesh, and entered, through Christ, into perfect and endless joy and felicity. She died July 5th, 1846. D. SMITH.

POETRY.

HYMN.

BY LORD BROUGHAM.

"THERE is a God!" all nature cries;
A thousand tongues proclaim
His arm almighty, mind all-wise,
And bid each voice in chorus rise
To magnify His name.

Thy name, great nature's Sire divine,
Assiduous we adore;
Rejecting godheads, at whose shrine
Benighted nations blood and wine
In vain libations pour.

Yon countless worlds, in boundless space,
Myriads of miles each hour,
Their mighty orbs as curious trace,
As the blue circle studs the face
Of that enamell'd flower.

But Thou, too, mad'st that floweret gay
To glitter on the dawn;
The hand that fired the lamp of day,
The blazing comet launch'd away,
Painted the velvet lawn.

As falls the sparrow to the ground,
Obedient to Thy will,
By the same law those globes wheel round,
Each drawing each, yet all still found
In one eternal system bound;
One order to fulfil.

SABBATH.

BY HERBERT.

SUNDAYS the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace arched lies;
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.

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They are the fruitful bed and borders
In God's rich garden: that is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal, glorious King.
On Sunday, heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife;
More plentiful than hope.

GOD IS LOVE.

BY W. S. BARTON.

"God is love!" Truly the sound
Doth make the heart rejoice;
With joy let every soul abound.
This love, how boundless, how profound!
Let angels spread the news around,
And triumph every voice.

"God is love!" Ah! none can know
The depth of Jesu's love!
God loved a world of sinners so,
He sent an *only* Son to show
That love to man in sin and woe,
To us from heaven above.

"God is love!" How rich the news
To sinful, erring man.
This precious gift the Christian views;
Is seen to wonder and to muse,
Why He did not this boon refuse,
And tries His love to scan.

"God is love!" 'Tis love complete,
Display'd to all our race.
Then worship God; for this is meet:
Bow down straightway at Jesu's feet:
Praise Him with whom none can compete,
And wonder at His grace.

SPEAK NO ILL!

Nay, speak no ill: a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind;
And, O! to breathe each tale we've heard
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus the kinder plan;
For if but little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide,
Would fain another's faults efface:
How can it pleasure human pride
To prove humanity but base?
No, let us reach a higher mood,—
A noble estimate for man:
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill, but lenient be
To others' feelings as your own:
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief its span:
Then, O! the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can!
—*Aberdeen Herald.*

SKETCHES OF OLDEN TIME.

VIEW OF LONDON BEFORE THE GREAT FIRE.

London once was not what London is now. Half a century before the "great fire," James the First attempted, though vainly, to put a stop to the rage for building that had already commenced. But his attempts were in vain. London was surrounded by villages that were then in the country. It was a pleasant, water-side walk by the Strand —then literally what its name imports—to the village of Charing, and then the perambulator came to the city of Westminster, with its parks and palaces, law-courts, Houses of Parliament, and its venerable Hall and Abbey. Covent-garden *was* a garden. Moorfields *were* fields; and it was a nice ramble up what is now City-road to Islington, which then stood pleasantly by itself. All around the germ of the future vast metropolis were fields and gardens, studded, indeed, with houses; but they were *country* houses. Though a far-seeing spectator might have beheld, in imagination, the filling up of this extended ground-plan, and its growth into a mighty mass of brick and mortar, furnishing accommodation for between two and three millions of inhabitants, as is the case at present. And how far the enlargement is to go, who can say? Whittington had a long country walk through the fields to the bottom of Highgate-hill; but now, one continuous row of houses extends from the Bank, connecting London, Islington, Holloway, and Highgate. London-bridge was a long street, with houses on each side, completely intercepting the view of the river. Not only did Tyburn, so celebrated in the annals of crime and punishment, stand completely in the country, but the bottom of Holborn-hill only began to be built upon some seven years before the "fire." Evelyn, in his "Journal," under the date of "June 7, 1659," says:—"To London, to take leave of

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my brother, and see the foundations now laying for a long street of buildings in Hatton-garden, designed for a little town, lately an ample garden."

Our woodcut shows *old* St. Paul's at the left-hand corner, the *streeted bridge* to the right, and beyond it, the Tower. But, instead of describing particularly the London that then was, we will only say, first, that narrow streets, and houses built only in reference to the domestic habits of the olden time, rendered it quite unfit for those who expected to enjoy their health, and to live out all their days. Everything in the way of overcoming disease then was to be effected by medicine, and by medicine administered with no sound knowledge either of the substances employed, or of the human subject to be operated upon. Modern medicine follows nature, and lays down, first of all, the necessity of pure air, pure water, cleanliness, and a wholesome diet. And we are already coming to this: that our towns and houses are to be built so as not to be, as once they were, necessarily unfavourable to health. And having said thus much, we come to two important facts in the history of London: the great plague, and the great fire. The first broke out in the summer of the year 1665. We are not going to give a full account of it. We shall content ourselves with an extract or two from Mr. Evelyn's "Journal," written, be it remembered, *at the very time*. When the awful occurrences took place to which he refers, he was a living man: he heard of them; he saw their evidences; he went home from the sight, and recorded them in the "Journal" which minutely details the particulars of his life. Thus, on the 16th of July, (1665,) he writes: "There died of the plague in London this week *eleven hundred*, and in the week following above *two thousand*. Two houses were shut up in our parish (Deptford)." He writes: "August 2d.—A solemn fast through England, to deprecate God's displeasure against the land by pestilence and war: our Doctor preaching a sermon from Levit. xxvi. 41, 42, that the means to obtain remission of punishment was not to repine at it, but humbly to submit to it." Very good, Mr. Evelyn. Your regular Preachers could say no wrong, good man as you were; while the "phanatics," as you chose to term them, could say no right. Wonderful—but painful and dangerous—is the power of prejudice, even in the pious; and John Evelyn was a pious man. One great sin of the days of Charles I. and II. was, *disregard of the Sabbath*. The Puritans obeyed God in this respect. Well; here is this Doctor preaching a "fast-day sermon;" and he breaks off his text when his text begins to touch on the sin of the kingly party. Not a word is to be said about dishonouring the Sabbath! No. The "Book of Sports" was a royal ordinance! We are sick of the controversies of those who carry all matters to extremes. When shall we come to simple and entire submission to Christ, and His holy laws?

We add a record or two from the "Journal." "August 8th.—Died this week, in London, four thousand." "August 15th.—There perished this week five thousand. 28th.—The contagiôn still increasing, I sent my wife and whole family (two or three necessary servants excepted) to my brother's at Wotton, being resolved to stay at my

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house myself, and to look after my charge, trusting in the providence and goodness of God." "Sept. 7th.—Came home from Chatham, there perishing near ten thousand poor creatures weekly; however, I went all along the city and suburbs from Kent-street to St. James's," (it would be all city now,) "a dismal passage, and dangerous to see so many coffins exposed in the streets, now thin of people, the shops shut up, and all in mournful silence, not knowing whose turn it would be next." A mournful picture; and the more so, as it is not an imaginative one, but described from the life by an actual spectator. On the 23d of November, he says: —"The contagion has now decreased considerably;" and he closes the year as usual with pious reflections. "December 31st.—Now blessed be God for His extraordinary mercies and preservation of me this year, when thousands, and tens of thousands, perished, and were swept away on each side of me, there dying in our parish alone" (Deptford, then far less populous than at present) "this year four hundred and six of the pestilence."

In the beginning of 1666 there was a pause; but in April the plague returned to the neighbourhood, though the city continued exempt. He says, "April 15th.—Our parish was now more infected with the plague than ever, and so was all the country about, though almost quite ceased at London." "July 22d.—Our parish still infected with the contagion." "29th.—The pestilence now afresh increasing in our parish, I forbore going to church." "Aug. 26th.—The contagion still continuing, we had the church-service at home." Before seven days had elapsed, the fire, the great instrument of Providence in clearing the ground of the very sources and aliment of contagion, broke out. In its course, Old St. Paul's was swept away, and a way was opened for the erection of the present edifice, the glorious monumental pile of the architect, Sir Christopher Wren.* It is a remarkable fact, however, and not generally adverted to, that the old building stood in such need of repairs, that a Commission was appointed to examine and report on the subject. Mr. Evelyn was one of its members. He has an entry in his Journal, of the date of August 27th, in which he records the fact of their last visitation, and the conclusions to which they came. Of course, the fire altered all their plans. He says, "I went to St. Paul's church, where with Dr. Wren, Mr. Prat, Mr. May, Mr. Thomas Chichley, Mr. Slingsby, the Bishop of London, the Dean of St. Paul's, and several expert workmen, we went about to survey the general decays of that ancient and venerable church, and to set down in writing the particulars of what was fit to be done, with the charge thereof, giving our opinion from article to article. Finding the main building to recede outwards, it was the opinion of Chichley and Mr. Prat that it had been so built *ab origine* for an effect in perspective, in regard of the height; but I was, with Dr. Wren, quite of another judgment, and so we entered it. We plumbed the uprights in several places. When we came to the steeple, it was deliberated whether it were not well enough to repair it only on its old foundation, with reservation to the four pillars; this Mr. Chichley and Mr. Prat were also for, but we totally rejected it, and insisted that it required a new foundation, not only in regard of the necessity, but for that the shape of what stood was very mean, *and we had a mind to build it with a noble cupola, a form of church-building not as yet known in England, but of wonderful grace:* for this purpose we offered to bring in a plan and estimate, which, after much contest, was at last assented to, and that we should nominate a committee of able workmen to examine the present foundation. This concluded, we drew all up in writing, and so went with my Lord Bishop to the Dean's."*

THE GREAT FIRE.

We may introduce this by saying that there is a common opinion that the fire followed immediately after the plague,—in the same year, indeed. Mr. Evelyn shows this to be erroneous. Between the plague in *London*, as London was then, and the fire, there was an interval of a year. But in the spring of the year the contagion broke out in what then was not London, though, practically, it is so now. London was free; but Deptford, and other places round about, were again visited. Had London continued to be the unhealthy place that it was in 1665, there can be little doubt but that in 1667

* That our country readers may understand this, we inform them that over the screen, separating the chancel from the nave, is a Latin inscription, stating that underneath Sir Christopher Wren, the builder of the church, is buried, and adding, "*Reader, if thou askest for his monument, look around thee.*"

* Here, if we only regarded the *length* of our article, we might break off; but as the other wood-cuts this month will be explained with very brief observation, we may be permitted, for once, to exceed the customary limits prescribed by the plan of the "Miscellany," which is to give as great a variety of subjects as we can, in numerous short pieces. In the present case, though the *article itself* be longer than usual, its *contents* may be referred to several distinct subjects. Here is *a description of Old London;* there are then some *impressive references to the great Plague:* then there is an account of *the decayed condition of old St. Paul's*, of the necessity of very extensive repairs, and of the proposal to build *a new steeple with a cupola*, "a form of church-building not as yet known in England." What follows will relate to *the great fire;* so that the article may be divided into four distinct subjects. The *length* is only *apparent*, but the *variety* is *real*.

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the hot weather would have brought back the deadly epidemic.

On the 2d of September, 1666, the Londoners, small and great, pursued their usual avocations; and as earlier hours were then observed than is at present customary, the great majority of the inhabitants either had retired, or were retiring, to rest. At the always celebrated "West-end," many would be "up" much later; but what might be occurring in a region so remote as near London-Bridge, and among the vulgar cits, would not disturb *them* till they heard that the "good servant," but "bad master," had asserted his mastery, and was working mischief in all the wildness and might of his terrible rage, sweeping all before him, and mocking at all the feeble efforts by which it was attempted to impede his progress. Mr. Evelyn shall now become the speaker.

"2d Sept.—This fatal night, about ten, began the deplorable fire near Fish-street, in London. 3d.—I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and son, and went to the Bank-side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the water-side; all the houses from the bridge, all Thames-street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the 'Three Cranes,' were now consumed:" (it will be remembered that the buildings of the olden time had larger quantities of wood in them than builders now use, and this would be dry as tinder, and combustible as brown paper. Party-walls, separating the houses, were very infrequent. A single house now, if a large one, would take as much time for its destruction, as the quantity of houses described by the journalist:) "and so returned, exceedingly astonished what would become of the rest.

"The fire having continued all this night, (if I may call that night which was as light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner,) when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season; I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole south part of the city burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill, (for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward,) Tower-street, Fenchuroh-street, Gracious-" (Gracechurch-) "street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out, running about like distracted creatures without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation then was upon them, so as it burned, both in breadth and length, churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments and ornaments, *leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and street to street, at great distances one from the other;* for the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air, and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, *which devoured after an incredible manner houses, furniture, and everything.* Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had had the time and courage to save; as on the other side, the carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with movables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. O the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen since the foundation of it, nor to be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. *All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven,* and the light seen above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who saw above ten thousand houses all in one flame! *the noise, and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storm, and the air all about was so hot and inflamed that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were* FORCED TO STAND STILL AND LET THE FLAMES BURN ON; which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. *The clouds of smoke also were dismal, and reached upon computation near fifty miles in length!* Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or of the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage, '*Non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem,*' ('For here we have no continuing city,') the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus I returned."

And here we pause. Mr. Evelyn has a few more powerfully-written records, but we reserve these for our next Number.

FIRESIDE TRAVELS.

ALPINE SCENES.

In the summer of 1848, Dr. Forbes, an eminent London physician, gave himself a "month's holiday," for the purpose of recruiting his mental and physical powers, and preparing himself to return with renewed vigour to the regular routine of arduous duty. He wisely directed his way towards

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those romantic regions where the eye is delighted and the mind expanded by the sublime magnificence of nature; and where, at the same time, perpetual ice and snow cool the air even in the dog-days, and invigorate the frame as much as it is depressed by the wearying and desolate sameness of Arctic frost. Imagination is tolerably powerful with us all, but scarcely powerful enough to bring into our apartment, sultry with the heat of August, the refrigerative breezes which blow from the glaciers of the Alps. However, in the absence of the reality, the mental vision of it may not be without its pleasantness, especially as *that* vision may be enjoyed without trouble or expense. Dr. Forbes describes what he sees so naturally as to give to his descriptions quite a pictorial effect. Next to seeing such sights, is the possession of such written accounts as enable us to fancy that we have them before us.

THE JUNGFRAU.

"Our object was to reach the little inn built on the brow of the Wengern Alp, fronting the Jungfrau. Accordingly, after taking a last look at the beautiful valley through which we had passed, now spreading out to a vast extent behind us, green and glittering in the sun, and of the still more magnificent mountains which hemmed it in and overlooked it, we proceeded on our downward path, with the Mönch close on our left hand, and the glorious Jungfrau straight before us, their snowy and cloudless heads majestically towering into the blue sky in all the brightness of the noontide sun. Keeping on the slope of the green mountain on our right, on a path which was separated from the base of the mountains on the left by a deep valley or ravine, we reached the small inn which is dignified by the name of the Hotel of the Jungfrau. We arrived exactly at noon, fresh and vigorous, and some of our party ready for yet another breakfast, after a walk of five hours.

"The hotel of the Jungfrau is built on the slope of the Wengern Alp, on the edge of the cliff which forms the northern side of the ravine, named Trümlethenthal, and which separates it from the base of the mountain. It is directly in front of the Jungfrau, which looks as if it were quite close, although probably three quarters of a mile distant. As the site of the hotel, though seemingly so low, is really at a considerable elevation above the ravine, being nearly six thousand feet above the sea, the view of the mountains from it is most perfect; and as we sat at our ease on the benches before the house looking at them, and watching the fall of the avalanches one after another into the ravine, it almost seemed as if we were looking on a performance of art, instead of contemplating some of the grandest phenomena of nature.

"The Jungfrau, upwards of 13,700 English feet above the sea, owing to the immensity of its mass, and the comparative flatness of its top, like Monte Rosa and Mont Blanc, looks less lofty than it is; while other mountains, as the Schreckhorn, for instance, seem to be more elevated than they really are. It is, however, evidently the Queen of the magnificent group of mountains which, running from the north-east to the south-west, form the unbroken chain of snowy peaks which were now filling our horizon as far as we could see on either hand. I will put down in order the names of the loftier summits, such as I took them down at the time from the mouth of our guide, beginning at the left:—the great Eigher, the small Eigher, the Aletchhorn, the Mönch, the Jungfrau, the two Silberhörner, the Strahlenberg, the Mittagshorn, the Grosshorn, the Breithorn, the Schwanenhorn, the Schwalbenberg, the Fräuengrad. All these peaks were, on this occasion, either perfectly clear and bright almost as the sun itself, or they were temporarily and partially clothed, not covered, by delicate wreaths of most lovely mist, so brilliantly white as to be distinguished from the snows on which it rested only by the configuration of its folds and its occasional motion."

AVALANCHES.

"During the period we remained at the hotel, which extended to a couple of hours, we had the pleasure of seeing many avalanches fall from the brow of the Jungfrau into the Trümlethenthal. For some time there was no appearance of the kind; but when they began, they came in quick succession: I counted no fewer than six within half an hour; and there were a few more. Though these avalanches were all small, and in no way to be compared to that we had seen fall from the Eigher, they were still exceedingly interesting to us from their novelty and beauty. They all came from the same part of the mountain, and appeared to arise but at a short distance above the cliff over which they were precipitated. The nature and course of the process was this: suddenly we heard a report like a small thunder-clap, which we found was produced by the rupture of the mass from the glacier, and its brief descent along the rock; and by the time the eye had fixed on the exact spot, the lower portion of the moving mass had already reached the border of the cliff, and was beginning to shoot from it into the gulf below. In its fall it assumed exactly the appearance of a cascade, only whiter, and there was a pause of silence while it was passing through the air, speedily followed, however, by a second thunder-clap, much louder and longer than the first, as it reached and was accumulated on the ground below. As this ceased, there was seen to rise, and to extend to a great height, along the face of the dark rock, a fine white mist, composed

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of the finer particles of the broken glacier and snow which had just descended. When the detached mass was small, and perhaps, also, under other conditions, there was no primary sound, and our first indication of what was taking place would be either the sight of the powdery cascade, or the sound it produced on reaching the ground: this sound was sometimes very considerable, even when that of the disruption was entirely absent.

"While resting at the hotel, notwithstanding the bright sun, the air felt rather cold, and the thermometer in the shade was only 47°."

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LOCUST-TREE.

Dr. Balfour places this tree under the order *leguminosæ*, and sub-order *cæsalpinicæ*. He says briefly, "The pod of *ceratonia siliqua* is known as the *algaroba-bean*, and is used occasionally for feeding horses. The tree is denominated *carob-tree*, and sometimes *locust-tree*, from a tradition that the pulpy matter surrounding the seeds supplied food to St. John in the wilderness." To these pods reference seems to be made in Luke xv. 16, where the Greek has κερατιων, and the Latin *siliquis*. Our English, as is well known, is *husks*. Domestic animals are still fed on the fruit of the carob-tree. The ancients made a sort of wine from the sweet pulp contained within the pod of the bean of the *ceratonia*; and the husks, or mashed part, still mixed with the nourishing sweet pulp, are given to swine. Many persons believe that the famishing young man longed for these. But notwithstanding the tradition of the Monks of Palestine,—in which, no doubt, originated the popular names, *St. John's bread*, and *locust-tree*,—there is no real doubt but that reference is made to that formidable insect, the locust. The Arabs still eat them, both fresh and dried. The wild honey, whenever it can be procured, still forms a part of an Arab meal.

Lady Callcott thus describes the locust-tree:—"This very handsome tree grows in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, and in all its islands. The horses at Naples are seldom supplied with corn and pulse, while the fruit of the carob-tree is in season. In Malta, cattle of all descriptions feed upon it, and in that island the tree grows in the highest perfection. Its roots penetrate into the fissures of the white rocks; and its dark green shade forms a curious contrast with the white buildings, and equally white walls

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of which the island is composed. The effect of this contrast is most remarkable by moonlight. Then, seen with its terraced gardens, flat-roofed houses, and long lines of fortification, Malta might be taken for an island of the dead. No sound is heard but the murmurs of the waves, as they wash the rocks, or a stilly breeze, scarcely stirring the dark carob-trees, which seem like funereal plumes waving over the tombs below."

ANECDOTES.

DANGER AT SEA, AND "SHOOTING WITH THE LONG BOW."

Mr. Evelyn relates the following anecdotes in his "Journal," as occurring during his tour in Italy, in 1644. Sailing in a small vessel along the coast, near Genoa, to view the country from sea-wards, he was one day placed in imminent danger. He says:—

"On the 15th of October we encountered a little foul weather, which made us creep along-shore, as they call it, and so a vessel that encountered us advised us to do; but our patron, striving to double the point of Savona, making out into the wind, put us into great hazard; for blowing very hard from land betwixt those horrid gaps of the mountains, it set so violently as raised on the sudden so great sea that we could not recover the weather-shore for many hours, insomuch that what with the water already entered, and the confusion of fearful passengers, (of which one, who was an Irish Bishop, and his brother, a Priest, were confessing some as at the article of death,) we were almost abandoned to despair, our pilot himself giving us up for lost. And now, as we were weary with pumping and laving out the water, almost sinking, it pleased God on the sudden to appease the wind, and with much ado and great peril we recovered the shore, which we now kept in view within half a league in sight of those pleasant villas, and within scent of those fragrant orchards, which are on this coast, full of princely retirements, for the sumptuousness of their buildings and nobleness of the plantations, especially those at St. Pietro d'Arena, from whence, the wind blowing as it did, might perfectly be smelt the peculiar joys of Italy in the perfumes of orange, citron, and jasmine flowers, for divers leagues sea-ward.

"On the 16th we got to anchor under the *Pharos*, or watch-tower, built on a high rock at the mouth of the mole of Genoa, the weather being still so foul, that for two hours at least we durst not stand into the haven. Towards evening we adventured, and came on shore by the *Pratique-house*, when, after short examination by the Syndics, we were had to the ducal palace, and there, our names being taken, we were conducted to our inn, kept by one Zachary, an Englishman. I shall never forget a story of our host, Zachary, who, on the relation of our peril, told us another of his own, being shipwrecked, as he affirmed solemnly, in the middle of a great sea, somewhere in the West Indies, that he swam no less than twenty-two leagues to another island, with a tinder-box wrapped up in his hair, which was not so much as wet all the way; that picking up the carpenter's tools, with other provisions, in a chest, he, and the carpenter, who accompanied him," (good swimmers it seems both,) "floated the chest before them, and arriving at last in a place full of wood, they built another vessel, and so escaped. *After this story we talked no more of our danger. Zachary quite put us down.*"

A REVENGEFUL TEMPER.

Mr. Evelyn (under the date of the next day after the above-stated occurrences) mentions the following awful exhibition of character:—

"The first palace we went to visit was that of Hieronymo del Negros, to which we passed by boat across the harbour. Here I could not but observe the sudden and devilish passion of a seaman, who, plying us, was intercepted by another fellow that interposed his boat before him and took us in; for the tears gushing out of his eyes, he put his finger in his mouth and almost bit it off by the joint, showing it to his antagonist as an assurance to him of some bloody revenge if ever he came to that part of the harbour again. Indeed this beautiful city" (Genoa) "is more stained with such horrid acts of revenge and murders, than any one place in Europe, or haply in the world, where there is a political Government, which makes it unfit for strangers. It is made a galley-matter" (for punishment in the galleys) "to carry a knife whose point is not broken off."

ANSWERING A FOOL ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY.

During the month of November, 1848, a Clergyman and an Atheist were in one of the night-trains between Albany and Utica. The night being cold, the passengers gathered as closely as possible around the stove. The Atheist was very loquacious, and was soon engaged in a controversy with the Minister. In answer to an inquiry of the reverend

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gentleman, as to what would be man's condition after death, the Atheist replied, "Man is like a pig: when he dies, that is the end of him." As the Minister was about to reply, a red-faced Irish woman at the end of the car sprang up, the natural red of her face glowing more intensely with passion, and the light of the lamp falling directly upon it, and addressing the Clergyman in a voice peculiarly startling and humorous from its impassioned tone, and the richness of its brogue, exclaimed, "Arrah, now, will ye not let the baste alone? Has he not said he was a pig? And the more you pull his tail the louder he'll squale!" The effect upon all was electric: the Clergyman apologized for his forgetfulness in attempting to make any reply to such an assertion, and the Atheist was mute the remainder of the journey.—*American Messenger.*

TABLE-TALK.

TEMPERANCE.

MAN was destined to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow; to work for his food. Here there is a provision made for that which is so much neglected by all classes, but those with whom it is part and parcel of their occupation,—I mean exercise. Unaided by his fellow-men, destitute as yet of the advantages which a division of labour and commerce supply, his food would of necessity be confined to the few simple herbs which his own toil could extract from the earth, or to the animals which he had earned by his exertions in the chase. Here, then, are two of the first, and the two most important, regulations of which modern dietetics inculcate the observance; namely, exercise and diet. For the best of all reasons, a man so situated would not indulge in the use of stimulants: he would not know either that they could be procured, or how to procure them; and, consequently, neither from ale, nor wine, nor spirits, would he run any risk. And here we find the third section in nature's scheme of diet,—sobriety; and a sobriety, it will be observed, not merely the comparative degree of drunkenness, but positive temperance, complete abstinence from stimulating liquids. This, then, may be said to be the natural state of man,—the state in perfect accordance with which his organs were formed, and all the tissues of his body were fashioned and modified.—*Robertson on Diet.*

UNIVERSALITY OF LIFE.

"WHEREVER life," says Dr. Roget, "can be sustained, we find life produced. Wherever circumstances are compatible with vegetable existence, we there find plants arise. If we review every region of the globe, from the scorching sands of the equator to the icy realms of the poles, or from the lofty mountain-summits to the dark abysses of the deep; if we penetrate into the shades of the forest, or into the caverns and secret recesses of the earth; nay, if we take up the minutest portion of stagnant water, we still meet with life in some new and unexpected form, yet ever adapted to the circumstances of its situation. The vegetable world is no less prolific in wonders than the animal. Here, also, we are lost in admiration at the never-ending variety of forms successively displayed to view in the innumerable species which compose this kingdom of nature, and at the energy of that vegetable power which, amidst such great differences of situation, sustains the modified life of each individual plant, and which continues its species in endless perpetuity. It is well known that in all places where vegetation has been established, the germs are so intermingled with the soil, that whenever the earth is turned up, even from considerable depths, and exposed to the air, plants are soon observed to spring, as if they had been recently sown, in consequence of the germination of seeds which had remained latent and inactive during the lapse of, perhaps, many centuries. Islands formed by coral-reefs, which have risen above the level of the sea, become, in a short time, covered with verdure. From the materials of the most sterile rock, and even from the yet recent cinders and lava of the volcano, nature prepares the way for vegetable existence. The slightest crevice or inequality is sufficient to arrest the invisible germs that are always floating in the air, and affords the means of sustenance to diminutive races of lichens and mosses. These soon overspread the surface, and are followed, in the course of a few years, by successive tribes of plants of gradually increasing size and strength, till at length the island, or other favoured spot, is converted into a natural and luxuriant garden, of which the productions, rising from grasses to shrubs and trees, present all the varieties of the fertile meadow, the tangled thicket, and the widely-spreading forest. Even in the desert plains of the torrid zone, the eye of the traveller is often refreshed by the appearance of a few hardy plants, which find sufficient materials for their growth in these arid regions; and in the realms of perpetual snow which surround the poles, the navigator is occasionally startled at the prospect of fields of a scarlet hue, the result of a wide expanse of microscopic vegetation."

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REMARKABLE DAYS.

JAMES BEATTIE, LL.D.,

Died August 18th, 1803.

This eminent man was born October 25th, 1735, at Laurencekirk, a small village in the county of Kincardine, in Scotland, near to which his father rented a small farm, yielding no great income. Young Beattie received his early education at the parish-school, and was checked in his pursuit of literature by want of books. His father died while he was young, which threw him on the care of his elder brother, David, who nobly recognised the buddings of a superior mind, and resolved to give him the best education his own scanty means would allow. In 1749 he sent him to Marischal College, Aberdeen, where he gained a bursary, or exhibition, valued at five pounds a year; which, at that period, was the highest the College had to offer. Among those by whose instructions he profited during his college course, were Dr. Thomas Blackwell and Dr. Gerrard. The diligence of Beattie was only equalled by the purity of his morals. Mathematics was the only branch of science which he did not relish. In 1750 he gained the prize for the best analysis of the fourth book of the Odyssey. At the end of the fourth year he graduated as Master of Arts.

Having completed his course at College, he was appointed Master of the parish-school of Fordoun, near his native parish, where he also discharged the duties of Precentor or Clerk to the church. His first emotions of poetic feeling were excited by reading Ogilby's "Translation of Virgil." And while discharging the duties of schoolmaster, his passion for the muse was fed by his walks about the neighbourhood of Fordoun, which lies at the foot of the Grampian mountains. Some small pieces which were printed in the "Scottish Magazine" brought him to the notice of Mr. Garden, the Sheriff of the county, who subsequently became Lord Gardenstown, and of Lord Monboddo, who introduced him to the tables of the gentry around. After having discharged the duties of his calling at Fordoun for four years, Beattie became a candidate for the situation of Master of the Grammar-School of Aberdeen, but failed. However, a vacancy occurred the year following, when the Magistrates elected him without a second examination.

Soon after this, he committed his first volume of poems to the press, which secured the applause of his friends and the English reviewers; but his own mind was afterwards so little satisfied with them, that he bought up every copy he could, to withdraw them from public attention.

From the Mastership of the Grammar-School he was removed to the Chair of Moral Philosophy and Logic in the College where he had acquitted himself so nobly as a student. This promotion took place in 1760. Though only twenty-five years of age, he entered on the discharge of the important duties of his office so well prepared for them, that he not only kept his place, but continued to accumulate stores of rich and varied information; so that he was enabled, in a few years, to produce those works which have given him a name destined to live while truth and virtue continue to be held in veneration by the lovers of English literature. It was his happiness to be associated with Dr. Reid, Dr. George Campbell, Dr. Gerrard, and other eminent men who adorned the University of Aberdeen at that period.

In 1767 he was married to Miss Mary Dun, daughter of Dr. James Dun, Rector of the Grammar-School of which he himself had been Master. This alliance covered his declining years with sorrow and darkness, as she began, in a few years, to show signs of mental derangement. This at length terminated in incurable insanity.

His celebrated "Essay on Truth," in opposition to sophistry and scepticism, came out in 1773, at the urgent request of Dr. John Gregory and Dr. Blacklock, who encouraged him in the undertaking. As might be expected, it immediately gained him many friends, and created many enemies. Among the former were George, Lord Lyttelton, Dr. Johnson, Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, Percy, Bishop of Dromore, and many others, who tendered him their friendship and good offices. Among those who assailed his work were Dr. Priestley, and the friends of David Hume, whose infidelity and sophistry he opposed with just severity. His work was so well received, that the public called for a second edition within a year after its first publication; besides which it was translated into several foreign languages. The University of Oxford conferred on him and Sir Joshua Reynolds at the same time the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws: the latter requested him to sit for his portrait, into which he introduced a group of allegorical figures, among which the demon of falsehood is seen flying before the genius of truth.

On visiting England in 1773, Beattie was introduced to the first literary circles of the metropolis. Johnson, Porteus, Burke, and their illustrious associates, showed him every kindness. Nor was the occupant of the throne backward to show his regard for the man whom the great and the good delighted to honour. He was admitted to a private

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and lengthened interview with the King and Queen. A pension of £200 per annum was settled on him, as a mark of the royal favour.

His character as a man of genius and a poet was greatly elevated by the appearance of his "Minstrel," the year after he had been to England.

Offers of preferment in the Church of England were held out to him through the Bishop of London; but he considered that by continuing a layman, and refusing the emoluments of the clerical office, he could most disinterestedly and effectually stand forth as the advocate of truth.

In 1776 he published a volume of Essays, and another in 1783. His "Evidences" appeared in 1786; and his "Elements of Moral Science," in two volumes, in 1790 and 1793. The latter work is an enlargement of the lectures he used to dictate to his students, thrown into a connected and improved form. Among those who admired the writings of Beattie was the amiable and accomplished Cowper, who, in mentioning his works, observed, "Beattie is the most agreeable and amiable writer I ever met with; the only author I have seen whose critical and philosophical researches are diversified and embellished by a poetical imagination, that makes the driest subjects, and the leanest, a feast for the epicure of books. He is so much at his ease, too, that his own character appears in every page; and, which is very rare, we see not only the writer, but the man; and the man so gentle, so well-tempered, so happy in his religion, and so humane in his philosophy, that it is necessary to love him, if any one has any sense of what is lovely."

The career of this excellent man was one of gradual and steady advancement to intellectual and moral eminence. From the humble circumstances of his boyhood, he rose to receive the admiration not only of his own country, but of all who value the qualities which adorned his character. His steady industry and perseverance were richly and deservedly rewarded. His example is one that ought to be seriously studied and followed by every youth who aspires to real greatness and solid happiness, so far as these depend on moral excellence.

The latter period of the life of Beattie was overshadowed by heavy domestic calamities. Mrs. Beattie became so deranged in mind, that it was necessary to remove her from her husband's house. In 1790, the death of his eldest son, James Hay Beattie, was a stunning blow to his gentle mind. This admirable youth, who was only twenty-two years of age when he died, had become not only an excellent scholar, but the companion, friend, and fellow-student of his father, with whom he was associated in the Professorship of Moral Philosophy and Logic. After a short illness, his other son, Montagu, who seemed likely to become as eminent as his brother, was also cut off. On taking the last look of the corpse, he exclaimed, "Now I have done with this world." From this time his own mind gave way. His long-cherished habits of study forsook him. Often would he ask a friend, "whether he had any more sons?" His memory failed; his nervous system became irritable; and though he continued to discharge the duties of his Professorship, he had no relish for what used to excite the most intense pleasure. He ceased to answer the letters he received, and gave up the society of which he used to be so fond. The only comfort he had when thinking of the death of his sons was, that possibly they had escaped the frightful malady of their mother. He would exclaim, "How could I have borne to see those elegant minds mangled with madness?"

Having had repeated shocks of palsy within the last three years of his life, he lingered till the 18th of August, 1803, when death terminated those sorrows and sufferings which rendered the conclusion of his days so dark and sorrowful.

PETER SAMUEL.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

[All notices for this department, if not sent by one of the Ministers of the Circuit, must be authenticated by his signature, in addition to that of the sender.]

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Lord, Mrs. Mary,	Bacup,	Bacup,	62	April 26th, 1850.
Preston, John,	Billinge,	Wigan,	19	May 11th, 1850.
Skelton, Mrs. Mary,	Rotherham,	Rotherham,	71	April 1st, 1850.
Stansfield, Miss Eliz.,	Colne,	Colne,	21	Jan. 25th, 1850.
Williams, Mrs.,	Yarborough,	Grassington,	29	May 9th, 1850.

H. T. & J. ROCHE, PRINTERS, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

SEPTEMBER, 1850.

SUPERSTITION AND THE RELIGION OF ANIMAL EXCITEMENT INSUFFICIENT TO PROMOTE VIRTUE, AND TO RESTRAIN FROM VICE:

A LESSON TAUGHT BY THE CRUSADES.

And what were the Crusades? The religious wars which began at the close of the eleventh century, and whose professed object was the recovery of Palestine from the dominion of the Mohammedans, and the removal of all obstacles in the way of pilgrimages to what were considered as the holy places.

In the eleventh century, repentance had become confounded with penance. Conscience was often agonized by the tortures of remorse, and the dread of the punishment merited by sin. It was believed that the sinner could only be set free by priestly absolution. But for this, confession of sin was necessary. Temporal sufferings and sacrifices were enjoined by the Priest to whom confession was made, as expiatory, in proportion to the magnitude of the offence. Remorse and penance taken together were supposed to furnish a valid title to absolution. And this was the way of pardon and peace, into which the Gospel method of repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ, was transmuted.

But was it effectual? By the simplicity of the Gospel plan, devised by the holy and benevolent wisdom of God, not only was true peace brought to the conscience,—for the justified by faith had a sense of God's pardoning love shed abroad in their heart by the Holy Ghost given unto them,—but the sinner became truly a saint; for, "being made free from sin, and becoming servants to God," all such had their "fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." In grace as well as nature one principle leads to many results. The method of salvation by grace, through faith, made the sinner both happy and holy.

The superstition of *absolution by penance* gradually took the place of *justification by faith*. What were the practical issues? Why, that the notion of expiating offences by corporeal austerities and sufferings, or by pecuniary expenditure, was far more clearly in the view of the conscience, and exerted a stronger influence, than the atonement effected by the one offering for sin, once offered, by our Lord Jesus Christ. This was thrown into the remote, the diminishing, the obscure distance: the other occupied the foreground of the picture.

Among the methods of expiation which had come to be adopted during

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the middle ages, pilgrimages to holy places were among the most popular, as, perhaps, involving the greatest amount of personal suffering, and at the same time affording an opportunity of engaging in some of the established forms of creature-worship in the expression of reverence for holy places and holy relics. Of course, a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, on account of the difficulties of the journey, and the celebrity of the associations suggested by the place, was the chief of all.

But Jerusalem was in the hands of enemies to the Christian name; and the true believers, as the Mohammedans termed themselves, treated the pilgrims with all the contumely and cruelty which a bigoted, sensual, and avaricious fanaticism could occasion. Peter the Hermit had seen this. Complaints on the subject had long been heard in western Europe; but it was he who threw the spark upon the train previously laid. During the last decade of the eleventh century, he passed through France and Germany, preaching as he went, and arousing universal indignation by his recitals of the barbarities of one party, and the sufferings of the other. A Council was held at Clermont. The Pope presided. Peter excited the feelings of the vast assemblage; and then Urban, with his powerful eloquence, brought the whole to a climax. As with one voice the whole assembly exclaimed, "God wills it —God wills it!" The Crusades were resolved upon.

The design of the Crusades was the rescue of the holy places from infidel hands. Sin was thus to be expiated. It was the most powerful impulse ever communicated by what may be termed Roman piety. But the tree is known by its fruits. The history of the Crusades, full as it is of the records of stirring and romantic incidents, all occurring in connexion with professed piety and devotion, is not less full of the records of the crimes committed by the Crusaders themselves, in the name of religion.

Perhaps bloodthirstiness was one of the vices incident to warlike operations, though conducted in reference to objects professed to be regarded as holy. And yet, even in this, the ferocity of the Saracens was at least equalled by the murderous warfare of the soldiers of Christ! who bore over their armour the sign of the cross! and whose motto was, "God wills it!" When they first saw Jerusalem, such was the vehemence of their excitement, that the whole army, composed of those warriors, fell on their faces in an agony of tears. But when, not long afterwards, Jerusalem itself was taken, never were the horrors of a town carried by storming more horrible. The streets ran with the blood of the thousands of slaughtered victims. And with their hands thus full of blood, unwashed, they only ceased from carnage to form processions in which they moved to the supposed sepulchre of the Saviour, chanting the penitential psalms, repeating litanies, or singing hymns of adoration and triumph. Their excitement left them as it found them, hardhearted and pitiless.

But they went to the Holy Land because, as they said, "God willed it!" Did, then, their enthusiasm conquer the various and principal forms of self? Pride, avarice, rapacity, envy, jealousy, and strife? Palestine was not only the theatre for the practical exhibition of these unholy dispositions in their very worst expressions and manifestations, but furnished the occasions by which they were excited, strengthened, and kept up. Long before the Crusaders reached Jerusalem it had become evident that the whole undertaking must fail because of the total want of union in the undertakers. An observant spectator of their proceedings would soon have been compelled to say, adopting the melancholy complaint of St. Paul, "For all seek their own." Whatever wealth or estates they had renounced when they left Europe to engage in that designated as a holy war, no sooner had they

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arrived in Syria and Palestine than it became obvious that nearly all the leaders were bent on securing "principalities" and "countries," "towns" and "castles," for themselves. With the self-denying union which their profession required, a Christian kingdom might have been permanently established in Palestine. The kingdom of Jerusalem would have endured to this day. The resolute valour and steady discipline of the European warriors, aided by regular reinforcements from the West, were, at first, even with the dissensions which so soon broke out, sufficient to establish a kingdom, with several dependent principalities. But they were conquered by their own divisions and broils. No united plan of action was long possible. Each leader wanted his own troops for his own purposes. They often opposed each other. There were even occasions when Christians sought from Mohammedans aid against their fellow-Christians. Had the Crusaders been *one*, they would have been unconquerable. But they were virtually conquered long before Saladin visibly scattered the fragments of a host only nominally one,—a host virtually broken by its own members, and which only needed the impetuous onslaught of Saladin to make the breaking-up as apparent as it was real. History has no pages more replete with instances of self-seeking, jealousy, and treachery, than those which narrate the progress and decline of the Crusades. Occasionally, some splendid exceptions might occur, and true-hearted Christian disinterestedness be exhibited in unsupported individuals; but the general rule was the total absence, among these soldiers of the Cross, of anything at all resembling the heathen patriotism of the ancient Romans.

M. Michaud, the recent and successful historian of the Crusades, in one brief paragraph, calmly, but most significantly, furnishes an exposition of the whole case, considered under this aspect. He says: "It may not be useless to remark here that, in the Christian army, Jerusalem was often talked about; but the Chiefs always directed their efforts and their arms towards other conquests. The Holy City, situated at a distance from the sea, contained within its walls no other treasures than its religious monuments. The maritime cities of Syria possessed other riches, and offered greater advantages to those who might conquer them. They afforded also greater facilities for communications with Europe. If, therefore, the conquest of Jerusalem might sometimes be desired by pious and devout pilgrims, that of the cities on the Mediterranean coasts excited the ceaseless ambition of the warrior-lords of Palestine, and of the mercantile navigators of Europe."* And yet, the deliverance of Jerusalem was the object which had awakened the enthusiasm of the West, and attracted its hosts to Asia under the influence of the professed conviction that *this* was God's will.

The mutual jealousies and ceaseless divisions of the Crusaders ultimately rendered the whole undertaking unsuccessful. But history unveils another, if possible, a more melancholy, portion of the picture; a portion, in fact, that can only be described in the most general terms. Whether the Crusaders were in camps or in towns, the grossest licentiousness prevailed amongst them. Even Mohammedan sensuality was put to the blush by their reckless, shameless profligacy. The armies were accompanied by whole troops of courtezans. Nobles who had left their wives and families in Europe, lived in open concubinage. Sometimes, to aid their ambitious plans, they contracted other marriages; sometimes with heiresses, sometimes with the daughters, or other female relations, of those from whose alliance they anticipated support.

* "*Histoire des Croisades*," tome iii, p. 52.

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Luxury, when it could be indulged, reigned without check and without shame. Even Ministers of religion were not always free from the wide-spread contagion. The effects of enforced celibacy were often frightfully apparent.

Let not the solemn instruction suggested by these statements be neglected. True religion, and nothing but true religion, can be the successful antagonist of sin. The superstition which led to the Crusades, high as was the excitement which it awakened, though now and then it might hold vice under restraint, was powerless as to the habitual conquest of sin, or as affording incentives to Christian virtue.

"The Cross, once seen, is death to every vice."

A spiritual view of Christ crucified, to the soul of the penitent believer, makes him a new creature. And by nothing else can this be accomplished, no matter what is put in its place. Superstition is not religion. Enthusiasm on religious subjects may be nothing but the strength of human passion, applied in a particular direction. But the true soldiers of the Cross, "being made free from sin, become servants to God;" and thus have they their "fruit unto holiness, and the end" shall be "everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

SCRIPTURE TRUTH CONFIRMED BY EXAMPLE.

Example XV.

Nothing can be taken out of the world.—1 Tim. vi. 7.

But who believes this declaration? To say nothing of those who reject the Scriptures of God as a falsehood, who admits it among those who profess to give credence to them? Few, it may be, in so many words, are prepared to deny the truth; but how many there are who act as though it were a disputable point! Is it believed by that nominal Christian who is possessed of his thousands of pounds, and, though far advanced in years, subjects himself to constant toil and anxious care, as though daily exertions were necessary to produce daily bread? Can he be doing this solely for others, who may scatter his thousands quicker than he gathered his hundreds? Is it believed by the inhabitant of that respectable, convenient dwelling, who already feels the infirmities of age to press upon him, and yet has commenced building that large and costly mansion, to be the abode of his few more weeks, or months, or years in this world? Is he benevolently erecting that habitation for the comfort of those who may come after him? Is it believed by that man of ambition, who is seeking by any means, and by every means, the attainment of exalted titles? Does he only desire to transmit honours to posterity? Is not the practice of such irreconcilable with the belief of the fact, "We brought nothing into the world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out?" Yet this *is* true, whatever practice may intimate to the contrary. That throne, obtained by wading through pools of blood, and by the sacrifice of masses of human beings, must be left behind, when its present possessor passes into the world of spirits. That dazzling glory, so diligently sought, so dearly bought, so admired, so envied, cannot shed a ray of lustre on the being beyond the grave. That wealth which has been accumulated by a long life of labour, strict economy, or even parsimonious frugality, cannot, in its smallest particles, pass the bounds of time. The miser may, in his last moments, as it has been done, request that his dim eyes may again

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behold the shining glory of his mammon-god, and gratify the feelings of his heart by fingering his pieces of gold in the convulsive agonies of death; but he cannot take it with him. He may request that a portion of his esteemed treasure may be placed with him in his confined coffin; and should the survivers be so foolish as to comply with his wicked desire, it goes with him no farther than the darkness of the tomb. It is recorded of one, that, when his strength so far failed him that he could not walk to see his hoard of wealth, he requested it might be brought to him; and on seeing it he exclaimed, "Bury me under it! bury me under it!" Alas, poor wretch! the shroud, the coffin, and the grave, were all that he was allowed. It is written of the rich and exalted, "When he dieth, he shall carry nothing away; his glory shall not descend after him; he shall leave his wealth to others,"—to others, who may have to lament the day when it became theirs, proving rather a curse than a blessing. For many, we fear, destroy their souls in gaining riches; and they to whom they are bequeathed destroy theirs in spending them in wantonness and wickedness.

Such reflections were suggested through being addressed by a Christian female thus:—"Since you last ministered here, one of your hearers has been suddenly called into eternity, and he has left so many thousand pounds." "Has he left it?" inquired the Minister, giving emphasis to the words she had employed. "Yes," she replied, "he has left it behind him." And why? Because he could not take it with him. And his life warranted the conclusion that, could it have been taken, he would not have let it be separated from him. No thanks to such dead that the living inherit their possessions. There is a more excellent way,—to be faithful stewards in life. We say not that it is required of all to part with their entire possessions before they leave the world; but we condemn the disposition that will part with nothing until death shall loose their grasp. But is nothing carried out of the world by such? Yea; responsibility is taken, and, we fear, by many an awful amount of guilt. An account must be given to the great Proprietor, for life is a state of stewardship. And what account will be given for the money spent on that table, daily bending beneath the load of cloying luxuries, while the poor, and perhaps the poor of the household of saints, are destitute of the very necessaries of life? What account will be given for the money laid out on that gay and costly dress, while many around have not wherewith to cover themselves from the inclemency of the cold? What account will be given for the large sums consumed on that splendid furniture, on that costly equipage, and on pursuits of pleasure, while the Heathen world is perishing for lack of the knowledge of the Gospel of God? And what account will be given by many in comparatively contracted circumstances, yet more than sufficient for all the wants and comforts of life, for the pence and even pounds they devote to this folly, or that indulgence, while their hands are seldom or never stretched forth in the act of charity, or support of the Gospel? Grave questions, indeed. Who can answer them, or even have allowed themselves to admit that an answer to them must be given? and yet from man, as a steward, an answer will be demanded. The voice will be heard, and the mandate must be obeyed, "Give an account of thy stewardship; for thou mayest be no longer steward." Under the influence of this solemn truth, it would be well to remember, with Job, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb," (the earth,) "and naked shall I return thither." N.

Manchester.

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"IT IS MY WAY—IT IS MY INFIRMITY."

So many will say, when any practice or habit is held up to their view, inconsistent with Gospel principles and Christian practice. No matter how bad the tendency: if it is only their way or infirmity, they seem to feel justified. Instead of endeavouring by the grace of God to reform, they continue to excuse themselves, and go on in the old way. The professor who is addicted to foolish talking and jesting, will acknowledge its impropriety; but it is his way, and of course must be overlooked. And if you kindly admonish him, you have but your labour for your pains. So of the snarling and snappish person, it is his infirmity, and there is the end of it. "It is no worse than other men in high standing do." But, reader, do reflect. Might not the thief, drunkard, or debauchee, say the same with equal propriety? If, because it is our way or habit, we are innocent, so are they. But if we are in a bad way, let us get out of it forthwith, and the sooner, the easier and the better. Better for ourselves and the world around us.—*Presbyterian.*

CHOICE SAYINGS.

SOME RESOLUTIONS OF A PIOUS MAN COMMENCING LIFE, AND DESIRING TO LIVE TO GOD.

Let me seek to attain a single, simple heart, and never speak to God or man without desiring the end I profess. Let me beware of formality in discharging religious duties. Let prayer, conversation, preaching, all flow from the heart. Let me first feel the force of truth myself, and then impress it on others. Let me feel the force of every truth and argument with which I am conversant. Let me be not so much *learned* as *wise.*

Let me be careful to apply to my most painful, humble duties first, and most attentively.

Let me continually engage in labours enjoined by God, and with the ends and temper He requires, and feel a perfect confidence in Him for support. Let my whole life be a leaning upon God.

Let me place duty on the ground of privilege, and consider every opportunity of employing time usefully a favour; and in every state ask only, *What is duty?*

When any particular sin occurs to my mind, let me connect it with an act of penitent humiliation before God, and renewed application to the ever-open fountain for sin and uncleanness, so that even sin may be overruled so as to lead to a communion with God.

Let me live in continual preparation for prayer, in such a state of mind that I may immediately engage in it.

In conversation, let me draw persons from evil-speaking and contention, and painful or injurious subjects, by catching some thought suggested, and making it the ground of remark.

Let me strive to connect every personal enjoyment with acts of kindness to my neighbour. Whenever I enjoy, let me ask, How can I impart and diffuse happiness? and let me make every pleasure a bond of friendship, a ground of communion, esteeming it chiefly on this account. When I suffer, let me ask, How can I relieve similar suffering, wherever it exists? and so quicken sympathy, and improve experience.

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THEOLOGY.

A PACIFIC TEMPER AND DEPORTMENT NECESSARY TO THE COMPLETE MAINTENANCE AND UNSULLIED MANIFESTATION OF THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

A SERMON.

"Do all things without murmurings and disputings: that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world; holding forth the word of life; that I may rejoice in the day of Christ, that I have not run in vain, neither laboured in vain."—Phil. ii. 14—16.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

(*Concluded from page* 237.)

OUR previous investigations, though devoted to subjects in themselves of the greatest moment, have been, nevertheless, preparatory to the consideration of what appears to be the grand design of the text taken as a whole, and in reference to its hortatory character. The character which it is the duty of Christians to maintain, individually and collectively, was in the first place considered. Two particular evils pointed out in the text, and forbidden by it, were next noticed. But the text is a whole, and the form which it bears as a whole refers to a particular object. The two parts are connected together, and that connexion opens to us the Apostle's design. "Do all things without murmurings and disputings, that ye may be"—that *so*, that *thus*, ye may be—"blameless and harmless," &c. It is this design which suggests the subject which we have expressed in the proposition before us, namely, that "a pacific temper and deportment are necessary to the complete maintenance and unsullied manifestation of the Christian character."

To this, then, as the real object and design of St. Paul in thus exhorting the Philippians, attention is now to be directed. Indeed, the case, to be put truly, ought to be put more strongly. The words were written by the Apostle, and addressed to the Philippians. But they are in truth the words of the Holy Spirit, addressed to the church always and everywhere. All Scripture is given by inspiration of God. It is therefore the only perfect rule of faith and practice, of doctrine and morals. Here, then, we have before us an important branch of Christian morality, practical attention to which is enjoined on us by divine authority. Murmurings and disputings, though regarded by some as very venial offences, perhaps as no offences at all, are declared to be inconsistent with the required maintenance and exhibition of Christian character. This inconsistency we have now to point out. We shall endeavour to do this by a series of observations which, though one may sometimes seem only slightly to vary from another, may yet present the subject under all its aspects, and show the practical conclusion to be indubitable.

1. *The spirit in which such practices originate is one which is explicitly and repeatedly forbidden in Scripture.* That spirit—not to branch it out into all its more minute details—is eminently a *spirit of self* under some of its decided forms. It is a spirit of proud self-confidence, of vain self-complacency, of obstinate self-will. The unhappy individuals may not be conscious of it, but such is the fact. On these occasions, and in these circumstances, they are influenced by the spirit of reigning self. They are the men, and doubtless wisdom shall die with them. They never suspect that they may be wrong, that others have an equal right with themselves to their own opinion. They are wise in their own conceit. There is in habitual murmurers and disputers nothing of the modesty which admits the possibility of mistake. You scarcely ever find them among the sober-minded and reflecting; among those who, before forming an opinion, have taken every opportunity of searching out the truth; have read much, conversed much, thought much. Their confidence is usually in exact proportion to their ignorance. They are mostly found among the young and untaught, who possess, unhappily, some fluency of speech, and mistake this for power of argument. You may refute them, you may even silence them. You can never bring them to conviction.

Are we painting from fancy? What Christian church is there that does not number some such among its members?

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But observe its direct—it might be said its glaring—opposition to the disposition produced by the life of faith in the Son of God, and distinctly characterizing it. "I am crucified with Christ,"—not that I am literally dead, destitute of consciousness and power,—"nevertheless I live." Mark what follows. It is in that bold style of figurative remark which conveys truth to the mind more clearly and impressively than the plainest terms could do. It is one of the most decided features of St. Paul's method of thinking and speaking. "Yet not I:" not the Paul that was: he has in a manner ceased to be: "NOT I; but Christ liveth in me." As my soul animates and informs my body, so Christ animates and informs my soul. He is the soul of my soul; the very life of my life: instead of my former mind, with its thinkings, feelings, and volitions, it is "the mind that was in Christ."

And what that mind was he tells us in terms too plain to be mistaken. "That ye be like-minded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind. Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves. Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." And then follows, in reference to this very description, "Let THIS"—not, generally, *the;* but particularly, THIS—"mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." And then comes the reference to the high and holy doctrines of the incarnation and atonement, and to the motives, so to speak, by which the Saviour was animated. See the eternal Son, undertaking the cause of fallen man; and in doing so, showing forth a pattern of the virtue which He requires all His saved disciples to cultivate and manifest. Can any one, with this text, and its noble and solemn subjects, clearly present to his believing and loving heart, be a murmurer and a disputer? Read the fourteenth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. It was written on this very subject of murmuring and disputing. "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?" "Let not him that eateth despise him that eateth not." "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth unto himself." "Why dost thou judge, or set at nought, thy brother? For we shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. Every one of us shall *give account of himself* to God!"

These are but specimens of scriptural law on the subject; but even these place beyond doubt the position which is given to murmuring and disputing in the Christian code.

2. To use the very mildest terms that truth will allow,—*The indulgence of this spirit argues a melancholy deficiency in those leading graces of the Christian character, to the cultivation of which the professing disciples of the Lord Jesus are most earnestly exhorted.*

Those graces are charity and humility; both issuing from that supreme love to God which is the result of saving faith in Christ, that faith having been preceded by repentance toward God. For never should it be forgotten, that now, as man is, love to God is the love of a penitent and pardoned sinner. Not only, therefore, will it include all that properly belongs to love, by whomsoever exercised, but likewise those additions and modifications occasioned by the past state and character of those in whom it is found. Taking love to God in its most general character, the love of celestial intelligences, it cannot but be productive of humility and benevolence. Taking it as exercised by man, fallen, redeemed, and pardoned, humility and benevolence will become lowliness of mind, meekness, and charity,—the charity that is described in the thirteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians; the charity that is the very bond of uprightness. And let the solemn decision of Scripture on this divine temper be recollected. If fluency of speech arise into all the splendours of oratory, if almsgiving comprise all our possessions, if zeal for the faith produce willingness to suffer the pains of martyrdom, yet if charity be absent, all we do is worthless before God, we ourselves are as nothing. Now, take the dispositions of which murmuring and disputing are the fruits and evidences, and then ask, Can they possibly exist at the same time with the full dominion of charity in the inward man? What, when charity suffereth long, and is kind; envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; *seeketh not her own; thinketh no evil;* rejoiceth not in iniquity, but in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things? Were we to say that the two states were utterly irreconcilable, the awful sentence, severe as it may seem, might be fully sustained from Scripture. But it is impossible not to see that such is the antagonism between them, that where the one is habitually

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encouraged, the other, though it may remain, must be found in such a state of weakness as to be "ready to die." And can this be merely a venial offence, an allowable infirmity? The Spirit of God cannot but be grieved; guilt must rest on the conscience; and they who with no seeming sense of wrong thus live in the continual infraction of a positive commandment, must be told that the ministry and church "stand in doubt of them." At all events, the full maintenance and clear display of the true Christian character are impossible.

3. *These dispositions and practices have a most injurious influence on the great object of the care of Christ and His Apostles,—Christian unity.*

The full import of the solemn prayer of our Lord is, we fear, too frequently overlooked in the assertion of what may be regarded as individual rights. And yet those words belong to a prayer which may be considered as an illustrative specimen of Christ's intercession for his church and people: "That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world"—thus perceiving that oneness which is so evidently superhuman, gracious, and divine—"may believe that Thou hast sent me." Go through the Epistles, designed for the instruction and government of the church in all ages and countries, and mark well the stress that is laid on this subject, under all the aspects in which it can be viewed. "Follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another." "I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment.—There are contentions among you.—Is Christ divided?—For whereas there is among you envying, and strife, and divisions, *are ye not carnal, and walk as men?*" "Ye have been called unto liberty, only not liberty for an occasion to the flesh; but by love serve one another." "Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." "If there be therefore any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the Spirit, if any bowels and mercies; fulfil ye my joy, that ye be like-minded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind." "I am with you in the spirit, joying and beholding your order, and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ." But what need of further citations? The preservation of unity is one of the most frequent subjects of apostolic exhortation; and their language shows their deep conviction of its vast importance. But this unity is at once broken when murmurings and disputings are indulged. The murmurers and disputers are themselves no longer one with their brethren, except in a merely outward relation. From the unity of the Spirit they have departed. And seldom will they be found content to stand alone. They seek recruits and supporters. An antagonistic spirit is awakened. Parties are formed. Profitless questions and strifes of words take the place of united labours for mutual edification; and from this "cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings." So strongly did the Apostle feel this, that even his noble, his affectionate, his condescending mind, saw here ground for limiting admission to the privileges of the Christian church. "Him that is weak in the faith receive ye:" let not this be an objection: receive him, that ye may strengthen and save him: "*but not to doubtful disputations.*" If he seek admission to church privileges in reference to their grand object, that he may secure the salvation of his own soul, and promote that of others, then receive him. But if he seek admission that he may engage you and himself in doubtful disputations, thus using his standing for the promotion of carnal strife and division, then receive him not. And if he who engages in doubtful disputations is not to be received, neither is he who persists in them to be continued, as a member of the church. Unless its spiritual unity of truth and love be preserved, the Christian character can neither be fully maintained, nor clearly manifested.

4. *They are a stumbling-block to others, and a fruitful occasion of offence.*

We all know how strongly the Romanists object against Protestants their numerous divisions. When Christian liberty is asserted, they refer to what they choose to call its results. The objection is always pointless; but in too many instances it is well-grounded. With numbers, Christian liberty is understood to mean the power of doing what they please, without control. They join a church, they spread divisions among its members; they leave it, and set up for themselves

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as unconcernedly as if what they call liberty were everything, as though order and unity were nothing. Impassioned bigots have often been prodigal and reckless in their charges of schism; charges which really mean nothing but the refusal to conform to all which they think proper to impose. There is a liberty in which Christian believers are to stand fast, because Christ has made them free; but this is not the liberty which is used as an occasion to the flesh. The charge of schism has often been made most improperly: but schism is a real sin where it really exists, and the utmost care is to be taken to guard against it. Wherever it exists, the brightness of the Christian character is obscured, and its attractive power is weakened. There are, among those who make no particular profession of religion, persons of a quiet and amiable temper. They might often be won for Christ, but the disputes and quarrels of Christians are a stumbling-block in their way. While others, conscious of their own carelessness, yet well aware that Christians ought to be "peace-makers," point to the conduct which they only too frequently exhibit as their own justification. "Before I accept their invitation to join them," such a one will say, "let me be convinced of their sincerity by their love of peace and union." Scoffers are thus strengthened in their opposition, and occasion is given to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme.

5. Very serious evils are thus occasioned both in temper and practice.

It is the direct tendency of evil to strengthen itself by indulgence, and to cause the limits to be overpassed which were first prescribed. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" Tempers contrary to humility and love are indulged till they become habitual. In the warmth of debate bitter words are spoken, and wounds are inflicted that are not soon healed. Opposition issues in obstinacy. Eagerness to obtain victory leads to "evil surmisings." The worst constructions are put on words and actions. A suspicious temper sees evil in good. In the progress of contention, arguments are employed to secure conquest, not from a conscientious conviction of truthfulness. And what recklessness in evil-speaking! Or, should there yet be a backwardness in inventing evil,—a backwardness that does not long continue, for the beginning of strife is as the letting out of waters, and the impetuous torrent bears all along with it,—yet what willingness to adopt the inventions of others, without any impartial and resolute inquiry into their justice! How few, when thus involved in murmurs and disputes, lay to heart the awful language of inspiration, which, in describing the citizen of Zion, explicitly declares that he "taketh not up a reproach against his neighbour!" He not only will not *invent* a reproach, but he will not make it his own by *adopting* it. The receiver is often worse than the thief. You state what in the sight of God is untrue. You say you are not the first author. This is no excuse. You willingly take it up. You give it the benefit of your own recommendation. Had you refused to adopt it, it might have died away. You have prolonged its existence. You encourage inventors, who, if not thus encouraged, would cease from their calumnies. Is not he who does this *particeps criminis*,—a sharer in the crime and guilt before God? And where is that strong, that sacred, regard for truth, which is one of the decided features of genuine Christianity? There might be no such a text in the Bible as, "Wherefore, putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbour; for we are members one of another." Such evils, and many others, are always coexistent with "murmurings and disputings." Are they slight ones?

6. They are often fearful indications of serious errors on the subject of personal religion.

It is not to be forgotten that the inward "kingdom of God is righteousness," as well as "peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." But we will advert to only one standard: "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." Now, the tempers and proceedings so explicitly and strongly prohibited by the Apostle, are seldom anything else than the natural disposition, somewhat changed in direction and application, but unaltered in their principle, and manifesting the full ascendancy of the old carnal mind, of unmortified self and sin. And yet, by some strange obliquity of vision, no contrariety to Christian godliness is perceived! No misgivings are felt! No fears of fatal error ever flit across the mind, or disturb the conscience! Hopes of a heaven of perfect unity and love, of eternal truth and concord, are confidently entertained, and no suspicion ever arises that murmurings and disputings, whose very principles are unknown in the abode of saints,

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and angels, and God, are in their nature destructive of a true and necessary preparation for it! But this is not all. We advance a step to another remark.

7. *They always indicate a deplorably low standard of Christian morality.*

Unregenerate man seems reluctant to admit as sins anything but gross and visible offences against society. Other things are either justified, or extenuated. There is no clear and deep sense of the awful holiness of God's law, of its admirable perfection and loveliness as adopted into the Christian code. Sins of the flesh—to avail ourselves of the terms of a common distinction—they admit to be sins. Of the evil of sins of the spirit they seem to have no perception. Many of them they even extol as virtues. Now, to the Christian it is said, "Except your righteousness exceed that of the scribes and Pharisees,"—much more, therefore, that of the men of the world—"ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." Where the law of God is in the heart, sins of the spirit, heart-sins, will be seen to be as offensive as sins of the flesh; uncharitableness and evil-speaking, for instance, as bringing guilt on the conscience as surely as drunkenness. In the view of society, fleshly sins may be more grossly evil; but the others are at least equally so in the sight of God: nay, they are often more widely and lastingly mischievous. The drunkard injures himself and his family. The calumniator spreads a deadly poison far and wide. Such sins have even more of the diabolical character. And yet, how low is the estimate formed of them by murmurers and disputers! Who would suffer an idolater, or a murderer, to be a member of a Christian church? But "covetousness is idolatry," and "he that hateth his brother is a murderer!" It is a melancholy sign when sins explicitly and positively prohibited in the word of God, are not only practised by professing Christians, but pronounced to be no sins. He who is guilty of nothing else, is even declared to be a good man!

8. But, lastly,—*Even were the evils of this conduct less obvious, did they admit explanations of which they are seldom truly capable; still, it evidently shows a forgetfulness of that superior and lofty standard of excellence to which our Lord refers His disciples in saying to them, "What do ye more than others?" "Be ye therefore perfect, as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."*

The attention of the members of the church of Christ is thus carefully turned away from the low conceptions of moral obligation and duty cherished by the world, and by unsound professors of religion, and fixed on the supreme excellence of the divine character. To say that the moral law expresses the will of God, is not saying enough. It is the manifestation of his nature; and man, created in the image of God, was redeemed that he might recover it, and be himself, godlike, a partaker of the divine holiness, of the divine nature. To this are all the aspirations of the regenerate heart directed. All who are born of God desire and seek to be "holy in all manner of conversation, even as He who hath called them is holy." It is not enough that they are delivered from sin in its grosser forms; or that their character accords with the indulgent views of the careless professor of religion, whose works God has not found perfect before Himself. They would abstain from all appearance of evil. They resolutely aim at this, to be "sincere and without offence till the day of Christ; being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ unto the glory and praise of God." Men often speak of the *ruling passion*. What is this in the Christian but a settled purpose, to which every lower aim must give way, to let his "light so shine before men, that they may see his good works, and glorify his Father which is in heaven?" Self is mortified; sin subdued; the attainment of holiness, according to the elevated and changeless standard of the written word, the object of his enlightened, fervent desires, prayers, and efforts.

But is this the description of "murmurers and disputers?" Extenuate the evil as you can; find explanations by which you may manage to bring their conduct just within the Christian category; still, here they undeniably fall short. They are rather trying with how little religion they can come to heaven, than to be "filled with all the fulness of God." But is this right? Can he who does not aim at being indisputably right in all things, be satisfied in his conscience that on right principles he desires to be right at all?

Let the reader, when he has gone through the expositions of each of the foregoing particular remarks, combine the eight into one connected paragraph, and peruse it, with conscientious impartiality, as in the sight of God, and as in the prospect of the day of judgment,

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And when he has done this, will he wonder that the Apostle connects the renunciation of murmurings and disputings with the unsullied display of the Christian character? Let no prejudices mislead him. Let no former errors hinder him from seeing and acknowledging the truth. His final salvation depends not on his own will, but on the sentence of God, his Saviour and his Judge. Let him see his calling. To all his redeemed people God says, "Ye are my witnesses." Resolve to bear a faithful, living testimony for God. Bring no sacrifice with strange fire. Offer no unclean thing, nor that which is torn and lame. Let your life be a transcript of the written word. If murmurings and disputings are consistent with Christian holiness, persist in them. But remember, we must every one give account of himself to God. And if it should appear, when you stand, past the limits of earth and time, at the judgment-seat of Christ, that in all this you have been wrong, that a deceived heart has turned you aside, can they who stand at the judgment-seat come for pardon, and renewal, and rectification to the mercy-seat? No. There is no purgatory.

We carry the subject no further. The text is a portion of God's holy word. Consider it thoroughly; and by the help of grace resolve, that what God here commands you to be, that you will earnestly strive to be, unreservedly and entirely.

THE MOST VALUABLE KNOWLEDGE.

That is the best doctrine and study which maketh men better, and tendeth to make them happy. I abhor the folly of those unlearned persons who revile or despise learning because they know not what it is; and I take not any piece of true learning to be useless; and yet my soul approveth of the resolution of holy Paul, who determined to know nothing among his hearers, (that is, comparatively to value and make ostentation of no other wisdom,) but the knowledge of a crucified Christ: to know God in Christ is life eternal. As the stock of the tree affordeth timber to build houses and cities, when the small though higher multifarious branches are but to make a crow's nest or a blaze, so the knowledge of God and of Jesus Christ, of heaven and holiness, doth build up the soul to endless blessedness, and affordeth it solid peace and comfort; when a multitude of school-niceties serve but for vain janglings and hurtful diversions and contention. And yet I would not dissuade my reader from the perusal of Aquinas, Scotus, Ockum, Durandus, or any such writer; for much good may be gotten from them: but I would persuade him to study and live upon the essential doctrines of Christianity and godliness, incomparably above them all. And that he may know that my testimony is somewhat regardable, I presume to say, that in this I as much gainsay my natural inclination to subtilty and accurateness in knowledge, as he is likely to do by his, if he obey my counsel. And I think if he lived among infidels and enemies of Christ, he would find that to make good the doctrine of faith and of life eternal, were not only his noblest and most useful study, but also that which would require the height of all his parts, and the utmost of his diligence to manage it skilfully to the satisfaction of himself and others.—*Baxter.*

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

If you listen even to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Spirit hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see, in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge, therefore, of the pleasures of the heart by the pleasures of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.—*Lord Bacon.*

HEARERS OF THE GOSPEL.

If the bearing of some who hear the Gospel may be taken as an index of their sentiments, we can scarcely avoid the conclusion, that they regard the ministrations of Christian Preachers very much as they would look upon the proceedings of children blowing bubbles in the sunshine. Little and great, trifling and momentous, temporal and eternal, are, to thousands, distinctions without a difference. G. D. J.

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PARENTAL MONITOR.

THE PARENTAL RELATION.

IX.—PRAYERS OF PARENTS.

PRAYERS of parents! Thereby hangs a tale. How many at this moment, happy in the embrace of God and His people, when they "remember the way in which the Lord has led them," perceive their deep obligation to parental intercessions on their behalf! While dead in trespasses and sins, for the great love wherewith they loved them, their parents prayed for them "day and night," with "all prayer and supplication in the spirit." One says, with weeping, "To my dear praying father, long since resting with God, I owe much. But for his all-prevalent cries to God on my behalf, *probably* I had still been a miserable outcast in the bonds of iniquity; *possibly* a victim of irremediable woe, a lost soul! I sinned against heaven and in his sight. I rushed forward to destruction. But he held me fast by his fervent, believing prayers. He would not let me go. His prayers snatched me from hell." Another says, "I cannot look to the 'hole of the pit whence I am digged,' but my heart is broken at the remembrance of my mother's prayers. O, what she felt for me when I was a sinner, proud and thoughtless! I used to overhear her praying for me. Even then it was more than I could bear. I could not withstand her tears, and sobs, and prayers. She is gone. But her memory is dear to me. She 'travailed in birth' for my salvation, 'till Christ was formed in me.'" And yet another says, "I had praying parents. They strove to keep me from running in the guilty paths of the ungodly. I was brought up in 'the way I should go.' But I was carnal. I was kept by parental restraint; but '*Jesus' did not 'rise in my heart.*' I felt a growing love for the world and sin. My dear parents saw it with great anxiety. With trembling heart and tearful eyes they beheld me, mature in stature, a stranger to religion. At family prayer there was an unusual tenderness and emphasis. I was remembered before God with affecting emotion. My heart melted. I yielded to my mother's entreaties, joined the church of Christ, and found salvation. Thank God for praying parents!"

To render their prayers "effectual," parents must "walk with God." Their "prayers are hindered" by superficial, doubtful piety. Inconsistency in the religious profession of parents has proved very destructive to families. To give prevailing efficacy to the prayers of parents for children, there should be, 1. Manifest stability in God's ways. 2. Deep communion with God. 3. Great love for souls. 4. Tender, affecting concern for their children's eternal salvation. And, 5. An unwearied pleading and beseeching at the throne of grace; accompanied by the lively, resolute faith of that wrestling father who said, "*I will not let Thee go* except Thou bless me."

One praying parent, a mother, can never be forgotten by me. She was a poor widow, early left to struggle with the charge of bringing up *ten* children. Her piety was deep. She enjoyed full salvation. Her whole heart was the Lord's for many years. There was great seriousness of manner, with a soft, interesting, affectionate sadness of spirit. The salvation of her children lay near her heart; it was the thing for which she lived. On this point her desires were absorbing and intense. Before I knew her, two of the elder branches were brought to God, and for some years had been useful in the church. Most of the others had now grown to maturity of stature, and were beheld by the pious, affectionate mother, *all living without God, and standing on the brink of eternal destruction!*" The awful peril of their position was never lost sight of. Day and night it seemed vividly before her eyes. Her "sore longing" for the salvation of their souls was a love that "passeth knowledge." She was not only willing to die for them, but, if possible, to endure *greater sufferings* to save their souls. The astounding language of another strange lover of perishing souls was literally adopted by her. His words, "without note or comment," gave utterance to her feelings and sentiments: "I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost, that I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart. For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my [family], my [children] according to the flesh." Addressing the writer, she said, "*It seems to me I could sacrifice my own heaven to save my children from hell.*" Blame not the woman. Say not, "This is too strong." It was a *mother's* heart, "borne away" under the constraining, resistless influence of the love of Christ. There is no rule, no law, no standard, by which to measure *this* "HOLY THING." We can only say, "*The mother* 'SO LOVED' *her children.*"

But this depth of love was calm and unobtrusive. Few words were uttered about it, except before God. She poured out her soul to Him. Her spirit was tender; and often rivers of water ran down her eyes, because her children kept not God's law. When I used to pray with her in her consecrated cottage, and asked for the salvation of her children, the wooden chair at which she knelt was "washed with her tears." Every petition for them was breathed to the throne

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by her melting "Amen." O, it was a sight interesting to angels, to see this praying, holy woman on her knees, with her children round her! Twenty years distance has no power to efface the scene. The moments spent in this lowly, favoured cottage, have since been a thousand times joyfully lived over again. That "Bethel" cannot be forgotten.

There was a delay of years. God seemed to "tarry." But such prayers and such tears could not be in vain. No: they "availed much." For at length God abundantly poured His Spirit on her seed, and His blessing on her offspring. Within a comparatively short period, SEVEN of the eight unconverted children were awakened, brought to Jesus, and made happy in the pardoning love of God. The mother rejoiced, rejoiced with great joy. But still her joy was not full. There was *one*, the youngest-born, yet unsaved. Shall Mary be lost? The "nine" were "left." This one was sought. "Save Mary!" was the absorbing cry of the mother's heart. She was joined by all the rest in her earnest intercessions. At the end of two years Mary was led to attend a lovefeast. There God met with her. Her soul was humbled, and she sought and found mercy. O, happy woman! The mother of ten children, all rejoicing with her in the God of her salvation! Still, this wise-hearted woman, aware of the perils of the wilderness, rejoiced with trembling. The thing she feared came upon her. One of her beloved sons departed from God, and fell again into sin. O, it was an edifying Christian spectacle to see the affectionate, praying mother, with the whole household, rush to his relief. Sympathy filled every bosom. There was a continuous concert of prayer for his restoration. "Thousands of tears," observed one of the brothers, "were shed for him." At length the lost sheep was restored; and saints and angels, friends and relatives, rejoiced over him with exceeding great joy. And now this happy family, the fruit of faith and prayer, walked in the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless. Their light so shone before men, that others saw their good works, and glorified their Father in heaven. They were a pattern to Christian households.

Several intervening years passed away. I heard little of the devoted mother or her pious children. Not long since, however, I happened to meet with one who proved to be connected with the family. I eagerly inquired after their welfare; and from what I heard, my heart was filled with joy and gratitude to God. The venerable mother was yet alive, waiting peacefully till her change should come; the ten sons and daughters were all living to God, and members of the Methodist society; seven out of the ten held different offices in the church, and were making themselves variously useful; all had entered the "honourable estate" of "holy matrimony;" and every one had "married in the Lord" with a member of the same Christian community! Thus the aged mother, her sons and sons-in-law, her daughters and her daughters-in-law, were all moving heavenward together. To the God of "all the families of the earth" be the glory. Let pious parents mark this interesting, instructive, striking fact, and be encouraged and stimulated to pray *earnestly* for the salvation of their children. PASTOR.

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. J. T. BARR.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

"On Thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think when Thou hast dried the bitter tear,
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile."

A MODERN writer has justly remarked, that there exists among men an erroneous, though too prevalent, custom of intimating the sincerity of sorrow by the violence of its outward demonstrations. On this principle, he who can command a ready supply of tears and sighs, may confidently lay claim to the character of a tender-hearted and affectionate friend; while he who confines his silent anguish within his own unhappy bosom, though he may not be stigmatised as hard-hearted and unfeeling, is accounted at best a cold and unsympathizing being.

The venerable stranger, whose appearance at the grave so deeply interested me, had evidently been visited with some severe trial. But his grief was not the less poignant, nor the feelings of his heart the less tender, because he preferred giving vent to the sorrows of his bosom amidst the silence and solitude of a village churchyard. He was not at the time conscious that I had been a spectator of his grief; nor was he aware that any human ear had heard the convulsive sobs which burst from his troubled spirit.

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Having left the churchyard, I followed him at a moderate pace along a narrow foot-path in an adjoining field. "Excuse me, worthy stranger," I observed, when at length standing by his side; "but if I were to form a judgment from what I have just witnessed, I should imagine that you have recently experienced some painful bereavement, and probably have drunk deeply of the cup of domestic affliction."

After gazing on me for a moment with fixed attention, he again burst into tears, and exclaimed, "You have rightly judged. But come, let us sit together on this rustic stile, and I will recount to you some particulars which have occasioned those external exhibitions of grief, of which you appear to have been an unseen spectator. Perhaps the relation may produce a temporary relief to my own mind."

"I have learned," was the reply, "from an inspired Apostle, to 'weep with them that weep.' And I have no doubt that the story of your sorrows will awaken my sympathies; for I trust I have a heart to feel for the sufferings of others."

"Scarcely three months have elapsed," he began, "since I possessed an affectionate wife and an only daughter. Now I have neither wife nor child. Within the short space of one week, they were laid side by side in the same grave, over which you saw me weeping. The circumstances connected with their history, and which terminated so fatally, may be briefly told. About two years since, a young man, of the name of W——, came to reside in the village. He was a total stranger. For some time after his arrival, speculation was busily at work among the inhabitants, and many conjectures were formed. But nothing satisfactory could be ascertained as to his previous character, or his former place of abode. But there was something exceedingly prepossessing in his appearance; and his uniformly agreeable manners gradually secured him the respect of his neighbours. He had no business engagements, but spent a considerable portion of his time in cultivating his garden. As his house was contiguous to my own, he frequently called to spend an evening with us. As our intimacy increased, his visits became more frequent; till at length I discovered he had formed an attachment to my daughter, and that the feeling was reciprocated by the latter. He earnestly solicited her hand in marriage. I hesitated for some time, and remonstrated with my daughter on the impropriety of taking such an important step, by uniting herself with a person of whom she knew so little. But I found that he had made so deep an impression on her mind, that it could not be easily obliterated. Fearing that my refusal might be followed by some disastrous result, and even hoping that she would be happy with the object of her choice, I at length consented, and they were accordingly united.

"Immediately after the marriage had been solemnized by the Vicar, they proceeded to Cheltenham, to spend a week in that fashionable watering-place, where W—— professed to have some wealthy relations. At the end of three days, a carriage drove up to the door. My daughter alighted, pale, and greatly agitated. 'Where is your husband?' I tremulously inquired. Without giving me a reply, she sunk into the arms of her mother, and instantly swooned.

"The most distressing forebodings now crowded into my mind, and I inwardly prayed for divine support. Ellen was conveyed to her room. But it was not till the following morning that she was sufficiently revived to give us an account of the dreadful calamity which had befallen her. It appears, from what I have subsequently gathered, that W——, previous to his coming to this village, had been a principal clerk in a respectable mercantile house in London, where, had he continued steady and honest, he might have lived in comparative affluence, and received a considerable accession to his salary. But as his situation was one of great responsibility, having large sums of money passing through his hands, he was exposed to many temptations, against which, his conduct eventually showed, he was not proof. In an evil hour, he absconded, taking with him various sums, of which he had official charge, amounting to several hundred pounds. Adopting an *assumed* name, (for W—— was not his real name,) he fled to this village, flattering himself that in its quiet seclusion, and distance from the metropolis, he should elude the vigilance of those whom he had defrauded. The fact of his clandestine departure led to an examination of his accounts; and, the money being missed, parties were sent to different parts of the country in pursuit of him. Their efforts, however, were unsuccessful, till he was discovered, in the company of his bride, in one of the streets in Cheltenham. He was followed to the inn where he had put up; for the statement of his having relatives in Cheltenham was false. In the inn he was arrested, and forthwith taken in custody to London. Nothing appearing on his trial to invalidate the evidence brought against him, he received the sentence of transportation for life.

"You may imagine the feelings which lacerated the bosom of my dear Ellen, on the occasion of his arrest,—at such a time, and under such circumstances. Young and beautiful, and fondly doting on a husband to whom she had just been united, the horizon of her earthly hopes appeared to be bright and cloudless, and she was looking forward with pleasing anticipations to the future, not even dreaming that a passing cloud would interrupt the harmony of that

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conjugal relation on which she had so recently entered. But this unlooked-for trial awakened her soul to the flattering illusion,—dashed the enchanted cup from her lips; and left her, as a 'stricken deer,' to mourn over her ruined hopes and blighted affections; till, bowed down with an accumulated weight of sorrow, she sunk into an early grave!

"She had only returned to her paternal dwelling about six weeks, when, owing to the violent agitation of her mind, on learning the fate of her husband, she was visited with a burning fever, which, continuing to increase, deprived her of the use of reason. My poor wife was almost constantly at her bedside; till, spent with fatigue, and the want of necessary rest, she was also compelled to be confined to her chamber. She had caught the fever, and soon became delirious. So that my time was fully occupied in visiting alternately the chamber of my afflicted wife, and that of my dying daughter. At length, the moment which was to deprive me of my beloved Ellen drew near. With a bleeding heart, I hung over her dying couch. She looked sweetly into my face, and I thought I could discover symptoms of returning recollection. In this I was not mistaken. Slowly raising her feeble hand, she pointed towards heaven, and softly whispered, 'We shall meet there.' Then, with a gentle sigh, her spirit took its flight."

While uttering this last sentence, my aged companion appeared almost choked with the violence of his emotions. I mingled my tears with his; and some moments elapsed before he could resume his affecting narrative.

"I have not yet finished the story of my calamities," he said. "On the day on which the corpse of my angel child was committed to the dust, my dear wife, unable longer to contend with the fearful malady, which had already prostrated her strength, breathed her last; and in a few days subsequently, the grave of Ellen was once more opened to receive the mortal remains of her mother.

"Thus, within the space of one short week, I was deprived of an amiable wife, and an affectionate child. You will not, therefore, be surprised, that I feel a mournful interest in visiting the place of their interment. I seem, on such occasions, to be holding communion with their happy spirits. I hope soon to join them in a better world. But the cup, of which I have been called to drink, has not consisted exclusively of bitters: some drops of mercy have been mingled with my sorrows. Though my afflictions have not been 'joyous, but grievous,' the grace of God has enabled me so to improve them, as to bring forth the 'peaceable fruits of righteousness.' The same Almighty Being, who has 'taken away the desire of my eyes with a stroke,' has enabled me to say, *Fiat voluntas tua.*"

When he had thus closed his affecting history, during the recital of which his feelings were greatly excited, I saw that the shadows of evening were rapidly advancing. The luminary of day had already sunk below the distant horizon; and after taking an affectionate farewell of the pious stranger, I left this interesting locality, musing on the incidents associated with my visit to a *country churchyard.*

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

HOODWINKED PIGEONS.

PIGEONS are much more injurious to the gardener and farmer than crows, or any other of the feathered animals. It is said that each pigeon eats its own weight of food in a day, and that principally of a vegetable nature. A new-sown field of barley or peas is therefore a glorious treat, and will be made short work of by a flock. The boys and farm-lads of Sussex follow a cruel and strange plan of thinning flocks of marauding pigeons. Going to a garden or field likely to be frequented by these animals for the sake of plunder, they stick into the ground small pieces of paper, twirled into the shape of a funnel, the pointed end being downmost. Into each of these paper funnels they place a single pea. Having left the ground, the pigeons soon arrive, and commence looking about for food; and, seeing peas ready, as they imagine, for the picking up, they pop their head into the funnel, which, sticking to them, they lift up, and immediately mount into the air, as if with a nightcap drawn over their eyes. Under such hapless circumstances, they soar aloft in a perfectly straight line to the zenith, until lost to the eye of the beholder in the clouds. How far the poor creatures thus proceed into the heights of the atmosphere, it is impossible to conjecture. It is certain they continue their flight till nature is exhausted within them, and death relieves them from their misery. Down they then sink through the yielding air like a bullet; and so straight upward has been their course, that they generally fall within a few feet of the spot whence they took their flight. We do not remember of seeing this remarkable peculiarity in the flight of the hoodwinked pigeon noticed by naturalists.—*Chambers's Journal.*

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THE CRESTED GUAN.

THIS fowl belongs to the order *rasores*, which includes our domestic poultry, turkeys, pheasants, &c. The family, *tetraonidæ*, grouse, is also included in this order, to which family is referred the capercailzie, or cock of the woods. Then comes the family of *cracidæ*, curassows; comprising in it the guans: and it is of a guan that our woodcut for the present month gives the representation. The members of this family are all natives of South America, and many of them approach the turkey in magnitude. Berries, and various sorts of grain, constitute the food of these birds, and they are remarkable for tameness, becoming easily domesticated. In delicacy of flavour and whiteness, their flesh surpasses that of either the barn-door fowl or pheasant. A late traveller in South America states that in many parts of that continent they have long been reclaimed; and he adds that "considering the extreme familiarity of their manners, and the facility with which they appear to pass from a state of nature to the tameness of domestic fowls, it is really surprising that they have not yet been introduced into the poultry-yards of Europe." He likewise says, "That with proper treatment they would speedily become habituated to the climate, we have no reason to doubt: on the contrary, numerous examples have shown that they thrive well even in its northern parts; and M. Temminck informs us that they have been, once at least, thoroughly acclimated in Holland, where they were as prolific in their domesticated state as any of our common poultry. The establishment, however, in which this had been effected was broken up by the civil commotions which followed in the train of the French Revolution; and the results of much labour were lost by their complete dispersion."

The crested guan (*penelope cristata*) inhabits Guiana, Brazil, &c. It tenants the woods, sometimes associated in large flocks, passing the greater part of their existence on the topmost branches of the trees where they build their nests. They feed upon fruits and seeds, which, like the pigeons, they seek for on the ground: as in the case of those birds, too, they pair together with great constancy. Their flight is heavy and laboured. They who have partaken of their flesh speak of it highly. Their voice is loud and harsh, and when uttered by numbers in concert, resounds far through the woodland wilderness. In size this bird equals a fowl, only being longer, measuring thirty inches, of which the tail is fourteen. The whole of the upper surface is dusky brownish black, with a gloss of olive green. The head is surmounted by a tufted crest. The throat-fold of skin is scarlet; the naked cheeks are purplish; the chest is regularly spotted with dashes of white on a dusky brown ground, which latter colour prevails on the under surface. It has been bred in Holland.

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There is also the motmot guan, (*ortalida motmot,*) possessing the same general character and habits as the penelope does, only that the head is completely feathered, and has no crest. It is found in Guiana, but less is known respecting it than of other species of this family.

THE MANTIS.

THE "Juvenile Forget-me-not" for 1836 contains a paper by Dr. Walsh, in the course of which the author describes the insect called the mantis, or walking leaf:—

"There is a gravity in his motions, a wisdom in his aspect, and a sage and deliberate character in the manner in which he moves his head, that have obtained for him the name of mantis, or soothsayer, many of whose qualities are ascribed to him, and he is actually believed to possess them. He reposes deliberately on his hind-legs, like an animal in a sitting posture; and then he raises one or both of his fore-legs like arms in such a way, with the nail projecting, that he looks exactly like a human being, pointing with his finger to some object to which he directs the attention; and at one time he is supposed to be intimating a future event, and then he is called *the diviner*, and consulted like an oracle. At another he is thought to be pointing out the right path to a traveller; and in countries where the insect is found, particularly among the superstitious peasantry of the south of France, when a traveller loses his way, he searches among the bushes for a mantis to direct him. But he exhibits attitudes more curious still. He sometimes holds both fore-feet together, a little elevated, looking at the same time up to heaven with the most solemn aspect, and he exactly resembles a human being with his hands folded in the act of devotion. He is then called *le prie Dieu*, or 'the worshipper,' and looked upon in that attitude as something holy. This veneration is increased because he seems to possess the sense of hearing, and turns his head to the sound of an organ, as if he was particularly impressed with the nature of sacred music. On some occasions, when he is sought after, he suddenly contrives to elude his pursuers, and disappears. Hence he is supposed to be gifted with supernatural powers to deceive and escape from his enemy, and he is called *the invisible*. He lives for a length of time without food, light, or air, even longer than most insects; and, from this tenacity of life, he is called *the immortal*. And that nothing might be wanting to add to the respect which superstition attaches to these insects, the eggs of some species are found disposed in the form of a cross, as if by this they intended to display their veneration for the sacred emblem.

"From the various and curious accounts I had heard, I was very desirous to examine them in their native state, and be an eye-witness to their motions and habits. Whenever I was in a country where they are found, I always procured some, and so had an opportunity. The first place in which I saw one was near Ephesus, in Asia Minor. We were taken prisoners, and detained all night on the banks of a river, by a party of Turks, and they accidently set fire with their pipes to some dry reeds and bushes which covered the ground about us. As the fire advanced, the grass and leaves seemed endued with animation, and to be moving from it. On looking a little closer, I found what I thought was vegetable matter had really life. The humid soil and great heat of the climate had produced a vast quantity of insects in this place, and among them several kinds of mantis, which were disturbed by the fire, and instinctively moving from it. Their motions were very grave and deliberate. After moving a little way, they stopped and looked back, as if to see whether the fire was advancing to them, and then walked on again. I brought away with me a large one, which exactly resembled a branch, with a leaf attached to each side; and I kept him a long time at the palace at Constantinople, watching his motions, which exactly resembled what I had heard of them. He sometimes held up his fore-feet, with his head raised as if in the act of prayer; and sometimes he would turn and look up to me in the same attitude, as if entreating me to let him go. I caught another on a pine-tree in an island of the Sea of Marmora, which was endued with the faculty of distinguishing sounds, and was attracted or repelled as they were agreeable or disagreeable. He was standing on a table, when a lady in the room struck a piano-forte. He started, turned his head in the direction of the sound, and astonished every one present by actually raising and letting fall one of his fore-feet, as if beating time to the music. On another occasion I was exhibiting the insect to a friend in my apartments, and turned round to call his attention to some curious motions it was making. When I looked again, it was gone, as if, like an Irish Liperchaun, it rendered itself invisible the moment I took my eyes from it. We searched everywhere, but could find no trace of it, though it was as large as a bird. A few days after it reappeared, and I found it clinging to the wall."

TAMENESS OF THE ROBIN.

A FRIEND took us the other day into his garden. At a certain spot we were told to halt, while he himself advanced forwards for a few yards. He then called on some one to come to him, when a robin issued from the trees and perched on his hand. He fed it

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from his palm, and then placed it on his shoulder. Here it fed itself from his mouth, and remained seated on his shoulder till he approached within a short distance of the dwelling-house. At this spot it invariably leaves, and cannot by any means be prevailed upon to enter under a roof. This pleasing trait of docility may any day be seen at Bank-street, Girvan.—*Ayr Observer.*

THE IVY.

Why is it that every one is pleased with the common ivy? There is a charm about that plant which all feel, but none can tell why. Observe it hanging from the arch of some old bridge, and consider the degree of interest it gives to that object. The bridge itself may be beautifully situated; the stream passing through its arches clear and copious; but still it is the ivy which gives the finish and picturesque effect. Mouldering towers, and castles, and ruined cloisters, interest our feelings in a degree more or less by the circumstance of their being covered or not by the ivy. Precipices, which else would exhibit only their naked, barren walls, are clothed by it in a rich and beautiful vesture. Old trees, whose trunks it surrounds, assume a great variety of aspects; and, indeed, it is a most important agent in forming the beauty and variety of rural landscape. It is also as useful as it is beautiful; and among its uses I would include the very thing of which I am now speaking, for I have no idea that the forms and colours in nature please the eye by a sort of chance. If I admire the ivy clinging to and surmounting some time-worn tower, and the various tints that diversify the parts of the ruin not hidden by it, I can only refer the pleasure I experience to the natural construction of the human mind, which the Almighty has formed to feel a pleasure in contemplating the external world around it. Who is insensible to the beauties of nature at the rising and setting of the summer's sun? Who can behold the moonbeams reflected upon some silent river, lake, or sea, and not feel happy in the sight? None, I believe, in early life. When hardened in the ways of men; when the chief good pursued is the accumulation of wealth, the acquisition of power, or the pursuit of pleasure, so called; then mankind lose a sense of the beauties of nature; but never, perhaps, till then. A love for them is inherent in the mind, and almost always shows itself in youth; and if cherished at that time by education, would seldom be destroyed or become dormant in after-life, as it now so generally is. The ivy is of vast advantage to the smaller birds, as it affords them shelter in winter, and a retreat for building their nests in spring and summer. It is in fructification in October and November, and the sweet juice which its flowers exude, supports an infinity of insects in autumn, while its berries are a store of nutriment for many birds in early spring. —*Drummond.*

DESTRUCTION OF SPARROWS.

The farmers, and many others in the country, take great pains to destroy the sparrows; but, from the following extract from Bradley's Treatise on Husbandry and Gardening, it would not appear that they act judiciously in so doing:—"A pair of sparrows, during the time they have their young to feed, destroy, on an average, every week, 3,360 caterpillars." This calculation he founds upon actual observation, having discovered that the two parents carried to the nest forty caterpillars in an hour! These birds also feed their young with butterflies, and other winged insects, each of which, if not destroyed in this manner, would be the parents of hundreds of caterpillars; and what those gentry would do in the gardens, &c., we need not tell.—*Newspaper Paragraph.*

DESIGN IN DOGS.

A friend of mine, while shooting wild fowl with his brother, was attended by a sagacious Newfoundland dog. In getting near some reeds by the side of a river, they threw down their hats, and crept to the side of the water, where they fired. They soon after sent the dog for their hats, one of which was smaller than the other. After several attempts to bring them both together in his mouth, the dog at last placed the smaller hat in the larger one, pressed it down with his foot, and thus brought them both together. This fact need not be doubted. These individuals have both, at different times, assured me of its truth. I knew an instance somewhat similar. A spaniel was endeavouring to bring a dead hare to his master. After several ineffectual efforts to carry it in his mouth, or to drag it along, he contrived to get all the feet of the hare in his mouth, and in this way conveyed it to his master. A gentleman of my acquaintance witnessed the following occurrence:—He was shooting one day by the side of a hill, attended by a keeper, and shot at and wounded a hare, which ran through one of several holes made at the bottom of a stone wall. The keeper sent a favourite old retriever after the hare. The dog jumped over the wall, caught the hare, and returned with it in his mouth to the wall; but, after several attempts, was unable to jump back again with his additional load. Giving up his ineffectual efforts, the dog was seen to push the hare with his nose as far as he could through one of the holes at the bottom of the wall. He then leapt

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over it, dragged the hare through the hole on the other side, and brought it to his master. From the high spot on which the parties stood, they were able to witness the whole of the dog's proceedings, which certainly appear to have been caused by some faculty beyond mere instinct.—*Jesse's Gleanings, Third Series.*

OUR SERVANTS.

MASTERS, MISTRESSES, AND SERVANTS.

Part II.

In the group presented to our view in the chapter which has suggested these papers, we have not only a master and a mistress, but servants also.

First, there is the "little maid," who "waited on Naaman's wife." She evidently knew the truth. She was aware of the powerlessness and vanity of the idols of Syria, and was likewise persuaded of the power of the only true God, and of the ability of His Prophet, through Him, to remove the disease which counterbalanced all the honours and advantages which had been heaped upon Naaman. She was a captive. She had been torn from her friends and from her native land. Too frequently did the Jews cherish an abhorrence of idolaters, as well as of idolatry. Many of them had not learned

> "To hate the *sin* with all their heart,
> And yet the *sinner* love."

We see nothing of this temper in this amiable child. In her religion, truth and love were united. She indulged no spirit of revenge. She did not say, "These Syrians have dragged me into slavery. Shall I tell them what will do them any good? I will do no such thing!" She knew what was the ever-open source of the sorrow of the family, and she knew how it might be permanently closed. And the information was not withheld from those to whom it might be serviceable. "And she said unto her mistress, Would God my Lord were with the Prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy." She who was thus anxious for the restoration of her master's health, would not be negligent in the performance of ordinary domestic duty. Such negligence would have made her mistress distrustful of her recommendation. We believe, therefore, that we see in this child an example of domestic fidelity on religious principle. She was not satisfied with just "doing as she was bid." Painful as were her circumstances, exposing her to the temptation of a malicious and revengeful spirit, she evidently felt interested in all that concerned the welfare and happiness of the family, and desired to promote it. She did not say, "What is my Lord's leprosy to me? Let him get cured as he can. I will have nothing to do with it." And so will it be with the truly pious servant, desirous of being faithful for the Lord's sake. Placed for the time in a certain family circle, such a one will feel interested in all the family concerns, and will seek to promote its well-being, under any and under every aspect considered. "Not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with good will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men."

The servants who accompanied Naaman on his journey in search of health into Israel and Samaria, appear to have been like-minded with the little captive maid. They would very likely be as surprised as he was when, having arrived at the house of Elisha, the Prophet allowed their master and themselves to stand at the door, only sending a message to direct this nobleman to go and bathe seven times in Jordan. For the moment his pride was mortified, and his anger excited, so that he turned about in a rage, and prepared instantly to depart. The servants might not understand the Prophet's conduct, but they saw that the directions he gave were very simple and practicable. They participated neither in Naaman's disdain nor his passion. They wished for his recovery. With affectionate respect, therefore, they expostulated with him, arguing that if the command had referred to any great thing it would have been obeyed, and that, therefore, when it merely required so easy a matter as the sevenfold washing in Jordan would be, prudence, good sense, required that the trial should be made. He listened to their advice. He made the trial. His leprosy departed from him; and who can tell what spiritual benefit he likewise received?

At all events, the general inference will hold good, that the pious servant, faithful on Christian principles, and to the proper Christian extent, may be instrumental in bringing his employers to the enjoyment, not only of valuable temporal good, but of that spiritual good, truly invaluable, because of its relation to the soul, eternity, and God. Though thou art only a poor servant, yet to thy affectionate fidelity, thy master, thy mistress, may be indebted, under God, for everlasting salvation.

In the case of the family of Naaman we are supposing the master and mistress to be

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kind, and the servants to be faithful. But the Apostle Peter extends the duty. He requires servants to be "subject to their masters;" and that "not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward." If they are unmindful of their duty, their neglect is no reason for the negligence of their servants. The performance of the duty will be less pleasing, but it is not less obligatory. Under such circumstances, it is to be performed for the Lord's sake, and patience and forbearance exercised. Who can tell but that thus they may be shown their error, and reclaimed from it?

Hitherto, the figures of our group have been pleasing. We must now come to one of a very different character, though, from his circumstances, the contrary was to be expected. Gehazi was the servant of an eminent Prophet, and had witnessed the more than human power with which his master was occasionally invested. One of the most remarkable displays of this had just been manifested in the cure of Naaman. But Gehazi was unmoved. He was only mindful of his own interest. We now view him only as a servant; and great and good as was the master, the servant, yielding to the suggestions of avarice, proved that in him self reigned, and that he was as regardless of his master's honour as he was oblivious of the judgments of God. He sought only a present and visible advantage, and endeavoured to conceal his fault by gross and repeated falsehood. There was no genuine fear of God before his eyes. And what did he gain? Scarcely were his wishes gratified, when detection followed, and signal punishment marked the displeasure of God. What would the talents and changes of raiment that had been obtained so nefariously, be to the loathsome and incurable leper? And let the bad servant, seeking his own profit, trampling on truth, the dishonest deceiver, ever remember that the eye of God is upon him. He who sins against his earthly master, sins against the Lord; and let him be sure that his sin will find him out.

The entire grouping of this chapter is most seriously commended to all whom it may concern. Duty and interest, temptation, sin, and punishment, are set before us with equal truth and power. The divine will is the primary source of obligation. We have a Master in heaven; and before Him shall small and great stand for final judgment. The master is not above divine authority: the servant is not below it. Earthly duty cannot be neglected without darkening heavenly prospects. No matter what our situation may be. One rule applies to all, high and low. To the master and to the servant is it said, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MISS ELIZABETH EDWARDS,

OF NEWPORT-MILLS, NORTH CURRY, IN THE TAUNTON CIRCUIT.

Miss Edwards was born January 31st, 1826. Under the careful guidance of pious parents, she feared God from her childhood. She became very early a Teacher of one of the classes of younger children in the Sunday-school, and attended to them with affectionate and successful diligence. At a meeting of the Teachers and friends, held in the school-room on Christmas-day, 1839, when she was nearly fourteen years old, there was a gracious effusion of the Holy Spirit, and Elizabeth was deeply moved by it. She saw the necessity of seeking for personal religion in its fulness and power. Hitherto she had happily lived under the influence of Christian instruction and example, rendered efficacious by the workings of what has been termed "prevenient grace." She now felt that she must for herself seek and find the mercy of God, and enter, by her own solemn choice, into the covenant of redeeming love. And she was not disobedient to this heavenly visitation. She prayed earnestly for power from on high, and in a few days she found what she sought: her soul was set at liberty, and she was made a new creature in Christ Jesus. For several years she walked consistently as a young disciple, and a steady member of Christ's church.

Early in 1846, symptoms of the same disease of which several of her relations had died appeared, and it soon became evident that she was in a deep and rapid decline. She received the announcement of her danger with seriousness, but without alarm. She trimmed her lamp, and renewing her exercises of faith in Christ, resting on the fatherly love of God, she calmly awaited the final summons. As the disease advanced, her consolations became more abundant, her hope more bright and steady. She did not so much see death, as the life and glory to which she knew it would be the entrance. She was enabled in her own experience to enter into the meaning of the brief but most glorious sentence, "To die is gain!" She was asked if she would not wish to live, if so it were permitted; but she promptly replied, "O, no, no! I have given up everything earthly. *Living is not to be compared with*

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dying." All who visited her she exhorted to an immediate and decided choice of religion. "Seek it," she said, "and seek it *now*." She continued patient and happy to the last. Not long before she died, she said to a friend, "I am waiting to go when I am called;" and added,

> "Jesu, lover of my soul,
> Let me to thy bosom fly!"

It was a solemn but a delightful spectacle to see her. Young, amiable, beloved, yet the victim of fatal disease, without the light of religion how melancholy would have been the sight! how gloomy with the dark shadow of death! But rejoicing in faith and hope, she bore an effectual testimony to the true nobility of man, the indescribable grandeur of his destiny,—to his immortality. As death is regarded by the world, they who keep Christ's sayings do not see death. It is not the final barrier, beyond which existence extends not, the entrance into the dreadful grave, the house appointed for all living. It is the gate of life, the commencement of life eternal. And thus did this youthful follower of Jesus consider it. Thus did her friends regard it. They sorrowed, but it was for their own loss: they knew they had to rejoice in her gain. She died, breathing out the heavenly aspiration, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" in her twenty-first year, July 17th, 1846.

JOHN JOYCE.

POETRY.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

'Tis still thine hour, O Death!
Thine, Lord of Hades, is the kingdom still;
Yet twice thy sword unstain'd hath sought its sheath,
Though twice upraised to kill;
And once again the tomb
Shall yield its captive prey;
A mightier arm shall pierce the pathless gloom,
And rend the prize away;
Nor comes thy Conqueror arm'd with spear or sword:
He hath no arms but prayer, no weapon but His word.

'Tis now the fourth sad morn
Since Lazarus, the pious and the just,
To his last home by sorrowing kinsmen borne,
Hath parted, dust to dust.
The grave-worm revels now
Upon his mouldering clay;
And He, before whose car the mountains bow,
The rivers roll away,
In conscious awe,—He only can revive
Corruption's withering prey, and call the dead to live!

Yet still the sisters keep
Their sad and silent vigil at the grave,
Watching for Jesus.—"Comes He not to weep?
He did not come to save!"
But now *one* straining eye
The' advancing Form hath traced;
And soon in wild, resistless agony
Have Martha's arms embraced
The Saviour's feet,—"O Lord, hadst Thou been nigh,—
But speak the word e'en now,—it shall be heard on high!"

They led Him to the cave,—
The rocky bed, where now in darkness slept
Their brother, and His friend: them at the grave
They paused—for "JESUS WEPT."
O love, sublime and deep!
O hand and heart divine!
He comes to rescue, though He deigns to weep—
The captive is not thine,
O Death! thy bands are burst asunder now;
There stands beside the grave a Mightier far than thou.

"Come forth," He cries, "thou dead!"
O God! what means that strange and sudden sound,
That murmurs from the tomb—that ghastly head,
With funeral fillets bound?
It is a LIVING FORM—
The loved, the lost, the won,—
Won from the grave, corruption, and the worm.
"And is not this the Son
Of God?" they whisper'd: while the sisters pour'd
Their gratitude in tears; for they had known the Lord.

Yet now the Son of God—
For such he was in truth—approach'd the hour
For which alone the path of thorns he trod;
In which to thee the power,

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O Death! should be restored,
And yet restored in vain;
For though the blood of ransom must be pour'd,
The spotless Victim slain,
He shall but yield to conquer, fall to rise,
And make the cold dark grave a portal to the skies!

"BEHOLD THE MAN!"

"BEHOLD the Man!" O Saviour, ever blest,
Our present hope, and our eternal rest!
When conscious guilt bids all our fears arise,
On Thee, on Thee alone, we'll turn our eyes.

"Behold the Man!" O mighty Advocate,
Plead Thou our cause, the Father's wrath abate!
And when the' accuser would our death ensure,
We'll look on Thee, and feel our lives secure.

"Behold the Man!" O Intercessor great,
For mercy, grace, and peace, on thee we wait!
And when with wants oppress'd we sink in heart,
A sight of Thee shall comfort, strength impart.

—*Church of England Magazine.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE TABERNACLE.

INTRODUCTION.

"THE heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." Everything that is created, contains some expression of the mind of the Creator: for, as nothing exists by chance, so nothing exists casually; but all things were made and fashioned with design and intention; and "manifold as are the works of God, in wisdom has He made them all." In them all, therefore, is there the manifestation of some divine purpose. There must be, if, as in all things, so also in creation, He worketh according to the counsel of His own will. For this reason ought all, according to the opportunities they possess, so to study nature, as to learn the lessons which it teaches respecting its great Author. The more we know of His works, provided we study them on right principles, and observe them in their proper light, the more we shall know of Himself; and each accession of knowledge will add strength to the admiration, reverence, and love of the believing and renewed heart.

But while we say that nature, studied in the light of revealed truth, will afford us numberless expressions of the divine mind, let it be carefully remembered that the reference is to the divine mind as creating and preserving. Beyond this, nature does not go. We turn to the mental constitution of man. We find that which extends our knowledge. Man was made in the image of God. His conscience at once establishes the fact of his moral nature, and refers us to God as essentially a moral Being,—man's Lawgiver, Sovereign, and Judge. And how far does this go? It teaches the solemn lesson, that "the righteous Lord hath pleasure in righteousness," but that "He is angry with the wicked." Here is comfort for the pure and unsinning; but where is the sinner to go? The law worketh wrath. Its province is to declare duty, and to enforce obedience by its proper, characteristic sanction,—the threatened infliction of punishment. And thus, as man finds in *physical nature* only expressions of the mind and will of its Author, *considered as such*; so, in his own mental constitution, in its essentially moral character, he sees only the righteousness of the just and holy Lawgiver and Judge.

But will the just God be also a Saviour? Will goodness become mercy? And if it will, how shall the claims of justice and mercy be harmonized? To created intelligences they appear directly opposed to each other. How shall they be so recognised, that God's name—His entire name—may, before created intelligences, be glorified? Physical nature is of course silent. The question is beyond her province. Moral nature is not less so. It is beyond her power. Justice requires that the sinner be punished. How mercy may save him, consistently with justice, becomes a problem for the solution of which nature furnishes no data. So long as man stood in due relation to law as loyal and obedient, the revealed righteousness of God interfered not with His fatherly goodness; but when sin entered the world, a new condition arose out of the original constitution, for which *in that constitution* there was no provision. Justice demands that law be upheld by the infliction of the threatened punishment; and in this altered state, all that reveals the righteousness of God, reveals His wrath. This is most emphatically declared by St. Paul in a paragraph in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, (verses 15—20,) the clearness and force of which are often much obscured and weakened by taking its two chief branches for consideration separately.

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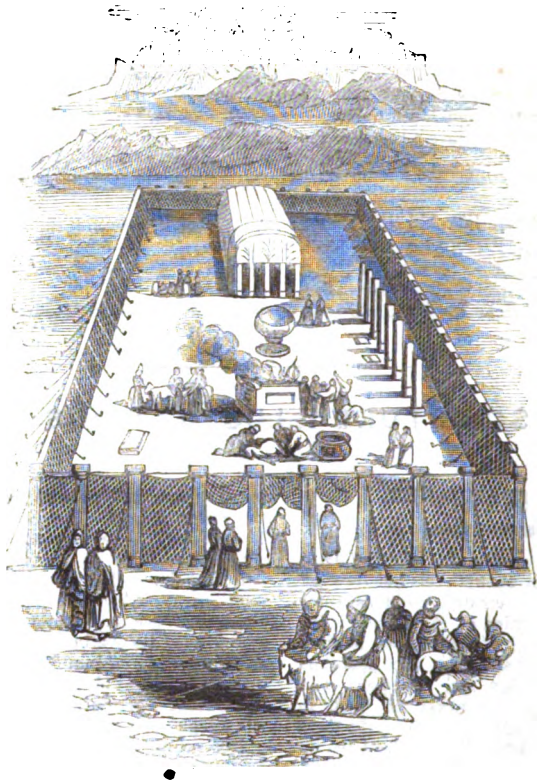

The Apostle, having declared his readiness to preach the Gospel at Rome, adds that he is not ashamed of it. His own enlarged mind knew that the whole system of saving truth was, to the philosophers as well as to the sophists, to the Stoics as well as to the Epicureans, folly which some would despise and others scorn; but he himself gloried in it, because it revealed the wonderful method of saving man from all evil, into all good, devised by the adorable wisdom of God. "Therein is the righteousness of God revealed:" therein is revealed God's method of restoring man to the righteousness of which sin had deprived him, and which he could regain by none of the provisions existing in the original moral condition of nature. The reason is plain. On the violator of law the law pronounces its irrevocable curse; and therefore does he go on to say,—regarding the law as in full force, and as being the only moral constitution of original nature,—that, man having broken the law, and thus come under the operation of the curse, "the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness; because that which may be known of God is manifest in them; for God hath showed it unto them." But all their reasonings on law can only bring them to this, that to offenders it is a system of guilt and punishment. It is a truth which a mind capable of reasoning on such subjects at all, will perceive with the clearness and force of intuition, that they who obey the law have nothing to fear from it, they who break it nothing to hope from it. Now, as the only moral system of the original constitution of nature is a system of law, and as men are evidently sinners, all that nature can reveal is wrath, deserved wrath. The provision for saving men is an addition to the original provisions of nature, made by its great Author and Lord, and therefore can only be known by His revelation. And this is the Apostle's statement. Nature, to the sinner, only reveals wrath; but the Gospel, the super-induced constitution of mercy, is revealed as God's method of freeing man from guilt, of making the unrighteous righteous, of restoring all the blessings of which sin had caused the forfeiture.

Now, it necessarily follows, that in all the hieroglyphics — the sacred characters — of nature, however they illustrate the perfections of their Author, considered *as* their Author, there can be none to illustrate and

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express this new system of redeeming mercy, which, when nature was constituted, had no manifested existence. For a new system of truth, a new vocabulary of terms becomes necessary. Man has no words when he has no ideas; and nature can only supply him with two classes of ideas,—those which are directly communicated through the external senses, and those which these occasion by exciting reflection, and the other interior actions of the soul. None of these can meet the demands of the new system. Most true it is that in the Gospel the righteousness of God is *revealed*; for nature, of itself, supplies neither ideas nor illustrations. Missionaries have felt this in their first intercourse with savages, fallen so low as to have scarcely a notion of anything beyond a vague Power, invisible, and greater than man. They have experienced the utmost difficulty in finding words to make them understand the doctrines of redemption by the incarnation, atonement, and intercession of Christ, the Son of God. And what is the fact, even in the evangelical Scriptures? The language they employ to denote the glorious truths and realities of the scheme of redemption, is all taken from the ritual system which Moses, at God's command, gave to the children of Israel. Before that was given, several outward acts had been divinely appointed, (sacrifices, for instance,) and thus *sensible ideas* were communicated to man, which he might express in words capable afterwards of being applied to higher and spiritual truths. But all this was reduced to system by Moses, acting throughout, and in the minutest particular, under the divine direction. This was evidently one part of the design of God in choosing and separating the Israelites. As soon as they were alone, separated from all other people, in the wilderness, in the earliest infancy of their national existence, He gave them a system of rites, and ceremonies, and religious services, the tabernacle being, as it were, centre, key-stone, principle of the whole. This system they were to take into Canaan; and with the facts thus suggested, and the language thus supplied, the Israelites were familiar; and gradually, partly by the fragmentary remains of primitive traditions, partly by frequent intercourse with the Jews, language, capable of expressing the sublime mysteries of redemption, when unveiled by the Gospel, more or less existed everywhere. The tabernacle system was a collection of symbols, devised and arranged by divine wisdom, to express, in visible, sensible imagery, the exalted truths included in the plan of salvation. The law was thus a schoolmaster, a pedagogue, an instructer and guide of youth, to prepare the mind for the full evolution of the Gospel, as a glorious system of spiritual truth, that men might see clearly, understandingly, that they were to come to Christ that they might be justified by faith. But, of this law of symbols, the whole may be said to be comprehended, directly or indirectly, in the tabernacle, and its attendant services. Their general design was, to set before men a visible and sensible representation, such as might be clothed in human language, of those spiritual realities and truths included in the divinely-devised plan of salvation by Christ.

But, what were the particular symbols? what the spiritual truths represented by them? This must be explained in some expository remarks on the tabernacle system.

(*To be continued.*)

SKETCHES OF OLDEN TIME.

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON, IN 1666.

(*Concluded from page 250.*)

Our last extract from Mr. Evelyn's "Diary" was dated "September 3d." Of course he would visit the city the very next day, anxious, as he went from his house at Deptford, to know whether the devouring element had sustained any check. That he found it in full, resistless progress, is plain from what he says. Let the reader endeavour, as he peruses these notices, to realize the fact, that the writer saw what he describes. Keeping on the Deptford (the south) side of the river, he would see both the forward movements of the devastating foe, and in its rear, in reeking ruins, the melancholy proofs of its power. It is scarcely possible to conceive of a more awful spectacle. We say this from experience. Between thirty and forty years ago, we witnessed a fire in which, (the buildings being all of wood,) in the course of eight or nine hours, (from eleven P.M., to seven A.M.,) an area of half a mile long and half-a-quarter of a mile broad, in the most thickly built part of the town, was swept so bare as only to be covered with smoking wood-ashes. Such a sight can never be forgotten.

"Sept. 4th.—The burning still rages, and it was now gotten as far as the Inner Temple: all Fleet-street, the Old Bailey, Warwick-lane, Newgate, Paul's-chain, Watling-street, *now flaming*, and most of it reduced to ashes: the stones of St. Paul's

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flew like granados, the melting lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopped up all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward."

"5th.—It crossed towards Whitehall; but, O, the confusion there was then at the Court! It pleased His Majesty to command me, among the rest, to look after the quenching of Fetter-lane end, to preserve, if possible, that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of the gentlemen took their several posts,—and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any that had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines: this some stout seamen proposed early enough to have saved near the whole city; but this some tenacious and avaricious men would not permit, because their houses must have been of the first. It now pleased God, by abating the wind, and by the industry of the people, infusing a new spirit into them when almost all was lost, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noon, so as it came no further than the Temple westward, nor than the entrance of Smithfield north; but continued all this day and night so impetuous toward Cripplegate and the Tower as made us all despair. It also broke out again in the Temple; but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soon made as, with the former three days' consumption, the back-fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. *There was yet no standing near the burning and glowing ruins by near a furlong's space.*"

"The poor inhabitants were dispersed about St. George's-Fields," (over Blackfriars' bridge, all built over now,) "and Moor-Fields," (then a large open space, but, like the other, now covered with buildings,) "as far as Highgate, and several miles in a circle; some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels, many without a rag, or any necessary utensils, bed, or board, who, from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty."

"7th.—I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly church St. Paul's now a sad ruin; and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe) now rent in pieces; flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription on the architrave, showing by whom it was built. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, besides near a hundred more. The exquisitely wrought Mercers' chapel, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ's church, all the Companies' Halls, &c., all in dust. Subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow. The people who walked about the ruins appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather, in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrower streets, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapours, continued so intense, that my hair was almost singed, and my feet insufferably scorched. I went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen *two hundred thousand people, of all ranks and degrees*, dispersed, and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss, and though ready to perish from hunger and destitution, not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council, indeed, took all imaginable care for their relief, by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions."

"Oct. 10th.—This day was ordered a general fast through the nation, to humble us on the late dreadful conflagration, added to the plague and war, the most dismal judgments that could be inflicted, but which, indeed, we highly deserved for our *prodigious ingratitude, burning lusts, dissolute Court, profane and abominable lives*, under such dispensations of God's continued favour in restoring Church, Prince, and people from our late intestine calamities, *of which we were altogether unmindful, even to astonishment.*"

Of this profanity and dissoluteness Mr. Evelyn's Journal bears most decisive testimony. A devoted loyalist, and mixing among the higher classes, he saw and deplored their conduct, faithfully recording it, without dilating on it. In one sense he may be termed an unwilling witness, never exaggerating, but too honest to conceal the truth, too pious not to express his sorrow and disgust at what he witnessed. The way was thus prepared for that spread of infidelity, formality, carelessness, and ignorance which seemed at length to triumph universally, and to have become irremediable. But the covenant promise was remembered. The enemy had come in as a flood; but the Spirit of the Lord lifted up a standard against him.

The foregoing extracts are only a portion of Mr. Evelyn's references to the "Great Fire of London." But good came out of the evil. Many hot-beds of disease were swept away, and a better-arranged style and plan of building prevented their restoration with anything like their former power. But

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the subject is now calling for general attention. It is known and felt that valuable as medical skill is for the cure of disease, prevention is better than cure. And for prevention, what is chiefly necessary is, pure and fresh air and water, and plenty of them, and domestic and personal cleanliness, with temperance, and active industry. There is a sense in which it is undoubtedly true that cleanliness is next to godliness: out of an enlightened and a correct godliness, cleanliness will undoubtedly proceed. Our legislators and rulers are preparing and establishing invaluable sanitary regulations; but these will be greatly weakened in efficacy, and narrowed in the sphere of their influence, unless public regulations are carefully and conscientiously seconded by individual efforts. Let all professors of religion remember, that while it is their first duty to save their souls, next to this, and arising from it, is a proper care for their own bodies, and those of their families, neighbours, and friends. They who attend to personal and domestic cleanliness, to industry, and temperance, will not only experience the beneficial results themselves, but will spread them among others. May we close our references to the "Great Fire," by respectfully but earnestly pressing this subject on the attention of the readers of the "Christian Miscellany?" They will thus materially second the benevolent designs and plans of our rulers for promoting the health and well-being of the entire community.

ANECDOTES.

THE HUSBAND CURED OF SEEKING PLEASURE AWAY FROM HIS OWN HOME.

A FAMILY ANECDOTE.

Mr. W. E., born at Newport, in Newport, in New-England, after graduating at Harvard College, commenced business as a merchant, about the middle of the last century, in his native town, which then offered every encouragement to a man of active industry, and was also full of attractions to one whose disposition was social and convivial. He married early. His wife was an excellent woman, prudent, affable, and hospitable, ever watchful over her children, and careful that her husband should find no place so agreeable to him as his own house.

It had been for some time his custom to spend his evenings with a party of young friends at some place of convivial resort, where their amusements were anything but intellectual, and just calculated to make home the last place to which he was to look for pleasure, and thus, the place where, before long, even duty would become irksome. A singular circumstance, resulting from Mrs. E.'s piety and affection, rescued him from this snare before the habit had become invincible.

The matrons of that day were thoughtful as well as active. Most of them had almanacks with blank leaves; and on these, or on the margins of the printed pages, they were accustomed to note down any memorable occurrence in their domestic experience. One evening Mr. E. did not go out, but spent it with his wife and children. This she recorded as the most precious event of the day, and with expressions of tenderness and gratitude. A short time after, this record fell under his eye; but he said not a word. If there was any upbraiding, it was from his own heart only. He went that evening to the usual place; but it was to tell his companions that he had come to take leave of them, for that hereafter he should seek his evening pleasures at home. Some disbelieved; some scoffed: could this be true of W. E., a man of *his* gaiety and spirit? But he was prepared for their surprise and ridicule, he was true to his word and purpose; he left them, and was ever after a thoroughly domestic man. Such, too, was the effect of his resolution upon the others, that in no long time the party was broken up; and when the friends thought proper to meet, it was by mutual invitations to their respective homes.

Angry reproofs from his wife might have aroused a spirit of opposition, and confirmed him in evil habits. What conquered him? Seeing a brief record in which his wife expressed the pleasure she had experienced in his society for one evening, and her thankfulness to God for it. He was conquered by love, prudence, and piety.

AN ANECDOTE OF A CORNISH CLASS-LEADER.

Sixty years ago there was living at St. Ives a good man of the name of Thomas Noall. He was a miner, a member of the Methodist Society, and a Class-Leader. At one time he possessed a little property. But, in the course of Providence, adversity followed, and he was now very poor. It was difficult for him to get bread for himself and his family. Returning one morning from the mine, where he had been hard at labour all night, he entered his cottage, but there was no food. Want, grim want, stared him in the face. He was hungry, and had nothing to eat. Nor had he wherewith to purchase a

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morsel of bread. Begging was irksome, and he could not "go in debt without the probability of paying." It was yet early in the morning. He walked down on the beautiful sandy beach, and stood on the edge of the tide. God saw him there, and knew what he wanted. A fine turbot came sailing towards him. It thrust itself forward to his very feet. He stooped, and took it up. Returning home with the fish in his hands, knowing neither its quality nor its worth, he was met by a person who purchased fish for the markets. The price of this rare and nice-looking fish was demanded by the dealer; who, finding the possessor was ignorant of the prize he had caught, tendered him half-a-crown, and was permitted to take the fish. Thomas Noall, overwhelmed with gratitude to God, now entered his house joyfully. At that period, necessaries of life being procurable at a low rate, he and his family lived comfortably on the price of the turbot for "many days."

B. Carvosso.

PAPERS ON BOTANY.

WORMWOOD.

Artemisia is the name given to an extensive genus of plants belonging to the natural order *compositæ*, and is remarkable for the intense bitterness of many of its species. It is easily recognised by the multitude of fine divisions into which its leaves are usually separated, and the numerous clusters of small, round, drooping, greenish-yellow, or brownish flower-heads, with which its branches are loaded. The flowerets are all tubular, but those in the circumference of each head are very imperfect.

The most interesting species are three: 1. *Artemisia dracunculus*, or tarragon, a Siberian species, the stems of which grow two or three feet high, are perfectly smooth, and of a bright green. The leaves are rather succulent, and produce, when masticated, a pungent moisture in the mouth, considered by many so agreeable, that the leaves are often pickled. 2. *Artemisia abrotanum*, or southern-wood, a well-known odoriferous herb, found from the European shores of the Atlantic to China. In warm countries it becomes a shrub; and even in England, it acquires after a few years a wooden stem. 3. *Artemisia absinthium*, or wormwood. It is

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met with frequently in waste places all over Europe, and the northern and middle regions of Asia. The *artemisia Judaica*, as its name implies, is a native of Palestine. It was found by Hasselquist on Mount Tabor.

The intense bitterness of the plant is the foundation of the figurative use of its name in Scripture, for denoting the extreme evil and wretchedness of sin and its consequences. The tempter points to the forbidden fruit as pleasant to the eyes, and good for food. Truth declares it to be an evil thing, and a bitter, and forcibly represents this by comparing it to wormwood. To heighten the idea, in four out of the eight places in which the term occurs, it is connected with another, indicating a bitterness yet more nauseous. Sin, so far from being the sweet morsel it is at first supposed to be, is, in reality, as wormwood and gall.

See Deut. xxix. 18; Prov. v. 4; Jer. ix. 15; xxiii. 15; Lam. iii. 15, 19; Amos v. 7; Rev. viii. 11.

FIRESIDE TRAVELS.

THE LANDSCAPES IN BRITTANY, FRANCE.

This month we will neither travel far, nor visit many detached places. One specimen of descriptive scenery must serve our purpose for the present.

"Spring-time, in Brittany, is milder than in the environs of Paris, and flowers bloom there three weeks sooner. The birds which announce its approach, the swallow, the loriot, the cuckoo, the quail, and the nightingale, arrive in company with breezes which lurk amidst the gulfs of the Armorican peninsula. The meadows are covered thick with daisies, pansies, crocuses, narcissuses, hyacinths, ranunculuses, and anemones, like the desert plains which surround the churches of St. Jean de Latran, and the Holy Cross of Jerusalem, at Rome. The forest-glades are carpeted with lofty and graceful ferns, and fields of the common and thorny broom glitter with their flowers, which might be mistaken for golden butterflies. The hedge-rows, which abound with the cherry, the raspberry, and the violet, are decked with hawthorn, honeysuckle, and the bramble, the brown and curving branches of which are covered with leaves and magnificent bunches of fruit. The hum of bees and the chirp of birds is heard on every side; the swarms of the one, and the nests of the other, arrest the progress of the children at every step. In certain sheltered nooks the myrtle and laurel-rose flourish in the open air as in Greece; the fig ripens as in Provence; and the apple-trees, with their carmine blossoms, resemble the huge nosegays worn by village brides."—*Chateaubriand's Autobiography.*

TABLE-TALK.

[Thus is one of our occasional departments *headed*. It is a title prefixed to volumes containing miscellaneous *off-hand* remarks, observational, critical, anecdotal, &c., which either *have been*, or *might* have been, spoken at table, by some man of celebrity, whom his friends are questioning for the sake of drawing out his opinions on various points. They are usually, as may be anticipated, short, various, unconnected; in fact, as we have said, off-hand, sometimes pointed and valuable, sometimes requiring to be taken with a little allowance. "Luther's Table-Talk" is, perhaps, one of the most noted works of the class.

We think of *trying* to give to this department of our "Miscellany" somewhat more of the character which the term denotes according to its usage in literature. In the course of general reading, remarks of this sort, or *suggestive* of remarks of this sort, are of frequent occurrence; and no great stretch of fancy is required for the reader to imagine that instead of being alone, he has his friends before him, to whom he may mention either what he reads or what he thinks. He who reads, if he does more than allow his eye to glance at the mere words before him, puts his own mind in connexion with the living mind of the writer, though the body in which that mind once dwelt may long ago have passed to the house appointed for all living. It is one of the mysteries of man, only overlooked in its mysteriousness because of the commonness of the fact, that by means of a few written or printed characters, not only may minds converse together by the eye which are very distant in place, but which are far from each other, remotely far, in time. Thus do David, and Paul, and a whole host of ancient worthies, though dead, still speak to us. Time, place, matter, pass away, and we seem to dwell in a purely spiritual region. He who writes

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should never forget that "the written letter remaineth,"—for good or evil still remaineth, beyond the power of recall, however desirable recall may be. Thus, too, may life, in its beneficial influence, short as it is in itself, be indefinitely prolonged; and he whom grace and mercy have raised to walk with angels and saints, "high in salvation and the climes of bliss," even while his voice contributes to swell the chorus of "the company of heaven," may be conversing still with men on earth, showing them the good and right way, and alluring them to the blessedness which he already actually enjoys.]

RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION MIXED.

Our first extract is rather a long one; but it is instructive both as illustrating some provincial customs in France, and as suggesting a brief, but important reflection. Chateaubriand, in his recently published "Autobiography," refers to the days of his youth, (before the first French Revolution,) as spent in the neighbourhood of St. Malo. He says: "Those religious and family solemnities in which the entire country and its Almighty Creator met, as it were, together, are now no longer known. Christmas and New-Year's day, Twelfth-day, Easter, Pentecost, and St. John's, were for me days of happiness. On these fête-days, I was conducted, along with my sisters, to the several sanctuaries of the town. At the chapels my ears were penetrated with the sweet voices of females shrouded from view, mingling with the hoarse roar of the waves. When at the hour of vespers in winter the cathedral was thronged with worshippers,—old sailors on their knees, and young women and children reading their prayers by the light of small wax tapers,—when the multitude joined in the chorus, and in the intervals the stormy blasts of winter shook the windows, and howled among the vaulted roofs of the nave, I experienced a deep feeling of religion. I seemed to see the heavens open, and the angels offering up our incense and our vows. I clasped my hands, and bowed down my head. Some of the sailors on leaving these splendid rites would embark fortified against danger and night; while others, who had just returned to port, would direct their steps to the lighted dome of the church: thus were religion and danger constantly present before me. In the evenings a man was in the habit of going from street to street, to the sound of a bell, inviting Christians to pray for one of their brethren who had expired. Almost every year I saw vessels lost before my eyes, and, while sporting along the beach, the sea sometimes rolled at my feet the corpses of foreign men, who had died far from their native land. But, as St. Monica said to her son, '*Nihil longe est Deo.*' ('Nothing is far from God.') Dedicated to the Virgin, I knew and loved my protectress, whom I confounded with my guardian angel. A picture of her, which had cost a halfpenny, was fastened to my bed's-head with four pins. I ought to have lived when she was addressed thus: 'Sweet Lady of heaven and earth, mother of piety, *fountain* of all blessing, fair and thrice-gentle lady, I thank thee, and I pray to thee.' The first thing I learned by heart was a sailor's hymn, commencing thus:—

'In thee I put my confidence,
Thou, Virgin, art my stay!
Then e'er be thou thy child's defence,
Watch o'er me day by day.
And when, at my last hour,
I yield my parting breath,
Obtain me, by thy power,
A holy, peaceful death.'"

A Romanist may call this devotion. It is the romance of religion; it is superstition; in itself, it is idolatry. How many whose feelings are thus excited, go from the scenes which have excited them, no more alienated from sin than they were before! And of all feeling, wheresoever, and by whatsoever, awakened, the test of its genuine religiousness is the increased purification of the heart. The value of this fictitious feeling is marked well by an observation by the same writer, made many years subsequently to the above, in 1803, when he was Secretary to the French Embassy at Rome. He had had an interview with Pius VII., and speaks thus of his principal Secretary: "The Cardinal Consalvi, pliant and firm, polite and gentle even in his resistance, was a living model of ancient Roman policy, *with the addition of the tolerance of the present age, and minus the faith of the preceding one.*" Tolerant and—unbelieving! Yet a Minister of religion, and Minister of State to the earthly head of the Church,—to the Vicar of God on earth!

INDIAN FABRICS.

A CENTURY ago, the city of Decca, in India, was without a rival in the whole world in the manufacture of beautiful cotton fabrics: the division of labour was carried to a great extent in the manufacture of fine muslins, and the manufacturers attained to a great degree of skill, more especially in spinning very fine thread, which was spun with the fingers on a fine steel spindle by young women, who could only work while the dew was on the ground; for such was the extreme tenuity of the fibre, that it would not bear manipulation after the sun had risen. One retti of cotton could thus be spun into a thread of eighty cubits long, which was sold by the spinners at one-half more than its own weight in pure silver. The darners were also particularly skilful: they could remove an entire thread from a piece of muslin, and replace it by another of a finer texture. The cotton used for the finest

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thread was grown in the immediate neighbourhood of Decca, more especially about Sunergong: its fibre is too short to admit of its being worked off by any except that most wonderful of all machines, the human hand. The annual investment of the wardrobe at Delhi absorbed a great part of the finest fabrics: the extreme beauty of some of these muslins is sufficiently indicated by the names they bear, such as "running water," and "evening dew."—*East India Magazine.*

REMARKABLE DAYS.

SIR EDWARD COKE.

DIED SEPTEMBER 3D, 1633.

THIS illustrious man was born at Mileham, in the county of Norfolk, February 1st, 1551. His progenitors, by both parents, were distinguished by antiquity and opulence. In his tenth year he was deprived of his father, who was a bencher of Lincoln's-Inn, and died in 1561.

Having received a classical education at Norwich Free Grammar-School, he removed to Cambridge in September, 1567, where he was admitted as a Fellow-Commoner at Trinity-College. After three years' residence at the University, he proceeded to London, in order to prosecute his legal education. His first step was to become a member of Clifford's-Inn, a house of Chancery, dependent upon the Inner Temple, into which latter society he was admitted in April, 1572. While here he was distinguished for the ardour he displayed in the prosecution of his prescribed studies; and this so raised him in the estimation of that learned body, that, when he was called to the bar, they appointed him Reader at Lyon's-Inn.

The ability he showed in the discharge of the duties devolving upon him in this position soon secured general confidence in him as an accomplished lawyer, and opened his way to a practice unparalleled for its rapidity and extent. Professional honours crowded upon him. He was chosen Recorder of Norwich in 1587, a bencher of the Inner Temple in 1590. In January, 1592, he was called to succeed Serjeant Fleetwood as Recorder of London; which office he resigned on being appointed Solicitor-General, at which period he also became Reader of the Inner Temple. In March, 1594, he was made Attorney-General; and as the office of Solicitor-General continued vacant till the end of the following year, he discharged the duties of both offices, till relieved by the appointment of a successor to the latter.

It was not to be expected that such a rapid ascent to fame, power, and riches would be suffered without exciting the envy and hostility of those who deemed themselves as deserving as the man whose talents enabled him to reach and make them his own. When called to the office of Attorney-General, he found a competitor in Sir Francis Bacon, who was strongly recommended to the Queen by the Earl of Essex as a fit person for that high and responsible situation. This generated a spirit of animosity between these great men, which continued till extinguished by death, that irresistible prostrator of human ambition.

So many plots were formed against the life of the Queen by the adherents of Popery, that Coke found his Attorney-Generalship no sinecure; nor did he spare himself in the discharge of his onerous duties, as whole volumes of examinations in cases of treason, written by his own hand, and still preserved in the State-Paper Office, testify.

Being returned Member of Parliament for his native county, Norfolk, without any canvassing or solicitation on his part, in 1593, when the Parliament assembled, he was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons.

On the death of Queen Elizabeth, he cordially co-operated with Cecil, and other members of the Privy Council of the late Queen, in clearing the way for James I. to the throne of England. On the arrival of that Monarch in London he was continued in his office of Attorney-General, and received the honour of knighthood.

The ardent attachment of Coke to the cause of Protestantism made him take a very deep interest in those prosecutions which arose from the machinations of the Papists, who, in all probability, were exasperated by the severity exercised towards them. Some have charged him with using means of eliciting evidence which, though universally employed throughout Europe at that period, are abhorrent to humanity and the spirit and letter of the Gospel. Some of his bitter speeches were remembered and maliciously retorted when the tide of his fortune turned.

He closed his career as Advocate with the memorable trial of the conspirators engaged in the Gunpowder Plot, in 1606; and in the month of June that year he was appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. For seven years he discharged his duties with unwearied industry, faithfulness, and reputation. He was sometimes called to oppose the views of the King on questions relating to the jurisdiction of Ecclesiastical Courts and the Courts of Common Law, and also to

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resist the encroachments of the royal prerogative, on which occasions he maintained an incorruptible integrity and resolute independence. In order to shake his resolution, and render him somewhat pliant to the wishes of the Court, he was, at the suggestion of his rival, Bacon, made Chief Justice of the King's Bench, in October, 1613, and soon after took his seat as one of the Privy Council; and the year following he was elected High Steward of the University of Cambridge. Several occasions presented themselves calculated to put his love of truth and justice to severe tests, but the expectations of the King and Court were utterly disappointed: he was proof against all the melting influences which surrounded him, so that in 1616 it was determined that he should be removed from his office, and a man more pliable appointed to it. The occasion was this. An Advocate in the Court of Common Pleas, in the prosecution of his argument, was supposed to have used matter calculated to abridge or question the royal prerogative, on which the King forbade the Judges to proceed with the case till they had his warrant to do so. The twelve Judges decreed that this mandate was an interference with their discharge of duty, and proceeded with the case; for which they were summoned to the Council-table, and personally rebuked by the King. All of them, excepting the Lord Chief Justice, confessed their error, and craved pardon upon their knees. On the contrary, Coke undauntedly maintained his opinion, and declared that "the King's command for staying proceedings was a delay of justice, opposed to Magna Charta, and to the law of the land, and contrary to the Judges' oath."

Despairing of corrupting his integrity, the Court resolved to get rid of him. Several frivolous charges were preferred against him before the Council, all of which he distinctly answered. Still he was reprimanded, and removed from the Council-table during the King's pleasure. This stretch of royal power contributed to the ultimate downfal of the Stuarts, whose measures were characterized by a disregard of justice, wisdom, and the genius of the English constitution. Though he was partially restored to the royal favour, and again admitted to the Privy Council in September the year following, he never after this filled any judicial office.

In 1620 he was returned as Member of Parliament for the borough of Liskeard, in Cornwall. The freedom with which he advocated liberal measures, in opposition to monopolies in trade, and the encroachments of the royal prerogative on the liberties of the subject, which ended in the resolution of the Commons, "That the liberties, franchises, privileges, and jurisdictions of Parliament are the ancient and undoubted birthright and inheritance of the subjects of England," led to his being arrested and committed to the Tower, in December, 1621, where he remained till the following August. He was also again degraded from the Privy Council, and never afterwards admitted to the royal favour.

He was returned to Parliament on the accession of Charles I., in 1625, as one of the Knights of the Shire of the county of Norfolk; when he recommended conciliatory measures, but the continued aggressions of the Crown soon rendered this impossible to the Legislature. The King appointed Coke, and other two popular Parliamentary leaders, Sheriffs of counties, in order to keep them out of Parliament; but this step proved abortive: he was returned for two counties, namely, Buckingham and Suffolk, in 1628, and elected to serve as Member for the former. Though now approaching his eightieth year, he discharged his parliamentary duties with a vigour, courage, and wisdom altogether astonishing.

After fearlessly defending the rights of the people of England, he retired from public life in March, 1629, yielding to the growing infirmities of old age. Till he was called away by death, he continued to employ himself in preparing and revising his numerous works for the press.

His piety appears in the following entry in his note-book: "Memorandum. *Die Jovis*, the iii. of May, 1632, riding in the morning in Stoke, (in Buckinghamshire,) between eight and nine of the clocke, to take the ayre, my horse under me had a strange stumble backwards, and fell upon me, (being above eighty years old,) where my head lighted nere to sharpe stubbes, and the heavy horse upon me. And yet, by the providence of Almighty God, though I was in the greatest danger, yet I had not the least hurt, nay, no hurt at all. For Almighty God saith by his Prophet David, 'The Angel of the Lord tarieth round about them that feare him, and delivereth them.' *Es nomen Domini benedictum*, for it was His work!"

Probably this fall hastened his death, which took place in the following year. His last words were, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done;" indicating the glorious objects about which his spirit was interested when about to take its flight to that better country, where the righteous shall shine forth as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.

P. SAMUEL.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

OCTOBER, 1850.

IMPORTANCE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

The first obvious instance of its importance is, that wherever there is true worship, there the great fundamental truths of religion are proclaimed before the world.

This, therefore, has ever been felt to be a duty. Good men have struggled, not for mere freedom of opinion, but of worship. Had they been contented with a silent secession from existing corruptions, they might have escaped much persecution. But no. They had heard the command, "Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together." They knew that they were called to an aggressive movement against the ignorance and viciousness which surrounded them, and therefore they could not rest till the altar of God was built against the altar of Baal, and till truth should lift up her voice in her own temples. And wherever the church worships, there the voice of truth is heard. Is it in a heathen land? The true God, even He who made heaven and earth, is proclaimed. Is it among those who deny the Godhead of her Lord? All her services proclaim Him to be the true God, and eternal life. Is it among the deniers of atonement? Her faith ever tells of the altar of the perfect Sacrifice, and the smoke of His atonement fills her courts. Is the work of the Spirit denied? The worship of the church declares Him to be the Lord and the Giver of life. Are these services rendered in the midst of nominal professors, devoid of the power of godliness? They proclaim, that except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. The warning voice of coming judgment sounds from her courts to alarm the flagrantly wicked. The scenes are unveiled which guilt itself cannot contemplate without awe; and the great white throne, and He who sits upon it, and the dead, small and great, standing before Him for judgment, are all presented; and the flashes of eternity are thrown upon the darkness of the world. The very sacraments of the church impressively describe the alienation of man, and the covenant mercies of God: they figure the washing of regeneration, or "show forth the Lord's death till He come." Thus does the worship of the church keep those truths in continual remembrance which the world most needs to know, and is most in danger of forgetting.

A second note of its importance is, that true Christian worship secures the constant publication of the word of God.

This is always connected with the worship of the Christian church, formed, in this respect, on the model of the synagogue, which included both public prayer, and the reading and exposition of the sacred Scriptures. Mark,

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then, the advantage of this. Does any one neglect that word at home? It is here sounded in his ears. Or does he read without understanding it? It is here explained and enforced. Is any one unreconciled? Here is found the ambassador to propose the terms of reconciliation, and to urge submission and acceptance. Comes there in one with a wounded spirit? Here the exceeding great and precious promises are set forth, to comfort all that mourn. Are any in danger of lowering the standard of truth and holiness? It is here exhibited and maintained. Do you come bound with sorrows and the afflictions of life? Here are they who have it in command to say, "Comfort ye my people, saith your God." How great the influence of divine truth is, thus presented in the assemblies of Christian worshippers, will only then be known when it shall appear how numerous that church is, which has been "sanctified and cleansed with the washing of water, by the word."

A third important consideration is, that in the public assemblies of the church, there is the special presence of God.

"I have seen Thee," says Lord Bacon, "in thy works, and sought Thee in thy providences, but I have found Thee in thy temples." Of this presence the tabernacle and temple furnished the type and symbol. This presence, indeed, not like that which shone from the mercy-seat, is invisible; but it is mighty in its workings. If you are true worshippers, you come where God himself is to be found. Not the mere light of doctrinal truth is here, but the spiritual light which quickens and saves. It is not an approach to God with the lips only, an acknowledgment of His omnipresence, but a real approach of the heart to Him, and a manifestation of Himself to the heart. You come, not only to hear of pardon, and peace, and strength, but to receive and enjoy them. Nor is this confined to place or number, but wherever two or three meet together in the name of Christ, He is present with them.

Public worship, again, both presents to us the most perfect type of heaven on earth, and furnishes an efficient preparation for it.

The world is shut out. Our sole business is now with God. We think of His loving-kindness. We draw near to gaze, and we grow more and more like Him. We feel the communion of saints. We join with the many in adoring and blessing Him that sitteth on the throne, and the Lamb slain for man's redemption.

From the whole it may be inferred, that we should feel it our duty to uphold His worship. As servants of the Lord most high, and zealous for His glorious name, we are bound not only to a regular and devout personal attendance upon the ordinances of God's house, but to assist in extending the advantages of Christian worship to others, by every means in our power. The consecration of property to these objects is at once a privilege and a duty.

We should also know and feel the evil of a careless, formal service. "God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." He complains of those who draw near to Him and honour Him with their lips, while their hearts are far from Him. To Him all hearts are open, and all desires known; and without faith, and other gracious and devout affections, it is impossible to please Him. A careless and formal service is the height of presumption.

And we should be ourselves increasingly spiritual in worship, preserving the spirit of devotion amidst all the engagements and trials of life; so shall we never be denied the blessed privilege of access to the throne of the heavenly grace; and, in the manifested love of God, we shall enjoy a heaven upon earth.—*Rev. Richard Watson.*

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SCRIPTURE TRUTH CONFIRMED BY EXAMPLE.

Example XVI.

THE LAST STATE WORSE THAN THE FIRST.—MATT. XII. 45.

The descriptions given by the Holy Spirit of the state of those who have known the favour and grace of God, and who have departed from His fear and service, are truly appalling and alarming. The salt losing its savour, the tree plucked up by its roots, twice dead, and nigh unto cursing, are all statements of their case which show its misery and danger. Such too frequently are found to be capable of degrees of vice which were formerly unknown to them: as the stone raised from the vale to the brow of the hill, when allowed to descend, bounds further into the plain, so they run to greater excesses in the ways of transgression, and by so doing manifest not only that the light within them has become darkness, but that more and fouler spirits have entered the heart which previously had been empty, swept, and garnished; thus proving the Scripture statement, that their state before they knew, or were known of, God, was far superior to their apostate condition. The history of the church, from the days of Judas to the present period, abounds with facts confirmatory of the deplored truth. It has also been found that the higher the state of grace which had been attained, and the more exalted the office in the church to which they had been raised, the lower and viler they have become. It was not the feeble, private disciple of the Lord, that found a heart wicked enough to betray his Master, but the chosen Minister of that Master, that fell so far as to sell Him into the hands of His foes. The greater the triumph of Satan, the deeper the wound of the Redeemer. One of this station in the church was well known to the writer; and his history cannot be reviewed without pain, and is recorded as a warning beacon to others, in confirmation of the declaration of the divine word, that the last end of such faithless ones is worse than their beginning. In early life he was brought to a saving knowledge of the grace of God, and deported himself with a uniformity that gained for him the esteem of the Christian church to which he was united. His natural talents were good, and to some extent cultivated and improved by laudable application to reading and study, so that he was encouraged to become a candidate for the ministry. Having passed the examinations to which he was subjected regarding his personal piety and qualifications to preach the Gospel, he was accepted and set apart for that holy vocation. For years he conducted himself consistently with his Christian profession and sacred office, in which he was honoured with approbation and usefulness. But, alas! too soon it was evident that there was a declension of the life of real religion in his soul, and his conduct and conversation became lax and unprofitable, so as to excite the serious fears of those that loved him, and the too well-founded suspicion that he was a fallen man. He was informed of the opinions in circulation about him, and faithfully warned by his co-Pastor. This was not received kindly: it was met with angry threats, which at least proved that the heart was not the meek, humble, holy temple of God. Secret, if not public, intemperance, brought on by excessive addiction to smoking, was laid to his charge; but direct evidence of the fact could not be produced, or was withheld by those who could have produced it. And thus for a season he escaped conviction, and his heart became more and more wicked, until sins of the most flagrant character were reported to be committed by him. Investigation was instituted, guilt was established, and he was deposed from the office of the ministry, and excluded from the Christian church. Thus placed beyond all restraint, he became a public profligate, a profane swearer, a reeling drunkard, and street-fighter. His

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amiable, Christian wife sunk beneath her sorrows, and died broken-hearted.

He opened a low beer-shop, in which he soon expended the little property he possessed. He was then reduced to work in the clay-pit, to obtain a scanty support for himself and his children. In these circumstances, instead of allowing his sufferings to be sanctified, everything seemed done to drown reflections which, whenever they did force themselves upon him, must have been most painful to endure. In the house of God he was occasionally seen; but no repentance for his sin was manifested. He became an awful example of the truth, that "it is an evil thing and bitter that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God." And his end was as fearful as his life was wicked. Sustaining injury in his employment, the part afflicted rapidly mortified, and he expired in great agony of mind, without giving any evidence of spiritual safety. Thus, in every respect, the last end of this man was worse than the first. The first was comparatively moral, the end deeply defiled with transgression. The first was an attainment to honour and happiness; the end was degradation and misery. The first, comfort and plenty; the end, wretchedness and beggary. The first was cheered with the prospect of a useful life and blessed death; the end, gloomy, a fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation. Surely the end speaks in solemn warning, in affectionate caution, in faithful admonition, and necessary exhortation, saying, "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall;" for no station in the church can be a substitute for personal piety, and no piety can be retained without watchfulness and prayer.

Much rather let me cease to be,
Let mortal being have its end;
Much rather take me now to Thee,
Than live, against Thee to offend.
But thou canst keep. My Helper, Thou,
For ever save, and save me now!

Manchester. N.

READINGS IN KEMPIS.

No. VII.

The sixth Chapter, of which the title is, "Of Inordinate Affections," is so valuable in every sentence, that the whole should be copied did we not hope that our readers have the work, in some one or other of its cheap and portable editions, in their own possession, so that they can read it for themselves. We only quote the conclusion. "It is in resisting our passions that true heart-peace is found, not in yielding to them. There is no peace in the heart of the carnal man; none in the man devoted to outward pursuits; it is found only in him whose mind is spiritual and fervent." This is all excellent, and deserves that every separate clause be well pondered. But the second clause of the last sentence calls for especial notice. That we can have no peace while the principles and tempers of carnal nature reign in us, all who have received the teaching of holy Scripture must at once acknowledge. The carnal mind, in all its movements, is enmity against God. But the truly devout Kempis says more than this. The light in which he walked enabled him to penetrate more deeply into the recesses of the heart, and to observe the influence which outward affairs had upon interior feelings and conditions. He says, therefore, not only that no true peace is possessed by the man who yields to carnal passions, but, with a deeper wisdom, he adds what is not less true, that neither is it possessed by the man who is "*devoted to externals.*" Just from this point it was that the pious of that day began to wander from

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the way of truth. They saw that the man who was "given to outward things" (*in homine exterioribus dedito*) was prevented from enjoying true peace, and from advancing in the true growth and progress of the spiritual life; and what they saw was fact and truth. What, then, was the remedy? Here began their error. Even the pious were injured by it; and many who were not pious were led into grievous mischief. They saw that even men who were not without the fear of God, and reverence for religion, and who conscientiously avoided known sin, according to their light, were yet so carried away by their trade or profession, by the most lawful concerns of life, that they made no spiritual proficiency. They proposed, as the remedy, the total abandonment of the world, even of what we may call, the *lawful* world. Go into a monastery. Spend all your time in public or private religious exercises. We Protestants know that *they* were mistaken in the *remedy;* but are not *we* in danger of being mistaken as to the *reality* and *danger* of the evil? Most seriously do we think so. Here is a man who is thoroughly devoted to his business. It occupies as much of his time as strength allows. It engages all his thoughts. He avoids all outward sin. He attends to the means of grace. There is nothing directly wrong, either in his business or in his way of carrying it on. *Negatively*, he is blameless and harmless. But let the whole truth be told. Open the Bible. Is this merely negative harmlessness all that is required? Look at spiritual religion, in all that the New Testament account of it implies,—the increasing knowledge of God, in His will, character, and purpose; the various and varying relations in which man stands to man, and the varying forms of duty required in consequence; the view of a future world, meditation on its characteristic features, desire of its blessedness under all its forms considered. All this is but little to the wide sphere in which the spiritual life of the inner man is active, according to the New Testament account of an established Christian experience. Pious Romanists came short of it, because they mistook the remedy. Pious Protestants come equally short of it, because they do not so sufficiently *see* and *feel* the disease, as to search for the true remedy. And yet, without this feeling of the disease, this perception of the true remedy, there can be no established religious excellence. Here is a pious, religious tradesman. He avoids known sin. He keeps up family worship daily. He attends public worship on the Sabbath. And yet, talk with the man, keeping in view the New Testament standard of religious experience and character. He has neither mind nor soul for anything but his trade. He would fall asleep if he tried to read. He has no notion of the more elevated regions of Christian enjoyment; no strength of mind, no soundness of judgment, on religious subjects. He reads the Scriptures as if reading a given quantity would operate like the old magical charms; not seeking, by a clear and spiritual understanding, to unfold the mysteries, or reach the altitudes, of truth. In a word, Is he as knowing, clear, sharp, discerning, active, deciding, on religious matters, as he is in those connected with his trade? In the latter, he is the enlightened, keen, and energetic man of business: take him into the former region, and he is *all dulness and inertness.*

And is the only cure the abandonment of worldly concerns, for devotion to the religious exercises of the monastic life? We admire the piety of men like Kempis; but we oppose their mistakes. But let not the Protestant think that he may safely abandon himself to a worldly life, provided he keep from gross sin, and attend to some outward exercises of religion. Let him learn to live *above* the world, while *in* the world. Lawful duties, if they wholly engross the soul, become causes of sin. We are never right, unless we are CONSCIOUSLY, INTENTIONALLY living for eternity. Our great end must be,

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not worldly prosperity, but a high state of spiritual blessedness; not to amass wealth; but, while providing honest things before man, and in the sight of God, to secure that richness of spiritual experience and enjoyment which shall prove us to be *men*,—healthy, vigorous, active men, in Christ Jesus. How many are there who have been so successful as tradesmen that they have left a handsome fortune behind them! But what legacy of character have they left? In one sense, a good one; for it has been unblotted. But come to *positive* excellence. St. Paul left no money behind him. But read his writings. Did he not leave a legacy of character? Suppose Paul had devoted his active, energetic mind to a worldly profession, would he not have attained to eminence? He sought for spiritual eminence,—spiritual greatness; and is not this the more excellent way? Is it not more suited to man's spiritual and immortal nature? Will it not best prepare him for certain death, and judgment? Reader, ask thyself this question, A century hence, which will be most important, that thou wert a more clever tradesman, a more successful man of business, or a Christian who had laid up most treasure in heaven?

For ourselves, we believe that *grace* and *providence* are never at variance; and that if men subordinated the outward to the inward more thoroughly, not only would individuals have more peace, but the church would have more prosperity; and the world, though it might progress with less excitement, would progress with less variation, and enjoy what would be, on the average, an incomparably larger amount of prosperity. All opposition to God, is opposition to the true interests of man. No man ever did wrong but, sooner or later, he lost by it.

"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

THIS immortal production of the "Prince of Dreamers" is making its way to almost every nation and tribe upon earth. The following extract from the Report of the Religious Tract Society, of London will show what has been done by one institution to speed the "Progress" of the "Pilgrim."

Among the languages into which the Committee have aided to print the "Pilgrim's Progress" are these:—

	Languages.	For the people of
Europe,	English,	England, America, and other parts.
	Dutch,	Holland and South Africa.
	French,	France and Switzerland.
	Spanish,	Spain and South America.
	Portuguese,	Portugal, Madeira, and other islands.
	German,	Germany.
	Esthonian,	Esthonia, in Russia.
	Armenian,	Armenia, in Turkey.
Asia,	Burmese,	Burmah.
	Singhalese,	Ceylon.
	Orissa,	Orissa.
	Hindostanee,	East Indies.
	Bengalee,	Bengal.
	Tamil,	Madras.
	Marathi,	Bombay.
	Canarese,	Bombay.
	Gujaratti,	Surat.
	Malay,	Malacca, and other places in the East Indies.
	Arabic,	Arabia.

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	Languages.	For the people of
South Seas,	Samoan,	Samoan Islands.
	Tahitian,	Tahiti.
Africa,	Sichuana,	South Africa.
	Malagasy,	Madagascar.

Who can tell how much good the "Pilgrim" has done already in heathen lands? We might fill many pages with accounts of the blessing which has come on his labours of love. Let us look to China. "In our Chinese schools," says a Missionary, "the little girls are taught to read in English," and the book which delights them, and for which they gladly leave their play that they may read it, is the "Pilgrim's Progress."

"It was partly through reading that book," said a Hindoo, "that I began to feel that the Christian religion was the only true religion, and that Christ was the only Saviour."

"I feel encouraged," writes a Missionary in the East, "from the very civil reception the 'Pilgrim' has already met with. Several respectable Mohammedans have read it, and have asked for more copies for their friends. One native sent me a pleasing letter, thanking me with all his heart. He states that he read the book for three nights together, without stopping; that he never saw such a beautiful book, and he prays that the Holy Spirit may enlighten the hearts of the Malays to understand it."

A Missionary in Ceylon sought the aid of a Pundit, or native teacher, in translating the "Pilgrim" into the Singhalese language. The Pundit, who had been a heathen Priest, was a learned and clever man. As he sat writing out the tale, he was often so affected by it, that he could scarcely proceed. The account of Christian leaving the City of Destruction very much pleased him. When he found that Christian got into the Slough of Despond, he really began to feel much pity for him; but on the Pilgrim arriving at Mount Sinai, he looked very sad, and said to the Missionary, "Sir, what man can be saved?" The Missionary replied, "Let us go on a little further." He then came to the place where Christian got in at the Wicket-Gate, and lost his burden at the foot of the Cross. The Pundit was so overcome with delight, that he laughed, clapped his hands, shouted, and danced for joy, crying out, "Delightful! delightful!" When the "Pilgrim" was printed, and bound in marble paper, with gilt edges, the children of Ceylon were seen carrying it to their homes as the best prize they could obtain in the Missionary school.

If we look to other parts of the world we shall still see the same kindly reception given to the "Pilgrim's" book. "The young converts in South Africa," writes a Christian Teacher, "are much profited by it." "If such books as this be printed," said a Russian, "who can any longer put off his repentance?"

But with mingled sadness and joy we turn to Madagascar. When the cruel Queen of that island drove the Missionaries from their stations, this book, which had been printed by the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, was sent to comfort and instruct the native Christians, who were shut up in prison, or hid in the caves of the earth, or escaping for their lives through the dark forests of the country. And even when some of them were led forth to die as martyrs, they were firm, saying, "Now we are in the situation of Christian and Faithful, when they were led into Vanity Fair;" and others said, "When Christian entered the Valley of the Shadow of Death, he could say, Though it be a gloomy valley, yet it is the way to the Celestial City."—*Religious Tract Society's Report.*

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THEOLOGY.

SIN OF EXTREMES.

How many have fallen into this error! How many, even very good-meaning people! But this sin is no trifle. It damages the usefulness of Christian character; tarnishing its beauty, impairing its energy, spoiling its quality. The action or principle may be good; but by *over-doing* not only is its virtue lost, but the virtue itself is turned into corruption, and becomes offensive and injurious. From the "righteous Lord that loveth righteousness" we have this precept, "Be not righteous overmuch." Become not wicked from mistaken, undue ardour to be good. "Let YOUR MODERATION be known unto all men."

1. Sin of extremes in *dress*. Attention to apparel is good. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," and neatness is next to cleanliness. Clothing should be clean, neat, becoming. Slovenliness is a sin; and, for a Christian, a follower of Jesus, so is "the height of the fashion," or a visible, glaring aiming at it. St. Paul's "modest apparel," or becoming attire, is "lovely." It merits attention for conscience' sake. Some valuable characters, whose other excellencies support them in good society, have injured themselves, and, to a certain extent, have been rendered injurious to others, by their personal negligence and palpable slovenliness. Many who esteem them have been ready to say to them, for their appearance, "Thou art an offence unto me." But *excess of apparel* is the more common extreme. Fashionable gaiety in a professor of religion—a Methodist—is a sin, a sad discount on Christian character. Many, who have "inordinate" love to dress themselves, in their serious dealings with others manifestly in the same snare, cannot help making some abatement for it. There is a certain approvableness, authority, attraction, in simple, plain, unadorned elegance, which is felt by all; perhaps by none more so than by *dressy* Christians. They feel they are themselves "laden with thick clay." Sighing out, "The good that I would, I do not; and the evil I would not, that I do," they "pass on, and are punished;" punished by burden and bondage, forfeiture and wretchedness. Steering too near "Cape Finery and Point Fashion," many valuable Christians have greatly damaged themselves. Notwithstanding the show, being in disguise, they have been overlooked, and others, less worthy, promoted before them. "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning.....of apparel; but let it be in the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ORNAMENT of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price; for after this manner in old time the holy women..... adorned themselves."

2. Sin of extremes in *conversation*. One is habitually silent, another habitually talkative. One sin fosters the other. In some companies a talker is a charity. He may be a dealer in puerile, threadbare, worn-out themes, "marine stores." But the market is all his own. Anything will sell. The place is swamped with buyers. They must carry home something. So the talkative "fool" loads them with folly at his own price. He loves to hear himself talk; and the sinful silence of wise men says, "Talk on, we gladly listen to your folly." In other companies these dealers in "the multitude of words" are numerous. You may wish to speak, but "one cannot get a word in edgeways:" wait you may, but it is like waiting for a river to run by. There is no end to the stream of words, pouring forth from a senseless head by a noisy tongue. These great unthinking talkers must needs sin. But "a word spoken in due season, how good is it!" good, both to hearer and speaker. Seasonable, judicious, Christian conversation is balm to the soul of man; one of the real comforts of life. "The lips of the righteous feed many." Nor shall the good man, with "good treasures in his heart," famish himself by "dispersing knowledge." His words are as much in season to his own mind as that of others. "He shall eat good from the fruit of his own mouth."

3. Sin of extremes in *food*. Paley, in his "Natural Theology," has some good and pious remarks on the pleasure of eating and drinking. It was necessary for man to eat and drink. He could not live without food; but the pleasure enjoyed in the use of it, is only traceable to the divine goodness. It is a proof of Heaven's superlative love. When we eat and drink in moderation, and to the

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glory of God, this pleasure is secured in perfection. Extreme religious fasting or abstinence is a sin. "Thou shalt not kill." We sin if we so fast or abstain as to injure health. Moderate fasting, according to the observant Wesley, is favourable in promoting the full vigour of the human constitution. As to "total abstinence from the common use of all intoxicating drinks," if the writer may be allowed to judge from a trial of more than sixteen years, it is no sin against human health. Rather is it to animal man a boon and blessing. Still it is a fact, some Christians have injured themselves by "extreme religious fasting;" and others, from a principle of avarice and penuriousness, have refused themselves the common necessaries of life. These are the few,—few indeed. It is not in extreme of abstinence, but rather that of indulgence, the danger lies. Hence, no express command to guard us against the sin of extreme abstinence; on the other side we have many. "Take heed of surfeiting and drunkenness," is a caution oft and variously enjoined. It is a pity, indeed, that this expression of the divine goodness, "the pleasures of the table," should be so perverted, and become to man a snare so grievous. "Despisest thou the riches of His goodness?" O man, let not the kind indulgence of thy God be abused to His dishonour, and to thy destruction. Moderation is the jewel; therefore, in thy eating and drinking, let it be known unto all men.

4. Sin of extremes in the *passions*. To hold the balance here is no common exemplification of wisdom.

"Calm on tumult's wheel I sit."

This is an elevation of heavenly order. It is self-government; superior to municipal or monarchical. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." What is commonly understood by "a well-balanced mind," lies specially in the "golden mean" between the extremes of the passions. Some would have nothing of emotion, nothing of passion, in religion or reproof, in loss or gain, in pain or pleasure, in life or death. This was the sin of the Stoics. It is not the teaching of Jesus Christ. He was the child of nature, as well as the Son of God. In Christianity the first duty and the highest privilege is "love," pure emotion. Far apart, or very distinct from apathy, or stoicism. The other extreme is seen in creatures of impulse and excitement. Like the lucifer-match, a touch produces a flame. Without ballast, their bark is upset by a mere breeze. All is passion, unruly excess. An excellent servant, passion is a bad master. While reason rules, passion's mightiest exertions are of a noble order. To be happy and useful, we must neither destroy the passions, nor give them the reins; but enlist their services, and direct their labours.

5. Sin of extremes in *religious externals*. It is on this ground that the author of sin, and adversary of truth and righteousness, has made many of his mightiest struggles, and skilfully practised not a few of his most successful and fatal wiles. Many persons, "thinking they do God service," shout, "Form is nothing!" others, with as much sincerity, and just as much wisdom, cry out amain, "Form is everything!" Hence the opposites, the sinful extremes, of Antinomianism, and Pharisaism, or externalism: equally offensive in God's sight, and equally destructive of man's peace. By this life without organism, and organism without life, how often is the truth itself again crucified between two thieves! Religion is life; but how can we conceive of life without a divinely organized form? In vegetable life there is form; in animal life it is the same; and so in spiritual life, "according to the Scriptures." Nor can we, while we remain "partakers of flesh and blood," know anything of life without it. The "light of life" must shine by "works before men." Deny existence to these, and religion is reduced to a mathematical point; it has "neither length, breadth, nor thickness," and exists nowhere but in the deluded fancy of an Antinomian. "Wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone?"

On the other extreme, form is "all in all." Creation is taken out of the hands of the Creator. The audacious parties, conscious they cannot give life, have presumed to make Christians without it. If life afterwards happen to enter, and it do not disturb their preconceived organization, it is tolerated; but if it never come, it will do just as well; provided all remain according to the pattern seen,—not "in the mount,"—but at Rome. Baptismal regeneration, episcopal confirmation, sacramental efficacy, "sure and certain hope" in the burial service, and the sinner *is*—I must leave the externalist to say—*what*.....Between these two

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points lies "the truth as it is in Jesus." Mr. Wesley says, "It is within a hair's-breadth of Antinomianism;" and, according to the Teacher come from God, no farther from externalism and Pharisaism. It lies between, not in contact with, but in close contiguity to, these errors. Now, when we strongly hate either of them, the danger is in following the course of nature, and "walking, not after the Spirit, but after the flesh;" thus simply, by the weight of error, vibrating to another class of the sin of extremes. To our common foe, the devil, it is of no consequence on which side we fall into "damnable heresies." He is sure to stand by, and *push hard*, when he sees "we love to have it so." And hence, from violence of natural feeling, the narrow way of "pure religion" is missed. The edge on which Gospel truth is balanced, is narrow indeed: "few there be that find it." We must work "with our might;" or Christ cannot but condemn us. Trust in that work we dare not. If we do, He must needs abhor us. A well-instructed, wise theologian thus expresses himself, in striking poetry:—

"I *work*, and own the labour vain,
And thus from works *I cease*;
I *strive*, and see my fruitless pain,
Till GOD create my peace.

"Fruitless, till Thou *Thyself* impart,
Must all *my efforts* prove:
They cannot change a sinful heart,
They cannot purchase love.

"*I do the thing Thy laws enjoin,*
And then the strife give o'er;
To Thee I then the whole resign;
I trust in means no more.

"*I trust in Him*, who stands between
The Father's wrath and me;
JESU, thou great, eternal Mean,
I look for all from Thee!"

The "sin of extremes" is an evil which Christians have to guard against at all times, in everything they attend to on earth. It is one of Satan's constant and fruitful devices. While we believe the truth, he cannot prevent its motion; but, at certain seasons, he accelerates the motion, and the bounds of truth are overstepped: our end is missed; but his is gained. Zeal for suppression of vice is a good thing. It is indispensable to Christian character. Yet the enemy of righteousness, by his subtle wiles in promoting extremes, often makes it "exceeding sinful." "The time cometh, when whosoever killeth you will think he doeth God service." In Saul of Tarsus this was literally exemplified. "Breathing out threatenings and slaughter" against the humblest followers of "Jesus of Nazareth," he was brought so entirely to act under "the deceitfulness of sin," and the "cunning craft" of "the devil's wiles," that he "verily thought" he was right. It was for this "blood-guiltiness," that, in the days of his Christian moderation, he so justly regarded himself as "the chief of sinners." A thousand others have done the same; yea, are now doing it. Yea, and in doing, too, are quite as ready as the man of Tarsus to say, "I do it in all good conscience before God." Every single virtue, every separate duty, every particular, isolated truth, every Gospel doctrine; every thought, word, act; everything earthly, that brings glory to God and happiness to man, may, by the want of moderation, be perverted to evil. Food becomes poison, honey becomes gall, love becomes hatred, an angel a devil. So deceptive is this sin, that our very anxiety to avoid it may actually hurry us into the snare we would shun. Nay, the very moderate wish itself may betray us. We see, we hear, we think, we speak, we act, in peril. Then who is sufficient for these things? How shall we escape? THE WRITTEN WORD, interpreted by the light of the love of the Spirit in our hearts, and the example of Christ before our eyes, is our safe guide. This is the lamp to our feet. If we lie low before the mercy-seat, if we aim at general consistency, if we live in the spirit of holy recollection, if we keep in view the footsteps of Jesus, we shall shun both Scylla and Charybdis; turn not aside to the right hand nor to the left, but find and keep "THE NARROW WAY."

B. C.

THE SCRIPTURE EXPOSITOR.

"Speak now in the ears of the people, and let every man borrow of his neighbour, and every woman of her neighbour, jewels of silver, and jewels of gold."—Exod. xi. 2.

JEHOVAH is Lord of men's goods as well as of their lives. What have we that we have not received? We are stewards of the manifold mercies of God; and may not He demand a portion at the hand of his steward, to bestow upon His Son? [In this, and the parallel places, chap. iii. 22, xii. 35, the word rendered *borrowed*, properly signifies to

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ask, or *demand*.] He that had power to dispose of the Egyptians' goods, had power to order the Israelites to ask them. Besides, God acted the part of a just Judge, in ordering them their wages for their service in this method, and making their task-masters give them some recompence for their unjust oppression, so many years. It was a command from God, therefore, rather for the preservation of justice (the basis of all those laws which unite human society) than any infringement of it. It was a material recompence in part, though not a formal one in the intention of the Egyptians; it was but in part a recompence; it must needs come far short of the damage the poor captives had sustained by the tyranny of their masters, who had enslaved them contrary to the rules of hospitality; and could not make amends for the lives of the poor infants of Israel, whom they had drowned in the river. He that might, for the unjust oppression of His people, have taken all their lives, destroyed the whole nation, and put the Israelites into the possession of their lands, could, without any unrighteousness, dispose of a part of their goods; and it was, therefore, rather an act of clemency to leave them some part, who had doubly forfeited all.—*Charnock.*

The Israelites might receive and keep what they thus borrowed, or rather required, from the Egyptians, 1. As justly as *servants* receive wages from their masters for work done; and sue for it, if it be detained. 2. As justly as *conquerors* take the spoil of their enemies whom they have subdued: Pharaoh was in rebellion against *the God of the Hebrews*, by which, all that he had was forfeited. 3. As justly as *subjects* receive the estates granted them by their Prince. God is the sovereign Proprietor of the earth, and the fulness thereof; and if He take from one and give to another, who may say unto Him, *What doest thou?* It was by God's special order and appointment that the Israelites did what they did, which was sufficient to justify them, and bear them out; but what they did will by no means authorize others (who cannot pretend to any such warrant) to do the same. Let us remember that the King of Kings can do no wrong. That He will do right to those whom men injure. (Psalm cxlvi. 7.) Hence it is that the wealth of the sinner often proves to be "laid up for the just." (Prov. xiii. 22.)—*Henry.*

ON THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

The witness of the Spirit is a thing that we cannot express; it is a certain divine expression of light; a certain inexpressible assurance that we are the sons of God; a certain secret manifestation that God hath received us, and put away our sins. No man knows it but they that have it. I confess it is a wondrous thing, and if there were not some Christians that did feel it and know it, you might believe there was no such thing; that it was but fancy and enthusiasm: but it is certain there are a generation of men that know what this seal of the Lord is.—*Preston.*

The testimony of the Spirit is immediate, by His secret influence upon the heart quieting and calming all distrust and diffidence concerning its condition by His own immediate power. Fear is banished by a soft whisper from the Spirit of God in the heart; and this in such a way that, though the spirit of a man is immediately calmed by it, yet it cannot tell how it comes to pass.—*Simon Ford.*

God hath been pleased to give us the witness of the Spirit in a way of immediate impression. The Spirit, as a "Spirit of adoption," testifies to the believer's soul that he belongs to God. As by the "sealing of the Spirit" He stamps His own image on His children, for the conviction of others, so by "the witness of the Spirit" He testifies to their adoption, for the more immediate comfort of their own souls. Do not condemn the witness of the Spirit merely because you cannot comprehend it: rather pray to God that you yourselves may be His children. In this way you may hope that the Spirit will testify of your adoption.—*Charles Simeon.*

It is the office of the Holy Ghost to assure us of the adoption of sons, to create in us a sense of the paternal love of God towards us, to give us an earnest of our everlasting inheritance. As, therefore, we are born again by the Spirit, and receive from Him our regeneration; so we are also assured by the same Spirit of our adoption, and because, being sons we are also heirs, heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ by the same Spirit, we have the pledge, or rather the earnest, of our inheritance.—*Bishop Pearson.*

The Holy Ghost persuades and assures us of the love and favour of God, and enables us, through divine light beaming in upon our consciences, to behold Him as

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a gracious and reconciled Father. The same Spirit that before was a Spirit of bondage, when the soul is thereby sufficiently prepared for grace, becomes a Spirit of adoption.—*Bishop Hopkins.*

The Holy Spirit specially seals each particular believer, and makes him sure of his adoption by a certain wonderful and secret testimony; for He is given to every believer as a pledge of divine love, and He pronounces in the hearts of the godly that they are in favour with God. Nor is this testimony fallacious or conjectural, but certain and infallible in all in whom it is found.—*Bishop Davenant.*

The introduction of the words, "Abba, Father," here, (Rom. viii. 15,) shows that the persons in question had the strongest evidence of the excellence of the state in which they stood; they knew that they were thus adopted; and they knew this by the Spirit which was given them in their adoption; and, let me say, they could know it by no other means. The Father who had adopted them could be seen by no mortal eye; and the transaction, being of a purely spiritual nature, and transacted in heaven, can be known only by God's supernatural testimony of it upon earth. It is a matter of such solemn importance to every Christian soul, that God, in His mercy, has been pleased not to leave it to *conjecture, assumption, or inductive reasoning*, but attests it by His own Spirit in the soul of Him whom He adopts through Christ Jesus. It is the grand and most observable case in which the intercourse is kept up between heaven and earth, and the genuine believer in Christ Jesus is not left to the quibbles or casuistry of polemic divines or critics, but receives the thing and the testimony of it immediately from God himself. And were not the testimony of the state thus given, no man could possibly have any assurance of his salvation which would beget confidence and love. If, to any man, his acceptance with God be hypothetical, then his confidence must be so too. His love to God must be hypothetical; his gratitude hypothetical; his obedience hypothetical. If God have forgiven me my sins, then I should love Him, and I should be grateful, and I should testify my gratitude by my obedience. But who does not see that this must necessarily depend upon the "if," in the first case? All this uncertainty, and the perplexities resulting from it, God has precluded by sending forth the Spirit of his Son into our hearts, by which we cry, "Abba, Father!" And thus our adoption into the heavenly family is testified and ascertained unto us in the only way in which it can possibly be done, by the direct influence of the Spirit of God. Remove this from Christianity, and it is but a dead letter.—*Dr. Adam Clarke.*

"GOD WITH US."

God with man! with ourselves! How inspiring the doctrine! Art thou a pilgrim, walking in perplexed ways? He is thy guide. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." Thou art a creature of affliction and sorrow. He is with thee as thou passest through the water, and through the fire. "Call upon Him in the day of trouble: He shall deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Him." Thou art tempted. But He is thy shield and thy strong tower. "In that He suffered, being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted." Dost thou feel thine own littleness and insignificance? Thy God thinketh upon thee. "The hairs of your head are all numbered." "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." Thou mayest be little and unknown among men, but a precious diadem in the hand of thy God. "He is nigh unto thee in all that thou callest on Him for." Various and changing may be the scenes through which thou passest; but all shall be tempered by His wisdom for thine own advantage. "All things work together for good unto them that love Him." Thou shalt die. But when thou walkest in the valley and shadow of death, He shall be with thee. Thou shalt moulder in the dust. But thy "flesh also shall rest in hope;" for "in His book all thy members are written." And while adoring "Him that sitteth upon the throne," and "the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne," *God with us* shall be the burden of thy song for ever.

Is Christ our Emmanuel? God with us? Then let us take care that we are with Him; coming to Him habitually in acts of faith and love; walking with Him and before Him; so shall He to us be all and in all, the strength of our heart, and our portion for ever.—*Rev. Richard Watson.*

CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE.

It was highly important and desirable that our great High Priest should not

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only obtain for us the heavenly inheritance, but also go before us, in the path which leads to it; that He should not only describe Christianity in His discourses, but exemplify it in His life and conversation. This our blessed Saviour has done. In Him we see pure and undefiled religion embodied. In Him Christianity lives and breathes. And how amiable, how interesting, does she there appear! How convincing, how animating, is our Saviour's example! How loudly, how persuasively does His conduct preach! Would you learn submission to parental authority? See Him, notwithstanding His exalted character, cheerfully subjecting Himself to the will of His parents, and labouring with them, as a mechanic, for almost thirty years. Would you learn contentment with a poor and low condition? See Him destitute of a place where to lay His head. Would you learn active beneficence? See Him going about doing good. Would you learn to be fervent and constant in devotional exercises? See Him rising for prayer before the dawn of day. Would you learn in what manner to treat your brethren? See Him washing His disciples' feet. Would you learn filial piety? See Him forgetting His sufferings, while in the agonies of death, to provide another son for His desolate mother. Would you learn in what manner to pray for relief under affliction? See Him in the garden. Would you learn how to bear insults and injuries? See Him on the cross. In short, there is no Christian grace or virtue, which it was proper for a perfectly innocent being to possess, which is not beautifully exemplified in His life; and there is scarce any situation, however perplexing, in which the Christian, who is at a loss to know how he ought to act, may not derive sufficient instruction from the example of his divine Master.—*Payson's Works.*

HOPE.

Hope is a beautiful meteor: like the rainbow, it is not only lovely because of its seven rich and radiant stripes, it is the memorial of a covenant entered into between man and his Maker, telling us we were born for immortality; destined, unless we sepulchre our greatness, to the highest honour and noblest happiness. Hope proves man deathless; it is the struggle of the soul breaking loose from what is perishable, and attesting her eternity; and when the eye of the mind is turned upon Christ delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification, the unsubstantial and deceitful character is taken away from hope. Hope is one of the prime pieces of that armour of proof in which the believer is arrayed; for Paul tells us to take for an helmet the hope of salvation. It is not good that a man hope for wealth, since "riches profit not in the day of wrath;" and it is not good that he hope for human honours, since the mean and mighty go down to the same burial.

But it is good that he hope for salvation. The meteor then gathers like a golden halo round his head, and, as he presses forward in the battle-time, no weapon of the evil one can pierce through that helmet.

It is good, then, that he hope: it is good also that he quietly wait. There is much promised in the Scripture to the waiting upon God. Men wish an immediate answer to prayer, and think themselves forgotten unless the reply be instantaneous. It is a great mistake. The delay is often part, and a great part, of the answer. It exercises faith, and hope, and patience; and what better thing can be done for us than strengthening those graces, to whose growth shall be proportioned the splendours of immortality? It is good, then, that we wait. "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary, and they shall walk, and not faint."—*Rev. Henry Melville.*

TRUE KNOWLEDGE.

The excellent John Newton, on being asked his opinion on some topic, replied, "When I was young, I was sure of many things; there are only two things of which I am sure now: one is, that I am a miserable sinner; and the other is, that Jesus Christ is an all-sufficient Saviour." This is the sum of all saving knowledge, and he is well taught who gets these lessons by heart.

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OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

AN AFTERNOON'S RAMBLE.

It was on a warm and joyous day, in the month of April, 184–, that the "ramble" of which the following sketch is a brief record took place. It was one of those days when the first gladdening influence of spring had burst upon us, and its welcome breath had infused into each bud and leaf life and beauty, and tuned each warbler's song into sweet melody, making woods and glades echo and re-echo with their music. It was one of those days on which we think with hope during the long gloom of winter, and which the heart bounds forth to meet with a grateful welcome. Tempted by the balmy air, and the cheerful aspect of nature, we started to search in the warm, sheltered, mossy banks and copses for that treasured harbinger of the gifts of spring and summer, the sweet and lowly violet. We wandered on through the meadows, and everything in the beauteous scenery around us seemed to be in harmony. The bright blue waters of the neighbouring stream had caught the sunbeams, and sparkled and danced as if they, too, rejoiced in their escape from their icy fetters. Our own hearts sympathized in the general gladness. At length, almost unexpectedly, we found ourselves at a spot we had long thought of visiting. I wish I could delineate and colour the scene as it opened to our view that afternoon; as it stood before us in all its loveliness, bathed in the rich sunlight, and relieved by the various depths of shade occasioned by its different forms and positions. Not a sound disturbed the quiet, except the whispers of the light breeze playing among the branches of the old elms. The principal object was a long, rambling old house, standing in a well-wooded field, which, in bygone days, had evidently been a portion of a park; and the mullioned windows, and carved clumps of chimneys, marked the house itself as having once been the residence of some ancient and noble family. But its days of splendour are past; and the memory of its former inmates is only preserved by an old monument in the chancel of the village church.

Such is life. We pass away, and are forgotten. Only let the youthful reader remember, that if our short living-time on earth be well spent,—that is, in serving God and our generation according to His will,—we pass to regions of eternal joy, which we shall never leave, and where we shall never be unknown nor unnoticed; for it is in the presence of God that there is fulness of joy; it is at His right hand that there are pleasures for evermore.

This old house had become the property of those who had so divided its various apartments, as to make several dwellings—cottages, I may call them—for the poor. Each tenement has for a garden a portion of the once-extensive pleasure-grounds. I have never visited the place without experiencing, along with a crowd of thoughts suggested by natural associations, a feeling of solemnity and awe. I think of those who, young and buoyant as ourselves, once trod these paths. Where are they now? Resting in that last earthly house, where, perhaps, at no distant time, we also shall repose. We went into most of these tenements. We hope we gave pleasure to their inmates by a few kind words, and our manifest interest in their welfare. The tasks of a loving heart are as easy as they are acceptable and fruitful. Riches are not necessary to render its exercises gratifying to their objects. Well were we repaid by the honest and hearty welcome which countenances, beaming with satisfaction, as well as words, expressed. Is it not our own fault if we do not meet with friends everywhere? Old adages, with all their quaintness, are often more truthful and profound than is sometimes supposed, and this furnishes no exception,—"He that would have friends, must show himself friendly."

Playing on the steps of one of the tenements was a lovely little girl, about four years old; one whose face and figure poets and painters delight to meet with: her rosy cheeks, bright dark eyes, and clustering golden hair, made her a sweet specimen of the beauty of rustic childhood. She jumped up to *curtsey* to the young ladies, who patted her head, and kissed the little cottage-flower, which so delighted her that she scampered away, and soon returned with a "posey" for them. As we passed on, I looked back on the sweet child with mingled feelings; for she had strangely wound herself round my heart, and a pang darted through my spirit when I thought of the sorrows and trials with which she might have to contend. We entered the last of these cottage-homes, and witnessed what seemed to us to be a delightful scene of contentment and peace. The sun was pouring his last rays through the high old-fashioned window, the *sill* of which was filled with plants. The walls were white and clean as could be, and hung with Scripture-prints, and two or three specimens of foreign climes, which a far-off soldier-brother had sent them. All had the appearance of being in order for the coming blessed day of rest. The simple meal of the evening was spread on a round table. On one side sat a matronly-looking young woman, the picture of health and good temper, between five-and-twenty and thirty years of age, nursing a fine boy of a year old. Her behaviour would not have

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disgraced a sphere much higher than the one she occupied. Her husband, a fine specimen of an English peasant, sat opposite, nursing their older child. I thought that that home, so far at least as outward appearances were concerned, might be a fair sample of an English cottager's dwelling. The husband looked like a sober and industrious man; the wife like a clean and industrious woman. Everything seemed tidy. And they were evidently fond parents.

We did not stay long, as the declining rays of the sun warned us that our time was expired, and that we must be directing our steps homeward. But many times during the following days did our thoughts revisit those lowly but pleasant homes. Happy is England in her home-feelings. Attachment to home and to domestic comfort is one of the soundest subordinate principles of our national economy; and wherever English Missionaries carry English religion and English notions, a social state, sound at the core, shall grow up, even among savages.

But our "afternoon's ramble" has a melancholy sequel, which I now proceed to relate. A fortnight afterwards, as we were sitting at breakfast, we received the melancholy tidings that Mary S— was alarmingly ill, and was thought to be dying. Our hearts sank within us. We could scarcely realize the thought that the blooming young woman, whom we had seen so recently in perfect health, was indeed on her death-bed. That morning is vividly impressed on my memory. It was a glorious May morning. The sun shone brightly on that old house, embosomed among those splendid elms. The fresh breeze swept across the spangled meadow. Every leaf, every tiny flower, glistened with the morning dew. The lark soared into the cloudless sky, pouring out its glad song. The gentle ripple and murmur of the river hard by soothed the mind, harmonizing with every other sound. All without was beauty and brilliancy. Could we have abandoned ourselves to the feelings that every sight and sound awakened, all was joyous life. Who, looking on that fine scene, could think on sorrow and death? But death was there. We could not forget the tidings that had brought us from our home. All was over. The last struggle had just ceased. Poor Mary S— had experienced the contest with "the last enemy," and was no more. She had not thought of dying. Life, with its duties and its humble pleasures, had occupied her thoughts. The spoiler came on her in the midst of her domestic cares. I fear she had thought too little of another world. This is a painful subject. Duty to the living requires that I advert to it. I can do no more. What belonged to her condition in life she had not neglected. Her attention to her household could not be mistaken. She was not indolent. She was no slattern. But, O, reader, is not more required? Is the body, is house, are husband and children, all? Is the soul nothing? But where there is mystery, we think of Unfathomable Mercy. The dead are not within the limits of our judgment. We rejoice with trembling. We fear with hope. The Judge of all the earth will do right. *Our* duty is plain. The living know that they must die. Ought they not to remember this? Some of the first truths of the religion we all profess to believe solemnly refer us to the future. "*He shall come again to judge the quick and the dead,*" our lips frequently repeat. Let not even earthly duty prevent us from remembering, *We have to meet God!* It is, therefore, our bounden duty to *prepare* to meet Him. In thinking of others, the remembrance of the divine mercy may indeed cheer us. In thinking of ourselves, the divine will concerning us is to fix our attention. It is good to hope in the mercy of God. It is most dangerous to presume on it, as though it might render negligence eventually harmless. Three weeks after our "afternoon's ramble," the coffin of poor Mary was borne along the path we had trodden so joyously. The air was calm; the sun was bright; but we felt not as we felt on the former occasion. We could hear but one sound, the church-bell tolling heavily, every stroke reminding all who heard it of the mournful sight we witnessed,—the funeral train passing sadly along, the bright sunbeams rendering more visible the pall covering the receptacle of all that was mortal of one who, only a week before, was contentedly happy in life, and health, and strength, and rejoicing to be able to give pleasure to the objects of her simple and sincere affection. I felt the need, as I returned home, of a light brighter than that of the sun. Nature could not dispel the gloom of my spirit. The contrast, could I have seen nothing else, would almost have been distressing mockery. I could find comfort only in the light of grace and truth. The Day-spring from on high had visited us, through the tender mercy of our God, to guide our feet into the way of peace.

But the whole sequel of my "afternoon's ramble" is not yet told. Let my young readers listen to me, children especially, for to them does what I have to say chiefly relate. A few weeks after the funeral of Mary S—, I had taken my seat amidst my usually happy, as well as attentive, group of "Sunday-school scholars." I fancied that the glad welcome which I received was more subdued than usual, that there was a shadow on the smiling countenances of that happy row. After a moment's silence, one of them said, "Please, Teacher, poor little Dinah G— is dead. She was taken ill yesterday with croup, and she died this morning." Thus my bright little cottage-bud was blighted. Disease had again crept into that sweet spot, and taken that fair child for his

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prey. But, my young friends, she is blooming in heaven. Shall we not all strive to meet her there? We may be healthy and strong now; but when affliction touches us, we are at once laid low. We know not when our turn shall come; but the good Shepherd says, "Be ye also ready!" Thus, whether it come soon or late, all will be well.

I love to spend an hour in that secluded churchyard, where rests the dust of Mary S— and of Dinah G—. Since they were laid there, I, too, have lost one whom I fondly loved, and she now calmly reposes beneath the sod of that final home of the successive generations of the inhabitants of the village. For myself, I admire and cherish the almost extinct custom of strewing the graves of our friends with flowers. It seems a connecting link still existing between us and them.

The first time I visited the place, after the death of Mary S—, was on a lovely night in summer. The moon had risen in cloudless splendour, and flung her beams on the old Gothic, ivy-clad tower, making the windows glitter with an unearthly brilliancy. All was peace and mournful beauty. Not a sound disturbed the deep repose. All was in keeping with the character of the place. Young and old, rich and poor, all lay around me in the solemn stillness of death. The triumphs of the warrior are celebrated with the deafening sound of trumpet and flute, cymbal and drum, and the loud voices of men. The triumphs of death are noiseless indeed, and nothing marks more strongly the completeness of his victory. But that stillness shall be broken. The voice of the archangel and the trump of God shall proclaim the approach of death's Conqueror and Spoiler. His reign shall then be over: all that sleep in the dust shall awake, and arise, and come forth, to die thus no more for ever; come forth to immortality. Blessed, thrice blessed, all they who come forth to the resurrection of the just. For there is a second death. To be cast into the lake of fire, this is the second death; and from this there is no resurrection. They, whose conscience has been sprinkled with the Saviour's blood, and whose natures have been sanctified by the Holy Ghost; even they must die the first death. But they sleep in Jesus, and on them the second death shall have no power. O, may we be numbered with them!

My young friends. I hope this account of my "afternoon's ramble," and of its sequel, will have interested you; and that whenever you see the violet on the bank, you will think of my two spring-flowers,—the one in full bloom, the other like the scarcely-opening moss-rose. The very violets that I gathered died not so quickly as Mary S— and Dinah G—. If you receive this little sketch with a welcome, perhaps you may hear again from

HELEN.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

FISHING FOR SWORD-FISH AT MESSINA.

A MORE attractive sport, however, is the fishing for the *pesce spada*, which begins about the middle of April, and continues to the middle of September. From the commencement of this fishery to the end of June, it is carried on upon the shores of Calabria; and from this latter period till the middle of September, on that of Sicily. The reason is, that, from April till June, the sword-fish, either for the sake of obtaining food, or from some other unascertained cause, entering by the Faro, keeps along the shore of Calabria, without approaching that of Sicily; while, from the end of June to the middle of September, it takes the opposite side. The sword-fish weighs, generally, from one to two hundred pounds. The formidable weapon to which it owes its name varies from three to four feet in length, projecting from the end of the upper jaw, and terminating in a point. The *pesce spada* is taken either with the *palimadara*, a kind of net, with very close meshes, or with the harpoon. In the latter case, the fishermen make use of a boat called *luntre*, a vessel about eighteen feet in length by seven or eight in width; the prow being wider than the stern, in order to give the harpooner more room. The boat is furnished with a mast, about eighteen feet in length, on the round top of which is placed one of the crew, whose business it is to descry the fish, and watch its motions. The mast, near the bottom, is crossed at right angles by a yard, to the extremities of which the oars are attached by means of loops, to enable the rowers to turn the boat with the greater ease and celerity. The harpoon, which is about twelve feet long, is made fast to a rope something more than half an inch in diameter, and two hundred yards in length. While the fish coast along the Calabrian shore, two men are placed on the rocks or cliffs, to give notice of their approach. A similar practice is adopted on the Sicilian side; but there, as the shore is less precipitous, two vessels are moored near it, at the distance of a stone's throw from each other, and on the masts of these the men are stationed. On the approach of a fish, which is said to be indicated

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by a change of colour in the water, the signal is given by the men stationed at the mast-head, or on the cliffs, as the case may be, and the foremost *lustre* then bears down upon it, in the direction pointed out, till the spy on the round top of the *lustre* itself has also descried it. The vessel is then steered to one side or the other, according to his direction; while the harpooner stands ready at the prow, anxiously watching an opportunity to hurl his weapon, which he does with almost unerring aim; taking care, at the same time, to let the fish have rope enough to run. The men now row with all their might, following the track of the wounded fish; till at length, exhausted with the loss of blood, he rises to the surface of the water, and is easily dragged into the boat. It must not be supposed, however, that this sport is altogether without danger; for sometimes the *pesce spada*, when of large size, has been known to turn upon his pursuers, to pierce the side of the boat with his weapon, and even to upset it.—*Beaus's Italy and Sicily.*

THE BLACK SWAN.

By the ancients, all swans were believed to be white; or, if at any time a black one were found, it was considered as a most decided exception to the general rule. A well-known verse in a celebrated classical poet proves this. Juvenal, the keen and lashing Roman satirist, in one of his satires, in which he exposes the awful and disgusting corruption that reigned all around him, refers to the virtue of former times, and makes the supposition that an instance of it should once more occur, states the unlikelihood of the case by saying, (Sat. vi., v. 164,) "*Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno.*" ("A rare bird in the earth, and very like a black swan.") One of Juvenal's translators (Owen) thus renders the passage:—

> "In her be all accomplishments combined,
> Like a black swan, the wonder of mankind."

The world has been more thoroughly explored by the moderns than by the ancients was thought to be possible; our knowledge of what it contains, whether minerals, vegetables, or animals, is almost beyond comparison more extensive and accurate. The black swan is no longer *rara avis in terris*. It is a native of Australia, where it abounds on the rivers and lakes, and on various islands along the coast, and is usually seen in flocks, which are shy and wary. It is

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rather smaller than our white swan. It is a beautiful bird, and has been introduced into this country, where it so thrives and breeds that it will, no doubt, soon become as common as the species with which we have been so long acquainted.

Swans are very fierce and determined during the period of incubation. The male carefully guards the female while she is sitting on the eggs, and gives chase, and battle, if necessary, to every intruder. An instance is recorded which took place in the Regent's-Park, when a black swan, having approached too near the position of two white ones, was pursued by them with evidently great ferocity. One of the white swans succeeded in grasping the neck of the black swan between its mandibles, and then shook it violently. The black swan with difficulty extricated itself from this murderous grasp, hurried to the shore, tottered from the water's edge a few paces, and fell, to die. Its death appeared to be attended with great agony; it stretched its neck in the air, fluttered its wings, and attempted to rise from the ground; after about five minutes of suffering, it made a last effort to rise, and fell dead with outstretched neck and wings. Its foes never left the water in pursuit, but continued sailing, with every feather on end, up and down towards the spot where their victim fell, and seemingly proud of their conquest.

THE CONDOR.

THE full-grown condor measures, from the point of the beak to the end of the tail, from four feet ten inches to five feet; and from the tip of one wing to the other, from twelve to thirteen feet. This bird feeds chiefly on carrion; it is only when impelled by hunger that he seizes living animals, and even then only the small and defenceless, such as the young of sheep, vicunas, and llamas. He cannot raise great weights with his feet, which, however, he uses to aid the power of his beak. The principal strength of the condor lies in his neck and in his feet; yet he cannot, when flying, carry a weight exceeding eight or ten pounds. All accounts of sheep and calves carried off by condors are mere exaggerations. This bird passes a great part of the day in sleep, and hovers in quest of prey chiefly in the morning and evening. While soaring at a height beyond the reach of human eyes, the sharp-sighted condor discerns his prey on the level heights beneath him, and darts down upon it with the swiftness of lightning. When a bait is laid, it is curious to observe the numbers of condors which assemble in a quarter of an hour, in a spot near which not one had been previously visible. These birds possess the senses of sight and smell in a singularly powerful degree.

Some old travellers, Ulloa among others, have affirmed that the plumage of the condor is invulnerable to a musket-ball. This absurdity is scarcely worthy of contradiction; but it is nevertheless true that the bird has a singular tenacity of life, and that it is seldom killed by fire-arms, unless when shot in some vital part. Its plumage, particularly on the wings, is very strong and thick. The natives, therefore, seldom attempt to shoot the condor; they usually catch him by traps, or by the lasso, or kill him by stones flung from slings, or by the *bolas*. A curious method of capturing the condor alive is practised in the province of Abancay. A fresh cow-hide, with some fragments of flesh adhering to it, is spread out on one of the level heights, and an Indian, provided with ropes, creeps beneath it, while some others station themselves in ambush near the spot, ready to assist him. Presently a condor, attracted by the smell of the flesh, darts down upon the cow-hide, and then the Indian, who is concealed under it, seizes the bird by the legs, and binds them fast in the skin, as if in a bag. The captured condor flaps his wings, and makes ineffectual attempts to fly; but he is speedily secured, and carried in triumph to the nearest village.

The Indians quote numerous instances of young children having been attacked by condors. That those birds are sometimes extremely fierce, is very certain. The following occurrence came within my own knowledge while I was in Lima. I had a condor, which, when he first came into my possession, was very young. To prevent his escape, as soon as he was able to fly, he was fastened by the leg to a chain, to which was attached a piece of iron of about six pounds' weight. He had a large court to range in, and he dragged the piece of iron about after him all day. When he was a year and a half old, he flew away, with the chain and iron attached to his leg, and perched on the spire of the church of Santo Tomas, whence he was scared away by the carrion-hawks. On alighting in the street, a Negro attempted to catch him for the purpose of bringing him home; upon which he seized the poor creature by the ear, and tore it completely off. He then attacked a child in the street, (a Negro boy of three years old,) threw him on the ground, and knocked him on the head so severely with his beak, that the child died in consequence of the injuries. I hoped to have brought this bird alive to Europe; but, after being at sea two months on our homeward voyage, he died on board the ship in the latitude of Monte Video.—*Van Selsidi's Travels in Peru.*

REASONING FACULTIES OF BIRDS.

A GENTLEMAN had a goldfinch, which was chained to a perch, instead of being kept in a cage. Its food was put into a box, resembling a water-fountain used for cages;

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and the little opening at which the bird was fed, had a cover loaded with lead to make it fall down. The bird raised this by pushing down a lever or handle with its bill, which raised the lid of the box; after which, by putting its foot on the lever, it could feed at leisure. The gentleman had also a redpole chained on nearly a similar perch: this bird fed from an open box, without the trouble of having recourse to the lifting power, like his neighbour the goldfinch. But though the redpole could have known nothing of the use of the handle from his own experience, as his food was to be got at without such trouble, yet it seems he must have taken notice of it, and seen that, by touching this handle, he could get at the goldfinch's food, were he within reach; and this he kept in mind for the day of need; for one morning when loose, and his own seed-box empty, he flew at once to the perch of his friend, raised the lid of the seed-box with his bill, and then, laying hold of it with one foot, kept it open till he had made a good breakfast. This apparently trifling circumstance clearly shows that birds can and do take notice of some things, and collect information which may be useful when needed. In this case, it required some time and attention to teach the goldfinch the use of the handle for holding up the lid of the box; but the redpole had watched the operation, and learned by observation how to do it as well as his friend.

The following is another instance of sagacity in a pair of goldfinches. These little birds had built their nest on a small branch of an olive-tree: after hatching their brood, the parents perceived that the weight of the growing family would soon be too great for the strength of the branch which supported the nest; in fact, it was beginning to give way. Something was to be done, or the nest would fall; this was evident to beholders, and equally so to the goldfinches; accordingly, they were observed to fasten, by a small string they had picked up, the bending twig to a stronger and higher branch of the tree, and thus their nest was saved.—*Stanley's Familiar History of Birds.*

HOW SPIDERS MAKE BRIDGES.

Some of the most distinguished naturalists of the world believe that spiders have the art of crossing streams of water on bridges of their own making. Mr. Spencer relates the following curious fact:—"Having placed a large, full-grown spider on a cane upright in the midst of a stream of water, he saw it descend the cane several times, and remount when it arrived at the surface of the water. Suddenly he lost sight of it wholly; but a few minutes afterward, to his great astonishment, he perceived it quietly pursuing its own way on the other side of the stream. Having spun two threads along the cane, it had cut one of them, which, carried by the wind, had become attached to some object on the bank, and so served the spider as a bridge across the water."

AFFECTION OF BIRDS.

A blackbird and a thrush were observed courageously fighting a cat, belonging to a family at Newington, striking their foe at all sides with their bills. The cat was compelled to retire, when the object of the birds' anxiety was found to be a wounded thrush, upon which puss intended making a meal. The wounded warbler was removed, and its faithful guardians took their flight.—*English Paper.*

INGENUITY OF BIRDS.

Thrushes feed very much on snails, looking for them in mossy banks. Having frequently observed some broken snail-shells near two projecting pebbles on a gravel-walk, which had a hollow between them, I endeavoured to discover the occasion of their being brought to that situation. At last I saw a thrush fly to the spot with a snail-shell in his mouth, which he placed between the two stones, and hammered at it with his beak until he had broken it, and was then able to feed on its contents. The bird must have discovered that he could not apply his beak with sufficient force to break the shell when it was rolling about, and he therefore found out and made use of a spot which would keep the shell in one position. When the lapwing wants to procure food, it seeks for a worm's cast, and stamps the ground by the side of it with its feet, somewhat in the same manner as I have often done when a boy, in order to procure worms for fishing. After doing this for a short time, the bird waits for the issue of the worm from its hole, who alarmed at the shaking of the ground, endeavours to make its escape, when it is immediately seized, and becomes the prey of the ingenious bird. The lapwing also frequents the haunts of the moles. These animals, when in pursuit of worms, on which they feed, frighten them, and the worm, in attempting to escape, comes to the surface of the ground, where it is seized by the lapwing. The same mode of alarming his prey has been related of the gull.—*Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.*

BURYING-BEETLES.

It would appear that every living creature has been created for some express purpose of utility, and it is only our ignorance and pride of manhood that lead us to assume that various classes of animals are useless in the scheme of creation. For instance, we often hear people express a horror of black-beetles: those

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creatures are, nevertheless, useful; that they are unpleasant to look upon is nothing in the argument. Like the toad and some other animals, they are a species of scavengers, carrying off and putting out of sight what is unseemly and might become putrid. "A most laborious task" (we quote from the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge") "is performed by an insect by no means uncommon in Britain, the burying-beetle, (*necrophorus vespillo,*) which may be easily recognised by its longish body, of a black colour, with two broad and irregular indented bands of yellowish brown. A foreign naturalist, M. Gleditsch, gives a very interesting account of its industry. He had often remarked that dead moles, when laid upon the ground, especially if upon loose earth, were almost sure to disappear in the course of two or three days, often of twelve hours. To ascertain the cause, he placed a mole upon one of the beds in his garden. It had vanished by the third morning; and, on digging where it had been laid, he found it buried to the depth of three inches, and under it four beetles, which seemed to have been the agents in this singular inhumation. Not perceiving anything particular in the mole, he buried it again; and on examining it at the end of six days, he found it swarming with maggots, apparently the issue of the beetles, which M. Gleditsch now naturally concluded had buried the carcase for the food of their future young. To determine these points more clearly, he put four of these insects into a glass vessel, half-filled with earth, and properly secured, and, upon the surface of the earth, two frogs. In less than twelve hours one of the frogs was interred by two of the beetles: the other two ran about the whole day, as if busied in measuring the dimensions of the remaining corpse, which on the third day was also found buried. He then introduced a dead linnet. A pair of the beetles were soon engaged upon the bird. They began their operations by pushing out the earth from under the body, so as to form a kind of cavity for its reception; and it was curious to see the efforts which the beetles made, by dragging at the feathers of the bird from below, to pull it into its grave. The male, having driven the female away, continued the work alone for five hours. He lifted up the bird, changed its place, turned it and arranged it in the grave, and from time to time came out of the hole, mounted upon it, and trod it under-foot, and then retired below, and pulled it down. At length, apparently wearied with his uninterrupted labour, it came forth, and leaned its head upon the earth beside the bird without the smallest motion, as if to rest itself, for a full hour, when it again crept under the earth. The next day, in the morning, the bird was an inch and a half under-ground, and the trench remained open the whole day, the corpse seeming as if laid out upon a bier, surrounded with a rampart of mould. In the evening it had sunk half an inch lower, and in another day the work was completed, and the bird covered. M. Gleditsch continued to add other small dead animals, which were all sooner or later buried; and the result of his experiment was, that in fifty days four beetles had interred, in the very small space of earth allotted to them, twelve carcases,—namely, four frogs, three small birds, two fishes, one mole, and two grasshoppers, besides the entrails of a fish, and two morsels of the lungs of an ox. In another experiment, a single beetle buried a mole forty times its own bulk and weight in two days."—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE DOG AND THE SHILLING.

The following anecdote of a dog, is one of the most curious we have seen of its kind.—A gentleman of Suffolk, being on an excursion with his friend, and having a Newfoundland dog of the party, he soon became the subject of conversation; when the master, after a warm eulogium upon his perfections, assured his companion that he would, upon receiving the order, return and fetch any article he should leave behind, from any distance. To confirm this assertion, a marked shilling was put under a large square stone, by the side of the road, being first shown to the dog. The gentlemen then rode for three miles, when the dog received his signal from the master to return for the shilling he had seen put under the stone. The dog turned back, the gentlemen rode on, and reached home; but, to their surprise and disappointment, the hitherto faithful messenger did not return during the day. It afterwards appeared that he had gone to the place where the shilling was deposited, but the stone being too large for his strength to remove, he had staid howling at the place, till two horsemen, riding by, and attracted by his seeming distress, stopped to look at him, when one of them alighting, removed the stone, and seeing the shilling, put it into his pocket, not at the time conceiving it to be the object of the dog's search. The dog followed their horses for twenty miles, remained undisturbed in the room where they supped, followed the chambermaid into the bed-chamber, and secreted himself under one of the beds. The possessor of the shilling hung his trousers upon a nail by the bedside; but when the travellers were both asleep, the dog took them in his mouth, and, leaping out of the window, which was left open on account of the sultry heat, reached the house of his master at four o'clock in the morning, with the prize he had made free with; in the pocket of which was found a watch and money, that were returned on being advertised, when the whole mystery was mutually unravelled, to the admiration of all the parties.

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DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

THE CORNISH PRAYER-MEETING.

"What were it now to toss upon the waves,
The maddening waves, and know no succour near;
The howling of the storm alone to hear,
And the wild sea that to the tempest raves:
To gaze upon the horrors of the night,
And only see the billows' gleaming light!"

REVIVALS of religion have been of frequent occurrence in Cornwall, since the establishment of Methodism in that distant part of the country, by the venerable Wesley. Among the vast number of conversions which have taken place during the last half-century, how many instances might be selected, as illustrative of the mighty power of the Gospel, in arresting the sinner in his guilty and downward career! How many examples might be recorded, as exhibiting the efficacy of divine grace, in softening the hardest heart, and in pouring into the darkest and most benighted mind the light of heavenly truth! The following affecting case, which occurred many years since, will be read with interest. Some of the incidents were communicated to me by a friend, who was acquainted with the parties; and other particulars, embodied in the narrative, I gathered from various persons, during my residence in the county.

Charles ——, and his wife Sarah, immediately after their marriage, retired to a decent cottage, situated in a straggling village near the sea-side, on the northern coast of Cornwall. Though brought up in a country so highly favoured by Divine Providence for Christian ordinances, and where the Gospel of Christ had made such rapid progress, they were utter strangers to true religion. Neither of them had ever attended a place of worship, nor had they ever bowed the knee at the altar of devotion. It is no wonder that they were ignorant of the rudiments of Christianity; for God was not in all their thoughts. It had been currently reported that Charles, in his youthful days, had been an intrepid smuggler, and that, by his illicit traffic in disposing of contraband goods, he had amassed a considerable amount of money. Sarah, previous to her marriage, had been in the service of a gentleman who was of deistical principles, which may partially account for her present unacquaintance with spiritual things. Thus, "having no hope, and without God in the world," this wretched couple continued for years to walk in the "ways of their heart, and in the light of their eyes," regardless of a future judgment.

Their cottage, which was situated on an elevated part of the village, commanded a magnificent view of the Atlantic, whose angry billows, in stormy weather, dashed furiously against the towering cliffs, and through the caverns of the rugged rocks, with a deafening sound. When the sea was smooth, and the weather propitious, Charles, accompanied by his wife, would often take an aquatic excursion in his little boat. This practice, for the purpose of amusement, was more frequently adopted on the holy Sabbath.

In the autumn of 18—, on a beautiful Sunday afternoon, when the sky was clear, and the bosom of the great deep unusually tranquil, he entered his little skiff, with buoyant spirits, and singing a profane ditty. The loveliness of the day, the beauty of the scenery along the coast, and the smoothness of the surface of the waters, induced him to row to a greater distance than he had previously intended. When several miles from shore, the wind suddenly changed, the clouds began to gather, and some large drops of rain speedily descended, terminating at length in a violent shower. Presently, a vivid flash of lightning illuminated the gloomy atmosphere, almost blinding the eyes of the reckless Sabbath-breakers. This was instantly followed by a most terrific peal of thunder, which, for several seconds, appeared to stun their ears, and then died away in murmuring echoes among the distant rocks. The sea also began to swell, and a white foam crested the rising billows. "O, Charles!" shrieked Sarah, whose countenance was pale with fright, "what will become of us!"

"Keep your seat in the boat," replied her husband, "and I will take you safe to land."

And as the waves continued, with increasing violence, to agitate the frail boat, she experienced all the horrors which the prospect of speedily perishing in the waters could inspire. A feeling of deep contrition, to which she had hitherto been a stranger, extorted from her stricken soul an earnest cry for mercy. Casting a despairing look on her husband, who was toiling at the oars, she wildly exclaimed, "It is impossible to reach land,—we shall surely perish,—and O, Charles! what will become of our wretched souls!"

"Hush! foolish woman!" was the only reply: "trust to my skill. I have encountered rougher seas than this."

Fortunately, the wind was favourable, and the tide flowing; so that after hard toiling, and long buffeting of the waves, they at length came safe to shore.

On passing through the village, with their garments thoroughly drenched with rain and the spray of the sea, they observed many of their neighbours flocking to the Methodist chapel. This sight, which had never before produced in her mind a desire to accompany them to the sanctuary, now created in the bosom of Sarah a feeling of self-condemnation; and she secretly resolved, if spared to see the next Sabbath, to attend, for the

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first time in her life, a place of worship. The Holy Spirit continued to strive with her, deepening her convictions, during the week; and on the following Sunday she was seated in the house of God, listening with marked attention to the truths of the Gospel. Under the sermon, which was plain and evangelical, she wept much. At the close of the service, (as a great revival had already taken place in the village,) a prayer-meeting was announced to be held on the following evening, and to be succeeded by similar services during the week.

On her return home from the sanctuary, she found her husband in a morose temper; and he began, in the most indecent language, to stigmatize the Methodists as vagabonds, and their Ministers as the agents of the Prince of Darkness.

On the following evening, in opposition to the remonstrances of her husband, she attended the prayer-meeting. On witnessing her distress, the sympathies of the whole congregation were simultaneously awakened. Many prayed with her; but, apparently, in vain. It seemed as if the heavens were as brass to the petitions offered up. Her heart was broken under a consciousness of guilt; but she despaired of being healed. Her soul was overwhelmed with sorrow; but she refused to be comforted. In a state of the greatest mental disquietude, she returned to her comfortless habitation.

"And have you again dared to go to that synagogue of Satan?" was the language of her husband, as she entered the cottage. Then, raising his voice to the highest pitch, while his countenance assumed a most diabolical expression, betraying the malignant passions of his mind, he declared, with oaths and imprecations, that if ever she again ventured within the walls of that hated conventicle, he would hasten to the chapel, and drag her out by force in the presence of the saintly hypocrites! Undaunted by his threats, and preferring the salvation of her soul to her personal safety, she signified her intention to go on the following evening; declaring, with tears in her eyes, that live she could not in her present state. She accordingly went; and, immediately on entering the chapel, fell on her knees, and, with hands lifted towards heaven, and eyes streaming with tears of genuine contrition, supplicated for pardon and reconciliation with God. Nor did she wrestle long without receiving the blessing. The eye of her faith was raised to Calvary. A sense of her utter helplessness strengthened her desires to cast herself at the foot of the cross; and, while pleading the merits of a bleeding Saviour, her soul was lightened of its load. Pardon was sealed upon her heart, and she was filled with peace and joy in believing. The beautiful doxology was immediately sung by the rejoicing assembly, and the glory of the Highest seemed to fill the place.

It was at this particular juncture that the husband of Sarah entered the chapel; rage depicted on his features, and fury burning in his soul. With rapid strides, he walked up the aisle, in search of his wife. The singing continued. The happy countenances around him arrested his attention; the heavenly smile which beamed upon the face of his wife at once disarmed his persecuting spirit; and the beautiful singing, which had never before regaled his ear, tended to soften his rebellious heart. The power of God seemed to arrest him; and, looking round, in dumb amazement, he sunk powerless to the ground, and was soon changed, from a bold persecutor, to a humble, self-condemned penitent. Feeling himself on the brink of destruction, without a beam of hope to illuminate the midnight darkness of his soul, his cries for mercy became loud and continued. For the space of two hours, he endured the agony of a troubled spirit. The prayers of the congregation were offered on his behalf; and when he at length rose from his knees, he was a "new creature."

But who can describe the sensations which pervaded the bosom of the delighted wife, when she beheld her husband, whose vengeance she had been apprehending, now rejoicing in the liberty of the sons of God? In the presence of the congregation, they cordially embraced each other. The scene was peculiarly affecting. Every heart was melted. The voice of prayer and of praise again resounded through the village sanctuary; and, shortly afterwards, the meeting was closed.

J. T. Barr.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MARTHA WARLEY.

It is delightful to have to record from time to time instances of the blessed results of Sabbath-school teaching. They have been of late too much undervalued. Certainly, the Sunday-school is not a seminary for secular learning; and, viewed in this light, Sunday-school education is very imperfect. This is readily acknowledged. But it is an imperfection that was from the beginning intended to exist. By obtaining the ability to read, the attainment of all sorts of learning became possible to the scholar, if he had favourable opportunities, and diligently

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availed himself of their existence. But the design of the Sunday-school is to impart religious and moral knowledge, and to place the scholars under religious and moral training. And in this respect, Sunday-school education is not so imperfect as many have represented it. It has not made the children learned scholars; though many have become so who, had they never been at a Sabbath-school, would have been ignorant all their days; but it has exerted a religious and moral influence of the very greatest value, both to the individuals and to society. It has kept back from crime. It has made good servants, good workmen, good members of civil, ay, and of religious, society. And in many an instance it has been the means of preparing youth for an early removal from the world, brightening the otherwise gloomy chamber of mortality, imparting patience in suffering, joy in sorrow, and a hope which rises above the shadows of the valley of death into the brightness and serenity of the borders of heaven. Sabbath-school Teachers, be humble, diligent, and faithful; and be encouraged too. God condescends to do a great work by your instrumentality. The following short narrative—a brief tale, but a true one—will illustrate this.

Martha Warley was from her childhood a scholar in the Wesleyan Sabbath-school at Barrowford, in the Colne Circuit. Her diligence and proficiency were very pleasing to her Teachers. At an early period her mind was evidently under the influence of the impressions of divine truth and grace, and at one time she met in class. Unhappily she yielded to an unwatchful and trifling disposition; but her Teachers would not give her up. They affectionately admonished her, and continued to advise her for her good; and though they saw not for a time all the fruit they desired, they were thankful that she was to a great extent preserved from worldly evils, and that she retained her respect for religion, her love for its public services, and her attachment to the school. As she grew up, she first lost her mother, and, after a few years, her father also was removed. These bereavements, in connexion with the persevering efforts of her school-friends to secure her full restoration, at length awakened her earlier feelings: she acknowledged that she had been a backslider in heart, and not only sought re-admission to the society she had left, but prayed most earnestly that God would heal her backslidings, and restore to her the joy of His salvation. Her penitence was deep; but God heard her cry, and put into her mouth the new song of praise and glory to God. Thenceforward with seriousness and diligence she laboured to fulfil her course. It proved to be but a short one. About Christmas-time, 1845, an ignorant and thoughtless person came behind her as she was walking out, and, not being observed, suddenly alarmed her by shouting loudly in her ear. Her nervous system received a shock from this seemingly trivial circumstance from which she never recovered. She frequently suffered much from violent palpitation of the heart, and subsequently from enlargement and general disease there. By the kind benevolence of several friends, she had the advantage of the best medical advice, and at one period hopes were entertained that her health would be restored. But these hopes were soon dissipated by symptoms of consumption, and she felt that the time of her departure was drawing nigh. He who had afflicted her, and was bringing her to the house appointed for all living, was very gracious to her in her sickness. As the outward man decayed, the inner man was renewed day by day. Her mind was stayed on God, and preserved in patience and quietness. She arranged her little affairs a short time before she died. She had collected a few small books, (seventeen,) which she wished to be distributed among the scholars as rewards. She also requested that when her funeral expenses had been paid, any little sum that might remain should be given to the funds of the school. She then calmly waited for the coming of the messenger to call her from suffering to eternal rest. Her peace was undisturbed; and though she was too weak for the more powerful feelings of triumphant joy, her hope was clear and lively, her trust in Christ firm and abiding. In this blessed frame she died, July 27th, 1846, in the twenty-sixth year of her age. Two pounds ten shillings were received by the school Treasurers, according to the directions which she had previously given.

P. PRESCOTT.

SKETCHES OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE CROSS IN CHEAPSIDE IN 1638.

VERY different is the Cheapside of the present day, with its full stream of passengers passing and repassing, from the Cheapside of two hundred and fifty, and even two hundred, years ago. Old Stowe, (he wrote towards the close of the sixteenth century,) whose quaint and graphic style, combined with his truthful accuracy of description, gives such a romantic interest to his "Survey" of the "London" in which he was born, where he resided, died, and was buried,

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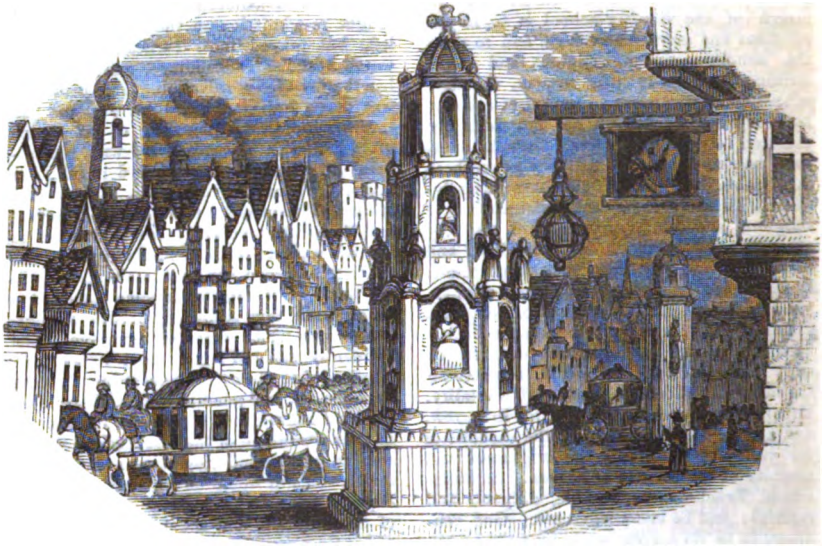

and which he described from his own personal observation, has not left us unacquainted with this central portion of the great thoroughfare which, on the north of the river constituting the metropolis of England the port of the world, traverses the city from its eastern to its western extremity. Its chief ornament at present is Bow Church, the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow, or, with its Latin title, St. Mary de Arcubus. Anciently the court of appeal, called the Court of Arches, belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury, was held in this church, from which, also, it took its name. Here, also, are the Bishops consecrated whom the several cathedral Chapters, by the permission, and at the direction, of the Sovereign, have elected. Bow bell is well known as constituting by its sound the area within which all who are born are entitled to the elegant appellation of "Cockneys." In 1469 the Common Council ordained that Bow bell should be rung nightly at nine o'clock. This should seem to have been the signal for leaving off work, or for supper, or for retiring to rest; for something, at all events, in which the "London 'prentices" took a great interest; for, at one time, the bell being rung usually somewhat late, a rhyme against the clerk was fixed on the church-door:—

"Clarke of the Bow bell, with the yellow lockes,
For thy late ringing thy head shall have knocks."

The clerk, wishful to avert the ire of his opponents, whose character he well knew, replied in the same way,—

"Children of Cheape, hold you all still;
For you shall have the Bow bell rung at your will."

In the olden time, against the northern side of this church, stood a shed, darkening the windows, and projecting into the street, of which, in its whole length, it afforded a good view. This was erected by order of Edward the Third, that he and his Queen and courtiers might behold the "divers joustings that were made in this street." One of these began the 21st of September, 1331, and continued three days. "The stone pavement being covered with sand, that the horses might not slide when they strongly set their feet to the ground, the King held a tournament with the nobility, valiant men of the realm, and other some strange Knights." On certain nights in the year, the "great watches" of the city used to assemble here, making, for those days, a considerable show, with their lanterns and torches. A very different spectacle, by the way, from our modern policemen, in their sober attire, and with their business-look, marching in military order by daylight or by (the sometimes, in London fogs, clearer) gaslight to their respective posts. "In the year 1510, on St. John's even, at night, King Henry VIII. came to this place in the livery of a yeoman of the guard, with an halberd on his shoulder, and there beholding the watch, departed privily when the watch was done, and was not known to any but to whom it pleased him; but on St. Peter's night next following, he and the Queen came royally riding to the said place, and there with their nobles beheld the watch of the city, and returned in the morning."

At the west end of Poultry, (a little to the eastward of Bow Church,) Stowe says, "beginneth the large street of West Cheaping, a

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market-place so called, which street stretcheth west till ye come to the *little conduit* by Paul's gate. In the east part of this street standeth the *great conduit* of sweet water, conveyed by pipes of lead under from Paddington, for the service of the city, castellated with stone, and cisterned with lead, about the year 1285; and again new built and enlarged by Thomas Ham, one of the Sheriffs, 1479."

About the midst of the street stood the "Standard in Cheape," a noted place for civic purposes. In 1293, three men had their right hands cut off there for rescuing a prisoner. In times of triumphant sedition, the insurgents seem to have here wreaked their vengeance on its unhappy objects. In 1381, Wat Tyler caused several persons to be beheaded at the Standard. And in 1450, Lord Say was beheaded there by Jack Cade and the Kentish rebels.

The great Cross was one of those erected by Edward I., in 1290. His wife Elinor having died at Hardby, near Lincoln, her body was brought thence to Westminster, for interment. Wherever the body rested in the course of the journey, the King caused a memorial-cross to be erected, with the Queen's image and arms upon it. The places were Grantham, Northampton, Stony-Stratford, Woburn, Dunstable, St. Alban's, Waltham, West-Cheap, and Charing. The Cheapside cross appears to have been the most magnificent among them. On state-occasions it was accustomed to be cleaned and beautified, as one of the splendid monuments of the city. It was new gilt over in 1552, against the coming of the Emperor Charles V., new burnished for the coronation of Edward VI., and new gilt against the coming of Philip of Spain, the betrothed husband of Queen Mary.

The engraving from which our woodcut is taken, is found in an old French book, describing the visit paid in 1638 by Mary de Medicis to her daughter, the Queen of Charles I. She passed in gay procession through London, from the east—therefore, through Cheapside, the main thoroughfare,—to the royal residence at Westminster.

Seven years afterwards, in 1645, another spectacle was witnessed in Cheapside. At the time of the Anglican Reformation, the Government believed that it would be right to order the destruction of numerous objects of Papal superstition, *and proceeded as far as their views on the subject went.* The *principle* was thus established as a *precedent* for succeeding times, if *ever* they, whose views went further, should obtain power to act accordingly. And such a time had come in 1645. The Papalizing tendencies of Laud, fully supported by Charles, and collaterally strengthened by the influence of his Queen, who was a devoted and zealous Romanist, had so excited both the indignation and the apprehensions of the Puritan party, that the Parliament, in which the influence of that party predominated, ordered the demolition of all that appeared to them to be occasions and supports of Papal superstitions. We now give no opinion on the case. It is not necessary here. We merely say that the precedent was established by the Anglican Reformers in the *principle* of their order. The only difference between them and the Puritans was, that the latter, applying the term "superstition" more widely, their order went beyond that of their predecessors. In 1645, the regular authorities proceeded to Cheapside, and directed the demolition of the Old Cross that had stood there so long. No doubt there would be, at both these periods, two classes of actors. Some who acted regularly, in due form of law, and on principle. But at all such times there are likewise persons naturally hot-tempered; persons whose strong passions, without religion, would make them violent in their families and among their neighbours. Unhappily, some of these take up a religious profession with very little knowledge, very little piety, no conviction that self-control is necessary for the Christian, that he may do all things decently and in order, as the word of God commands. Violent passions, and an obstinate resolution to have their own way, such persons call *zeal*, as Jehu boasted of his "zeal for the Lord." On all great occasions of religious excitement, such persons will be found, disgracing, by their carnal fury, the cause they espouse. No doubt some of these would be found at work in *breaking images* in the days of the first Reformers; and some of these would be found among the Puritan breakers of images and crosses. All such must bear their own burden. A good cause may be disfigured by the obtrusion of *weak-minded, strong-passioned,* ay, and even *bad,* men, into its proceedings. The cause itself must stand or fall by its own merits.

And thus the Cheapside Cross disappeared from view in 1645, and only remains in pictorial illustrations and historical descriptions.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE TABERNACLE.

EXPOSITORY.

(*Continued from page* 281.)

THOUGH our pictorial illustration refers immediately to the *tabernacle,* as set up in the wilderness by divine direction, it is possible that in some of our explanatory remarks we may speak of the *temple,* erected

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by Solomon in Jerusalem. Just a word or two on the differences between the two, and the relation of the latter to the former, may be useful, perhaps necessary. The *tabernacle* was set up while the people were as yet dwellers in tents, temporary sojourners in particular spots, travellers whose journey was not yet finished. A building with foundations would not have suited a people in such circumstances. And yet a structure was necessary which should sufficiently convey to them the permanent design of its existence, whether under the form of a movable tabernacle, or of a fixed building,—a temple. The tabernacle, in the materials employed in its construction, and in the manner in which they were put together, was every way suited to the circumstances of the Israelites at the time. The people dwelt in tents: this was a complicated tent for religious purposes.

But it was a tent so complicated, that all its particular arrangements, and their mutual relations, and their union, were designed and intended to set before the people the symbols of the religion they were to maintain and profess during the whole period of their national existence. *When was it set up?* When the children of Israel may be said to be just commencing their national existence. The generation of unbelieving rebels had died off: their carcases fell in the wilderness. The new generation had grown up. By this Canaan was to be conquered and settled. Their work for some time after crossing the Jordan would be *battling*, and so *gaining* possession. But their religious system was given them previously, in the pause between the period when the new generation was *ready for action*, and when, by the command of God, under their new leader, (for Moses, the representative of *law*, could only bring them within sight of the promised land: it was by Joshua, whose name afterwards became the significant title-name of the great Redeemer; it was by Joshua, *the divine Saviour*, that Israel was led over Jordan, into Canaan, and thus obtained the promised rest,) they *did act*, and became, in consequence of their directed action, both a political and a religious people, a state and a church; so that, as soon as these new inheritors *felt themselves at home* in Canaan, here was their religion. It was one of the primitive elements of their national existence. And what the sun is to the stellar system to which it belongs, and which it forms into system, and preserves in distinct oneness, that which the keystone is to the arch, that which the settled alphabet is, first to the words, and ultimately to the whole literature of a language, that was the tabernacle to the Israelites. It was first set up in the wilderness; but all its parts were carried over Jordan to be again set up in Canaan. As soon as the people began to be a nation, in their own land, so soon did their commanded religion show itself. And the tabernacle was not merely a place for worship. Such was its construction, such the character of the services for which it was designed, that it proclaimed the nature of the religion of which it was not only a principal part, but the very source. The tabernacle was Judaism in symbol. The tabernacle understood was Judaism understood. We go further. The right understanding of the tabernacle is the preparation for the right understanding of Christianity. As the tabernacle did, in fact, contain and express the whole system of Judaism in one vast and complicated symbol, so, that symbol, first rightly understood, and then removed to make way for the revelation of its simple but sublime truths, brings before us that scheme of human redemption in which the adorable wisdom of God is as clearly manifested, as in the frame of physical nature the same adorable wisdom shines forth on other objects. The tabernacle understood, Judaism is understood, and Christianity is understood. They who see not this advancing progress, see not as they should even its first steps. The Jew who finds not Christianity in the tabernacle, does not know what he finds there at all. The Judaism which the modern Jew finds in the tabernacle, is not the Judaism of his fathers, not the Judaism of Moses, not the Judaism of the written word. He who truly believes the mysteries of the tabernacle, and then, in all godly simplicity and sincerity, seeks to explore them, finds himself a Christian unawares. He can only avoid this by refusing to make the tabernacle self-interpreting.

Such being the tabernacle, when Solomon was permitted to build the temple, was any new principle introduced? No such thing. The tabernacle was, indeed, movable. But the nation was now not only settled, but triumphant. Its political form was fixed. A movable tabernacle was no longer necessary. The resting-place for it was now divinely fixed. But while Solomon was permitted thus to erect a tabernacle not to be taken down and removed, to erect a tabernacle for permanency in one place, thus allowing a complete change of materials, *this change was all.* The *temple* was the *tabernacle built of stone and timber*, built to remain ever at Jerusalem. The *tabernacle* was the *temple* so constructed that it might be set up and taken down; set up in one place; taken down and removed to another, and there set up again. But the symbolic character, as constituted by its arrangement and form, underwent no change. The tabernacle was Judaism in visible substance; Christianity in the mystery of the symbol. The temple was the same. The *materials* were different; the *substantial* arrangement and form were the same. The tabernacle was a movable temple; the temple a fixed tabernacle.

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And at the tabernacle and temple the duties of the national religion, as national, were performed. In his family the Jew attended to the religion of man, as set before him by revelation, teaching his children diligently its sacred truths. In the synagogue he joined in social prayer, listened to the public reading of the book of the law of the Lord, and to the word of exhortation founded on it. But he went to the tabernacle or temple as the Jew; engaging in those services which, in connexion with the symbols of the place and of the priesthood, whose members were its constant attendants, exhibited to all who would understand them the sublime mysteries of the religion of redemption. By many, the outward forms were all that were seen. They rested in the outward law, nor knew its deep design. But the men of spirituality went far beyond this. The secret of the Lord was with them that feared Him, and to them did He show His covenant. The language of David in the Psalms often bespeaks an enlightened acquaintance with the general realities which, though invisible in themselves, were exhibited in various symbolic forms and actions. Judaism was Christianity symbolized, and the tabernacle was the silent yet powerful preacher of the Gospel. Christianity is Judaism divested of its symbolics, and shining forth in all the glory of grace and truth. Instead of a visible tabernacle, restricted to one place, Christians have a system of saving truth, ever present with them, devised by adorable love, arranged by adorable wisdom, and adapted to them in all their circumstances as creatures of God, as fallen, as redeemed, and invited to participate fully and eternally in the blessings of redemption. The tabernacle can no longer be put together for either Jew or Christian. The attempt to do so is the grand error of Roman and Anglican Papists. But all which rendered it valuable exists as truly as ever; we may say, more efficaciously than ever. All that the tabernacle symbolized, Christianity reveals; and to this day do we experience the abiding value of the tabernacle and its services, in that we derive from them a whole vocabulary of appropriate terms by which the truths of redemption, in which neither physical nor moral nature can directly instruct us, may be adequately and impressively expressed.

Such, then, being the proper exposition of the *general character* of the tabernacle, what are its particular symbols; what the truths which, in this particular way, they adumbrated?

To this we must devote another paper. The vast importance of the subject not only justifies this, but requires it. The tabernacle is a wondrous exposition of Christ and salvation; and he who rightly understands the language of its symbols obtains thus a key which opens to him some of the most glorious realities of divine revelation.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

POETRY.

THE PRAYER.

"In all time of our tribulation, in all time of our wealth, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, GOOD LORD, DELIVER US."

WHEN soft pleasure's smile invites me,
And too near her snares I tread;
When her siren voice delights me,—
SAVIOUR, awe me into dread.

When infernal foes assailing
Rise in myriads from the deep,
O'er my impotence prevailing,—
SAVIOUR, still my spirit keep.

When the proud in scorn deride me,
When the lips of hate revile,
Through their malice safely guide me;
SAVIOUR, cheer me with Thy smile.

When, by cross and shame surrounded,
Nature tempts me to repine,
Let me think of shame unbounded,—
SAVIOUR, let me think of Thine!

When affliction's hand oppressing
Lays my vigour in the dust,
Feeble flesh and heart distressing,—
SAVIOUR, be Thy love my trust.

When my life's last pulses quiver,
When I quit this trembling frame,
Leave, forsake, forget me NEVER!
SAVIOUR, evermore the SAME.

When the resurrection's hour
Shall the captive dead set free,
Let me feel Thy rising's power,—
SAVIOUR, let me rise like Thee.

When the trumpet's awful sounding
Shall all realms of nature fill,
Startling earth, and hell confounding,—
SAVIOUR, own and guard me still.

When bright crowds, array'd in glory,
Gather'd round the throne shall be,
Let full pæans tell the story,
SAVIOUR, of THY LOVE TO ME!

H. Y. H.

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PAPERS ON BOTANY.

ONYCHA.

As some difference of opinion exists on the meaning of the Hebrew term thus rendered, we shall content ourselves with giving the entire statement contained in Lady Callcott's "Scripture Herbal." The word occurs in Exod. xxx. 34; and Ecclus. xxiv. 15:—

"This, from the context in both the above-cited passages, must have been some fragrant vegetable gum or resin. 'Take to thee sweet spices, staete, and onycha, and galbanum,' is the command in Exodus for preparing the perfume for the tabernacle. In Ecclesiasticus, we have 'a pleasant odour like the best myrrh, as galbanum, and onycha, and sweet storax.'

"Nevertheless, some authors have fancied that onycha was the produce of a shell-fish, and so called from its shining something like a man's nail; and an old Dutch naturalist says that the opercule of a certain shell-fish of the class *murex*, at Amboyna, serves for the basis of ten different Indian perfumes, and has that peculiar lustre like a nail.

"But this seems very improbable, if only because the context implies a vegetable perfume. The Arabic version makes it *ladanum*, but the Hebrew word translated *onycha* is different from the name of that drug.

"It has been suggested that gum benzoin, which is not mentioned by any other name in Scripture, must be onycha. Its fracture has exactly the lustre required by the name.

"It is the most odoriferous of gums, and, in fact, rather resembles an inspissated balsam than a gum. Its peculiarly agreeable odour and pleasant taste arise from the principle it contains, called benzoic acid, which is found also in the balsam of Tolu, and in the Tacamahac. The benzoin-tree belongs to the family of the *styrax*, and is sometimes called *styrax-benzoin*, but by Hayne *benzoin officinale*.

"The tree is not large, nor, by description, does it appear to be a showy plant. The gum is a secretion from the bark, and is of great efficacy in healing wounds. It enters into the composition of many balsams and salves, particularly the well-known Friar's balsam.

"Such are the pretensions of the benzoin to be looked upon as the true onycha, which,

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from the text, as I have already said, must have been some fragrant vegetable gum, precious in itself, of foreign production, and ranking with stacte, and myrrh, and galbanum, and sweet storax; all which conditions are fulfilled by the gum benzoin."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE PROVISION OF MATERIAL SUBSTANCES FOR MAN'S USE, BY MEANS OF HUMAN INDUSTRY AND SKILL.

It was no ordinary elevation which Virgil had reached when he wrote, "All things are full of Jove." But Heathenism could never open to its votaries the full import of this, nor enable them either to maintain this lofty position, or properly to improve it. That belongs to the student of divine revelation. With the eyes of his understanding opened, and a boundless prospect around him, rendered visible in its comprehensiveness and details by light from heaven, he can say, "All things are full of God." Every privilege has peculiar and related duty. The knowledge of this truth brings with it the obligation to see God in all things according to our opportunity and ability, that we may find God in all things, that we may learn from all things that which may be known concerning God by means of them, that thus, with head and heart, intelligence and love, we may magnify His great and glorious name.

The Almighty Creator, all of whose works were made in wisdom and goodness, is the Sovereign of all His creatures endowed with life. These exist in two great classes, agreeing together in their essential properties as living animals, but in other respects widely differing, and existing under widely different constitutions of government, according to their particular natures. Speaking in very general terms, there are what are usually called *the irrational animals*. Over these the rule is perfect. Very wonderful is the order preserved in what modern philosophy has denominated, with greater significance and propriety than is often supposed, or intended to be included in the terms employed, *the animal kingdom*. The creatures composing it are governed by laws impressed on their nature, or mixed up with it. Man calls these—though they are beyond his comprehension—the laws of instinct. Animals act freely in one sense; in another, necessarily. They act according to their respective natures. Capable of action, and even of skilful and foreseeing action, yet all this is far different from human industry, skill, and foresight. Gifted with certain appetites and faculties, in wonderful adaptation to each other, their wants are supplied by immediate natural provision. Their clothing is a part of themselves. Their food is found in natural substances ready at once for their use. They keep in the limits of their respective vocations. Habitations they only need for bringing their young to a rapid maturity; and though these show in some respects great simplicity, in others, what would be termed in men surprising and admirable skill, yet it is not the skill of human architecture. For each individual of the same kind the plan is unvarying and constant. The more we think on these subjects, the more shall we be impressed with the wisdom and benevolence which they exhibit. With an almighty, wise, and benevolent dominion and provision, God rules over the countless myriads of these creatures whom He has called into existence, and feeds them all.

Man is elevated above these by all those faculties and qualities which make him a subject of the moral government of God. But we are not going to notice this at present. Our design is to notice the natural government under which man is placed. We would only say that even in this natural government we may see one grand principle, the full development of which can only be found in his moral government. He has *some* instincts, but they do not in his case operate with invincible necessity. The laws by which he is to act are set before him; and he is required to govern his instincts, his natural appetites and passions, as well as all his capacities and faculties, according to the laws set before him. His obedience is to be the result of knowledge and choice. He is a free, self-governing creature, but not independent. He is to perceive his duty, and perceiving it, to do it. He is capable of knowing and approving right; of knowing and blaming wrong. Doing right, his condescending, and gracious, and righteous Lord approves, rewards, and blesses. Doing wrong, his righteous Lord condemns and punishes. And these principles are manifest in both the natural and moral government under which he is placed. In fact, so completely is he a moral agent, that even what we have termed that natural government of which he is the subject shares largely in the character of that which is directly moral.

Look at the new-born infant. Whatever he may be, he is the most helpless and dependent of all creatures. And even in his vigour and maturity, see him in his savage condition. Barely covered with skins, dwelling in a hut showing scarcely so much

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ingenuity as is to be seen in some birds'-nests, feeding precariously on roots, or wild animals, insects, fishes, even reptiles. Then see him in his civilized condition. Look at his clothing, his houses, his furniture; all that ministers to his necessities, his comforts, conveniences, luxuries. Whence come all these? From natural substances of various kinds, the properties of which he has been enabled to ascertain, all governed by certain laws, which in process of time he has likewise ascertained; mechanical, chemical, &c. There are the substances. All the rest is the product of his own knowledge, his own industry. They have been termed the creations of man. In a sense, they are so; for he was made in the image of God. He can give existence to nothing previously non-existent. But substances and laws being given, he can apply them to his own purposes; fashion and form them, create their products. He can do more. He can add indefinitely to his own powers by the construction of tools and machinery, by which the powers of nature become auxiliary to his own industry. Oppose machinery? What could man do without it? Tools are only simple machinery. Machinery is but a complication of tools. What could he do without a knife, an axe, a hammer, a spade? Toolless man would soon be savage man. Some instruments of labour even the savage must have. Whatever present inconveniences machinery may at first produce, the evil is comparative and temporary; the good, real and lasting. Never join in the irrational—yea, and the sinful—outcry against machinery.

Our space will not allow us to pass the threshhold of the door we have opened. We can at present only say, that the provisions for man's use, through his industry and skill, are found in the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal kingdoms. We shall consider mineral substances first. We refer, for instance, to iron, and the other metals; to coal, to the various kinds of clay, and stone, &c. At present we will only add that it is a mystery in the history of man which we cannot penetrate, how first he learned where to find some of them, what were their properties, uses, &c. Ignorant of iron and coal, what could he do; what else could he find? Had we a perfect history of the proceedings of the first generations of mankind, we should have some wonderful providences brought before us. The antediluvians were not savages. Man was civilized, in some degree, from the beginning. Savagism is a fallen state, and we not only have no record of savages raising themselves, but the whole reason of the case shows that they could not do so.

Let even this introductory sketch, imperfect as it is, excite admiration and gratitude, and teach us that we not only *may* employ our industry and skill with devout reference to God, but that we *ought* to do so. We may be, we ought to be, religious in everything; to glorify God in everything. It is the sure way to individual and social well-being and happiness.

ANECDOTES.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

It is related, that during the first few days of the reign of Queen Victoria, then a girl between nineteen and twenty years of age, some sentences of a court-martial were presented for her signature. One was death for desertion. A soldier was condemned to be shot, and his death-warrant was presented to the Queen for her signature. She read it, paused, and looked up to the officer who had laid it before her, and said, "Have you nothing to say in behalf of this man?" "Nothing; he has deserted three times," said the officer. "Think again, my Lord," was her reply. "And," said the gallant veteran, as he related the circumstance to his friends, (for it was none other than the Duke of Wellington,) "seeing Her Majesty so earnest about it, I said, He is certainly a bad soldier, but there was somebody who spoke to his good character, and he may be a good man, for aught I know to the contrary." "O, thank you a thousand times!" exclaimed the youthful Queen; and hastily writing, "Pardoned," in large letters, on the fatal page, she sent it across the table with a hand trembling with eagerness and beautiful emotion!

JUVENILE SHOPKEEPER.

I went one day into a wax-chandler's shop, on the invitation of a mannikin of seven years old. With us, at such an age, children are helpless, timid, childish, and child-like; in Russia, they are adroit, cunning, and too clever by half. Dressed in his little blue caftan (or loose robe) of precisely the same cut as that worn by men, the infant merchant entreated me to enter his shop, bowing in the same obsequious fashion as his elders; and when I told him that I was not going to buy, but only wanted to look at his wares, he answered as complaisantly as his papa could have done, "Pray oblige me by looking at whatever you please." He showed

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me all his stock, opened every press with a dexterous willingness, which I could not but admire; knew, not only the price of every sort of candle, but the whole capital invested in the stock, the yearly returns, the wholesale price, the profit at so much per cent.; in a word, he had, in every respect, the demeanour of an experienced trader.—*Kohl's Russia.*

REMARKABLE DAYS.

JOHN SMEATON,

Died October 28th, 1792.

John Smeaton was born on the 28th of May, or, according to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the 18th of June, 1724, at Ansthorpe, near Leeds, in a house built by his grandfather. His father, who was an Attorney, designed his son for his own profession, and educated him with this view.

In his twenty-second year, he went to London, and attended the Courts in Westminster-Hall. But finding no pleasure in legal pursuits, he wrote very strongly to his father on the subject, who judiciously resolved to allow him to follow the bent of his own decided inclination towards mechanical pursuits. When much younger, instead of indulging in the amusements of children of his own age, he displayed an original and inventive genius altogether extraordinary. Instead of toys, he delighted in handling tools, and watched the operations of the workmen who used them with inquisitive wonder. While he was in petticoats, he mounted to the top of his father's barn, and fixed there a small windmill of his own construction; and, being at a neighbouring village one day, and seeing some men employed in fixing a pump, from one of them he begged a piece of lead pipe, and formed a small pump, by which he could raise water. In his fifteenth year, he invented an engine for turning, and amused himself in turning fancy-boxes of wood and ivory, which he presented to his friends. He also cast, in brass, a perpetual screw, such as had been invented by Mr. Hindley, of York; with whom he formed an acquaintance, which proved of no small help to him. Before he was eighteen years of age, he had accumulated a great variety of tools, for working in wood, ivory, and metal; and was in the habit of forging iron, tempering steel, and melting metal, for his own use.

In 1750 he returned to London, and established himself as a philosophical instrument maker, in the Great-Turnstile, Holborn; and soon became known to scientific men by several ingenious inventions. Among these were a machine for measuring a ship's way at sea, and a magnetic compass. He made two voyages, in company with Dr. Knight, for the purpose of testing these. His fame led to his election as a Member of the Royal Society, in 1753, before he reached his thirtieth year.

Eddystone lighthouse having been destroyed by fire in 1755, the proprietors applied to the President of the Royal Society to recommend a proper person to re-erect it; and such was his confidence in the genius of Smeaton, that he at once mentioned him, though he had never practised as an architect or engineer.

The first lighthouse on the Eddystone rock was erected in 1698, by Mr. Winstanley; who was so confident of its strength that, on a doubt having been expressed on this subject, he declared his wish to be in it during "the greatest storm that ever blew under the face of the heavens." In November, 1703, he, with several workmen, were engaged in effecting some considerable repairs, when such a storm came on, and swept away the lighthouse and all who were in it. Soon after this catastrophe, the "Winchelsea" man-of-war was wrecked on the rock, when most of her crew perished; evincing the necessity of a lighthouse on the spot. In 1708, one was finished under the direction of Mr. Rudyerd, of London; which, after standing forty-seven years, was consumed by fire.

Mr. Smeaton began his operations on the 5th of April, 1756, and accomplished the work by the 16th of October, 1759. While studying the best method of rendering the structure sufficiently strong to resist the onsets of the mighty elements in the midst of which it was to stand, he observed how nature had provided in such cases. For his model he took the oak, which, toward the roots, spreads out with a sweeping curve, so as to give breadth and strength to the base; and, after tapering as it ascends, again spreads out to afford room for the insertion of the principal boughs. The latter is represented on the lighthouse by a curved cornice, which effectually throws off the heavy seas. The waves, thus checked in their course, sometimes rise up nearly a hundred feet above the top of the building, without injuring the lantern, or concealing the light. This erection forms an era in the history of lighthouses, and has deeply interested a maritime people. It is a lasting monument of the genius of the man whose work, under Divine Providence, has been the means of saving perhaps multitudes of lives.

About the same time he obtained the

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gold medal of the Royal Society, for a paper entitled, "An Experimental Inquiry concerning the Natural Powers of Water and Wind to turn Mills and other Machines depending on a Circular Motion."

Though his fame as a civil engineer was established by the erection of Eddystone lighthouse, it was some time afterwards that he devoted himself fully to engineering. In 1764 he was appointed one of the Receivers of the Greenwich Hospital estates, in a manner highly honourable to himself. After faithfully discharging the duties of this situation for thirteen years, he resigned it in consequence of the increase of his other engagements. The superintendence of the erection of the lighthouses at the Spurn-Head, at the mouth of the Humber, was committed to him, and completed in April, 1777. Among the many important matters in which he was engaged, were the improvement of the navigation of the river Calder, the erection of the bridge across the river Tay, at Perth, and of others on the Highland road, north of Inverness. He also surveyed and superintended the construction of a considerable portion of the great canal which connects the Forth with the Clyde.

The two centre arches of old London Bridge having been thrown into one, so increased the force pressing against the piers, that they were gradually undermined, and the bridge so endangered as to require an effectual remedy. The opinions of several architects failing to give satisfaction, Smeaton was consulted, and the plan he advised was left to be carried into effect by himself. Next to the Eddystone lighthouse, as a monument of his skill, is the noble pier and magnificent harbour of Ramsgate. The eastern pier is about two thousand, and the western fifteen hundred, feet in length; affording refuge to ships lying in the Downs, when exposed to those storms which have frequently strewed that coast with wrecks.

His Reports, collected by Sir Joseph Banks, and presented by him to the Society of Civil Engineers, and by that respectable body published in three quarto volumes, show something of the vast extent and variety of the subjects to which his wonderful powers were so profitably directed, and also what may be effected by persevering industry.

In 1785 his health began to decline, and this led him to withdraw partially from his more active employments, that he might serve his country by publishing accounts of his own inventions and works. In 1791, his elaborate account of the Eddystone lighthouse appeared. On the 16th of September, in the following year, from anxiety and over-exertion, he was seized with paralysis while walking in his garden, and on the 28th of October he expired, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

The character of this distinguished man was marked by strict integrity, industry, and punctuality. He was also moderate in the accumulation of wealth. This led him to relinquish more than one profitable appointment, and to refuse the tempting offers of Catherine II., of Russia, who would have purchased his services at almost any price. Though to strangers he appeared somewhat harsh, he was greatly beloved by his family and friends. He had long thought that the disease of which he died would, in all probability, terminate his days, as it was hereditary in the family. He felt some concern that he should outlive the use of his mental faculties; still, his mind remained clear till the period of the fatal seizure. If his attainments in religion were equal to those which related to the things of this life, it is now well with him indeed.

PETER SAMUEL.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

[All notices for this department, if not sent by one of the Ministers of the Circuit, must be authenticated by his signature, in addition to that of the sender.]

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Busfield, Mrs. Jane,	Pateley-Bridge,	Pateley-Bridge,	54	June 8th, 1850.
Cooper, Mrs. Benjamin,	Derby,	Derby,	34	May 14th, 1850.
Crane, Miss Catherine,	Whitehaven,	Whitehaven,	26	April 6th, 1850.
Goldsworthy, Mr. Colan,	Skinner's-Bottom,	Redruth,	47	Nov. 5th, 1849.
Hill, Miss Elizabeth,	Beeby,	Melton-Mowbray,	25	May 25th, 1850.
Hudson, Mrs. Sarah,	Haugh's Farm,	Knaresborough,	60	April 12th, 1850.
Lee, Miss Jane,	Middlesmoor,	Pateley-Bridge,	26	May 16th, 1850.
Newbould, Mrs. Alice,	Mosscarr-Bottom,	Pateley-Bridge,	43	June 20th, 1850.
Powning, Mr. John M.,	Blackwater,	Redruth,	54	Dec. 24th, 1849.
Thomas, Mr. W., jun.,	North Country,	Redruth,	27	Jan. 3d, 1850.

H. T. & J. ROCHE, PRINTERS, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

NOVEMBER, 1850.

"I BELIEVE IN THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS."

JOYFUL words! What a relief are they to my heart! I thank God I was ever taught to utter them. But do I fully understand their gracious import? Am I aware of their depth of meaning? Do I really see myself in them; see the holiness of the broken law; see the all-sufficiency of the atonement; the vastness of the Christian privilege, the simplicity and efficacy of the instrument by which that great privilege may be secured to individuals?

Let me for a moment pause, and look seriously into the subject. 'I am one of the ruined race. Sin has entered into the world. It has reached to all. There is no exception. I am a sinner, an offender in the sight of God. I have sinned against Heaven. My guilt is great. I am a debtor to eternal justice. My liabilities are dreadful. The number and aggravation of my offences distress me. My guiltiness accumulates under every view of my transgressions. The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness. It abideth on me. Refuge fails. I am undone! There is a hell of endless woe. It is my "portion;" *mine* by God's righteous law. It moves from beneath to meet me at my coming. Destruction yawns. I am suspended by a hair over the pit. The thread of life alone—that brittle thread—keeps me from torment. O God! I am condemned! 'Tis just the sentence should take place. 'Tis just! But, O! is mercy gone; clean gone for ever? Must I be damned? Has God sworn in His anger that I shall perish in my sins, perish eternally? Is He inexorable? Will He be favourable no more? Is He deaf to all prayers, tears, groans of penitence and contrition? Will He for ever reject the sacrifice of a broken heart?

No. O no! *There* is *forgiveness!* Grace has opened mercy's door. A ransom is found. God Himself has provided a remedy. The broken law is covered by the mercy-seat. There is an atonement for sins. Divinity has stooped. The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us. Christ hath died, died for sinners. He loved me when dead in trespasses and sins. When I was an enemy, a rebel, "He gave Himself for me." O the depth of the riches, riches of mercy to man, to me! Since that stupendously condescending visit of "pitying tenderness divine" to the guilty pair in the garden, "in the cool of the day," love's mysterious plan has been gradually unfolded. The curse of man's sin fell "on the ground," and on the "cattle;" that man might see his wickedness, and the evil and bitter thing he had done. There grow the "thorns and thistles;" and there welters the bleeding, innocent lamb. How many of the "firstlings of his flock" were appointed to suffer the pains and writhings of death before his eyes, to bring man's sin to his remembrance! to bring it so to his remembrance as to fit him to be a recipient—"a

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vessel—of mercy." I could not be forgiven without a broken and a contrite heart. I could not be comforted by mercy, till I had mourned for my guilty deserts. I could not mourn in genuine penitence till I saw and felt my sin. I could not comprehend and feel the evil of my sin, till I saw my surety and substitute in the agonies of death for me. But the blood of the poor innocent beast, though slain on my account, and in my room and stead, could not melt my hard heart. It must needs be the blood of Jesus. The blood of the innocent *animal*, the lamb from the flock, "without spot, and blameless," was necessary as "the shadow" of a "better sacrifice." It could not take away sin. It could only proclaim God's gracious intentions respecting forthcoming mercy. My guilty ears must needs receive that melting, "joyful sound" from heaven,—"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." My guilty feet must ascend Calvary. My guilty eyes must see the cross. My guilty hands must feel the horrid "print of the nail," and the deadly wound of the spear, in the flesh of Jesus, or my guilty heart, my "heart of stone," could not relent, and be exchanged for a "heart of flesh." O, mystery of love! "It cost His blood my heart to win." Without the shedding of innocent blood for me, I could have no remission of sins, nor love in my heart. To procure and testify "forgiveness" to me, God spared not His own Son. He gave Him up, the Just for the unjust. He laid on Him my iniquities. It pleased the Father to bruise Him and put Him to grief in my stead. He was wounded for my transgressions, and with His stripes I am healed.

Glory be to God, *I believe*. I believe in the *forgiveness* of sins. I could not so believe had not God laid in Zion the foundation for my faith. He revealed *the truth*, the truth as it is in JESUS. I believe it. I have just grounds to do so. I have been told the truth, and the truth I believe. My faith is "belief of the truth." Truth itself makes me free; free from debt; free from "the curse;" free from condemnation and "the wrath to come." Thank God, "*I believe*." The Gospel covenant is signed and sealed. All its benefits are mine. I am an heir of glory. I have a title to "all things." It is restored to me in Christ Jesus my Lord. My sins, unforgiven, were a double curse. They shut me out of happiness, and shut me up in misery. I had no rest in my bones. Peace, hope, righteousness, all fled! But now I believe in the forgiveness of sins. I am pardoned. The curse is removed. God is no longer against me, but for me. He is reconciled. His pardoning voice is heard within. He "whispers, I am His." The holy Dove has returned. He is become my Comforter. I have peace with God. The Spirit of Christ has entered my heart, "crying, Abba, Father." *My* spirit joyfully responds to the cry, and I feel the blessedness of him who is forgiven and adopted.

I believe in the forgiveness of sins. *Others* may also believe. It is free for ALL. The blessing is *unlimited*. God hath *so* loved the *world*. He would have all men to be saved. For "every man" Jesus tasted death. To "every creature" he commands the Gospel to be preached. The feast is for "all people." O, hear the Saviour! "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Return, then, O return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon you, and He will abundantly pardon. See the woman that had been a sinner, at the feet of Jesus! Her heart is contrite. She is sick of sin. She grieves for having grieved her Lord; but she is returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of her soul. Affecting monument of mercy! Her tears fall fast! But her sins are all forgiven, and she is bid to go in peace. See the prodigal approaching his offended father! He acknowledges his sin, and "unworthiness." But his aggrieved father, full of pity, hastens to assure

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him of his readiness to forgive. My fellow-sinners, behold! There sits the prodigal, at the table, fed and forgiven, clothed and adorned; a trophy of saving mercy! See, also, backsliding, penitent Peter, "weeping bitterly," and his forgiving Master wiping away his tears with the assurance of pardoning love. Reader, dost *thou* want "forgiveness?" Cry, "Lord, remember *me*," and thou shalt not be forgotten; for "every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth."

"Believe, and know your sins forgiven,
Only believe, and yours is heaven."

C.

SELECTIONS FROM A MINISTER'S MANUSCRIPTS.

No. XIX.

THE COURSE OF THE SOCIALIST.

SOCIALISM. This a very attractive word, pleasing in its sound, full of promise in its strict and proper meaning. Unity of persons, friendliness, good fellowship, freedom in conversation, and union in a general interest, all these great and valuable feelings and favours are included in real Socialism. But the system of the age so designated is the very reverse of what the name embraces and promises. Never was an interesting word more degraded, prostituted, and wrested from its proper meaning than this when applied to the confederacy called "Socialists" in the present day. If ever there was a wicked pretence born in hell, and deceptively propagated on earth, it is this. It points to its author in its character; for that character has written upon it *a lie*, the forgery of fiends, to ensnare, and destroy the well-being and happiness of society. What is a Socialist in profession? A correcter of abuses, a reformer of governments, a regenerator of the world. What is he in principle? Depraved, selfish, tyrannical, an infidel. What is he in practice? A destroyer of the civil and relative bonds of society, a would-be plunderer of the property of others, profane in his language, polluted in his habits, a scoffer at religion. Follow him into his family, and there you will find that his presence is feared, and the desolation which his dwelling presents proclaims that a drunkard, or an indolent or a dissipated man, is master there. Follow him on a Sabbath, he is never seen on his knees, never enters the house of worship, never whispers the accents of holy praise, never opens the book of God. He may be found in the gin-palace, or over the ale-bench, projecting or discussing schemes for reforming every person and every thing but himself. Speak to him about the Scriptures of God, and you will see the sneer of contempt, and hear such blasphemous sentiments uttered as show that God, as well as man, is the object of his hatred. To these statements there may be solitary exceptions, but they are generally correct in reference to the class of Socialists. Let one of the family state his own case. In a letter to a Minister, he observes: "In the early part of my life I was a member of a Christian church, and endeavoured, in a certain capacity, to be the instructer of others. A misunderstanding took place between me and my Pastor: I was offended, and withdrew from church-membership. Being of an ardent nature, I soon united myself to a body of Radical Reformers, with whom I laboured intensely to diffuse principles calculated, as I supposed, to promote good government. But among these regenerators of mankind, I soon found men who, while professing to seek the liberty of others, were themselves in the bondage of corruption. By

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my companions a Supreme Intelligence was denied, death was proclaimed an eternal sleep, human responsibility was pronounced to be an opinion or sentiment, only entertained by persons of a weak and superstitious mind. And while spreading their infidel notions under the high-sounding title of liberty, they manifested that they were baptized with the spirit which only wanted the power to erect revolutionary tribunals similar to those of France in 1793, and bury all that was lovely in a nation's history in the nation's sepulchre."

Such is the description given of the religious, or rather the irreligious, principles, spirit, and purposes of his reforming companions,—men prepared to trample upon all the laws of society, and riot in plunder and blood. What a downward, degrading course was this, for which he left his early associates, with whom he had lived in the spirit of love, and the practice of purity, and in the fear and worship of God! How low his fall, and dreadful the spiritual loss he sustained! And this was not all the injury he suffered; for he not only made awful shipwreck of faith, but his temporal circumstances were painfully and lastingly damaged. He states, "To my bitter experience I soon found, where there was a laxity of religious principles, there was a disregard to the faith of civil engagements; the love of gain was uppermost, and I was plunged into ruin, subjecting myself and family to unheard-of privations." Into these circumstances he was brought by lending to those of his associates who never repaid him, and befriending those who manifested no gratitude. Thus was this misguided man plundered of his property, and reduced from a respectable situation in life to beg his bread.

The Minister to whom these facts were communicated, in a personal interview, exhorted him to return with penitence to his offended God, and endeavour, by the exercise of his talents in the path of industry, and by forsaking the company of the wicked, to recover character in society. He promised so to do, as soon as he could get means to place him under the influence of his real friends. It may be hoped that this has been done by him. These are statements that need no comment: they read a lesson of warning and instruction. This man, we fear, is far from being a solitary example of the folly and misery of mixing with, and embracing the principles of, so-called Socialism. Many by so doing have been the victims and dupes of designing men, and, under the specious pretence of reforming others, have been ruined in their circumstances, character, and domestic happiness. O that men were wise, and would attend to the instructions of wisdom! "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away." (Prov. iv. 14, 15.)

Manchester. N.

READINGS IN KEMPIS.

No. VIII.

We have said that in the school of divinity to which Kempis belonged, Christ, in some of His offices, was too much neglected. Reference was not sufficiently made to the fact that "He is our peace." There was not a proper living by "faith in His blood," as the "propitiation" for sin. Whoever reads Kempis must be careful to supply this defect. Peace of conscience is all from the blood of sprinkling. We cannot read a chapter, or single paragraph, without a perception of what are significantly called short-comings. And what are these, viewed in the light of God's most holy and righteous law, the perfect standard of moral excellence, but sins? What shall we do

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when the sense of them presses on the conscience; when we see them, feel them? What *can* we do? Resolve to seek for improvement? Yes; we ought to do so; and if we feel them as we ought, we shall do so. But this is far from all. These resolutions do not remove guilt. *We must come at once to the blood of sprinkling.* We must rest there; for there alone can we find rest. *He is our peace; He is our joy.* Faith in Him who accepts us in the Beloved, and for His sake forgives us our trespasses, will invigorate our pious resolutions; and thus *seeking the Holy Spirit*, power shall be given for the full conquest of pardoned sin. Come to Christ! Deeply pained by the sense of short-coming,—and more is the believer thus pained than are the moralist and the formalist by the sight of positive transgression,—come to Christ. Live by faith in His blood. Derive all thy peace from His mercy. And thus, sweetly impelled by a sense of His love, impressed on thy soul by the divine Spirit, go on to realize the fulness of His grace, and to follow His blessed example. Let His cross be thy life; and thus living, let His virtues be thy pattern.

Sweetly does the pious Monk refer to this result of living in the Saviour (book i., chapter 7):—"Be not ashamed of serving others in and for the love of Jesus Christ, nor to be esteemed poor in this world." Well does he show the sense of our own nothingness thus produced, and our total dependence on divine aid. "Stand not as on thyself, but place all thy hope in God." Yet without despondency. The work to be done is great: impossible to thee if left to thyself. But be fully satisfied that He who has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," will amply fulfil His word. "Do what is in thee;" stretch out the withered hand, not asking whether thou canst do it or not, but being fully satisfied that He who gives the command will give the power; "and God shall be present to thy good will."

Whatever we have, let us be as though we had it not. We have nothing but as God's gift. Glory not in the gifts as if they were thine own, but "in God, who gives all things, and above all things desires to give thee Himself." Be careful how thou takest pleasure even in what are His gifts, lest it arise from viewing them *as thine own.* For thus thou mayest "displease God, to whom belongs all that thou possessest by nature." What if it was given with thine original nature; it was not less given by Him; and if thou usest it as properly thine own, and art self-complacent because of it, as though it belonged to thyself, thou displeasest Him. The endowments of nature, the favours of Providence, are not less His than the gifts of grace. He alone is to have the glory.

Therefore "do not reckon thyself better than others." His gifts are given that His creatures may unite to glorify Him, the All in All; not that they may boast one over the other. God distributes His gifts variously; all for use, none for pride. "If thou hast anything that is good, believe that others have better, that humility may be preserved. It hurts thee not to place thyself under all: it will hurt thee much to value thyself above any. *Constant peace is with the humble; but in the swelling heart of the proud there is envy and frequent indignation.*" That is, there is an explosion every time a spark comes; for there is always a train laid. Would we enjoy constant peace with God, our Lawgiver and our Judge? Let us live by faith in the infinite, all-prevailing atonement. Would we have peace with man, the peace of God? Let us live a life of faith in Christ; for that will be a life of humility and brotherly love. All such know how to *use* their gifts, and they glorify the Giver in the use of them. But of valuing themselves on account of them they know nothing. How should they? God in Christ is to them all in all. They see the defects of Kempis; but, as he lived in grace and truth, they

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Monk Kempis was infinitely above the (pretendedly) evangelical Antinomian. All the errors of Kempis kept him acknowledging the gifts of his brethren, exalting *them*, and praising *God*, on account of them.

NATIONAL EDUCATION TO BE USEFUL MUST BE CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

Any education of which our Immanuel is not the light and the life, discovers itself too soon in a sour, unblessed condition of society, in a bad public temper, and a dissolute state of manners. No device for advancing the substantial improvement of man can have success, unless the counsel of God is with it; and this it cannot have unless it minister to the divine life of the soul, and is the handmaid of Christian perfection. That a previous infusion of general knowledge is necessary to qualify for the reception and apprehension of religious truth, which is the favourite position of some modern theorists, is best answered by inverting the statement. Of all studies religion borrows least from the analogies and principles of other sciences, and, therefore, depends least upon antecedent cultivation. The column, based upon the Rock of Ages, rises majestically towards heaven, while the lights of learning play about the capital, and display its beautiful proportions. In all its essentials it is "perfect and entire, lacking nothing." It is the best corroborative of the mind, the most expeditious method of giving "wisdom to the simple." If it terminates in itself, it is well, and more than well. If it prompts to other studies and attainments, it not only invigorates the capacity for the task, but it secures them in a sacred subserviency to its controlling, meliorating, and regulating influence. No unlettered man has ever yet made a progress in sound Christian knowledge without a striking improvement in the tone and character of his mind. It carries him on from strength to strength, giving dignity, plan, and purpose to his acts, aims, and objects. As soon as the religion of the Gospel is seated in the thoughts of the poor man, his existence becomes a whole; no longer a succession of impressions belonging to each hour as it passes, but an economy of acts and feelings harmonized in their relation to a common centre. He becomes a being of "large discourse, looking before and after," having a beginning and an end, a retrospect and a prospect in the use of his powers, his time, and his thoughts. He mounts above the dregs of his depraved nature. From a mere consumer of time, he becomes a provider for eternity. From being the slave of his momentary instincts, he feels himself raised into union with an infinite dispensation. But this can only be done by religion; pure, Bible-wide religion; not an unliving effigy, stuffed with rags and straw, and only mimicking the life-giving reality.—*William Roberts, Esq.*

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Ah! what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying, as the placid joys of home! See the traveller: does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle? The image of his earthly happiness continues vivid in his remembrance; it quickens him to diligence, it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face turned toward home; it communes with him as he journeys, and he hears the promise which causes him to hope, "Thou shalt know also that thy tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy tabernacle, and not sin." O, the joyful reunion of a divided family; the plea-

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sures of renewed interview and conversation, after days of absence! Behold the man of science: he drops the laborious and painful research, closes his volume, smooths his wrinkled brow, leaves his study, and, unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children. Take the man of trade: what reconciles him to the toil of business? What enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers? What rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By and by the season of intercourse will behold the desire of his eyes and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his ease; and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompence. Yonder comes the labourer: he has borne the burden and heat of the day; the descending sun has released him from his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half-way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him. One he carries, and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See his toil-worn countenance assume an air of cheerfulness! His hardships are forgotten; fatigue vanishes: he eats, and is satisfied. The evening fair, he walks, with uncovered head, around his garden; enters again, and retires to rest; and "the rest of the labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much." Inhabitant of this lonely dwelling, who can be indifferent to thy comfort? Peace be to this house!—*Rev. W. Jay.*

CHOICE SAYINGS.

Assurance establisheth the Christian in troublesome times. He is the likeliest to bear witness to the truth who hath the Spirit of God bearing witness to his heart.—*Rev. Thomas Watson.*

Wouldest thou have the lamp of assurance which God hath kindled in thine heart burn steadily and shine brightly? Let there be much diligence, much holy confidence, much prayer: these, like the oil of the sanctuary, shall make it do so.—*Ibid.*

It is our work to *cast* care: God's work to *take* care. Distrustful care is a spiritual canker that doth waste and dispirit. Care adds much to our grief, nothing to our comfort.—*Ibid.*

In Christ there is not only sufficiency but redundancy. His fulness overflows the banks.—*Ibid.*

Christ is never sweet till sin is felt to be bitter; nor is He rest till sin is felt to be a burden.—*Ibid.*

Christ suffered that we might reign. He hung on the cross that we might sit on the throne. His crucifixion is our coronation.—*Ibid.*

When the arrow of a saint's prayer is put into the bow of Christ's intercession, it pierceth the very heavens.—*Ibid.*

Christ sweetens all our comforts, and sanctifies all our crosses.—*Ibid.*

Look on sin with a penitent eye, on Christ with a believing eye. Weep for sin that slew Christ, but hope in the "Lamb slain" by whom sin is taken away.—*Ibid.*

Christ mingles his sweet odours with the prayers of saints. Although they ascend from the believer weak and worthless, they proceed from Christ powerful and acceptable.—*Ibid.*

Christians should be diamonds for the lustre of their graces; loadstones, to attract others to Christ.—*Ibid.*

The discontented spirit is ever murmuring; the contented mind is ever praising.—*Ibid.*

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THEOLOGY.

THE CHRISTIAN A NEW CREATURE.

A SERMON.*

PART I.

"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."—2 Cor. v. 17.

To this truth the whole evangelical revelation bears testimony. Even the earlier records speak explicitly upon it. David, in seeking for the joy of the divine salvation, prays not only that his iniquities may be blotted out, but that a clean heart may be created, a right spirit renewed, within him. Jeremiah and Ezekiel, in referring to the gracious work of the covenant of redeeming love, while they speak of mercy being shown to our unrighteousness, and of the oblivion of our sins and iniquities, and our reception into the divine favour, so that God becomes our God, and we the people of God, most distinctly describe the deep and wide moral change we undergo. Clean water is said to be sprinkled on us, making us clean: a new heart and a right spirit are given to us: from our idols and filthiness we are cleansed: the stony heart gives place to the heart of flesh: the nature and extent of the change are indicated by the declaration that the laws of God are written in our heart, put into our inmost parts; thus becoming the governing laws of our new life. When we remember that the testimony concerning our original nature is, that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," and this divine change is contrasted with it, the doctrine of the Old Testament will plainly appear to be, that he who experiences the mercy of God is a new creature.

Still more clearly and impressively does the New Testament deliver its solemn testimony. The carnal mind is described as enmity against God, so that it cannot be subject to the law of God. And this is the nature we bring into the world,—our old, original nature, tainted at its source by the first fall. Our Lord Christ therefore declares, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh," so that we can only become spiritual by being born of the Spirit, born again. Thus only do we belong to the true, inward kingdom of God, the state of willing and holy subjection to the divine rule. According to the Gospel, personal religion consists in nothing primarily outward. Whatever the value of the seals of the covenant in reference to its outward administration, they are, as outward signs, indicative of inward and spiritual operations. Circumcision is not that which is outward in the flesh, nor is he a Jew who is one outwardly: but he is a Jew who is one inwardly, for circumcision is in the spirit, not in the letter. And baptism is not the washing away the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience towards God. To have the form without the power of godliness, is a mark of the perilous times introduced by departing from the faith,—the apostasy which, according to apostolic prediction and warning, was to constitute the tares sown by the enemy among the wheat. In Christ Jesus, therefore, who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify to Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works, neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature, even faith which worketh by love. The provisions of mercy reach the whole of our case. Are we guilty? "There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." Are we unholy, carnal, sold under sin, not subject to the divine law? "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus makes us free from the law of sin and death, so that the righteousness of the law may be fulfilled in us, not walking after the flesh, but after the Spirit." Thus yielding to the plans and methods of the divine mercy in our Lord Jesus, our complete deliverance from the consequences of the fall is contemplated and effected in our restoration to the favour, and image, and life of God.

The salvation of the Gospel, therefore, implies two branches, which, although they may be separate objects of concep-

* The Sermons which have been inserted in this department of the "Christian Miscellany" for the current year, have been written in direct reference to what have been believed to be the circumstances and wants of that branch of Christ's church among whose members the "Miscellany" is for the most part circulated. A close observer will also see that they are not independent of each other. They are therefore commended to the serious attention of the reader. A similar plan may be adopted for the coming year.—EDITORS.

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tion, in the actual experience of the spiritual believer, are indissolubly conjoined. All such enjoy "forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them that are sanctified." And this, the settled teaching of the New Testament, will bring us to right conclusions on two momentous subjects, deeply affecting our religious position and character. The first may be examined and dismissed in very few words. The importance of the second, and the extent to which many religious professors are implicated in it, will require larger consideration.

You have heard of the religious system to which the term *Tractarianism* has been applied. This is essentially the same as those which are known by the names of *High-Churchism* and *Popery*. It mainly differs from *High-Churchism* in that it is somewhat more fully developed, and held in connexion with a more earnest, thoughtful seriousness. It differs from *Popery* in that it does not *professedly* acknowledge the Bishop of Rome to be the head of the universal church. Although, notwithstanding, all its tendencies are in this direction; for they who believe that the church which Christ loved, and for which He gave Himself, is *one* and *knowable* by a visible organization, must believe that as is the body, such must be the head; and that a *visible church* must have a *visible head*. This principle being admitted, assuredly the Bishop of Rome has the best claims to this visible headship. We are not at all surprised, therefore, that as *High Churchmen*, becoming more thoughtful and serious, join the ranks of *Tractarians*, so these latter, proceeding on the path they have chosen, find that their reasonings bring them to Rome, and unite them to *Popery*. This is the natural result of developed principles. But, whatever subordinate differences may exist among the three, they are all essentially one. They teach that salvation is only found in union with the Church as visible by its Episcopal organization, and one by an unbroken succession of Bishops. They teach that they who are united to this Church are made partakers of the blessings of salvation by the reception of the sacraments, as administered by men possessing an authority derived from this external and successional Episcopate. They become united to Christ, receive divine life, are regenerated, by baptism; and this life is nourished and strengthened by the Lord's supper.

Now, to this system we apply the test of scriptural teaching, as already described. All who are thus baptized are said to be "in Christ." Yes; but "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." Is every one thus baptized, thus in Christ, a new creature? To propose the question is to obtain the reply. But the language of the Apostle, especially when viewed in connexion with the unfailing and unequivocal tenor of scriptural teaching, admits of no exception. "If *any* man be in Christ, he is a new creature;" so that if he be not a new creature, he is not in Christ. The whole scheme of Tractarian and Popish teaching thus falls to the ground. So far from being *true exclusively*, it is, in its essential and characteristic principles, *not true at all*. Instead of being our bounden duty to listen to such teachers, the explicit and positive command of Scripture is, "From such turn away." (2 Tim. iii. 5.)

But there is another subject to which this teaching must be applied. This is a day of very extended religious profession. If, on the one hand, the three branches of what we must regard as one vast system of dangerous error, find many supporters,—if what is essentially Popish, though with various names, is revived to an extent which is altogether surprising to all true Protestants; yet, on the other, the personal religion of spiritual Protestantism,—to use another term, the religion of inward experience,—the religion which frequently employs (not in their reference to doctrine merely, but also in reference to blessings actually, personally, and consciously, to be received and enjoyed) the terms, the words, forgiveness, justification, sanctification, joy in God, conversion, &c.; this form of religion, incomparably the truer, and, as we seriously believe, absolutely the true, is also most extensively professed: never professed *more* extensively.

But now, we ask a question. Among this class of professors—professors who have truth on their side—can the profession always abide the searching test of the teaching of which we are speaking, and which, as to the other class of professors, is so unequivocally decisive? In the class to which we refer, there are altered habits of religious speech, altered habits of religious life. But are the professors "*new creatures?*" On the contrary, in many instances is not the change merely outward? Are not the dispositions and tempers, though applied, it may be, to new objects, essentially the same? Radically and

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stantially, are not many professors what they have been from their birth? They are *changed* creatures, but they are not *new* creatures. This subject is so important in relation to the honour of the Gospel, that it will be necessary to explain it somewhat more particularly. It is a solemn saying, "Let God be true, and every man a liar." The divine standard is to be maintained and asserted in its full purity and elevation. It is not to be explained away in order to meet deviations and short-comings. They in whom these are to be found, are to be left with God. The "Judge of all the earth" will assuredly "do right." He is wise and holy, righteous and merciful. He knows man; and, speaking with reverence, He knows Himself and His own will. He knows where there is genuine sincerity; which is, not a persuasion that we are right,—that is one thing,—but a full, settled purpose to be right, carried out and applied according to our light and opportunities,—which is a very different thing. It is the last which constitutes "simplicity and godly sincerity." It is for the Sovereign, not the subject, to make allowances and exceptions. And all will be made, we cannot doubt, by Him who is holiness and love, consistent with the maintenance of His will, and the accomplishment of His redeeming purposes. What we have to do is to look at the rule; to ascertain its meaning and extent; to perceive it in its comprehensiveness and in its details; to understand it in its separate requirements, and in their reference to unity of principle and character; and having the rule thus before us, to aim, with full purpose of heart, at conformity to it; to labour fervently and constantly in prayer, that we may "stand perfect and complete in all the will of God." Doing this, we may, and must, cast ourselves on the mercy of God, through the infinite merit of the atoning sacrifice of his Son, for pardon and acceptance, notwithstanding the deviations and short-comings which, as our conscience becomes increasingly tender, and our whole life is conducted in the increasing light of grace and truth, will become more and more perceptible to us. None feel the need, the value, the preciousness of the blood of Christ, and the entireness of their own dependence on it, so much as they who walk in close communion with God. Each day they live shows them more clearly the necessity of "looking for the mercy of the Lord Jesus unto eternal life."

But observation, when guided by divine light, and governed by a settled purpose to honour God by the clear declaration and full maintenance of His will, brings before us a very different class of "short-comings," as they are often termed. We see religious professors who are indeed *changed* creatures, but who are not *new* creatures; old things have not passed away, all things are not become new. They are *changed*. They have admitted, to a certain extent, thoughts and feelings on religious subjects. They speak concerning religion as formerly they spoke on what might be their favourite topics. Habits notoriously inconsistent with a religious profession they have renounced; habits customarily required by it they have adopted. Thus far they are changed; and if their former course was at all profligate, the change is very apparent. Partisanship is quite satisfied with them, and hails their accession to the favoured cause. Even charity is willing to hope that all may be well. But are they *new creatures!* Or have they only changed their mode of living, while the essential principles of character are left unchanged? First, what is the grand, ever-actuating principle of sinful nature, the very "root of the matter" in unconversion? Secondary and subordinate motives may be numerous and diverse; but the primary one is, supreme regard to self; self-will, in some or other of its resolves; self-love, in some or other of its gratifications. Then, secondly, what is the principle of the new creature, the governing disposition and temper, the essential *life-law*, of the nature which we possess as being born again? It is willing and affectionate subjection to God; the surrender of all our faculties to Him; the acknowledgment that not only all we have, but that all we are, belongs most entirely to Him,—that it is our duty to exercise every faculty, every power, for Him, and according to His will; so that supreme reference to Him becomes practically the actuating principle, dwelling in the innermost depths of our soul, and sovereignly governing all the issues of life. Unregenerate man says, practically, "I am my own master." Converted man says, "I am the Lord's; and it is my duty, my privilege, my interest, to reign over myself in submissive acknowledgment of the sovereignty of God." The life of grace is a life of entire self-denial, so far as the original dominancy of self is regarded. In unconverted man, *self* is the originator; beyond this there is nothing.

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In converted man, there is something beyond self, even reference to the will of God. In a word, the unconverted man is like one who governs a province as in his own right, as though there were no other who claimed to be Lord; while the converted man confesses this to be sinful usurpation and rebellion; and, having obtained pardon, governs as God's delegate, no longer sovereign, but only viceroy; seeking to do the will and accomplish the designs of Him who is now received as Sovereign and Lord. In unconverted man, man is his own master; in converted man, God is Master, and man governs himself by the declared will of his Lord. O, let us not lower and dilute the strong language of holy writ on this subject:—"None of us liveth to himself, and none of us dieth to himself: if we live, we live unto God; if we die, we die unto God; so that living or dying, we are the Lord's." We pass by all the fruits; all the effects: there may be something in them equivocal and deceptive. We come to the fountain-head. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh;" and the fleshly mind is enmity against God. "That which is born of the Spirit is spirit;" and the spiritual mind is essentially subject to God. And thus is the man that is in Christ not merely a changed, but a new, creature. Once, self reigned supreme. Now, the throne of God is set up in his heart. Christ reigns there, and thus does He make all things new.

Now, whatever defects and shortcomings are consistent with this, let us have continual recourse to the blood of sprinkling, and we shall not be condemned for them. But if self yet reigns, whatever religious exercises it may perform, whatever alterations it effects, we are not new creatures. The stream has wrought out for itself a different channel, but it is the same stream. It has no higher source than self-will. Whereas the stream of grace, the water of life, flows out of the throne of God and the Lamb.

If we examine the way in which a descendant of fallen Adam becomes a member of Christ, we shall see that the process is such that the result stated by the Apostle must take place; and that if any man be in Christ, he is, and must be, a new creature. To this examination we allot the second part of this discourse. But, O, how solemn are the conclusions to which we have already arrived! Great changes may be experienced and manifested, and yet the essential principles governing our character may be the same. We may think and speak much of religion. Religious exercises may enter largely into our general conduct. Many things inconsistent with religion we may renounce. Many things required by religion we may adopt. And still we may be the unrenewed children of Adam. The nature of sin may be the same under widely different modes of expression. Sins of the flesh may be renounced, while sin may rule in the soul with even increased intensity and power. You may be no drunkard; but you may be the slave of intemperate passion. You avoid worldly amusements; but your whole soul is intent on worldly gains. You are as obstinate as ever. You do not conform to the world in your dress, but you have a secret pleasure and self-complacency in your plainness. Your temper is no better than it was. You cannot bear contradiction. You are as cross and peevish as ever you were. You cannot bear an injury. You cannot forget an affront. You feel no condemnation for hatred, malice, and bitterness. You can quietly, by evil-surmisings, by artful insinuations, undermine and destroy the character of your brother. You take up reproaches against your neighbour, contenting yourselves with thinking that you did not invent them. They may be untrue; they may be misrepresented or exaggerated; yet you give them currency. You excuse them who stir up strife and debate by saying that they are good men. The victims of their malignity you do not pity; you have no sympathy with their sufferings, or with those of their friends. The murderers of character are your friends; and whilst unable to defend them, you make their cause your own by praising their piety, and saying, they are good men. The word of God may condemn their conduct; others may suffer by it; but you get rid of every objection, every argument, by saying, "O, they are very good men!"

Where is regard for the honour of God? Where is unreserved submission to the authority of Christ, as declared in his word? The opponents of spiritual religion rejoice; the enemies of the Lord blaspheme. And why? Through the efforts that are made to secure to ourselves or to others the character, and thus the benefits, of the religion of Christ, while we, or they, are manifestly under an opposing influence. What can resist the argument in favour of Christianity founded on this text, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature?" Nothing; absolutely nothing. What

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could withstand the unequivocal, undeniable realization of this text in fact? What would be the consequence if all who professed to be in Christ were so evidently new creatures that none could gainsay it? The Gospel possesses a moral power which is *in itself* omnipotent. God is ready to pour out His Spirit to give efficacy to all the means employed for the extension of His own work. Let it become a settled point that they who are not new creatures are not in Christ, that the Gospel is not accountable for them, and the main hinderances to a true revival of the work of the Lord are at once swept away.

Let every professor of religion apply these truths to himself. Let him ask whether the change he professes to have experienced amounts to this, that he is become a new creature. Without this he may indeed be praised by those among whom he has taken his place; praised as a zealous partisan. But what is the value of this? This is truly a merely sectarian religion. The character of the true circumcision is, that its praise is not of man, but of God. The genuine fruits of righteousness, by which God is glorified through Jesus Christ, can only spring forth where the new creation has taken place.

(Part II. in the next Number.)

THE SCRIPTURE EXPOSITOR.

"Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven."—Matt. x. 33.

WHO knows how many woes are crowded into this one short sentence? It is a compendious expression of hell, an eternity of torment comprised in a word: it is condemnation itself, and, what is worse, it is condemnation from the mouth of a Saviour. O, the inexpressible horror that will seize upon the poor sinner, when he stands arraigned at the bar of the Saviour; when he shall look about and see his accuser, his Judge, the witnesses, all of them his implacable adversaries; the law impleading, mercy and the Gospel upbraiding him; the devil, his grand accuser, drawing up his indictment, numbering his sins with the greatest exactness, and aggravating them with the cruelest bitterness; and conscience, like a thousand witnesses, attesting every article, flying in his face, and rending his very heart; and then, after all, Christ, from whom alone mercy could be expected, owning the accusation! It will be hell enough to hear the sentence; the very promulgation of the punishment will be part of the punishment, and will anticipate the execution. If Peter was so abashed when Christ gave him a look after his denial, if there was such power to convict in His looks when He stood as a prisoner, how much greater will it be when He sits as a Judge? If it was so fearful when He looked His denier into repentance, what shall it be when He shall look him into destruction? When we shall hear our accusation from our Advocate, our eternal doom from our Intercessor, it will convince us that a denial of Christ is something more than a few transitory words, or a few dubious actions. O, what trembling, what outcries, what astonishment will there be upon the pronouncing of this sentence! Every word will come upon the sinner like an arrow sticking through his reins; like thunder which is heard and which consumes at the same moment. Yea, it will be a denial with scorn, with taunting upbraidings; and to be miserable without commiseration is the height of misery. He that falls below pity can fall no lower. Could I give you a lively representation of guilt and horror on this hand, and paint out eternal wrath, and decipher eternal vengeance on the other, then I might show you the condition of a sinner hearing himself denied by Christ: and for those whom Christ has denied, it will be in vain to appeal to the Father, unless we can imagine that those whom mercy has condemned, justice will absolve.

"*Him will I also deny before my Father.*" As much as God is more glorious than man, so much is it more glorious to be confessed before Him than before men; and so much glory as there is in being confessed, so much dishonour is there in being denied. If there could be any room for comfort after the sentence of damnation, it would be this, to have it executed in secret, to perish unobserved; but when a man's folly must be spread open before all the angels, and all his baseness ript up before those pure spirits, this will be a double hell: to be thrust into "utter darkness," only to be punished by it, without the benefit of being concealed. When Christ shall compare Himself who was denied, and the thing for which He was denied, together, and parallel His merits with a lust, and lay eternity in the balance with a trifle, then the folly of the sinner's choice will be the greatest sting in his destruction; for he will not then have the advantage of his

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former ignorance to approve of his sin. Things that appear amiable by the light of this world, will appear odious in the clear discoveries of the next. So when Christ shall have cleared up men's apprehensions about the value of things, He will expose that worthy prize for which He was denied; and, holding it up to open view, He will call upon men and angels, saying, "Behold, look! here's the thing, here's that piece of dirt, that windy applause, that poor transitory pleasure, that contemptible danger, for which I was dishonoured, my truths disowned, and for which life, eternity, and God Himself, was scorned and trampled upon by this sinner: judge all the world whether he deserves to enjoy in this what he so despised in the other life." How will the condemned sinner then crawl forth, and appear in his filth and shame, before that undefiled tribunal, like a toad or a snake in a King's presence-chamber! Nothing is so confounding as to have one's folly displayed before the prudent; one's impurity before the pure. A disgrace put upon a man in company is insupportable; it is heightened according to the greatness, and multiplied according to the number, of the persons who hear it. As this circumstance, "before my Father," fully speaks the shame, so likewise it speaks the danger of Christ's denying us. For when the accusation is heard, and the person stands convict, God is seen immediately lifting up His hand to inflict the eternal blow; and when Christ denies to exhibit a ransom, to step between the stroke then coming, and the sinner, it must inevitably fall upon him, and sink his guilty soul into that deep and bottomless gulf of endless perdition.—*South.*

I SHOULD GROW IN GRACE.

1. Because it is commanded, "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

2. God has furnished the means. His Spirit, His word, the institutions of His house, the communion of saints, are all helps provided for my spiritual advancement; and if I do not progress, they are so many witnesses staring me in the face, and reproving my delinquency.

3. It is the only way to avoid backsliding. There is no standing still in religion. I am like a boatman rowing against the current,—the moment I rest upon my oars, my little bark commences to retrograde. But if I could stand still I would not; for,—

4. Religion was never so important to me as it is at the present moment. I never was so much indebted to grace and Providence. I was never so nearly done with earth, and so close to eternity. I never had so few moments to labour for God, and get ready for heaven, as now.

5. I need to grow in grace, because my responsibilities are growing. As I advance in life, my duties each day are increasing in number and responsibility, and the sphere of my accountable action is enlarging. Nothing can qualify me to fulfil any duty but the grace of God. What, then, is plainer than that as my responsibilities become more and more enhanced, I must acquire proportional increase of grace to discharge them aright? Without this, I shall certainly make shipwreck of the interests committed to my trust.

6. I must be found improving at the hour of death, or my soul will be lost. In the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, where this subject is fully treated of, I read of two characters, the faithful and the slothful servant.

THE DUTY OF THE BELIEVER TO SEEK FOR, AND TO ENJOY, TRUE COMFORT.

There are some Christians who seem to be ignorant that it is one of the devices of Satan to disturb their peace, damp their spirits, and cut asunder the sinews of their best endeavours, by depriving them of their comfort. It is true that there is a false comfort; but Satan will never rob you of this. It is true that comfort is not the *only* thing to be looked at in religion, though Satan may sometimes try to persuade you that this is enough. Still, as there is a true comfort, so it is the will of God you should enjoy it. God is the God of all consolation: the Holy Spirit is the Comforter. Even when His bitter passion approached, our Lord thought of His disciples, and said, "Let not your hearts be troubled." God condescends to put Himself to His oath, that we might not only have consolation, but strong consolation. Every article of faith has a special influence in comforting the soul. Christ would have our joy to be full. Avoid all that would hinder, attend to all that would promote this. *Walk with God as your reconciled Father. Constantly realize the efficacy of the blood of sprinkling. Live in the communion of the Holy Ghost.* Thus shall your head be anointed with oil, and your cup shall run over. E. U.

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OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

YOUTH CAUTIONED AGAINST WORLDLY PLEASURES.

I HAVE to warn you against dangers of various kinds. This world is full of peril to the soul. Of all the paths of life, there is but one you can tread with safety.

"A thousand ways in ruin end,
One only leads to joys on high."

And O, how many miss that way to bliss! Some through ignorance; while others, though knowing it, refuse to walk therein. Hence, with truth, I may add,—

"What thousands never knew the road;
What thousands hate it when 'tis known!"

Of this way our Lord declared few would find it. It is the lonely and unfrequented way of happiness. The world turns from it with disdain.

But it is otherwise with the thousand ways which end in ruin. Many walk therein. To the eye they appear inviting and full of promise. No danger being apprehended, the ignorant and unwary do not hesitate to tread them. Multitudes of the *young* dance along these sunny and flowery paths of pleasure and of passion, heedless of their termination. Inexperienced and unsuspecting, they are the early victims of those temptations, to which their warm affections, emotions, and hopes, render them susceptible. Your heart has happily been chastened by a religious training, and restrained by a measure of the fear of God. But you will soon have to leave the comparative seclusion of the school, to enter upon the business of the world. This will necessarily throw you more into society, and you will often come in contact with those who are actuated by evil principles and selfish motives. Temptations will surround you, many of which will be entirely new. Sinful pleasures will allure and evil company entice. Against both these evils, in every stage of your life, I most earnestly warn you. I apprehend great danger to youth from what are termed the amusements and pleasures of the world. There are parents who grant, in reference to these things, many indulgences, from which they anticipate no moral injury, but from which I fear the most serious evils will result. It is natural enough that the youthful mind, stimulated by curiosity, and the exciting descriptions of others, should seek permission to attend upon them. "What harm can there be in visiting such a place, or in seeing such a sight?" is a question frequently proposed. The harm is often in attendant circumstances, the character of those who chiefly resort to places of amusement, and the effect of the whole upon the mind. Thousands of the children of religious parents have buried in these pursuits their best feelings and desires.

And pleasure, my dear boy, is sure to tempt you. Even now, she leads you to anticipate the day when, freed from parental restraint, you may have liberty to join her followers. Be on your guard against her subtle influences. She works upon the imagination, by presenting to it such a picture of delight and satisfaction, that desire is excited to possess it.

But you must know that all her representations are false, her promises deceitful, and her hopes delusive; yet by many she is believed, and hence she counts her followers by millions. She leads many astray by means of the senses. The eye loves beauty, and the ear harmony; and in both these respects she endeavours to meet the tastes of her admirers. She also maintains her authority by her influence over the passions. She inflames their ardour, renders them ungovernable, and then falsely promises satisfaction in their indulgence. No wonder that she draws the world after her, when she chains the imagination, senses, and passions of mankind to the wheels of her chariot.

It is one of the old artifices of pleasure to assume the name and garb of happiness; and under this disguise she has deceived thousands. But between her and happiness there is no real resemblance. They have not one attribute in common. Pleasure has never yet been able to make the most devoted of her followers happy: they may have sown in hope, but they have always reaped in disappointment and sorrow.

I trust that you will never be numbered among her victims. Pleasure has ruined the reputation, health, and peace of myriads. Multitudes of the young she daily seduces. And what shall preserve you from her gilded baits and destructive influences? What, but religion. Its light will enable you to see her in her own true character, and you will know that the only reward she can bestow is "vanity and vexation of spirit." In respect to the pleasures and amusements of the world, I present, for your imitation, the example of Moses. When the pleasures of a court and kingdom were open to him, "he chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." This decision was both wise and pious; and may your choice be like his.—*A Father's Religious Counsels to his Son at School, by the Rev. David Hay.*

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SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BRITISH BUTTERFLIES.

This order of insects is scientifically known by the name *lepidoptera*, which signifies, "animals with scaly wings," and includes the species known as butterflies, hawk-moths, and moths.

The diurnal *lepidoptera*, or such as fly during the day, are the kinds which are known in this country by the name of butterfly. This term is a literal translation of the Saxon word, *buttor-fleoze*, and is supposed to be applied because the insect first became prevalent in the beginning of the season for butter. They are distinguished from the other scaly-winged kinds, by possessing *antennæ* with a knob or club at the summit, and holding their wings, when in a state of repose, erect, or very slightly inclined. They are the most generally and familiarly known of our insect tribes; and, by their conspicuous appearance, seldom fail to attract the notice even of those whose perceptions are least alive to the beauty of natural objects. The graceful curves of their outline, their gay and fitful flight, the splendour of their colouring and decorations, which present every variety of tint found in the different kingdoms of nature, distributed in markings and delineations of the most beautiful and diversified character, seem to confer on them a kind of superiority over other insects. Their wings are augmented to a size that seems quite disproportioned to that of the body, as if nature had wished to enlarge the surface on which she was to employ her pencil, that it might admit of more varied and profuse decoration. Even the under-face of the wings, contrary to what is observed in other flying animals, is usually as much adorned as the surface, and often in an entirely different manner. Each wing, therefore, presents what may be called two different pictures. No kind of ornament found among other insects is omitted in this favoured tribe; and so many new modes of embellishment are employed, that nature seems to have made them the objects of her peculiar care, and designed them, as has been remarked by the learned and pious Ray, for the adornment of the universe, and to form delightful objects for the contemplation of man, bearing conspicuous marks of the hand of a divine Artist.

The habits of these insects are well fitted to confirm the preference we assign to their beauty. Unlike many others of this class, which delight to riot among substances most offensive to our senses, or which destroy the property and lives of their less powerful companions, butterflies derive their sustenance from the nectareous juices and secretions of fruits and flowers. Instead of groveling on the "dungy earth," they are generally seen either sporting in the air, or resting on the disc of some expanded flower, and all their habits are such as beseem "pure creatures of the element." They are seldom noticed but in fine weather, and never in profusion but when the season is in its highest bloom; and their appearance thus becomes associated in our minds with the charms of external nature, and is connected with those images of life and beauty which give rise to many of the genial influences of summer. Several species also contrive to outlive the winter, although their frail forms seem but ill adapted to resist the rigours of that inclement season, and, issuing from their retreats in the first warm days of spring, are among the earliest and not least interesting heralds of the "purple year."

The diurnal *lepidoptera* are very numerous in species, although but a limited number inhabit this country. Between two thousand and three thousand have been described, and it is probable that no inconsiderable number yet remain undiscovered. About seventy-five different species are recorded as indigenous to Britain. A great proportion of the largest and most highly ornamented kinds are natives of the New World, especially of Brazil; but they abound in all tropical countries, and some of these exotics present the most sumptuous examples of insect beauty. Although our British butterflies can in no way compete with the magnificent examples just referred to, we yet possess many of great beauty, whether as regards the brilliancy of their colour, or the harmonious manner in which these colours are distributed.

In common with several other extensive races of insects, butterflies derive their nourishment entirely from liquid substances, and the structure of the mouth is consequently very different from that of the masticating kinds. They are hence classed among the *haustellated* or *suctorial* tribes of insects. The most conspicuous and elaborately-constructed organ is the long flexible tube projecting from the mouth, which forms a canal through which the alimentary juices are absorbed. This instrument, which is sometimes of great length, is spirally convoluted when unemployed, but it can be unrolled with great rapidity, and is admirably fitted to explore the tubular corollas and deep-seated nectaries of flowers, for the purpose of extracting their sweet secretions.

Both the different kinds of eyes which occur among insects, are found in the diurnal *lepidoptera*. The ordinary, or compound eyes, are large and hemispherical, occupying the greater part of the head, and no fewer than seventeen thousand three hundred and twenty-five lenses have been counted in one

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of them. As each of these crystalline lenses possesses all the properties of a perfect eye, some butterflies may therefore be said, if M. Puget's observations are correct, to have no fewer than thirty-four thousand six hundred and fifty!

The wings are of much greater extent, in proportion to the size of the body, than in any other tribe of insects. With such an extent of "sail-broad vans," it is easy for butterflies to support themselves for a long time in the air; but their mode of flight, at least in Reaumur's opinion, is generally not very graceful. They seldom fly in a direct line, but advance by rising and falling alternately, in a succession of zig-zags, up and down, and from side to side. By flying in this manner, they are supposed to elude more easily the pursuit of the smaller birds, which often make them a prey. "I one day watched with pleasure," says Reaumur, "a sparrow pursuing a butterfly on the wing for a considerable time, without succeeding in catching it. The flight of the bird was, notwithstanding, much more rapid than that of the butterfly, but the latter was always either above or below the point to which the bird directed its flight, and at which it expected to seize it." Many of the species, however, differ so much from each other in their mode of flying, that a practised eye can recognise them by this means alone. Such as are provided with strong wings, exercise a more steady and continuous flight, nearly resembling that of a bird, ascending high into the air, and often making their way against a pretty strong current of wind.

All these insects originate from eggs, which are carefully deposited on the leaves and other parts of plants, by the parent fly; after accomplishing which, she soon dies. These eggs are sometimes placed singly, at other times in groups containing considerable numbers. They are always covered by a coating of varnish, which serves the double purpose of attaching them to the plant and defending them from the action of the weather. They differ essentially from the eggs of birds, as no lime enters into their composition, and instead of being covered with a crustaceous shell, they are merely enveloped by a thin membrane.

After a fly has fixed her eggs on a plant, she takes no farther care of them, but leaves them to be hatched by the heat of the atmosphere. This generally takes place in the course of a few days; but the period varies according to the degree of warmth to which they are subjected, and the greater or less density of the shell or outer covering. Such, indeed, as are laid late in autumn, do not produce their caterpillars till the ensuing spring. To facilitate the egress of the young larvæ, the eggs of some species are furnished with a kind of lid at one end, which is pushed outwards by the pressure of the head.

Guided by an instinct which must excite the admiration of every reflecting mind, the butterfly, however herself regardless of such pasture, never fails to place her eggs either upon the plant which is to afford sustenance to her infant progeny, or in its immediate vicinity; so that, upon their first exclusion, they are surrounded by their appropriate food. Upon issuing from the egg, the young larvæ appear as small, cylindrical worms; but their growth is rapid, and no very lengthened period elapses before they attain their full dimensions. It is in this state that they are termed caterpillars; a name which they probably owe to their voracious habits. After continuing in their reptile form for a longer or shorter period, according to the species, they prepare to enter upon a new state of existence, distinguished by attributes very dissimilar to those they previously possessed. This important and singular metamorphosis, by which a long, cylindrical worm, possessing all the necessary organs of motion and nutrition, and employing these with the utmost activity, is converted into an inert mass, without external organs, and incapable of locomotion, or of receiving food, is preceded by some preparations similar to those that attend a change of skin. As if foreseeing its approaching incapacity either to defend itself or to flee from danger, the caterpillar, having now completed its full growth, generally abandons the plant on which it fed, and seeks a secure retreat, or some fixed and stable object to which it may adhere. It is in consequence of this precaution, that we so often find chrysalides in the holes of old buildings, in the fissures of timber, and so on; or attached to walls, posts, and trees, as the latter afford more permanent security than the weak and perishable herbaceous plants which so many caterpillars frequent during their voracious days. Having selected a proper place, the animal commences its curious proceedings, which terminate in the ejection of its skin, the evolution of the chrysalis, and the suspension of the latter by means of a cord of silk.

When the butterfly is fully matured, it extricates itself from the puparium, by bursting that portion of it which covers the thorax, an operation which is easily accomplished, as the membrane has by that time become weak and friable. On its first exclusion, it is feeble and languid, and usually fixes itself on the exuviæ from which it has just emerged, or on some neighbouring object, till it acquire some degree of strength. All the parts are soft at first, and covered with moisture; but this speedily evaporates, the organs become firm, and every symptom of debility soon disappears. In this process, the development of the wings is not the least interesting object. Hitherto compressed within a very narrow space, they at first appear as small crumpled packets, affording no indication of the extension and beauty

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which they ultimately acquire. But their folds and corrugations soon begin to give way to the pressure of the nervures, which are tubular vessels ramifying through the whole extent of the wing, and which are themselves excited and dilated by having a watery fluid impelled into them from the trunk of the insect. As the nervures diverge, the interjacent spaces gradually become tense, the animal assisting greatly in extricating the folds, by frequently shaking its wings with a tremulous motion. The spots and other markings are by degrees unfolded; and, after the expanded wings have been a short time exposed to the sun, the newborn fly launches into the air with as much apparent ease and confidence as if it had been long familiar with such an exercise.

The appearance of these creatures in their various states of caterpillar, pupa, and butterfly, is so strikingly dissimilar, that it was long a general belief that they underwent, at each successive stage, a complete transmutation, or change, from one being to another. In every caterpillar there exists, from the earliest period of its life, the germ of the future fly, which is gradually developed by the accretion of new matter; and its various envelopes are thrown off as they successively become superficial, till it is fully matured and perfected.—*Duncan's British Butterflies.*

THE WHITE PEACOCK.[1]

The white peacock is merely a variety of the well-known bird, differing from the others only in having the ground-work of its plumage *white*, while the beautiful spots shine out, by reason of the striking contrast, more brilliantly. The variety is not common: a *white peacock* is more a "*rara avis in terris*," than a *black swan*.

As this variety suggests no particular remarks, and admits of no particular description beyond the one already given, we shall content ourselves with exhibiting it by *pictorial delineation*, without dragging in, as by main force, any far-fetched remarks for no other reason than that of lengthening out the present article. Where there is nothing to be said, it is best to say nothing: a rule, by the way, not always observed in practice. A satirical poet has said,—

"And 'tis remarkable that they
Talk most, who have the least to say."

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THE TORPEDO, OR CRAMP-FISH.

Several kinds of fish are furnished with an electrical apparatus, which they can discharge at pleasure, for the manifest purposes of defence from the attacks of their enemies, and the providing of food; and among the numerous varieties of organs of protection which have been afforded to animal life, none are more calculated to excite our wonder and our admiration than this. We shall confine our remarks to the torpedo, a species of ray, whose form, habits, and remarkable powers, have, from the earliest ages, occupied the attention of naturalists.

This fish is of a roundish or oval form; in length about two feet, and generally weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds. Its usual colour is brown above and white beneath, which, however, varies with climate, sex, and age. Its head and mouth are small, and its teeth inconsiderable. It possesses neither sharp spines, horny scales, nor any other external means of defence. Small, feeble, indolent, and unarmed, it would seem an easy prey to the voracious monsters of the deep; but, independent of the cautious care with which it conceals itself among the sandy bottoms of the oceans, nature has provided it with a protecting power superior in extent and force to any external aids with which other fishes are supplied. It can hurl, as it were, the appalling thunder-bolt at its enemy; with the rapidity of lightning it can dart forth the electric fluid from its stores, and paralyze the strongest arm that is stretched forth to seize it, or the largest animal that would devour it. In seeking its prey, in a moment it can benumb and render motionless an agile fish; sometimes it strikes its object at a considerable distance, alike impeding the efforts of those it would attack, and those from whom it would defend itself.

The organs possessing this strange power are easily to be recognised. On each side, near the skull and gill, there is placed a body, which consists of many hundred prisms of from three to six sides, which stand perpendicularly to, and close on, each other, extending from the skin below to the skin above, and bound firmly to it by cellular membrane: these are so many voltaic columns. If we examine these in a specimen which is fresh, or preserved in spirits of wine, we observe each prism to consist of a tube surrounded with nerves and vessels, with their membranous walls, in which are found a great number—according to Hunter, one hundred and fifty—of thin plates or partitions, difficult to separate, and arranged in horizontal layers on one another, with an albuminous fluid contained between each. Todd considers the tubes as quite cylindrical, and that they have the appearance of corners merely as the consequence of the appending cellular membrane; but this is not the case. Girardi describes them as six-cornered generally, and now and then as four and five. Three large nerves are given off on both sides to these organs, dividing equally into parts, so that they penetrate the tubes horizontally, and are entwined around them in such a manner that each plate seems to receive its nerves as its vessels. In many of the prisms, connexions between their nerves may also be pointed out. The number and size of these tubes appear to increase with the age of the animal.

Such is the instrument of protection which nature has given to the torpedo, and such the double seat of its electric powers. When advanced in age, the two organs are said to contain about two thousand four hundred tubes, which are very analogous to an electric battery, or the collection of Leyden jars, with which most persons are familiar.

The nature of the phenomena exhibited by the torpedo has not long been properly understood, or divested of the fabulous powers which superstition and ignorance had assigned to it. Redi, who wrote about the beginning of the last century, seems to be the first who entertained anything like correct ideas upon the subject. He says, "Scarcely had I touched and grasped the fish in my hand, when I perceived a prickling sensation in the whole arm, soon followed by a very disagreeable trembling and acute pain in the elbow; in short, I was compelled to withdraw my hand. The same feelings were experienced as often as I touched the fish, but they decreased in power as its death approached." The force of the communicated shock is often very considerable. Reaumur placed a torpedo and a duck in a large tub of sea-water, so covered with wire-work that the bird could not escape; in a few hours the duck was dead. As the science of electricity advanced, so did the knowledge of the nature of the phenomena we have described progress; almost each day explained something before unknown to us; and in 1774, Dr. Bancroft and Mr. Walsh ascertained that the power of the torpedo and the electric fluid were identical. It is unnecessary here to detail the series of experiments by which these naturalists arrived at this conclusion: they are such, however, as to leave upon the mind no doubt of the phenomena displayed by the fish being of the same nature as the electric fluid of the thunder-cloud, and that it can be artificially obtained by proper instruments.

The torpedo is very generally distributed: it is found not only in the Mediterranean and European seas, but in the Persian Gulf, the Pacific and Indian seas.—*Chambers's Journal.*

MIGRATING ANTELOPES.

On the 28th, I had the satisfaction of beholding, for the first time, what I had often heard the Boers allude to, namely, a

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"*trek-bokken*," or grand migration of springboks. This was, I think, the most extraordinary and striking scene, as connected with beasts of the chase, that I have ever beheld. For about two hours before the day dawned I had been lying awake in my waggon, listening to the grunting of the bucks within two hundred yards of me, imagining that some large herd of springboks was feeding beside my camp; but, on my rising when it was clear, and looking about me, I beheld the ground to the north of my camp actually covered with a dense living mass of springboks, marching slowly and steadily along, extending from an opening in a long range of hills on the west, through which they continued pouring, like the flood of some great river, to a ridge about a mile to the north-east, over which they disappeared. The breadth of the ground they covered might have been somewhere about half a mile. I stood upon the fore chest of my waggon for nearly two hours, lost in wonder at the novel and wonderful scene which was passing before me, and had some difficulty in convincing myself that it was reality which I beheld, and not the wild and exaggerated picture of a hunter's dream. During this time their vast legions continued streaming through the neck in the hills in one unbroken compact phalanx. At length, I saddled up, and rode into the middle of them with my rifle and after-riders, and fired into the ranks until fourteen had fallen, when I cried, "Enough." We then retraced our steps to secure from the ever-voracious vultures the venison which lay strewed along our gory track. Having collected them with brushwood, we returned to camp, where I partook of coffee while my men were inspanning. A person anxious to kill many springboks might have bagged thirty or forty that morning. I never, in all my subsequent career, fell in with so dense a herd of these antelopes, nor found them allow me to ride so near them. Having inspanned, we proceeded with the waggons to take up the fallen game, which being accomplished, we held for the small periodical stream, beside which the wandering Boers were encamped, that point being in my line of march for Beer Vley. Vast and surprising as was the herd of springboks which I had that morning witnessed, it was infinitely surpassed by what I beheld on my march from Vley to old Swier's camp; for, on our clearing the new range of hills through which the springboks had been pouring, I beheld the boundless plains, and even the hill sides, which stretched away on every side of me, thickly covered, not with "herds," but with "one vast herd" of springboks: far as the eye could strain, the landscape was alive with them until they softened down into a dim red mass of living creatures. To endeavour to form any idea of the amount of antelopes which I that day beheld were vain; but I have, nevertheless, no hesitation in stating that some hundreds of thousands of springboks were that morning within the compass of my vision.—*Cumming's Five Years in the Interior of South Africa.*

BIOGRAPHY.

[Our readers must not suppose that the following sketches contain all that might have been said in reference to the subjects of them. But one of two things we must do. If we only insert one Memoir of the usual length every month, our *stock on hand* will be constantly increasing, and ultimately there must be a very extensive omission of many whose friends would be glad to see some memorial of them among the records of the pious dead. We must, therefore, resolutely and largely *abridge* them. Longer Memoirs would please the friends more immediately interested, but it is our duty not to gratify the *few* at the expense of the *many*. The many will say, "We had rather have a record with little more than name, character, and dying experience, than *no record* at all." We abridge, not as thinking lightly of the papers abridged, but as desiring to afford a melancholy pleasure to the greatest number in our power.—Eds.]

SARAH HALLAM,

OF FARNSFIELD, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

She was only four years old when she was first taken to the Sunday-school, but she soon won, and ever preserved, the love of all connected with the school. Diligent, teachable, and amiable, she "followed on to know the Lord," and in her fifteenth year clearly experienced a genuine conversion. At home she was obedient and affectionate, so that her mother used to say, "Sally is our little peace-maker." She loved the Missionary cause, and, young as she was, supported it from principle, and by means of *sacrifice*. She regularly saved the sugar she would have had in her tea, and, when she had a sufficient quantity, sold it to her grandmother, and put the money in her Missionary box. Trifles may indicate great things.

On the 6th of August, 1846, she was suddenly taken ill; and after suffering very much, she died on her birthday, August 15th, the day on which her seventeenth year was completed. She was most graciously supported, so that, even in extreme pain, her sweet and patient temper was unruffled, while for any attention she was most grateful. She was kept in the spirit of prayer, trusting in God's mercy in Christ with even a joyous confidence. She said she was

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willing to die or live, just as her heavenly Father pleased. Only an hour before she died, she said to her mother, "If I live, I can help you; but if not, never mind, mother: to depart and be with Christ is the best of all." She then began to repeat a favourite hymn, falling into a doze with the words on her lips. This gentle slumber soon, and almost imperceptibly, became the sleep of death.

THOMAS SMITH.

MARY ANN BETTISON

WAS born at Tiverton, March 23d, 1821. Little more is known of her earlier days than that she was a diligent scholar in the Baptist Sunday-school.

When about eighteen years of age, through the invitation of a companion she was induced to attend at the Wesleyan chapel. By the ministry of the word, serious impressions were produced on her mind; but her conversion was chiefly owing, under God, to the private conversations of a devoted female, who, observing her seriousness, detained her one Sabbath evening after the public service, and urged her to seek the Lord while He was to be found. This act of true and elevated charity was rendered spiritually efficacious. Mary Ann *did* seek the Lord, and with all her heart called on Him through the Lord Jesus. And who ever did this in vain? It was not long before she experienced the fulfilment of the promise, "He will have mercy on you, and will abundantly pardon." She was made happy in God; and, having joined the Wesleyan society, manifested by her deportment the change which had been wrought in her. She likewise became a zealous and useful Sunday-school Teacher; and, recollecting how much she herself was indebted to the kind invitations and converse of friends, she endeavoured to evince her gratitude to God by following their example in reference to others. She diligently attended the public means of grace, but she was likewise conscientiously attentive to private duties. Her natural temper was somewhat hasty; but she watched and strove against this easily besetting sin; and the power of divine grace was beautifully displayed in the victory over herself which was mercifully given to her.

In the latter end of the summer of 1846, she went to visit some relations, and in her journey home caught cold. At first this caused no apprehension of danger; but on the 23d of August she became very ill. She continued very ill through the week; but her mind was peaceful, and her patience complete. The language of her heart was, "Thy will be done;" and, resting in "the precious blood of Christ," she left herself at the divine disposal. On August 30th the fever reached its crisis, and took a fatal turn. She was unable to speak; but her countenance declared that, in the immediate prospect of death, she felt that all was well. She died in the Lord, August 31st, 1846, aged twenty-five.

GEORGE HOBILL.

JOHN HURST

WAS born at Worsley, in the Second Manchester Circuit. When quite young he was taken to the Wesleyan Sabbath-school in that place. Religious instruction produced its usual effects in restraining him from outward evil, and awakening frequent desires after good. But full decision did not take place till after he had reached his sixteenth year. Severe affliction then visited him, which continued for eight years, only terminating with his life. The first half-year he was confined to his bed, and for two years and a half more he could never leave the house. The visits of Ministers and friends, accompanied with the divine blessing, led him, early in the affliction, to seek for acceptance with God, and the comforts of religion. What he sought he found, and light arose to him in the darkness. Though what in others is the vigour of youth, was in him brought down by suffering, yet he rejoiced in the mercy of God. Divine consolation abundantly supported him, and the customary season of preparation for the active duties of manhood and life, was, in his case, a course of preparation for the chief end of man, the possession of eternal life, in which he might for ever glorify God. Partial recovery for three or four years enabled him to attend the means of grace, and to become a Teacher in the Sunday-school. Patient in suffering, he was grateful for these opportunities of doing and getting good, but settled weakness caused him to live looking for, and hasting to, the coming of the day of God. An early death was ever before him; but this occasioned no gloom. All was light above him and before him. His last days were the happiest of all. He was on the rock, and had a lively hope of heaven. He said, a few days before he died, "All is right. Even might I have a large estate, I do not want to stay. Heaven is beyond all this world can afford." In his last hours he said, "This is heaven on earth. The room seems full of heaven." He blessed all the family in the name of the Lord, and then composed himself for his departure. The period soon arrived, and he sweetly slept in Christ. He died October 26th, 1846, aged twenty-four, having been a member of the Wesleyan society between five and six years.

SAMUEL DARBYSHIRE.

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SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE TABERNACLE.

EXPOSITORY.

(*Concluded from page* 315.)

LET the reader turn back to our September Number, and place open before him the pictorial representation of the tabernacle there. He will see that it was an oblong enclosure, formed by curtains hung upon pillars, but uncovered. At the farther end there is a smaller oblong enclosure, but covered. This is the tabernacle *strictly* speaking; the space between the gate and this being the outward court. Two great symbols are visible here: the altar, on which expiatory victims were offered, prefiguring the great atonement; and immediately beyond it, the "brazen sea," the laver for purification by water, prefiguring the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit. The tabernacle itself, very generally speaking, denoted the divine presence, the presence of the God of Israel, admitting His people to communion with Himself. But they who come into the presence of the God of Israel, must come by sacrifice, and the washing of pure water: they must be saved by Him who came by blood and water. With the consenting, trusting faith of a contrite and penitent heart, we come by the great High Priest, we receive the atonement, and guilt being removed through the all-availing expiation, clean water is sprinkled on us that we may be clean from moral defilement. We receive justification by faith, and the Holy Ghost is given unto us: we are saved by receiving forgiveness of sins and inheritance among the sanctified.

Generally speaking, the tabernacle denoted the divine presence, not in its ubiquity, its *everywhereness*, but in what may be called, —for the very purpose of distinguishing it from the omnipresence essential to the divine nature, and thus from it merely considered as that of the God of nature,—its appointed and restricted localization for the purposes of worship and communion. That the Jews were not ignorant of the divine omnipresence, is evident from many passages of the Old Testament, especially from the language of the hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm:—"Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?" &c. That JEHOVAH, the great I AM, was *limited* to the temple, or to any particular spot, they thought not. The language of indignant irony in which the Prophet addressed the bewildered, and defeated, and frantic Priests of Baal, (1 Kings xviii. 27,) fully proves this. But they were taught that the presence of God was special in its character by the sensible idea of locality. They might find the God of nature, man's Creator, his Legislative and Sovereign Lord, *everywhere*; in the valley or on the mountain-top, in town or in country, on land or at sea, alone or with the multitude. The object of their worship and service was God, as adding to general nature a specific scheme of redemption, as manifesting Himself under the character of a covenant God, pardoning, sanctifying, blessing; and to impress them with the fact that God was to be worshipped under, so to speak, a specific and *restricted character*, they were sovereignly commanded to approach to their covenant God and Saviour with the notion of a *restricted presence*. Not that He who was in the tabernacle was not the omnipresent God; but that *there*, in His sovereignty, He required that His subjects should meet Him. And, under the Christian dispensation, that which in the tabernacle was *locality of presence*, becomes now *specialty of character*. There is now no assigned spot for the divine presence. All these notions are distinctly and formally abrogated by our Lord Jesus himself. "Neither in this mountain," Gerizim, "nor at Jerusalem," Mount Zion, "shall ye worship the Father." Neither to one place, nor to another, is His presence limited. Places of worship are not only convenient and useful, but, because so, necessary. But no one of them, not all of them, realizes the idea of the Jewish tabernacle or temple. There are now no consecrated places where alone public worship can be performed, and God's presence expected. All notions of this kind are a relapse into abrogated Judaism. Such places are neither to be despised nor undervalued; but limitation, or specialty of presence, is not the ground of their value. The grand idea of Christian worship is the *specialty of the divine character*. *Wherever* "two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them;" whether *in* or *out* of a regular place of worship. We must anywhere, and everywhere, set God before us under His tabernacle character, calling us to meet Him on the ground of *special interposition for the purposes of redemption and salvation; as making Himself known to us*, and not leaving us to *worship Him in our own way*, but *requiring obedience to His own appointment*. We are to worship the God of nature, and providence, and law, not specially as such, but as the *God of redemption, our covenant God, made known by revelation, approachable through the expiation of Christ, the purification of the Spirit*; in a word, the tabernacle preaches Christ, and commands us to worship the God of all grace, calling us to His eternal glory by Christ Jesus.

But there are some *particular lessons*

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taught us by the tabernacle symbol as included in these *general truths*. We turn to the ninth chapter of Hebrews. We there find the true character of the tabernacle symbolism. At the farther end of the covered sanctuary was a portion separated from the rest by a thick veil or curtain. In this was the ark of the covenant,—a small chest, in which were deposited the tables of the law, and two memorials of covenant mercy, Aaron's rod, and the pot of manna: this chest was covered with what was termed the mercy-seat. This was "the holiest of all." It was the presence-chamber of the tabernacle, considered as the palace of Israel's God. From each end of the mercy-seat rose the figure of cherubim, overshadowing it with their wings; and resting between these was a supernatural light, called by the Hebrews the *Shekinah*, "the glory of the Lord,"—a visible manifestation of the divine presence. Here, once a year, on the great day of atonement, came the High Priest, with the blood of expiation, thus having access to God by atoning sacrifice. The promise was, "I will commune with thee from between the cherubim, from the mercy-seat." And thus did the Psalmist pray, "Thou that sittest between the cherubim, shine forth!" Of all this, the New Testament furnishes the principles of clear explanation. God on the mercy-seat,—the throne of grace,—is the object of the worship of His believing people; and they seek access to Him, and communion with Him, under the character which He thus appears to sustain. What is that? He is the God of grace, calling us to Himself in that character, and fixing the way of approach. He is thus accessible through the atoning sacrifice of the Lamb that taketh away the sin of the world. We must come through the intercession of the great High Priest, Jesus, the Son of God, exercising faith in His blood. He to whom we come is the God of divine manifestation, shining forth: we not only come to Him, but He comes to us, by His witnessing Spirit lifting up the light of His reconciled countenance. The object of Christian worship, trust, love, communion, submissive obedience, is God on the mercy-seat, a just God and a Saviour,—God, in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself. In the old dispensation, a veil before the holy place was designed to show that the way into the holiest was not yet made manifest, fully explained. When Christ died on the cross, the veil of the temple was rent in twain, symbolically declaring the great privilege of the Gospel, an open way of access to God by the atonement of Christ. Only the High Priest, and he only once a year, might enter the symbolic presence of God. But now that the infinite merit of Christ's sacrifice makes every day a day of atonement, an accepted time, a day of salvation, we may *all* draw nigh, and at all times, who will come in God's own way, and for the designs which God has made known.

Symbolic mercy-seats now exist not. All imitations of these are in opposition to the simplicity and purity of the Gospel. God is to be worshipped, not by the means of *sense*,—*that* is *Popish* worship; but in spirit and in truth,—*that* is *Christian* worship. It is not local, for the body; but intelligent and spiritual, for the mind and soul. We come to God, not in a certain place, but as sustaining a certain character. Wherever the believer may pray, there may we have access into the holiest, to Him who shines forth from between the cherubim, receiving us and pardoning us through His Son, and manifesting His pardoning love to our spirit, and thus bringing us to communion with Himself by His Spirit. So that thus, in the truths symbolized in the tabernacle, the accepted believer finds Jehovah, Father, Son, and Spirit, and is admitted to the full benediction of the holy and ever-blessed Trinity.

POETRY.

THE CHRISTIAN'S ALTAR.

"We have an altar, whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle."—Heb. xiii. 10.

We have an altar, not of stone,
Nor rear'd by human hands,
Accessible by faith alone,
Above the heavens it stands;
Its rites require no mortal Priest,
Nor Levites share our altar-feast.

The blood upon that altar spilt,
Still and for ever pleads:
No other sacrifice for guilt
The contrite sinner needs,
Safe when his refuge he draws near;
Touch but the altar, he is clear.

Yet, though with no atoning rites,
A sacrifice we bring,
The spirit in which God delights,
Ourselves the offering;
And while to heaven our hearts we lift,
This altar sanctifies the gift.

Through Him, once victim, ever Priest,
We have to God access;

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Partakers of the heavenly feast,
Our Saviour's name we bless;
And love and duteous deeds shall be
Our life's incessant liturgy.

JOSIAH CONDER.

NINETY-FIRST PSALM.

BY REV. E. F. HATFIELD.

He that beneath thy shadow hides,
And there, Most High! unmoved abides,
Thy saving grace shall see;
There safe from harm may sit and sing;
"My Refuge, Fortress, God, and King!
I trust alone in Thee."

He'll save thee from the fowler's snare,
From noisome plagues, from tainted air,
And thou shalt dwell at ease;
Beneath His wings shalt find repose,
A shield from all thy raging foes,
And every dire disease.

No midnight fears shall break thy rest,
No noonday plagues thy path invest,
Nor aught thy peace disturb;
No poison'd barb, no treacherous dart,
Shall pierce thy fond, confiding heart:
For He thy foes will curb.

Though at thy side a thousand lie,
At thy right hand ten thousand die,
Unharm'd thou still shalt be;
When God, upon the sinner's path,
Shall pour the fury of his wrath,
It shall not reach to thee.

Thy Refuge is the Lord Most High;
To Him in every trouble fly,
To Him thy sorrows tell:
No evil then thyself shall harm,
Nor any plague thy house alarm:
Securely thou shalt dwell.

He gives His angels charge to keep
Thy trusting soul, awake, asleep,
In all thy ways, secure;
Their gentle hands shall bear thee on,
Till all thy fears and foes are gone,
And make thy footing sure.

The roaring lion thou shalt tread
Beneath thy feet, nor shalt thou dread
The serpent's deadly fangs;
"Since thou hast set thy heart on me,
I," saith the Lord, "will set thee free
From all thy grievous pangs.

"Thy prayer I'll hear, thy wants supply;
Be with thee when distress is nigh,
And all thy fears control;
With length of days thy life I'll crown,
And shower my choicest blessings down,
To fill thy longing soul."

HYMN.

[A new church, at Pittsmoor,—one of the suburbs of Sheffield, as it may be termed,—was consecrated by the Archbishop of York, (who preached on the occasion,) August 15th, 1850. The following hymn, written for the purpose, by the venerable Sheffield bard, James Montgomery, was sung.]

Not in Jerusalem alone
God hears and answers prayer;
Nor, on Samaria's mountain known,
Reveals His presence there.

True worshippers may now draw nigh,
Sinners may seek His face,
Assured to meet His ear and eye,
All times, in every place.

Hence, in the secrecy of thought,
Our silent souls may pray;
Or round the household altar brought,
Begin and close the day.

Yet meet it is, and right, and good,
Where He records His name,
To mingle with the multitude,
And His high praise proclaim.

There, while the Lord their God they bless,
And He shines forth on them,
His church appears in holiness,
Their New Jerusalem.

Then let us consecrate to Him
These walls with love and fear:
God dwelt between the cherubim;
O, God in Christ, dwell here!

ORIENTAL SCENES.

RUNNING FOOTMEN BEFORE A CHARIOT.

INTRODUCTORY: THE SACRED TEXT ILLUSTRATED AND CONFIRMED BY THE KNOWLEDGE OF EASTERN ANTIQUITIES.

That the ancients, particularly the Egyptians, were acquainted with the art of painting *in fresco*, as the practice is termed among the Italians, or, at all events, of something very similar to it,—namely, of delineating in colours on a surface of plaster, (generally white,)—is proved by modern researches into their tombs, or *sepulchral apartments*, as they may perhaps be termed. These paintings, often very spirited, contain a complete his-

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tory of Egyptian life, from the cradle to the tomb. Those who have had the opportunity of visiting the British Museum will have noticed this in the apartments devoted to Egyptian antiquities. Their employments of every kind, and in their most minute varieties, are thus brought before us, so that the people seem to live in our sight. The dwellers in a remote antiquity are thus, as it were, revived for our instruction; and scarcely are we better acquainted with our cotemporaries than we are with those whose mortal elements, except in well-known cases of artificial preservation, have ages ago been mingled with the common elements of nature, awaiting there the call of Omnipotence when "the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised."

A collateral advantage of no ordinary importance, and which was scarcely anticipated by the first investigators, has ensued from these discoveries. There was, in many respects, a close connexion between the ancient Hebrews and the ancient Egyptians. Their respective countries were not far distant from each other. The times indicated were the times when the Jews were a flourishing people; and as the Old Testament was written for them in the first instance, it abounds with allusions, often very particular and minute, to their modes of living. Many of these had long been felt to be obscure, on account of the long time that has elapsed since the cessation of the customs themselves. And here we come to a remarkable instance of the divine wisdom and goodness. St. Paul says, "For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning:" literally, "were *fore*-written for our learning;" the benefit of the church in these latter days was from the first contemplated. Now, as might have been expected from this, all that is immediately connected with our spiritual profit is so plainly stated, that we, with our English translation, may derive as much instruction from the ancient Scriptures as the ancients themselves. Still, much remained comparatively obscure, often referring to interesting portions of holy writ. But in the course of that progress which takes place so certainly where the human mind moves in that light of divine truth which, though shining directly and chiefly on the path of salvation and holiness, irradiates, likewise, a wide expanse on either hand, circumstances have arisen, which, by elucidating ancient customs, have dispelled much of the obscurity from portions of the sacred text which previously rested upon them. And even more than this. Many superficial infidels, yet sitting in the seat of the scornful, have ridiculed passages which they could not understand, because judging them by the standard of modern usages. By various means, acquaintance with ancient manners and customs has increased, and biblical antiquities have at length been made a regular branch of general theological study. What has been the consequence? The perfect truthfulness of the sacred penmen, in all these matters, has been made abundantly apparent; so that not only has the text of the Bible been explained, but it has received additional confirmation. These ancient

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customs have long ago passed away, and the memory of them, likewise, had so passed away, that it would have been morally impossible for a modern author to write the histories and biographies of those times, without betraying the *recency of the composition*. The discoveries to which we have alluded thus became a test of the highest value. A timid believer, when the door had only just been opened, might have trembled for the issue. "If it should be found out that the writers of the Bible lived in an age far below that to which their writings pretend—!" IF? Had such fears ever existed, they would have been completely dispelled. *The study of properly-related antiquities brightly illustrates the meaning, and irrefragably confirms the truthfulness, of the sacred text.*

RUNNING FOOTMEN BEFORE CHARIOTS.

The reader will forgive this digression, which might have been placed before any subject of the same general class, as well as before that to which our engraving particularly refers. The argument rests upon particular instances, very various in their character; but any one of them is sufficient to illustrate its bearing, and to contribute to the establishment of its validity.

It will at once be seen that the Egyptian paintings, which we have mentioned, have furnished our artist with his subject. It is not a fancy-piece, in which the delineator, with certain texts before him, expresses what he believes *must have been* the original reality. It is, as it were, the original reality itself, disinterred as from the darkness of the grave in which it had long been hidden. Here is an Egyptian chariot, with footmen running before and behind. This is all that so small a space will allow. But some of the paintings are large, and contain a greater number of details. There is one which represents a person of quality arriving at an entertainment late. His chariot is drawn (as all the Egyptian chariots were) by two horses. He is attended by a number of running footmen, one of whom hastens forward to knock at the door of the house; another advances to take the reins; a third bears a stool to assist his master in alighting; and most of them carry their sandals in their hands, that they may run barefooted with the greater ease.

Now turn to the Old Testament. You read (1 Sam. viii. 11) that the King whom the Israelites desired, would "take their sons, and appoint them for himself, for his chariots, and to be his horsemen, *and some shall run before his chariots.*" Then go on to 2 Sam. xv. 1, and you find that "Absalom prepared him chariots and horses, *and fifty men to run before him.*" Is it not likely that Naaman's "servants," who are mentioned as present when he "came with his horses and with his chariot, and stood at the door of the house of Elijah," were such running footmen? We read of no other chariots, nor was it likely that his servants would be riding either in chariots or on horses; but when Naaman had yielded to his natural warmth, excited by the pride wounded by the omission of the accustomed homage, his servants,—doubtless standing by, witnessing the proceedings, and judging more coolly respecting them,—"his servants *came near*, and spake unto him."

And even when the horses were driven rapidly,—and this is the representation of our woodcut,—there will be no difficulty to those who know the effects of exercise and custom. Men may be trained to run, even for a considerable distance, as rapidly as horses can draw a carriage. In the latter days of stage-coaches, when the customary pace had become almost as rapid as the speed of the "Government trains" on railroads, we were once travelling across the midland counties, where the roads were excellent; and having arrived at the last town before the *dinner-town*, (which was about a dozen miles further on,) just before we started on this last stage, while the coachman was gathering up the reins, and preparing to mount up to the box, whip in hand,—a process of which young travellers now know nothing; it has passed into the antiquities of a bygone age,—a man, thinly clad in linen, a handkerchief round his brows, and barefooted, started forward to the heads of the horses; and, looking up to the *outsiders*, said, "Gentlemen, what shall I order for your dinner at ●●●?" He set off at a steady but rapid pace, for the coachman was by this time enthroned in his seat of direction and power; and so did the coach: but we lost sight of him at the first turning of the road, and saw no more of him till we had finished the stage; and there he was, standing in the inn-yard, quite cool and composed. He had been there, we were told, fifteen minutes. And the coach had a beautiful team of horses, well driven, on a smooth and level road. We got over the stage at the rate of at least nine miles an hour. We say again, therefore, that even though the chariots in ancient times might sometimes be driven, as Jehu drove his, *furiously*, "running footmen" might easily be trained up to keep pace with them.

We ask the reader whether this account of the *running footmen*, drawn from what may be called *independent antiquity*, does not assist in illustrating and confirming the sacred text?

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ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE PROVISION OF MATERIAL SUBSTANCES FOR MAN'S USE, BY MEANS OF HUMAN INDUSTRY AND SKILL.

(*Continued from page* 318.)

We have already intimated the vast difference between the circumstances in which the inferior creatures and men are respectively placed. The *clothing* of the animals is a part of themselves, and is always suited to the climate in which they dwell, and, more or less, to the pursuits to which they are destined. Their food they find in the natural substances to which their peculiar instincts direct them; and from the limits of these instincts, in a state of nature, they never vary. So with their habitations. Such as they are, the constructing animals are directed in the construction by invariable instincts. They may be said to learn nothing, to forget nothing, to do all to which their nature prompts them, and nothing more. So that their habits are in all ages the same. And for the work of their life they are prepared almost as soon as they begin to live. Arts and sciences, as the result of intelligence and will, cannot exist among them. They have, within a strictly circumscribed sphere, a sort of natural perfection, but they are incapable of improvement. There can be no progressive increase of knowledge among them.

And yet, is man less favoured than are these? Our Lord gives the answer which nature illustrates and verifies: "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." Illustrated and confirmed by his own nature, in the first place; by surrounding material nature, in the second: and then, all this is yet more brightly illustrated, more strongly confirmed, by the wonderful adaptation of the one to the other; of instinctive and yet voluntary intelligence and power, to the existence of a boundless provision of material substances, inanimate and animate, scarcely any of them purely simple, most of them compound, and compounded with admirable skill and power. There is not only *provision*,—the term goes not far enough to reach the whole truth of the case,—it is not only provision, but *preparation;* careful, and most evidently intentional, preparation: the prepared provision of a wise, powerful, benevolent Creator, who foreknew the wants and movements of created human nature, and, if we may so speak, with benevolent forethought, made all ready beforehand.

And before entering on the consideration of particular instances, there is another general remark necessary to be made, because illustrating so impressively the divine wisdom and goodness. By properly using these provided materials, not only are his temporal wants supplied, but gradually the improvement of his intellectual and moral nature is secured. He is preserved from idleness, and thus is the health both of body and mind promoted, and many evils, physical and moral, are prevented. In learning the use of these substances, the laws and properties impressed on them are discovered, and his own intellectual being is developed, and advanced towards its designed perfection. He becomes acquainted with geometry, and this leads him to the higher mathematics; chemistry, with all its wonders, becomes unveiled to his view; he learns to be an architect, taste is thus developed and instructed, and sculpture and painting follow in its train; metallurgy, botany, natural history, geography, astronomy, navigation, mechanics, the whole train of science, live and grow; and thus does he become acquainted with himself, his physical structure, anatomy, and medicine; his intellectual constitution, and its laws, leading to every branch of mental culture; studies which in their progress give out poetry, rhetoric, philosophy. Nay, the higher objects of his being are thus promoted. Thinking and studying in light from heaven, his moral nature becomes conspicuous; nature, seen in the sunshine of heaven, the light of divinely-revealed truth, is seen to be in everything the work of God. The divine power, and goodness, and wisdom, and skill, in their inexhaustible resources, continually rise up before him, furnishing a natural theology, exactly harmonizing, as far as it goes, with the communications of revealed theology; and leaving this latter then to carry us higher and higher, incalculably beyond the attainments of natural power, so that both in nature and grace we may walk with God, knowing Him, loving Him, and glorifying Him as our chief and ultimate end, as well as our first cause and origin.

What should we do without FIRE? On this question enlargement is needless. It answers itself. It is at the very foundation of the supply of human wants. And how does it exist? Whence is it procured? The imponderable element, *caloric*, is widely diffused throughout nature. But how is it to be collected? It is the foundation of fire, but not fire itself. Other substances exist for which it has a strong affinity; and in certain conditions, especially requiring the presence of the oxygen of the atmosphere, it so operates on them as to produce *combustion;* that is, *fire*,—giving out *heat* (sensible caloric) in its various degrees. In some of these operations *flame* is produced; *light* as well as heat. But what complicated provisions exist for this! All substances are more or less acted upon by caloric, but all are not combustible. Nor do all consume in flame.

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Some give intense heat, but little light; some a brilliant light, though with comparatively less heat. But for all these purposes, substances exist in nature, capable at the same time of being applied to many other uses. Wood, oil, and fat are supplied by the vegetable and animal kingdoms. Some people possess only wood-fires, and employ large splinters of resinous wood to give forth light. The Esquimaux, sheltered by snow, cold as it is, from the much colder atmosphere without, have nothing but oil to give both light and heat. Think of the inventions for artificial light existing among civilized and well-instructed nations,—lamps, to consume oil; candles, to consume fat. Then think of the methods of procuring caloric in the shape of the little spark to kindle the greater fire; the well-known tinder-box, with flint and steel. And now chemistry has banished these, supplying their places with "lucifer-matches," so well known to all, understood by few. Trifling as this last instance may appear, yet what complex provisions are involved! The chemical substance at the top, the effect of friction on it, the combustibleness of sulphur, the combustion of wood, producing flame; each is necessary to the result. And yet, the match is not a natural substance. There is the industrious application of human knowledge and skill, without which the desired result could not be obtained.

And speaking of fire, we are naturally reminded of *coal*. Here is an astonishing provision. Vast masses of vegetable substances, by chemical agency, and mechanical pressure, become mineralized. And for what? He who can believe that coal was not intentionally prepared and provided for the use of man, in supplying him with fuel, will be able to see final causes in nothing. But how much human power and skill are required to get access to coal, and procure it as abundantly as required! To unworking, unthinking man, the coal-basins would be useless. And much more than this. Our streets during the night have almost the brightness of day, to the great benefit of man in both security, comfort, and morals. If *no coal*, (there are some similar substances, but coal is the principal,) *no gas*. But without the application of knowledge and skilful industry, the gas would remain in the coal. Without suitable substances, industry would be valueless, for it can create nothing: without study, knowledge, skill, and industry, the suitable substances would be useless in practice. Can we refrain from admiring the provision and the appointment, and fervently adoring their Author?

(*To be concluded.*)

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

A DINNER-PARTY AT WINDSOR PALACE.

M——, an officer of great intelligence, and associated in a work of much interest connected with the ancient Scripture history of India, arrived, a short time ago, in this country, and, on his arrival, some observations on the work in which he was engaged appeared in the London papers. A few days after, he was surprised to receive, at his hotel, through the Lord Chamberlain, a command to dine at the Palace at Windsor: an honour which surprised him, as he was only just arrived from India, and had never been presented at Court. As the invitation intimated that he was to come in court-dress, he proceeded to his tailor, who fitted him out in the usual adornment. At the Castle he presented himself on the appointed day, and was received by the tall, magnificent footmen in scarlet liveries, one or two of whom stood on each landing; and, silent as mutes, pointed their fingers in the direction he was to take. Following up the grand staircase the course this line of brilliant finger-posts pointed out, he entered an ante-room, where he was received by some high officer, and mutely directed to another; and at length found himself in one where some gentlemen attired similarly to himself were waiting in a group. He had little trouble, as soon as he composed his senses, after the unusual scene through which he had passed, in perceiving that they, like himself, were invited to dinner; and presently recognised one of them, an eminent historian, with whom he had been acquainted. Here they remained conversing for a few minutes, when suddenly the folding-doors at one end of the room were thrown open; and, preceded by the Grand Chamberlain, with his rod of office, Her Majesty, leaning on Prince Albert, appeared; and, without pausing to take notice of her guests, passed quite through the room in which they were; and out through corresponding doors which led to the dining-room on the other side, the company, amongst whom was M——, falling into the rear, and silently following. They took their seats, Prince Albert next Her Majesty, and the other guests down the table, which was not large, as the dinner-party was a limited one. There was no general conversation: the guests spoke in subdued tones to each other; Her Majesty spoke to none, and the Prince only let fall a few words to some one near him; until, at length, the few words grew fewer. This, however, was not so awkward as a silent dinner-party might seem under other circumstances,

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as the magnificent band of the Coldstream Guards, in an adjoining apartment, were playing the finest airs; and good music is any day better than indifferent conversation. Nevertheless, it was a chilling scene; and as soup, fish, and flesh were handed round by the "tall fellows" in crimson, some no doubt thought they would prefer, as a general rule, less grandeur and more cordiality. Dinner concluded, Her Majesty remained a short time; then arose; and, again preceded by the Officers of State, returned to the drawing-room, never having spoken all the time to her company. The Prince's mood, however, became more hearty as soon as Her Majesty left, and he led to a general and lively conversation on antiquarian subjects, in which he displayed large reading and great intelligence. While they were thus pleasantly and intellectually engaged, it was announced that Her Majesty expected their presence to coffee, and they proceeded to the drawing-room, where the Queen (with her ladies in waiting) was. Here matters again relapsed into the same splendid state-silence as in the early part of the dinner. Coffee was handed round, and each guest mutely sipped his cup, regarding Her Majesty, if one might so speak, from a distance. While M—— was wondering when the signal to depart would be given, the Grand Chamberlain advanced, and informed him that Her Majesty had given orders that he should be presented: he therefore came forward to where Her Majesty was seated in the same room, and, with as much form as though he had not met her at dinner, he knelt, and touched with his lips the hand that was offered; and, this ceremony gone through, again retired, fully expecting that this was an end of a stately but somewhat stupid day. But it was not so; for, a quarter of an hour subsequently, he was informed that Her Majesty, who retired to a kind of alcove or recess, about as deep as an embayed window, wished to converse with him. He accordingly presented himself before his Sovereign, who, no longer in formal state, immediately entered with vivacity and intelligence into conversation on the particular and interesting, and, in many respects, learned, subject in which he had been engaged; showing in all her inquiries and observations a well-stored, clear, and cultivated mind. When Her Majesty had conversed for some time, and sufficiently informed herself, she rose, and M—— retired; and soon after he and the other guests departed.—*Bristol Times.*

THE PROTESTANT.

LAURENCE SAUNDERS,

THE MARTYR.

WHILE he was in prison in London he wrote to Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, then prisoners at Oxford. He thus speaks of his Christian comfort; showing, by the way, that the doctrine of the witness of the Spirit, revived under the Wesleys, was well understood by the pious Reformers:—"We have received the word of truth, even the Gospel of our salvation, wherein we believing are sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance; the which Spirit certifieth our spirit that we are the children of God; and therefore God hath sent the Spirit of his Son into our hearts, crying, Abba, Father."

Being excommunicated and delivered to the secular power, Bonner went to the prison to "disgrade" him, he having been a Priest. When this was over, he said, "I thank God I am none of your Church." He was sent to Coventry to be burned, and arrived there on the evening of February 7th, 1555. "The same night a poor shoemaker, which was wont to serve him of shoes, came to him after his manner, and said, 'O, my good master, God strengthen and comfort you!' 'Gramercies, good shoemaker,' quoth Master Saunders, 'and I pray thee to pray for me. I am the unmeetest man for this high office that ever was appointed to it, but my gracious God and dear Father is able to make me strong enough.' He was then put into the common jail, among other prisoners, where he slept little, but spent the night in prayer, and instructing of others.

"The next day, which was the 8th of February, he was led to the place of execution in the park, without the city, going in an old gown, and a shirt, barefooted, and ofttimes fell flat on the ground and prayed. When he was come nigh to the place, he said to the officer, 'I do hold no heresies, but the doctrine of God, the blessed Gospel of Christ; that hold I, that believe I, that have I taught, and that will I never revoke.' With that this tormentor cried, 'Away with him!' and away went Master Saunders with a merry courage towards the fire. He fell to the ground and prayed; he rose up again, and took the stake to which he should be chained in his arms, and kissed it, saying, 'WELCOME THE CROSS OF CHRIST! WELCOME EVERLASTING LIFE!'

"Being fastened to the stake, and fire put to him, full sweetly he slept in the Lord."—*Foxe.*

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PAPERS ON BOTANY.

PANNAG.

Much obscurity yet rests on the natural history and botany of the sacred volume, arising from the antiquity of the language in which it was written. *Pannag* exhibits one instance among many. We will furnish our readers with as much conjectural light as we possess.

Dr. Kitto says that the word "occurs only once in Scripture, and so much uncertainty exists concerning its meaning, that in many translations, like our authorized version, the original is retained. In the account of the commerce of Tyre, in Ezek. xxvii. 17, it is said, 'Judah and the land of Israel, they were thy merchants: they traded in thy market wheat of Minnith, and Pannag, and honey, and oil, and balm.' From the context it is evident that wheat, oil, and honey, were conveyed by Judah and Israel,—that is, the products of their country as an agricultural people,—as articles of traffic to the merchants and manufacturers of Tyre, who, it is certain, must, from their insular position, have obtained their chief articles of diet from the neighbouring land of Syria. It is probable that *pannag*, whatever it may have been, was the produce of Palestine, or at least of Syria. Some have considered the word to indicate *balsam*, others *cassia*, and some again *sweetmeats*. The Syrian version renders it by a word which signifies *millet*. The variety and conflicting character of these interpretations are a sufficient proof that *pannag* must still be considered undetermined."

Lady Callcott, to illustrate this fact of variety of opinions, gives the following extract from a letter of Dr. Hurwitz, the learned Hebraist:—"*Pannag* is considered by some as the name of a place; by others, as the name of a delicious sort of *pastry*. This I think the most probable, as the word *delicately*, (Prov. xxix. 21,) which appears to be of the same root, expresses, also, tenderness and delight, and is frequently used in Rabbinical Hebrew in these senses. Those authors who render *pannag* by *balsam*, forget that this is already mentioned in the same verse."

Lady Callcott believes it to be the "*panax quinquefolium*" of the ancients, who, she says, considered it to be a medicine so powerful and efficacious for the cure of a variety of distempers, that the word *panacea* was derived from it. She adds, "Now this is precisely the character the Chinese, from time immemorial, have attributed to their

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ginseng, which is the root of the panax. This drug was, and is, produced in great quantities throughout China and Chinese Tartary, where it is probable that the method of curing it renders it more efficacious than it is held to be by modern European physicians; but as it appears from Pliny to have been as much valued by the ancients as it is now by the Chinese, it would naturally find its way to the market of Tyre, as easily as camphor, lign aloes, or any other production of the far East.....The ginseng, or panax, of Asia, is an agreeable root to chew, as the Egyptians do the sugar-cane; and, excepting that it is warmer and more pungent, it resembles the liquorice-root, with whose effects those of the North American species of panax appear to be identical. Wherever the panax has been found, it has been considered as salutary, precious, and delicious, thus answering to the Rabbinical explanation of the word *pannag;* and such a drug might well be classed with the honey, oil, and balsam mentioned in the same verse, and with them find its way to the markets of Tyre."

Among these interpretations our readers may make their choice, if, indeed, they think it necessary to make one; though, perhaps, they will do as we do,—leave the word as they find it. Such difficulties interfere not with the invaluable plainness of Scripture in all points necessary to be understood. It is not a term in the remotest degree connected with the *highway of holiness*, where the wayfaring man, however in other respects unlearned, *shall not err*.

TABLE-TALK.

THE NECESSITY OF THOUGHTFULNESS FOR THE MAINTENANCE OF PERSONAL PIETY.

It is a good saying of St. Bernard, "Happy is he who cogitates, who thinks and considers that all his actions may be directed to righteousness, so that the *intention* may be healthy and pure, and the *operation* right by conforming to rule." Both these are necessary to the true goodness of a work, to scriptural righteousness. We cannot please God unless we *intend* to please Him; and to intend to please God implies more of self-knowledge and control, and therefore requires more self-inspection, than many persons suppose. Our heart is deceitful: it is also credulous, and easily deceived. We may use the phrase, "I intend to please, or to glorify, God," and believe, without further inquiry, that we mean what we say. We must look closely within, willing to see whatever is to be seen,—willing to see that we are in error. We must search our hearts, as the Lord will search Jerusalem, with candles,—with the light of Scripture truth, rendered efficacious by the work of the Spirit in opening the eyes of our understanding, in answer to the earnest prayer of strong desire. Nor is this all. Obedience is to be shown in submission to authority; and we submit to authority by conforming to rule. We are to do *what* we are told to do, and *as* we are told to do it. Moses is not to build a tabernacle in his own way, but according to the pattern showed him in the Mount. And this was Noah's work in relation to the ark. God gave him full and minute directions, and "thus did Noah; according to all that God commanded him, so did he." And this, too, requires much thought; first, in making ourselves well acquainted with the rule, and then in maintaining the habit of steadily applying it, as well as of trying our works by it. We must lay judgment to the line; and righteousness to the plummet; else, when God does this,—and He has declared that He will,—where shall we be?

No: it will not do to live in a hurry; to be governed by custom; to fancy that we can do right without care. To preserve our intention pure, to distinguish between a true desire to please God, and a resolution to please ourselves, just covered with a few religious phrases; and in the operation of the work to keep close to the prescribed pattern,—to apply the rule to the work, and the work to the rule; this is no trivial concern. We need to be always thoughtful and cautious, watchful and prayerful. To the undecided professor, this will be hard work. He who keeps himself in the love of God, and lives in the communion of the Spirit of life and power, will find it always solemn work, but always delightful. Graciously easy is the yoke of the Saviour, even when heaviest.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

DR. SPURZHEIM.

Died November 10th, 1832.

The science of phrenology (if it may be called a science) has excited no small share of public attention for the last thirty years. Its advocates and antagonists have been numerous, and their plaudits and censures of the system in many instances sufficiently earnest. As it professes to discover the intellectual and moral characters of men

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from the form and quality of the brain, or, rather, the shape of the skull, it has often afforded ample scope for indulging a prying curiosity. It has been remarked that some warm students of the science have made tolerably favourable discoveries of their own mental qualities, and have had, or seemed to have, much self-complacency in thinking that they could discover those of other people, whether favourable or not. Some account of one of the modern framers and introducers of this system, may not be uninteresting.

John Gasper Spurzheim was born on the last day of December, 1776, at Longwich, a small village near Treves; recently celebrated by the "pious fraud" of the "holy coat." His father was a farmer in respectable circumstances. After receiving the rudiments of a classical education at a school in his native village, young Spurzheim was sent to the University of Treves, being designed for the service of the Church. But while prosecuting his studies, the revolutionary armies of France invaded the southern parts of Germany and Prussia, and Spurzheim and many others escaped into Austria. On his arrival at Vienna, in 1779, he resolved to devote himself to medicine. About this time the celebrated Dr. Gall commenced lecturing on his discoveries respecting the functions of the brain, and a deep impression was produced on the mind of Spurzheim, who, after some time spent in studying the subject, became Gall's assistant, in which capacity he exhibited great diligence.

After peacefully pursuing their studies, and delivering their lectures for a season, the Austrian Government interfered and silenced them; and this led Gall and Spurzheim to leave Vienna in 1805. For nearly two years they continued travelling through the principal parts of Germany, Prussia, Holland, and France, reaching Paris in 1807, where they spent the next eight years, during which Spurzheim assisted Gall in his public lectures. In 1808 they presented to the French Institute a memoir of their anatomical researches. That illustrious body appointed a Committee, of which Cuvier was the leading member, to report on the subject. This report gave anything but satisfaction to the lecturers, who therefore published a defence of their doctrines, under the title of "Inquiries into the Nervous System in general, and into that of the Brain in particular;" and in 1810, another work was commenced, which was not completed till 1819, entitled, "The Anatomy and Physiology of the Nervous System in general, and particularly that of the Brain." As Spurzheim separated from Gall in 1813, the third and fourth volumes bear the name of the latter only: it is illustrated by a magnificent folio atlas of one hundred plates.

Having taken his degree of Doctor of Physic at Vienna, Spurzheim came over to Britain in 1814, for the purpose of propagating his views. In order to effect this, he published, in 1815, "The Physiognomical System of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim," which was followed by "Outlines of the Physiognomical System," and, in 1817, by "Observations on the Deranged Manifestations of the Mind, or Insanity." The views contained in the first of these works having been warmly attacked in the "Edinburgh Review," by the late Dr. John Gordon, Spurzheim suddenly appeared in Edinburgh, and, in the lecture-room of his assailant, sought to establish by dissection the accuracy of his assertions. He also replied at considerable length to the objections alleged in the article alluded to. After lecturing in Edinburgh, London, and Dublin, he returned to Paris in 1817, where he continued to lecture and publish during the next eight years.

In 1824 the French Government having prohibited the public delivering of lectures, without special permission, Spurzheim confined himself to private conversations in his own house, till he left France the following year, in order to pay another visit to Britain. In London he delivered several courses of lectures on the brain, and published his "Phrenology; or, the Doctrine of the Mind, and of the Relations between its Manifestations and the Body:" and "A View of the Philosophical Principles of Phrenology."

After this he visited Paris, but returned to England in 1826, and lectured in the London Institution to crowded audiences. He then proceeded to Cambridge, Bath, and Bristol, in order to propagate his views; associating with his public lectures the publication of several works.

After lecturing in London early in the following year with great *eclat*, he visited the north, proceeding to Hull, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, and returned to London, where he fixed his residence. In May, 1829, he presented to the Royal Society a paper on the brain. But although it was read before that illustrious body, they refused it a place among the "Philosophical Transactions." On which he published it, along with some remarks on Mr. Charles Bell's "Animadversions on Phrenology."

In the course of this year he visited many of the towns in England, zealously propagating his opinions. And being invited to Ireland in the spring of 1830, he visited that part of the empire; and at Dublin was made an honorary Member of the Royal Irish Academy.

In the year following he paid another visit to his Irish friends; and, after lecturing to them, left Dublin for Paris, where he published his last work, entitled, "A Manual of Phrenology." His wife dying soon after he had settled in the French metropolis, he resolved on visiting America, in order to study the character of the people of the United States, and diffuse his system.

In August, 1832, he landed in New-York, visited New-Haven and Hartford, and pro-

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ceeded to Boston, where he lectured in the Athenian Hall, and also at Harvard University, Cambridge, to large, intelligent, and interested audiences. The intervals of his time were taken up in visiting the public institutions, and in making and receiving calls. However, his labours and the change of climate proved too severe for his naturally robust constitution; he was seized with fever, which cut him off in the fifty-sixth year of his age. His death produced a great sensation. At his funeral there was an immense assemblage of spectators, who appeared to feel deeply. An impressive oration was pronounced by Dr. Follen, Professor of German in Harvard University; and an ode, composed by the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, was sung on the occasion.

The funeral service was conducted in the Old South church, and his remains were buried at Mount Auburn. Over his grave a monument has been erected, with the simple inscription, "SPURZHEIM;" considered by his admirers sufficient to express their sense of his greatness and worth.

That his entire system includes a considerable amount of scientific truth, will not, of course, be denied by any who acknowledge the fact (though they pretend not to explain the mystery) that in the human frame the brain, with the nerves, constitute the chief organ through which the mind operates on external objects, and is operated on by them. Thus far, therefore, it cannot be said to lead *necessarily* to materialism. At the same time it must be admitted that even if its peculiarities do not move in that direction, many of those who have embraced them have carried them forward to this result. At all events, these peculiarities rest more upon hypothesis than demonstration. Two things are altogether unsupported by facts. It is not shown that different parts of the brain are the medium of different mental operations. Anatomy shows the *oneness* of the brain, but nothing beyond. All else is assumption. Neither has it been shown that all exterior protuberances of the cranium have corresponding internal concavities. But on these two assumptions is the system, as it is a peculiar one, based. Even if it be true, it is not scientifically *proved* to be true. Grant the two assumptions, and the remaining task of demonstration will be easy. But till these be proved, the doctrine is not *science* but *hypothesis;* and Sir Isaac Newton only spoke as a genuine philosopher when he said, "I do not frame hypotheses." To those who are not acquainted with anatomy and physiology the system can scarcely fail to be mischievous. Such persons can have no clear understanding of it; and to mere smatterers in science, unhappily, craniology presents peculiar temptations to uncharitableness and vanity. And its associations are undoubtedly very dangerous. It leads to the fearful doctrine of philosophical necessity, which, not less than the cognate doctrine of religious necessity, leaves only one omnipotent, resistless will in the universe, to which all actions are to be traced, good or bad. Sin is excused in individuals as resulting from original organization. In short, it is a study which can produce no benefit, and is *very likely* to produce much evil. Time spent on it is worse than lost: it is most injuriously wasted.

PETER SAMUEL.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

[All notices for this department, if not sent by one of the Ministers of the Circuit, must be authenticated by his signature, in addition to that of the sender.]

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Grassby, Mrs.,	Lincoln,	Lincoln,	75	April 9th, 1850.
Johnston, Miss Jane,	Chapel,	Brookborough,	18	July 2d, 1850.
Johnston, Mr. Thomas,	Chapel,	Brookborough,	25	Aug. 5th, 1850.
Loam, Mrs. Charity,	Highway,	Redruth,	53	Aug. 1st, 1850.
Paull, Mrs. Jane,	Portreath,	Redruth,	42	May 2d, 1850.
Primrose, Mr. John,	Redruth,	Redruth,	55	July 20th, 1850.
Proctor, Mr.,	Lincoln,	Lincoln,	40	June 18th, 1850.
Robinson, Mrs.,	Lincoln,	Lincoln,	60	March 3d, 1850.
Robinson, Mr. Henry,	Haddenham,	Ely,	60	July 5th, 1850.
Ross, Mrs. Jane,	Ballymore,	Ballyclare,	34	March 21st, 1850.
Scales, Mr.,	Newark,	Newark,	85	June 1st, 1850.
Scales, Mrs.,	Newark,	Newark,	82	Sept. 21st, 1849.
Scales, Mr., John,	Newark,	Newark,	47	April 30th, 1850.
Smith, Miss,	Newport,	Lincoln,	50	April 19th, 1850.
Stevens, Mrs. Jane,	Blackwater,	Redruth,	75	July 19th, 1850.
Sutton, Miss Jane,	Hill-Top,	Wednesbury,	25	Aug. 5th, 1850.
Thomas, Rev. William,	Redruth,	Redruth,	33	July 19th, 1850.
Thomas, Mr. William,	North Country,	Redruth,	27	Jan. 3d, 1850.
Tongue, Mr.,	Shalford,	Lincoln,	75	July 21st, 1850.

R. T. & J. ROOKE, PRINTERS, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

DECEMBER, 1850.

WESLEYAN-METHODIST SOCIETY QUARTERLY TICKET, FOR SEPTEMBER, 1850.*

Before we dismiss the Rules of the Society, one point more remains to be considered,—*the duty of the Class-Leader.* "It is *his business* to see each person in his class once a week, at least,—in order to inquire how their souls prosper; to advise, reprove, comfort, or exhort, as occasion may require;" and "to receive what they are willing to give towards the support of the Gospel. To meet the Ministers and the Stewards of the society once a week,—in order to inform the Minister of any that are sick, or of any that walk disorderly, and will not be reproved;" and "to pay to the Stewards what they have received of their several classes in the week preceding." We learn from the Acts of the Apostles, that one of the first persons in the Christian church appointed to an office *similar* to that of a Wesleyan Class-Leader was "Stephen the martyr." And when Leaders are truly of his character,—"men of honest report, full of faith, of wisdom, and of the Holy Ghost,"—they are an incalculable blessing. Many who have looked into the working of the Methodist society, have thought sister churches might be profited by such a class of agents. Soon after the publication of the Memoir of William Carvosso, "sixty years a Class-Leader in the Wesleyan-Methodist Connexion," a copy was put by a friend of the writer of this paper into the hands of a gentleman, intelligent and highly connected, and a pious, devoted member of one of the largest and wealthiest of the Baptist churches. By reading the volume he was so struck with the apparent wisdom of appointing such a class of labourers, and their manifest usefulness in assisting to build up the church of Christ, that he could not refrain from going with the book to his respected Minister, and seriously urging him to adopt the principle in his church, and forthwith remodel it accordingly. This was not done. It could not be. The principle must be, in a certain sense, *indigenous.* An *exotic*,—transplanted to other climes, or churches,—it will not grow. Neither soil nor atmosphere agrees with it. The adoption of it by the Founder of Methodism, at the time that the members of the first class "appeared to be deeply convinced of sin, and earnestly groaning for redemption," is perhaps one of the most remarkable and graciously overruling

* The article on the Quarterly Ticket for September arrived too late for insertion in its proper place. We cannot allow ourselves, however, to break the series, and therefore give it a place in the Number for the present month. The piece on the Ticket for the Christmas quarter we hope to be able to insert in the January Number.—Eds.

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providences connected with the "extraordinary work of God" called Methodism.

How "many ten thousands" have blessed God for spiritual consolation conveyed to them through this peculiarly Methodistic channel! The pious and judicious Class-Leader, living in the midst of his "little flock," and by his ordinary habits variously associated with them; conscious of his communion with God and responsibility to man; beloved for his work's sake, and enjoying the confidence and affection of those committed to his care; "seeing them weekly," and incessantly advising, consoling, exhorting them; taking charge of their contributions to the cause of God, and connecting them with the Leaders'-Meeting, the church of Christ, and the living ministry,—he is variously blessed and extensively made a blessing. To the disinterested aid of the man of God, who sustains in the Methodist body the office of Class-Leader, both Minister and member are greatly indebted. Much of the moral strength of the Connexion, of its efficiency in saving souls from death, and of its comfort, and utility to the human family, depend on the character and "business of the Leader."

O that, in "the deep things of God," Leaders were what they ought to be! *Entering* themselves into "the holiest of all," they would lead their members in also. *Dwelling there*, they could not be approached without bringing others into a hallowing atmosphere. Thank God, not a few of them are of the right stamp. There is "counsel" in their example, for they "stand in the good way;" there is seasoning power in their words, for they carry in their hearts all the sagacity and authority of love. They "speak to edification and comfort." Enlightened and ardent piety, simplicity and godly sincerity, prayerfulness of spirit, and "the unction of the Holy One," qualify them for their office. The thing most to be dreaded is "lukewarmness,"—"backsliding in heart." Immorality forfeits the office. But declension from "inward holiness," lying open only to the "Searcher of hearts," and faithful self-inspection, cannot readily be detected by our brethren. Many still in office, there is reason to fear, have lost the life of God, and the power of religion, out of their souls. "Wells without water," these are a grievous loss to the church, a dead weight on her hands, a hinderance to her operations, a sad clog to her chariot-wheels. Let every godly Leader cherish a just dread of such a state of heart, such a lifeless spiritual condition, seeing that in him the sin is legion. A lesser fault, more widely spread, is *neglect of the rule which requires him to "see each person in his class once a week."* A volume might be written on this rule. The wisdom of God, and the power of God, is in it. Deducting for a few impracticable cases, and charitably presuming that Leaders are generally "walking with God" and "living in eternity," what a holy impetus would be given to the heart of the Connexion by a serious twelvemonths' effort to observe this beneficent, wise, simple rule! See the guides heavenward, the Leaders of every society, Circuit, District, all at it, and always at it! What an agitation for the skies! what a crusade for the Jerusalem above! How many a decayed, unsightly "branch" would be "taken away;" how many a living branch would be "purged," and "bring forth more fruit!" Leaders in the Methodist society, "helpers" of the living ministry, assistant "overseers" of the church of Christ, *will you try?* Come, O come! "take heed to yourselves and to the flock." Help the Ministers of the sanctuary to "feed the church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood."

And now, let us inquire what "instruction in righteousness" we are to gather from the text on this quarter's Ticket. The words are found in the second book of Chronicles, the seventeenth chapter, and the ninth verse:

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"They taught in Judah, and had the book of the law of the Lord with them, and went about throughout all the cities, and taught the people."

1. One of the first things inviting attention is *the book*, "the book of the law of the Lord," in the hands of the teachers. Thus it was with that distinguished "Preacher of righteousness," the MIGHTY WESLEY, when he claimed the world for his parish, and sought to rouse the nation from its moral lethargy. There is a noble painting of him in the boys' dining-room at Kingswood School, taken *as he stood* before the assembled multitudes in *the open air*, at "Hanham Mount," "Rose-Green," "Moorfields," "on the hill" at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and in "Gwennap-Pit," *with a pocket-Bible in his hand*. Here he appears in the vigour of his days, and the silent, instructive canvass reminds us of a fact not unlike this of which the text speaks. The small, elegantly-printed pocket-Bible differed in its exterior from that large roll, the Jewish manuscript "volume of the book," on which the law, or word of God, was anciently written. Different, too, was the *quantity* of inspired truth in the two books, as held in the hand of Wesley, and the hands of those brought before us in the text; but the principle of instruction is the same,—*revealed truth*. Man, to teach his fellows, must not appear without "the book." "They taught the people, and *the book* of the law of the Lord *was with them*." This was essential to their office, They must not be seen without the Bible. Without *that*, they are without message, without truth, without authority, without salvation. Ye teachers of Christendom! how dare any of you appear before the world without "the book" in your hand? This Ticket, with its *text* of Scripture, and implied *discipline*, is emblematic of the true Minister of Christ,—the "Teacher *come from God*."

2. And now, having glanced at the book in the hands of the teachers, let us for a moment notice the *teachers* who handle the book. "*They taught* in Judah." Who? Most important is the character of the living ministry. Every legitimate weight and influence should be given to the man who speaks for God. Who is sufficient? Who is worthy to bear the vessels of the Lord? Respecting this point, the fact before us is full of interest and instruction. It took place in the third year of Jehoshaphat's reign. He came to the throne full of piety to God and love to his people. Their religious welfare, next to his own salvation, he justly made his first concern. Ignorance of God and His holy laws was the prime evil existing in his dominions. This he earnestly sought to remedy, by appointing a royal commission, and sending them in a noble body to read, explain, and enforce the great truths of divine revelation in every part of the nation. "They went about throughout all the cities, and taught the people." These teachers, thus travelling in circuit, and preaching salvation to "the people," were an honourable assemblage of "Princes," "Priests," and "Levites;" their names are handed down to us. From the known character of the King, there can be no doubt, the individuals who are so carefully specified by name and office, were chosen by him for the excellence of their moral and religious character. God's law, too,—"holy, just, and good," the model of the "perfect man," and the standard of "all good works,"—demanded, on the principle of consistency, that those who so publicly taught it, and bore it about in sight of the people, should be "men of clean hands." We know who hath said, "What have the wicked to do with my law?" Whether laymen or Priests, Princes or peasants, dare to open the holy book of God in the sight of the world, as instructers in righteousness, it behoveth them to be *themselves patterns* of all holiness.

3. And now we cannot refrain from remarking that "*the people*" in the

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land of Judah were most highly favoured. Is it asked, "What advantage had the Jew, and what profit was there in belonging to the cities of God's ancient people?" By one, a very competent judge, it was answered, "Much every way." But their peculiar advantage, their *chief glory*, lay in their being brought within the sound of God's "LIVELY ORACLES." They, and they only, of all nations of the earth, were taught out of "the book of the law of the Lord." *Them* God made the exclusive depositaries of His own blessed word, more than fifteen centuries before He gave it to "all the world." There it remained a witness for its glorious, eternal Author; and the inhabitants of the land of Judah heard its continuous, "precious" responses. This is the "*joyful* sound," for which they were called "blessed." Their ears *heard;* others *desired* in vain. At this time, Princes, Priests, and people, all had neglected "the book." The young people had grown up in ignorance; the old had forgotten the truths inculcated in the earlier part of the reign of Asa, the King's father. The ground was dry and parched. A shower was greatly wanted. And now did God "sprinkle on them clean water." The heavens gave rain, "the skies poured down righteousness;" and the earth opened, and brought forth salvation. Morals improved. God smiled. Judah prospered. She "had much business" done in her markets and fairs; here and there in comparative wastes sprung up "palaces and cities;" her King "waxed great exceedingly;" she lived in peace with her neighbours, and her interests were respected in the counsels of all other nations. For "the fear of the Lord fell upon all the kingdoms of the lands round about Judah, so that they made no war against Jehoshaphat."

What a lesson is here to all ages, and to all people! 1. To Sovereigns and rulers of nations. Let them by word and by deed honour "THE BOOK," —the book of heaven for the guidance of earth. "Let them exalt *it*, and it shall promote *them;* it shall bring them to honour, when they embrace it." This is the law of historic fact. It is written in the story of the nations since the days of this prosperous King of Judah. May Britain, Britain's Sovereign and her counsellors, never forget that her crown rests on the Bible! 2. To churches and their members. Let them, in faith, go with "the book" from city to city, and look well to the state of their charge. Let them not be dismayed, but attentively "pass by the bones round about." Let them stand in the midst of the open valley, and cry, "O ye dry bones, hear *the* WORD OF THE LORD!" This shall bring "bone to his bone." It is this shall raise men prostrate in corruption, to stand upright in their beauty and comeliness. "He spake, and it was done," 3. To the people,—"young men and maidens, old men and children." Would you see prosperity in the church, in the nation? You are the church; you are the nation. Do you wish the land happy? Be happy yourselves. Is it *that* you desire? Listen to the "book of the law of the Lord." Here JESUS speaks. More distinctly *now* than in the days when Jehoshaphat ruled in Judah. "Hear Him:"—"These things have I said unto you, that my joy may remain in you, and your joy may be full." "Ye will not come unto me." "O that ye had hearkened to my commandments! Then had your peace been as a river." B. C.

READINGS IN KEMPIS.

No. IX.

IN chapters eight and nine, while there is much excellent counsel, there are manifest references to the grand rules of the monastic life. The Monk was supposed to devote himself entirely to the service of God; and, according to

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the doctrines which had arrived at length at the establishment of a full and universal belief, this could be done effectually only by forsaking the world, in all its commerce and concerns, by placing themselves under the obligation of certain vows, and by joining themselves to some of the religious communities which at that time abounded, and which, though agreeing as to the fundamental obligations, had, all of them, their distinguishing and specific rules. These more particular rules related to the duties which were to be performed, the seasons and manner of religious exercises; in fact, to the entire distribution of their time. Some were more rigid than others. The Trappists, for instance, were under an obligation to perpetual silence, except in public worship, when their voices were to be employed in the usual liturgies. At all other times they were only to speak when absolute necessity required it, and then words were never to go, in the slightest degree, beyond the necessity of the occasion. But the three grand obligations to which all the orders bound themselves were *poverty*, *chastity*, and *obedience*,—that is, to their own Superior and head. We all know that, eventually, these societies, based as they were on mistaken principles, became, for the most part, irretrievably corrupt. The vows were shamefully evaded. No member was to have any *personal* property; but the community, by various endowments, often sought with great care, and obtained by much cunning,—sometimes, it is to be feared, by much deception,—rose to great affluence, and employed their wealth in faring sumptuously every day. Many individuals, pretending to forsake the world, interfered extensively and powerfully in the management of its concerns. Too often a gross licentiousness prevailed in these religious houses. Clerical celibacy became a monstrous evil, against which the laity loudly protested. And as for obedience, the form was preserved, but the practice had nothing in it tending to secure the benefits which were at first anticipated. Still, it cannot be doubted but that there were, up and down Christendom, many individual exceptions. Many a Monk, sincere and devout, sought to work out his salvation; though too often this was with such fear and trembling as resulted from their mistaken views of the character of Christ, and the requirements of his religion. It was while engaged in the life of a Monk, that Luther obtained his grand preparation for the work of reform. He struggled with temptation and inward sin, seeking after peace and power, till his health was injured, and even his life endangered. It was by a brother Monk, whose name has not been recorded, though few men have contributed so powerfully to the revival and spread of pure religion, that Luther was directed to Christ, and to the way of peace,—to the knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of sins. It was from the sermons of another Monk, who had lived four hundred years previously, that *he* derived the instruction which he gave to Luther, when, counselling the agonized penitent whom he found prostrate on the floor of his cell, he told him of faith, and the forgiveness of sins, and the Spirit's testimony to pardon. Indeed, these writings of Bernard contain an instructive picture of the religious life of the middle ages. All the gross errors of full-grown Popery may be found in them, especially in relation to Roman Mariolatry. But there are passages which show, by a strange inconsistency, that the grand doctrines of salvation, and the essential principles of experimental and spiritual religion, were well known.

The great mistake of these good men consisted in the opinion that nothing could be done in any particular way unless it were done entirely and exclusively. Their *principles* were right: they erred in applying them. Monasticism implied only a *part* of Christianity, and a part carried to an extent to which the commands of Christ do not carry it. Neglecting the

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true light, they wrought in the obscurity and gloom of human error; and the institutions they constructed, whatever cases of individual (and exceptional) benefit might occur, through the adorable wisdom and love of God, in His operating grace and overruling Providence, were yet, taken as a whole, and in reference to their professed objects, complete failures, and even worse.

But the human mind is prone to extremes. The monastic institution was professedly designed to preserve men from worldliness. Protestants have renounced it, as a plant which is not of God's planting. In this they have done right. Still, worldliness is sinfulness; and if we do not guard against it in one particular way, it does not follow that we are not to guard against it at all. Every individual Christian ought to study his own heart in relation to the world, and see where he himself is most in danger. And there, with special wisdom, special guards are to be provided. With all the errors of the founders of these institutions, they were faithful to the *word* of truth at least, however the truth *itself* was obscured by their mistakes. They said, "IF ANY MAN LOVE THE WORLD, THE LOVE OF THE FATHER IS NOT IN HIM!" The clearer light of Protestantism places this grand truth distinctly before us. Alas! what numbers overlook it. Avoiding monastic errors, the monastic institution involved principles which no professor of religion can neglect with safety. In another paper we will furnish a few illustrations of this. In the meantime, is there not much valuable instruction in the following sentences? "Not to every man unveil thy heart, but seek direction from the wise and God-fearing. Flatter not the rich, nor seek the society of the great. With the humble and simple, with the devout and willingly-obedient, associate, and converse with them to mutual edification. Rather shun than seek the notice of man, and desire to be familiar only with God and His angels. Charity is to be maintained for all, but too much familiarity and companionship will not be profitable. If God is amongst us, it will sometimes be necessary for the sake of peace to yield something of our own opinion. Who is so wise that he fully knows all things? Trust not, therefore, too much in thine own opinion, but be willing to hear the opinions of others freely."

CHRISTIAN CHARITY IN ITS GENUINE FRUITS.

LET us love, therefore, "not in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth." For love is the most certain evidence of our justification, and the heavenly seal of our acceptance in Christ Jesus: as John saith, "Every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God; he that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love." If indeed we have tasted that the Lord is gracious, "let us cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light, walking honestly, as in the day, not in strife and envying, but putting on the Lord Jesus Christ;" that we may restore the infirmities of our brethren in the spirit of meekness, or patiently bear with them. Let all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envyings, be put away, for we are new-born babes; to the end that we may desire the sincere milk of the word, and grow thereby. My master, I pray you in Christ Jesus, not to pay too much regard to envious and slanderous calumniators. You are not ignorant that the malevolence of envy is ever wont to tear most persons in pieces; that detractors invent many falsehoods, and that brotherly love is disturbed by envy and detraction. Away with the persons who would sow dissension between yourself and those men. [Bucer differed from some Reformers on the subject of the eucharist.] This I promise you, that

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they very frequently make mention of you in friendly and honourable terms. Although they may dissent from your opinions, as I myself do, yet they do not make any breach in Christian love, much less regard you with hostility, but are anxious to aid with their prayers both yourself and those whom the Lord has entrusted to you in His church; and they earnestly hope that on your part you will do the same for them. For Christ's sake, therefore, who by his own blood has triumphed on the cross over all enemies, hell, and sin, be ye not at variance through strife and emulation, that ye may neither quarrel any more with your tongue, nor give ear to those persons who are deficient in nothing but religion and virtue. Let controversy be settled by the authority of the word. Let no one defend his opinion with obstinacy; but let us rather return unto the way of truth, and humbly acknowledge our errors, than continue always to go on in error without repentance, lest we should seem to have been in the wrong. Let us bear in mind that we were made for friendship and concord, that in this most miserable age we may, by our mutual kindness, relieve the distresses of each other, and at last reign together with Christ in everlasting happiness. For what frenzy is it, what folly or madness, to pursue with hostility here on earth that individual, who, should he die in Christ, will pass from death unto life, and with whom we shall be united in perpetual love and everlasting joy!—*From a Letter to Martin Bucer, by John Hooper, afterwards Bishop and Martyr. Written June 19th*, 1548.

CHOICE SAYINGS.

God has never promised a charter of exemptions *from* trouble, but He hath promised to be with us *in* trouble. Better be in a prison with God's presence and promises, than on a throne without them.—*Rev. Thomas Watson.*

The Apostle Paul had his pious songs. When the saints taste most of the wrath of man, they feel most of the love of God.—*Ibid.*

A true Christian finds comfort in the rod, "as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing." He is like a bird that can sing in the dark days of winter, as well as in the lightsome months of spring.—*Ibid.*

God made for some of the martyrs a prison sweet as a garden of flowers: what then will be heaven? If afflicting mercy be so great, what will be crowning mercy?—*Ibid.*

Affliction is a bitter root, but it yieldeth sweet fruit, even "the peaceable fruit of righteousness."—*Ibid.*

There is more evil in a drop of sin than in an ocean of trouble.—*Ibid.*

In all their crosses God hath kindness for His people. As there was no night so dark but Israel had a pillar of fire to give light, so there is no condition so cloudy but there is the light of consolation.—*Ibid.*

God had one Son without sin, but no son without stripes. He puts His children to school at the cross, and there they learn best.—*Ibid.*

In every cloud of trouble a child of God may see shining a rainbow of covenant mercy and faithfulness.—*Ibid.*

The deluge brought the dove to the ark. Where else could she go? The floods of sorrow make us hasten to Christ.—*Ibid.*

God only threshes the precious wheat, but He burns the useless chaff. He chastens the righteous; He condemns the wicked.—*Ibid.*

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THEOLOGY.

THE CHRISTIAN A NEW CREATURE.

A SERMON.

(*Concluded from page* 332.)

PART II.

"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."—2 Cor. v. 17.

THE text is capable of being viewed under various aspects, all of them important. There is one, however, to which we propose to confine ourselves. Some remarks on the general fact we have already made. We now recall to your recollection the particular view of the subject to which this portion of our discourse is to be allotted. Man is not naturally in Christ; nor is he placed in this holy and happy condition by any outward ceremony. In the descendant of fallen Adam there is, considered as such, the entire dominion of old things. The old man reigns in him. The deeds of the old man show themselves in him. But the mercy of God has provided a method of deliverance. God has given unto us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. Now, there is a work wrought in us and on us, by which we become united to Christ; and such is its nature, taken in connexion with the process of obedience to it required on our part, that, when it has taken place, the result is, and must be, that he who is thus in Christ, is a new creature. Old things have passed away; all things are become new.

An important view of this work, thus obeyed, and having this result, is given us, in general terms, by St. Peter. To those who have savingly believed in Christ, he says, "Ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit." (1 Ep. i. 22.) Before we notice the particular operation, let us attend briefly to the agent, the living power, in this work, and the instrumentality which He employs, and see how all this bears on the fact stated by St. Paul, and expressed in other terms by St. Peter. The former says, "He is a new creature:" the latter, "Ye have purified your souls." The first expression marks the opposition of the present to the preceding condition,—the old man has given place to the new man: the second denotes the particular nature of this renewed condition,—it is one of heart-purity. In spiritual renovation, the soul is purified.

In this great work the agent, the living power, is the Holy Spirit. It is He who strives with man, and convinces him of sin. Illumination, conviction, desire, resolution, all come from Him. All the preliminaries of spiritual life, and spiritual life itself, result from the operation of "the Holy Ghost, the Lord, and the Life-giver."

Now, the life which He communicates must be like His own. It is His gift, and by His power we become partakers of it. And no life is vague, indefinite power. As far as our researches can be carried, wherever we find life, from that which is lowest to that which is highest; from that which is originated to that which originates; (we would speak with reverence) from the lowest vegetable organization to the "great, everlasting I AM;" we find it possessing essential laws, tendencies, powers, constituting its nature. This is the high prerogative of man, that he is capable of possessing a life, not only derived from the Spirit, but resembling His: capable of the "communion of the Holy Ghost,"—of being a partaker of the divine nature, a partaker of the divine holiness. To such a creature, created for this purpose, the Holy Ghost becomes (according to the acknowledgment of the ancient Catholic church) "the Giver of life." The life thus given cannot be other than a life of holiness. It comes from God, and it leads to God. Its great law is the divine will; its ruling affection, divine love; the features of the divine likeness are developed in the character; and thus, created anew in the image of God, he who is in Christ Jesus is a new creature.

The instrumentality employed is "the truth," which, through the Spirit, we obey. That truth is the word, which—though incarnated, as it were, in a particular form, in words and thoughts prepared in such wisdom and love that they may become our own—is, emphatically, the eternal truth of God Himself, His mind and will made known and expressed to us. It comprises, if we may so speak, the moral judgments of God on all points to which they relate. This, as implanted in man, is the seed of all holiness. As, in plants, the seed contains its own laws

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of development, from which the plant itself comes forth "after its kind," according to the creative design; so is it with all who are born of the incorruptible seed of the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever. Regeneration implies essential, changeless opposition to sin. Sin is error, falsehood. He who obeys the truth through the Spirit receives it in its living powers and tendencies. The light of truth expels the darkness of sin. Truth supplies all the principles of inward and outward action; of thoughts, feelings, and works. It is not merely formal truth, lodged in our memory and intellect; it is living truth, lodged by the Spirit in our inmost parts,—truth living and growing in the heart. And as character is but the development and expression of inward principle, they who thus obey the truth are "transformed by the renewing of their minds;" that is, they are "new creatures."

St. Paul details this process of spiritual regeneration more particularly. To those "among whom he had gone preaching the kingdom of God.... keeping back nothing that was profitable unto them," and "not shunning to declare unto them all the counsel of God," he states in two most significant words the great subjects of his ministry: "Testifying both to the Jews, and also to the Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." It is by repentance and faith that a man is brought to a covenant, spiritual union with Christ. Let us look at the process thus suggested till it is crowned and completed by the divine acceptance, and the bestowment of promised blessings. Thus crowned and completed, this process can have but one result,—the one stated by St. Paul: "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."

I. In noticing the general process of "repentance toward God," we suggest the preliminary remark that our observations simply refer to its *nature*, without embracing the question of *length of time*. The movements of mind are not governed or limited in the same manner as those of the body. There is succession, but it may be inconceivably rapid. The period during which the mental condition is strictly that to which the term *penitential* is appropriately applied, may be longer or shorter. Various circumstances may regulate this. But, whether longer or shorter, the same descriptive remarks will be alike applicable. There will be the same views, the same feelings. The influence will be the same. The same will be the effects and issues.

We speak of *repentance*. It is both the work and gift of God, and the duty of man. It is, literally, a state of *other-mindedness*. It is obedience, through the Spirit, to truths of a certain character: such a submission to these truths as implies the reception of the views and thinkings which they impart, and of the feelings which they naturally tend to awaken. Its origin may be stated generally to be such a conviction of sin, by the Spirit's application of suitable truth, as produces right views and feelings concerning sin, and the subjects necessarily connected. It is a *sight* and *sense* of sin, wrought by the Spirit, usually by the application of the divine law to the conscience; a sight and sense not only wrought by the Spirit, but also yielded to, admitted, obeyed, by the soul.

In inquiring what is implied in this state of mind, it will not be necessary to analyze it extensively and perfectly. We may just notice the leading thoughts which now exist in the understanding, and the principal feelings excited and sustained by them in the affections. Where this conviction of sin is found, there must be the knowledge of God as Creator and Preserver, Lord and Judge: the knowledge of His law, in its requirements, its spirituality, its extent, its excellence and perfection, its authority, its awful and most certain sanctions. There is the knowledge of the fact, that we ourselves have sinned, that our sins are not to be numbered, that they proceed from a nature which, through the fall of our first parents, is of itself devoid of good, and prone to all evil, at once forgetful of God, and rebellious against Him; so that it is from the heart that all the things which defile a man proceed. The aggravations of our sin are seen and acknowledged, as well as the dangers to which, as sinners, we are most assuredly exposed. Such views as these may exist with more or less of distinctness or clearness; but where the truth is obeyed through the Spirit, where the Spirit convinces of sin, and that conviction is not only not rejected, but fully admitted by the understanding and conscience, such views there must be.

And these views, in such a state, produce and sustain their natural effects, in the feelings with which they are found to be connected. Even a limited analysis will show us that they are most powerful and influential. There will be deep

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sorrow for having offended God, strong regret for the past, a sight and sense of sin *as sin really is*, full opposition to it, hatred of it, heart-rejection of it. There will be a sense of vileness and self-abhorrence, from a penetrating sight of the purity and justice of God; there will be a dread of the divine displeasure, felt to be most justly deserved; and an earnest desire and purpose to flee from the wrath to come. And as we suppose these feelings to be awakened in the light of the Gospel, and in connexion with evangelical instruction, there will be a strong desire of deliverance. Salvation will be the great object set before the soul. True repentance is not mere remorse, nor is it despair. Salvation is desired with distinct reference to its true nature. Penitence produces prayer. The penitent, feeling his guilt and danger, knowing the plague of his own heart, and deeply conscious that there is no help for him in man,—that his own utmost efforts leave him here, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?"—"calls upon the name of the Lord," confessing his sin, and hoping for the accomplishment of the declaration, "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." He prays for pardon; a pardon immediately followed by peace of conscience and power over sin. He prays substantially, often literally, according to that inspired model of penitential prayer, "Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

Incomplete as is this analysis, in both its branches, it is sufficient for our purpose. It shows repentance to imply, however rapidly it may be wrought, a new set, so to speak, of views and feelings, not only different from those previously existing, but altogether opposed to them, counteractive of them. It is, literally, *other-mindedness;* a mental condition, existing with the full consent of the soul, which is a turning away from sin, a turning towards God, who, under its influence, is sought with the whole heart. Nor is all this only transitory. Faith takes away the sting, the pain of penitence. The blood of Christ binds up the broken heart, and heals the wounded spirit. The oil of joy succeeds to sorrow and mourning. But all that is essential to penitence remains, and will be found in the believing developments of the new nature.

Besides repentance toward God, the Apostle testified faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. And this is their proper order. Repentance first, whereby we see and feel our need of a Saviour, and earnestly desire to be enabled to come to Him for salvation. It is by faith that we actually come to Him. Repentance is necessary to salvation as necessary to faith; faith is necessary, immediately and proximately, to salvation. In repentance we see and feel our need of pardon: by faith—faith in the blood of the great Propitiation—we are actually pardoned. Faith is the coming of the soul to Christ, as the atoning and interceding Saviour, by the light and power of the Spirit, for it is the gift of God; it is the trust of the soul in Him, the appropriation of His merits, the acceptance of His mercy. Let us subject this general description to a brief analysis, and we shall see its important bearings on the fact before us,—that he who is in Christ is a new creature.

1. *The attention of the penitent is directed to Christ.*—In Him we see the gift of the divine love, the provision made by the divine wisdom for the purpose of exalting the divine justice and holiness, and at the same time bringing the sinner to salvation. Here is the wonderful fact,—the Word was made flesh. We gaze especially on the sacred passion and death of the incarnate Son of God. Why this marvellous provision? Why these awful sufferings? All declare the evil of sin, its hatefulness to God, and that it cannot be suffered to pass unpunished. Even pardoning mercy is only exercised through the merit of an infinite atonement. All this truth is impressed on the mind, rendered obedient and submissive by the Spirit. Not even Sinai shows that sin is an evil thing and bitter so clearly as does Calvary. Nor should we overlook the collateral fact, that in looking to Christ we see all virtue embodied, and rendered amiable and attractive, not merely by the excellence of the example, but by this,—that it is the example of such a loving Benefactor. All is in opposition to sin; all is in favour of holiness. Sin is seen in connexion with the agony of a wounded spirit: the beamings of the hope which preserves from despair, and strengthens our cry for mercy, all serve to reveal to us the beauty and desirableness of holiness.

2. *We see that we are only to be saved through Him, and that through Him we may be saved.*—Our endeavour, therefore,

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is to look only to Him; to renounce all self-confidence in any and every exercise and form; so that there is a continual effort after self-renunciation. Such is the desire of salvation, that we become willing to be saved in His own way, and with His own salvation, and for the fulfilment of His own purposes.

3. *And thus do we actually seek access to God by Christ.*—He to whom we pray is God on the throne of grace, the true mercy-seat; and we call upon Him because we have, appearing in the divine presence for us, the propitiation for our sins, an Advocate with the Father, a great, interceding High Priest, Jesus, the Son of God.

4. *The faith to which we are called, as it submits to Christ, trusts in Christ, accepts Christ, so has it respect to Christ in all His offices.*—Its main object is, His atoning sacrifice. It is "faith in His blood," as shed "for the remission of sins." But while this is so, no office of Christ is excluded. We see that Christ is Prophet and King, as well as Priest; and are willing to receive Him as He is.

5. Thus does the true penitent at once wait on God, and seek after God, ever coming out of himself, putting away himself, and looking to be saved with a salvation altogether divine. We see that this salvation implies deliverance from the hands of our enemies, that we may serve God without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him all the days of our life; but we see that "salvation is by the remission of sins." Pardon, so to speak, is its first step; and therefore, with our face toward the mercy-seat, seeking acceptance only through Christ, we cry for acceptance for His sake. The new and living way opens before us, and our earnest, striving prayer is to be empowered to draw nigh to God by it, that He who sitteth between the cherubim may shine forth upon us, and that the sinner, justified by faith, may have access consciously to the favour of God, and communion with Him.

All this may take place very rapidly. Divine light, flashing upon the benighted, yet inquiring, seeking soul, may display, as it were at one glance, all that is thus included in the glorious plan of saving sinners. Every minute particular may not be perceived with the same distinctness. But they all are there, and viewed by the soul so as that they stir it up and move it in its innermost depths. The soul willingly yields assent to the manifested truth, and wrestles for power to realize personally all that it desires, all that it sees to be attainable.

6. It is to the soul, in this state and posture, that *the "Spirit of faith comes down, reveals the things of God," and enables the penitent sinner to believe* in Him who justifieth the ungodly, and thus to "lay hold of the hope set before him." All his previous views and feelings are now strengthened and confirmed. The Holy Spirit takes of the things of Christ, and shows them unto us; and in spiritual light and power thus beholding the willingness and ability of Christ to save, while the Spirit, as it were, says, "He loved *thee*, and gave Himself for *thee*," we consent to the glorious truth, and, closing with Christ, repeat, "He loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*."

7. And mark *the consummating results.*—Thus entering into covenant union with Christ, there is the immediate participation in the benefits provided for us. Past sin is forgiven, we are now accepted as righteous, and henceforth enjoy the filial relation, the adoption of sons. Vital, spiritual union, at once takes place. The Holy Spirit is given unto us, and sheds abroad in the heart the blessed sense of pardoning love, so that we love Him because He has first loved us; and knowing our adoption by the Spirit's testimony, we rejoice in hope of the glory of God. Faith, hope, and love are fixed in the soul. Loving God with adoring gratitude as our wondrous Benefactor, gratitude soon expands into loving admiration of a God so great, and glorious, and good; and finding our true, chief, highest good in Him, we delight ourselves in the Lord, and only desire to walk with Him and before Him. Gratitude implies the desire to please; admired excellence produces holy imitation; delight leads to sacred fellowship. And as the love of God in the heart is the grand principle of obedience, so the love of the divine will and law necessarily results. It is a branch, directly issuing from what may be called the parent stem. And thus is the law of God put in our inmost parts, and written on our hearts. Our faith receives Christ Jesus the Lord; and He comes to our soul as its admitted Lord, whose triumphs are our salvation. He comes, and, seated on the throne of our heart, says, "Behold, I make all things new!" These are the characters of the true life of faith: "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live;" my being is not extinct; it is more active than ever; still it is "not I,"—not my former self, with its self-seeking principles and affections,—"but Christ liveth in me,"

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as the very soul of my soul, in acknowledgment of whose supreme sovereignty, I, as His vicegerent, perform the allotted task of self-government, ruling myself according to His will, enforcing His laws on my whole nature, and seeking that all His purposes respecting me may have their constant and full accomplishment.

Recollect what he was when out of Christ; see him now as in Christ; and you are fully prepared to acknowledge that "if a man be in Christ, he is a new creature." Thus it is. Thus it must be. It cannot be otherwise.

CONCLUSION.

Such are the momentous conclusions to which our investigations have brought us. They find their proper and exact expression in the language of the text, that *he who is in Christ Jesus, is a new creature.* No language below this is adequate to the statement of the truth. It is not enough to say that the man is altered, greatly altered. We must say more: he is renewed. His views and feelings not only differ from what they were before, but are precisely opposite to them. He is governed by a different, an opposite, a new, a totally new, principle of action. Before, he walked by sight: he now walks by faith. Before, in all that he did, whatever might be his seeming or his intermediate objects, he only sought himself; now, in all things he seeks God. With an affection surpassing all creature affection, and subordinating all creature affection, he loves God; and for God's sake, he loves his neighbour as himself.

This, then, is Christianity viewed under the aspect of *a personal religion.* It is sometimes regarded as *a scheme of doctrine;* and then it has been well described in various summaries which have been given of religious belief. Such are those which, without attributing to them any binding authority like that which we acknowledge in holy Scripture, we receive as invaluable testimonies of remote antiquity, expressing, in fact, the belief of the Catholic church in all ages, and capable of full proof from the word of God. We refer to the principal *creeds* of the early church. But orthodox faith is not saving faith. We may receive and profess all the articles of a truly scriptural creed, and yet be totally destitute of genuine godliness. Not orthodox belief; not formal attention to the exercises of religious worship; not the observance of the rules of a respectable, social code of morals; not one of these, nor all together, will amount to what is properly called personal religion, intimately, inseparably, exclusively connected with the favour of God and everlasting blessedness. "In Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature;" of which the brief, but solemn, unmistakable, inspired description is, "Faith which worketh by love."

These inquiries teach us two lessons, each of which possesses an inconceivable importance. Speaking of those who profess to receive the Gospel as a divine religion, and the Scriptures as a divine revelation, (it is not for us to judge them who are without,) we say, in the first place,—

1. *We can only be new creatures by being in Christ.*—Too many are utterly careless on the subject. Others, under various influences, admire moral correctness, perceive its beautiful perfection as described in Scripture, and, by various methods, seek to attain to it. Some do this with more formality and pride than Christian sincerity. Their most successful efforts are only lifeless and imperfect imitations. Some, as Saul of Tarsus, so far have their mind religiously enlightened, that in the inner man they delight in the law of God; but they soon discover the law of sin reigning in them, and bringing them into a wretched captivity, from which they see no prospect of deliverance. They admire the holiness which they despair of attaining. There is only one way of deliverance, but that one is certain. There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ, and the law of the Spirit of life in Him delivers from the law of sin and death. Pardon must be sought, and reconciliation to God, and peace with Him. With peace, power is given; so that the righteousness of the law may have its fulfilment through redeeming grace. He who is in Christ shall be a new creature.

2. But, secondly, *If we are not new creatures, we are not in Christ.*—No truth can be more certain than this. They who are in Christ are so because they desired and sought to be in Him. And their reasons were these: Their conscience was awakened to a deep sense of the necessity of pardon, and of devoted obedience for the future. Before they found rest and power, their purposes were utterly changed, though how to perform them they had not found. They inquired the way to Zion with their faces thitherward. And when they have been enabled

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to come to Christ, the captivity is at an end. Being made free from sin, they become the servants of God. Where this is not evident, one of two things must be true. Either their professed repentance and faith were not genuine, but only spurious imitations; or they have not been faithful to the grace given to them when they laid hold on the hope set before them. The justified by faith receive the Spirit of life, and power, and holiness. The tree is made good, and the fruit is good.

To this rule we must faithfully adhere. The honour of God's truth,—nay, of His very character,—the prosperity and reputation of His church, the success of His cause in the world,—all demand this. What brings most reproach on religion? What most hinders its progress? Whence come stumbling-blocks in the way of sincere inquirers? Whence come exulting reproaches from those who sit in the scoffer's chair? Almost all such mischiefs come from INCONSISTENT PROFESSORS;—professors of religion who show that they are *only* professors by exhibiting unchanged propensities and tempers; in fact, unchanged characters: for, where there is only a different application of the same principles, the character is essentially what it was.

Let every reader of these investigations seriously examine himself on this very point. Is he a new creature? Was he ever one? If there be reason to fear that the old man has the ascendancy, ask, Was he ever really subdued? Or is it the result of spiritual declension? One of the two it must be. He who does not *now* walk as a new creature, devoted to God, ruling over his own spirit, governing himself in the fear and love of God, so that all the fruits of righteousness show forth themselves in him; either he never knew the grace of God in truth, or his heart has wandered from it. In either case, he is *now under condemnation*. And it is sad to think how many here deceive themselves, illustrating the strong language of Scripture,—"He that lacketh these things" (the evidences of the new creature enumerated in the preceding verses of the paragraph) "is blind, and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins." With indisputable proofs of being wrong, he is perfectly satisfied that he is right. A backsliding heart has blinded him.

Let him who really can rejoice in the testimony of his conscience that his heart is right with God, always remember the obligations which this text involves. First, preserve the principles of the new creature in their full vitality, power, and growth. Second, walk circumspectly and conscientiously; observing this as his general and commanding rule,—"I believe that I am in Christ. It is therefore my duty to show always, and to all, that I am a new creature."

AFFLICTIONS PAINFUL BUT PROFITABLE.

WHEN God puts His children to the school of the cross, He deals with them tenderly, because He does not leave them without a promise,—"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able." He will not lay a giant's burden upon a child's back; nor will He stretch the strings of the instrument too much, lest they should break. If He sees it good to strike with one hand, He will support with the other: either He will make the yoke lighter, or the faith stronger. Let us not think, therefore, that God cannot favour us except He have us in His lap: He loves us when He is giving us the bitter diet-drink of affliction. God's chastening and God's love, they both stand together. God's greatest curse is when He afflicts not for sin. Let us not fear to feel God's hand, so that we may know that we have His heart. We mistake when we suppose that when God afflicts, He ceases to love. Affliction is His pruning-knife. He would rather have the branches of his vine bleed than be unfruitful. He prunes us that we may bring forth more fruit; chastens us that we may be partakers of His holiness. When the wind of affliction blows on the believer, God is in the wind, and it blows away the light chaff and dust. When the fire of affliction kindles upon him, God is in the fire, to preserve, to sanctify, to refine.—*Rev. Thomas Watson.* (1662.)

FRAGMENTS.

THE man of few words is not necessarily a man of few thoughts: the depths of the sea may be in commotion when the surface is noiseless.

He who is effortless will not be motionless; for the current will take him down the stream.

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OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. J. T. BARR.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SNOW-STORM.

"How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror, fills his heart!
When, for the dusky spot which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage, rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track."

THOMSON.

ON a dark and stormy night, towards the close of the year 18—, Eliza was sitting pensively near the fire, in her solitary cottage, waiting the return of her husband. The latter had, for several months, become exceedingly lax in his moral deportment. Having formed an intimacy with two or three profligate young men in the neighbouring town, he instinctively acquired a relish for sinful pleasures. Instead of returning home, as formerly, when the business of the day had closed, he hastened to the haunts of his intemperate associates. The wife of his youth was neglected for the society of the ungodly; and the attractions of home were eclipsed by the more enticing allurements of the public-house. Night after night had this poor, forsaken woman sat, in loneliness and sorrow, brooding over the miseries which the reckless conduct of her husband gave her too much reason to apprehend would eventually render her heart desolate. She essayed every expedient that her ingenuity could devise to reclaim him to a sense of duty. Sometimes by kindness and gentleness, both of language and manner, she endeavoured to increase the attractions of the domestic hearth; but her efforts were futile. At other times, she would give expression to angry words, and assail him with the most offensive epithets; which only tended to harden his heart, and render him more and more callous. There was one thing, however, which she had not, as yet, attempted; one thing which had never entered her mind. *She had never prayed for him;* for she was a stranger to true religion. Had she lived in the enjoyment of this "one thing needful," her domestic trials might have been borne with meekness and submission; and the exemplification of a Christian spirit, a spirit renewed and sanctified by the grace of God, might have proved effective in softening and subduing a heart which was not yet hardened through the deceitfulness of sin.

On the present occasion, the spirits of Eliza were unusually depressed. This might in some measure be owing to the inclemency of the night; for the wind howled in fearful gusts, and the snow continued to descend in large flakes, till, on the more exposed side of the lane, it had drifted into frightful heaps. She had several times opened the door, hoping to hear his well-known step; but the violence of the storm compelled her hastily to close it. "O that John would come!" she inwardly muttered, while her heart beat louder and quicker, under the agonizing feelings of "hope deferred." At length the clock of the village church proclaimed the hour of midnight; but still he came not. The solemn sounds had scarcely ceased to vibrate on the ear of night, when a tremendous gust of wind blew open the door of the cottage; and before the affrighted woman could close it, the floor was covered with snow. Another hour elapsed,—and another,—and another. And the last gleam of hope became almost extinguished in the bosom of Eliza.

* * * Daylight now appeared; and its earliest streaks, emerging from the east, gradually exhibited the hills and valleys, whitened with the drifted snow. As the morning advanced, the lonely watcher descried from the lattice, her wretched partner, pale and covered with snow, slowly approaching the house, supported by two labouring men of the village. She hastily ran to meet him. His animal functions appeared to be partially suspended; and there was a peculiar vacancy in the expression of his countenance, which indicated that he was scarcely conscious of his situation. He was immediately conveyed to his chamber, and medical attendance promptly procured.

He had left the convivial circle, in a state of intoxication, about midnight, his usual hour; and having nearly a mile to walk, he soon wandered from the beaten path, (which indeed had long been rendered imperceptible by the frozen element,) not knowing where to bend his devious steps.

"He wanders on,
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt."

Thus he continued to wander for the space of an hour, which to him appeared almost an age, uncertain as to the direction of his home; while the storm raged with unrelenting fury; till at length he fell down a steep precipice, "smooth'd up with snow;" and, stunned by the suddenness of the fall, he lay in a state of insensibility, till he was providentially discovered by the rustics while going to their daily labour.

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For several weeks he was confined to his bed; during which he was occasionally visited in his affliction by several members of the Methodist society. The visits of these excellent persons were properly appreciated by the sick man. Their pious exhortations, their faithful elucidations of divine truth, and, above all, their earnest prayers to Heaven on his behalf, produced in his mind the happiest results. He became a true penitent; and being directed to the only Saviour of sinners, he soon found redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins. Immediately after his recovery, he joined the society. Christian ordinances, Christian communion, and all the other privileges afforded by the church to which he had united himself, were as wells of salvation; and while "with joy" he continued to "draw water" from these wells, he felt thankful to God for the disposition He had given him to drink and be satisfied. The tidings soon spread through the various circles where his former excesses had been more especially witnessed, that John had become a Methodist. The contemptuous laugh of the libertine, and the sarcastic sneer of the scoffer, were alike unheeded, and the happy convert went on his way rejoicing.

He also established family worship. For John had no sooner experienced the pardoning love of God, than he resolved that his house henceforth should be a house of prayer. The "big ha' Bible," which had long lain neglected on the shelf, till it was literally covered with dust, was now brought into daily use. Every morning, and every evening, he read a portion of that sacred volume; then, when about to kneel before his Maker, to invoke a blessing on himself and on his partner,

"*Let us worship God*, he said, with solemn air."

Alas! these "joyous hours" were hastening to a gloomy close; and these seasons of devotional exercise, so auspiciously commenced, were about to terminate. My heart sickens, and my pen falters, while recording the melancholy fact, that within the space of six or eight months after John had connected himself with the society, the voice of prayer and of praise, which had so sweetly resounded in the happy dwelling, was for ever lost amidst the strife of tongues!

The circumstances which led to this fearful crisis may be soon told. A number of disaffected persons, enemies to God and religion, employed their nefarious efforts to poison the mind of Eliza against the Methodists, by insinuating that they had seduced her husband into the society for the purpose of extorting money from him, towards the support of a lazy, despotic priesthood; and that if she did not avail herself of giving him this timely warning, they would eventually bring him to poverty and want. All this was communicated with such apparent frankness, and so much appearance of friendship, that she could no longer doubt the truth of their statements. Indeed, her mind had fostered an unfavourable bias against the Methodists from a very early period of life, which induced her the more readily to listen to these insinuations.

The consequence of all this was, Eliza loaded her husband with reproaches, and insisted on his leaving a society which in her heart she had long despised. In vain he pleaded the injustice of her remarks, and the utter untruthfulness of her statements. His connexion with the religious body, he contended, had cost him but twopence a week, and, according to rule, even that paltry sum was not exacted from any member whose circumstances did not justify the payment. He also directed her attention to the fact, that during his career of profligacy and intemperance he had frequently expended from ten to fifteen shillings a week in the public-house. To all this she turned an incredulous ear; and commenced a series of petty annoyances, which, though harassing to the mind of her husband, were borne for some time with extraordinary patience.

About this time, a subscription-list was opened on behalf of the Foreign Missions. To this fund John cheerfully contributed the sum of five shillings. On the following day the report was rife through the neighbourhood that he had given *five pounds*. This, of course, soon reached the ear of Eliza, who began to storm and rage against her husband. With a view to satisfy her mind, the Secretary's book, in which the real amount had been entered, was produced. This, however, she denounced as a trick,—a dexterous artifice to deceive her; and, after upbraiding him with his duplicity, she branded his new associates as a set of religious impostors.

The patience of John was now exhausted. It was the hour and power of temptation. The spirit of evil, which the grace of God had subdued in his soul, was revived. He became desperate; and, flying from the scene of commotion, he hastened to a public-house, and endeavoured to drown in the inebriating cup the remembrance of his troubles. From that unfortunate hour he resumed his former course of iniquity; and, reckless of consequences, plunged deeper and deeper into the depths of depravity. At length, poverty and ruin began to stare him in the face; and, in a moment of desperation, he abandoned his wife to her unenviable fate. The latter died shortly afterwards in the parish poorhouse; and John was never again seen in the village.

While dwelling in imagination on the melancholy facts which I have here recorded, the youthful reader, if his heart be not blunted by stoical insensibility, will drop a tear over the withered hopes and blasted

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enjoyments of a husband, whose apostasy from God was accelerated by the persecutions of a prejudiced wife. It is true, those persecutions will form no palliation of his guilt; nor will the domestic trials to which he was so unrighteously exposed, justify his departure from the faith of the Gospel. If, in the hour of temptation, he had "besought the Lord," as did the Apostle Paul, when buffeted by the messenger of Satan, he would have received the same assurance of divine support,—"My grace is sufficient for thee."

The case of Eliza will excite less commiseration from the fact, that, notwithstanding she was surrounded by evil advisers, the altered condition of her reclaimed husband, and the moral improvement which had been produced in his general character, during his connexion with the Methodist society, should have induced her at least to pause, before giving credence to statements which her own experience must have shown to be false and calumnious. Regarded in this sense, pity for her misfortunes can only be indulged in a degree subordinate to that feeling of indignation which will naturally arise in the mind, on a review of the recklessness of her conduct.

But what can be thought of the men who, with an effrontery becoming a semi-barbarous age, could deliberately rend asunder the bond of conjugal harmony, and destroy for ever the comforts of the domestic hearth, by slandering a body of Christians whose only offence was, their being instrumental in reclaiming a sinner from the error of his ways; and then, with a callousness which betrayed the very acme of hardened iniquity, triumph over the desolation which their nefarious efforts had too successfully effected? "My soul, come not thou into their secret."

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE CHAMELEON.

The chameleon is the feast of the philosopher. Like the crocodile, this little animal proceeds from an egg; and it also nearly resembles that formidable creature in form; but it differs widely in its size and its appetites, being not above eleven inches long, and delighting to sit upon trees, being afraid of serpents, from which it is unable to escape on the ground.

The head of a large chameleon is only two inches long, and thence to the beginning of the tail, four and a half: the tail is five inches long, and the feet two and a half: the thickness of the body is different at different times; for sometimes, from the back to the belly, it is two inches, and sometimes but one; for it can blow itself up, and contract itself, at pleasure. This swelling and contraction is not only of the back and belly, but of the legs and tail.

These different tumours do not proceed from a dilatation of the breast in breathing, which rises and falls by turns, but are very irregular, and seem adopted merely from caprice. The chameleon is often seen, as it were, blown up for two hours together, and then it continues growing less and less insensibly; for the dilatation is always more quick and visible than the contraction. In this last state the animal appears extremely lean; the spine of the back seems sharp, and all the ribs may be counted; likewise the tendons of the legs and arms may be seen very distinctly.

This method of puffing itself up is similar to that in pigeons, whose crops are sometimes greatly distended with air. The chameleon has a power of driving the air it breathes over every part of the body: however, it only gets between the skin and the muscles; for the muscles themselves are never swollen. The skin is very cold to the touch; and though the animal seems so lean, there is no feeling the beating of the heart. The surface of the skin is unequal, and has a grain not unlike shagreen, but very soft, because each eminence is as smooth as if it were polished. Some of these little protuberances are as large as a pin's head, on the arms, legs, belly, and tail; but on the shoulders and head they are of an oval figure, and a little larger: those under the throat are ranged in the form of a chaplet, from the lower lip to the breast. The colour of all these eminences, when the chameleon is at rest in a shady place, is of a bluish grey, and the space between is of a pale red and yellow.

But when the animal is removed into the sun, then comes the wonderful part of its history. At first it appears to suffer no change of colour, its greyish spots still continuing the same; but the whole surface soon seems to imbibe the rays of light, and the simple colouring of the body changes into a variety of beautiful hues. Wherever the light comes upon the body, it is of a tawny brown; but that part of the skin on which the sun does not shine, changes into several brighter colours, pale yellow, or vivid crimson; which form spots of the size of half one's finger: some of these descend from the spine half way down the back, and others appear on the sides, arms, and tail. When the sun has done shining, the original grey colour returns by degrees, and covers all the body. Sometimes the animal becomes all over spotted with brown spots, of a

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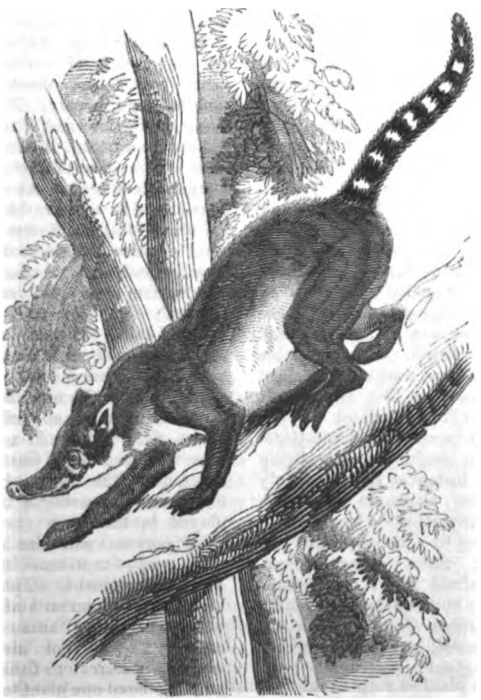
greenish cast. When it is wrapped up in a white woollen cloth for two or three minutes, the natural colour becomes much lighter, but not quite white, as some authors have pretended: however, from hence it must not be concluded that the chameleon assumes the colour of the objects which it approaches; this is entirely an error, and probably has taken its rise from the continual changes it appears to undergo.

During Le Bruyn's stay at Smyrna, he bought several of this kind, and, to try how long they could live, kept four of them in a cage, permitting them at times to run about the house. The fresh sea-breeze seemed to give them most spirits and vivacity; they opened their mouths to take it in; he never perceived that they ate anything, except now and then a fly, which they took half an hour to swallow: he observed their colour often to change three or four times successively, without being able to find out any cause for such alterations; their common colour he found to be grey, or rather a pale mouse-colour; but its most frequent changes were into a beautiful green, spotted with yellow; sometimes the animal was marked all over with dark brown, and this often changed into a lighter brown; some colours, however, it never assumed, and, contrary to what was said above, he found red to be among the number.

Though our traveller took the utmost care, he was unable to preserve any of them alive above five months, and many of them died in four. When the chameleon changes place, and attempts to descend from an eminence, it moves with the utmost precaution, advancing one leg very deliberately before the other, still securing itself by holding whatever it can grasp by the tail. It seldom opens its mouth, except for fresh air, and when that is supplied, discovers its satisfaction by its motions, and the frequent changes of its colour. The tongue is sometimes darted out after its prey, which is flies; and this is as long as the whole body. The eyes are remarkably little, though they stand out of the head; they have a single eyelid, like a cap with a hole in the middle, through which the sight of the eye appears, which is of a shining brown, and round it there is a little circle of a gold colour: but the most extraordinary part of their conformation is, that the animal often moves one eye when the other is entirely at rest; nay, sometimes one eye will seem to look directly forward, while the other looks backward, and one will look upward, while the other regards the earth.—*Goldsmith's History of the Earth and Animated Nature.*



THE BROWN COATI.[1]

The characters of the genus to which this curious little animal belongs resemble so closely, in the most important particulars, those of the other *plantigrade carnivora*, that it will be sufficient to explain those points

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alone in which the difference of the coati is to be traced. From the bear it differs in the general form of the body; in its physiognomy, which is very peculiar; and in its elongated tail: from the racoons, in its generally lengthened form, and especially that of the snout, which is, in fact, its most obvious and striking characteristic. In the coati this organ is so extremely flexible, that, when the animal is excited, it is kept in constant motion, and moved about in all directions.

The coati is barely equal in size to the common fox. It inhabits the woods of South America, and lives upon fruits, insects, and reptiles; climbing trees in pursuit of its prey with great agility. In captivity it is easily tamed, and is fond of being caressed; but it exhibits no particular symptoms of attachment.

THE ELEPHANT IN INDIA.

In the neighbourhood of Sumalka, a town not far from Delhi, lying amongst ancient and beautiful tamarind-trees, fig-trees, and acacias, is the encampment of our one hundred and twenty elephants. To this place I frequently and gladly go for the purpose of watching this sagacious beast. By reason of the persecution it has endured from man, either merely for the pleasures of the chase, or that when tamed it might increase the splendour of state, or serve as a beast of burden, and render assistance in battle, the elephant has nearly disappeared from the interior of India, and is found wild only in the less elevated portion of the Himalayan chain; namely, in the forests of Dshemna, Nepaul, some parts of Ghauts Tarrai, the kingdom of Ava and Ceylon. On the upper Indus, near Attock, where Alexander the Great had his first elephant hunt, in the Punjab, and on the banks of the Jumna, not far from Kalpy, where the Emperor Baber was annually accustomed to enjoy the chase, and capture many of these animals, there is not now a trace of this noble beast to be found. Although this hand-endowed animal was used in the earliest times as an instrument of war, and it was known how to render it an obedient servant, it has never yet been possible to domesticate it so as to render it productive after being tamed. Individual instances have certainly occurred where tame elephants have produced young, and I myself saw a ten-months-old animal belonging to a Rajah, which had been born under these circumstances. Whether they are afraid that a degenerated species would be the consequence, or whether the need of a complete domestication has never been experienced, and they are content with reclaiming each individual, I am not able to say.

I experienced a singular feeling of novelty [illegible] excitement the first time of riding upon [illegible]eature. There is first placed upon its cushion thickly stuffed with hair, for this is the tenderest part of the elephant, and the greatest care of the attendant is to guard against all injury at this place, the more especially as wounds are difficult to heal. Over this cushion there is thrown a long hanging cloth, red and embroidered with gold, upon which the houdah rests fastened with cords and girths. The houdah is made to contain two persons and their servant. The mahoud sits upon the neck, behind the creature's ears, guiding it with an iron fork, one prong of which is curved out, whilst a man runs alongside with a large staff, and hastens its advance by blows or cries. A ladder hanging at one side completes the appointments. When it is desired to mount the elephant, the mahoud cries *Beit, beit*, that is, "Lie down;" whereupon the animal kneels down, the ladder is ascended, and the rider takes his seat. The gait of the animal of course regulates the motion of its rider: sometimes it is pleasant, sometimes fatiguing. Its pace, when urged onwafd, is so quick, that a horseman must trot to keep by its side; but he soon slackens his speed, and it is not without difficulty that he accomplishes twenty-four miles a day. To cool himself, or to remove dust, he now and then sprinkles himself with water drawn up into his trunk. An ordinary elephant costs one thousand rupees, (one hundred pounds,) and his keep forty rupees a month.

In its wild state the elephant attains an age of upwards of two hundred years; but when tamed not much more than one hundred and twenty. Its size is various; those of Ceylon and Tarra are small, and seldom have tusks. A hunter of great experience told me that in Ceylon scarcely two in a hundred have tusks. As soon as an elephant thus armed is caught, the greater portion of his tusks is sawn off, and the extremities of what remains are encased in gold or silver. The largest animals that came under my observation belonged to the Governor-General, the Maharajah of Lahore, the King of Oude, and the Rajahs of Bhurtpoor and Alwar, and these were about eleven feet high. They were also more agile, and of greater endurance and sagacity, than is usual. Such an animal would cost about five thousand rupees, whilst one of seven feet high can be bought for a thousand. The ordinary elephant, having five times the strength of a camel, is employed in the army to bear not only the chief persons and the sick, but also the tents and furniture. It can likewise be quite as serviceably employed as a draught-beast, since it can pull with the greatest ease what ten horses have scarcely power to move. The English have, in consequence, recently yoked it to their artillery-carriages with the best result. On the other hand, it is very difficult to induce the elephant to cross a river; for when he enters it is not easy to guide him in the proper direction, and he sinks so low that only the tip of his proboscis,

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which he lifts on such an occasion as high as possible, is visible. If he has to cross a bridge of boats, or a piece of fenny land, he ascertains the safety of his path by means of his trunk, and before he sets his foot down he tests the strength of the support. To testify his pleasure, he lifts his trunk perpendicularly upwards; and his mahoud teaches him to raise his trunk and fall on his knees when he comes into the presence of a great man. In tiger-hunting the elephant is especially useful, not only for carriage but for defence. The chase takes place in the thick overgrown jungles, where it would be impossible for horsemen and persons on foot to penetrate through bushes and reeds sixteen feet high, and over swampy ground. The months of April and May are most favourable for hunting, because then the tiger seeks his food more daringly, approaching the abodes of men for the purpose of carrying off the cattle, and thus he is more easy to be met with. Each sportsman takes two rifles of a strong make in his houdah, and the gunner takes the place of the servant. A large party is usually made up for a tiger-hunt, and the elephants are carefully selected with reference to previous experience and efficiency. As soon as the tiger is tracked to his lair, he endeavours to slink away; but he stands upon his defence the moment a shot touches him; and when wounded, he sends out a terrific roar, showing at the same time his teeth. Everything depends, at this period of the tumult, upon the elephant not turning his back upon his antagonist. Most elephants show great skill in defending themselves with their trunk, so as to give the sportsman time to lodge another ball. The elephant manifests great delight when the tiger is killed, and experienced hunters have assured me he becomes bolder and more active with his victories. When the hunter quits his elephant, and leaves him to contend with the tiger alone, it is difficult to make him useful afterwards. As soon as the elephant is freed from his burden, a stake is driven into the earth, to which a fore-foot is fastened by a chain. Upon occasions of festivity, the mahouds take much pains to paint his head and trunk with arabesque designs in white, red, yellow, or blue. They bestow great attention on the animal confided to their care. A mahoud never curtails an elephant of his food, nor leaves him entirely without support. The tent in which he, his wife, and children are lodged, is placed near the elephant, so that the animal almost lives with them. While the mahoud cooks a cake of kascaded flour upon an iron plate, his charge stands patiently by until the cake is cool, and then he receives his sustenance out of the hands of the family. The elephant is passionately fond of the sugar-cane. One of the beasts which were fed to-day upon canes, quite lost all patience when he saw his neighbours munching their favourite viand, himself apparently having been forgotten. Just as a rough boy stamps with his foot if his wishes are not complied with, this elephant angrily struck the earth with his trunk; but the moment his food was brought he was quiet. He is fond of throwing leaves and bits of earth upon his back, and in idle hours this is a never-failing resource. Still more does he delight in turning himself over in the water. When his keeper cleans him, he patiently kneels down, or places himself on his side.

For purposes of splendour the elephant plays an important part in the immense retinues of great persons in India. When Sir Jasper Nicholls, the Commander-in-chief during a late war, arrived at the camp of Ferozpoor, eighty elephants swelled his train. He had, in addition, three hundred camels, and one hundred and thirty-six draught-oxen. Above a thousand servants were present merely for Sir Jasper's personal service, and to attend to the animals. When the Governor-General made his entry, he brought along with him one hundred and thirty elephants, and seven hundred camels.—*Von Orlich's Travels in India.*

THE HOUSE-SPIDER.

Of all the solitary insects I have ever remarked, the spider is the most sagacious, and its motions to me, who have attentively considered them, seem almost to exceed belief. I perceived, about four years ago, a large spider in one corner of my room making its web; and, though the maid frequently levelled her broom against the labours of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction, and I may say it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days, the web was, with incredible diligence, completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to exult in its new abode. It frequently traversed it round, examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter was another and a much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labours of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbour. Soon, then, a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from its stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned; and when he found all arts in vain, began to demoliah the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed his antagonist.

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Now, then, in peaceable possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost impatience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no sustenance that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprised when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a new net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was stopped; and, when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was seized and dragged into the hole.

In this manner it lived, in a precarious state; and nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life, for upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into the net; but when the spider came out in order to seize it, as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was set at liberty, I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in its net; but those, it seems, were irreparable: wherefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish: wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were, indeed, surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time. When a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighbouring fortification with great vigour, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and at length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession. When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not sally out at once, but very patiently waits till it is sure of them; for, upon its immediately approaching, the terror of his appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to get loose: the manner, then, is to wait patiently till, by ineffectual and impotent struggles, the captive has wasted all its strength, and then he becomes a certain and easy conquest.

The insect I am now describing lived three years; every year it changed its skin, and got a new set of legs. I have sometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days. At first it dreaded my approach to its web, but at last it became so familiar as to take a fly out of my hand; and, upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for a defence or an attack.—*Goldsmith's Animated Nature.*

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

SERPENT-CHARMERS.

In the October Number of "Bentley's Miscellany," there is an article, by Mr. W. Cooper, on "The Snakes and Serpent-Charmers at the Zoological Gardens;" in which the disputed question as to whether the fangs are extracted by the serpent-charmers from the reptiles which they exhibit is set at rest. Dr. John Davy, in his work on Ceylon, denies that this is the case, and says that the only charm employed is that of courage and confidence. "In order that we might get at the truth, we sought it from the fountain-head, and our questions were thus most freely answered by Jubar-Abou-Haijab, Hamet acting as interpreter. 'How are the serpents caught in the first instance?' 'I take this adze,' (holding up a sort of geological hammer, mounted on a ·g handle,) 'and as soon as I have found a hole containing a cobra, I knock away the earth till he comes out or can be got out. I then take a stick in my right hand, and seizing the snake by the tail with the left, hold it at arm's length. He keeps trying to bite, but I push his head away with the stick. After doing this some time, I throw him straight on the ground, still holding him by the tail; I allow him to raise his head and try to bite, for some time, in order that he may learn how to attack, still keeping him off with the stick. When this has been done long enough, I slide the stick up to his head, and fix it firmly on the ground; then taking the adze and forcing open the mouth, I break off the fangs with it, carefully removing every portion, and especially squeezing out all the poison and blood, which I wipe away as long as it continues to flow. When this is done, the snake is harm-

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less, and ready for use.' 'Do the ordinary jugglers, or only the hereditary snake-charmers, catch the cobras?' 'We are the only persons who dare to catch them; and when the jugglers want snakes, they come to us for them: with that adze,' (pointing to the hammer,) 'I have caught and taken out the fangs of many thousands.' 'Do you use any other snakes besides the cobras for your exhibitions?' 'No; because the cobra is the only one that will fight well. The cobra is always ready to give battle; but the other snakes are sluggish, only bite, and cannot be taught for our exhibitions.' 'What do the Arabs do if they happen to be bitten by a poisonous snake?' 'They immediately tie a cord tight round the arm above the wound, and cut out the bitten part as soon as possible,—some burn it: they then squeeze the arm downwards, so as to press out the poison: however, in spite of all this, they sometimes die.' 'Do you think it possible that cobras could be exhibited without the fangs being removed?' 'Certainly not; for the least scratch of their deadly teeth would cause death: and there is not a day that we exhibit that we are not bitten, and no skill in the world would prevent it.'"

PAPERS ON BOTANY.

THE POPLAR.

SOME of our young readers are aware that this tree (*populus*) is often mentioned by some of the Latin poets. Five species only of the genus are given by Linnæus; but the number has been more than doubled in the classifications of later botanists. The poplar is commonly known as of lofty height and rapid growth. Its wood is useful for various purposes; but its value would be greater if it were more solid and hardy. Two or three of the species claim to be mentioned.

The great white poplar is a native of rather moist woods and hedges, or mountainous thickets, in most parts of Europe. It flowers in March or April, and its leaves are fully expanded before Midsummer. Of these the upper side is dark-green, smooth, and veiny; the lower, very white, with dense soft down. The root is creeping, and throws up an abundance of young plants.

The common white or grey poplar is considered very handsome. Its bark is beautiful; its leaves are roundish, grey, and

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downy beneath. It is a native of wet ground in several countries of Western Europe; being sometimes found also in uplands of loamy soil. Its wood, firmer than that of several other species,—being, in fact, of slower growth,—is much in demand for flooring.

Of the aspen or trembling poplar, no part is "hoary." The long compressed footstalks cause the leaves to tremble to the gentlest breath of wind. The wood is soft, white, and of fine grain. Linnæus describes the beaver as very fond of the bark.

The black poplar throws up no suckers. The tree is large, and comparatively spreading; with a tough, close-grained wood. Its footstalks are but half the length of its smooth, deep-green, serrated leaves. Its inner bark is used, by the inhabitants of Kamtschatka, as a material for bread; and paper has been sometimes made of the cottony down of the seeds.

Of the Lombardy poplar, now abounding in England, Lord Rochford is said to have brought the first plant from Italy, during the last century, in his travelling-carriage. This species is distinguished by its upright growth, at least till it reaches a considerable height and age.

The Canadian, or berry-bearing poplar, is extremely hardy; and good for planting in exposed situations, on a poor, sandy soil.

The Carolina, or balsam-bearing poplar, has been often planted in gardens, for the fragrance of its buds and young leaves.

The poplar tacamahaca grows naturally in many parts of North America. Its buds are covered with a glutinous resin, of strong smell,—the *gum tacamahaca*, which many readers of this page well know. The aroma of the best and rarest kind is, however, sweet as that of lavender. This species sends up many suckers from its roots, by which it is easily multiplied.

On the whole, the use of the poplar among ourselves has been mainly for ornamental plantations, or for covering unsightly buildings. Among deciduous trees, its conic form is its distinction. Of the poplar of Italy it may be remarked, that, when agitated by the wind, it beautifully waves in one simple sweep from the top to the bottom, like an ostrich-feather on a lady's head. Poplars are easily multiplied by cuttings, layers, and suckers. The best time for transplanting the suckers is in October, when their leaves begin to decay. Some of the species, the Lombardy in particular, are valuable in dyeing.

Twice in the Old Testament we find mention of this tree. The reader may refer to Gen. xxx. 37, and Hos. iv. 13; but he will not think any particular exposition of these passages dependent on the word, (*libneh*,) which some eminent biblical scholars take, indeed, to mean, not the poplar, but the storax-tree, which flourishes in the parts about the Levant. If we still incline to the opinion favoured by the authorized version, the white poplar will be understood; the Hebrew word signifying whiteness. "Rauwolf speaks of the number of white poplars that adorn all parts of Syria and Palestine, where the intense heats are mitigated not only by their shade, but by the constant rustling of their delicately-hung leaves." Lady Callcott inclines to trace the fable, that Hercules, visiting Hades, received a branch or young plant of this tree from Proserpine, to its aromatic and medicinal qualities.

POETRY.

"MEET AGAIN!"

PARAPHRASED, BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, FROM THE GERMAN.

JOYFUL words—we meet again!
Love's own language, comfort darting
Through the souls of friends at parting;
Life in death—we meet again!

While we walk this vale of tears,
Compass'd round with care and sorrow,
Gloom to-day and storm to-morrow,
"Meet again!" our bosom cheers.

Far in exile while we roam,
O'er our lost endearments weeping,
Lonely, silent vigils keeping,
"Meet again!" transports us home.

When this weary world is past,
Happy they whose spirits soaring,
Vast eternity exploring,
"Meet again!" in heaven at last.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MULTIFARIOUS MANUFACTURES OF BIRMINGHAM.

BIRMINGHAM was called by Burke, more than half a century ago, the "toy-shop of the world." By this phrase the orator intended to express both the flimsiness and elegance of the various manufactures of the town, and the extensiveness of the markets

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which it supplied. It is not easily ascertainable whether among the men of Birmingham at that time the word "toy" had the meaning which it now conveys; but if the stranger at Birmingham inquires at the present day whether it manufactures "toys," and what description of toys it most excels in, he will be furnished with a list of articles which will somewhat surprise him, if he attach to the word its usual meaning. The "toys" of Birmingham are divisible into three great classes,—heavy steel toys, light steel toys, and toys in general. The first includes articles by no means intended to be played with, such as the tools used in the trades of the carpenter, the cabinet-maker, the upholsterer, the machinist, the farrier, the shoemaker, and scores of other trades. Hammers, pincers, adzes, compasses, choppers, awls, nut-cracks, toasting-forks, turnscrews, saws, spades, and edge-tools of every description, form but a fraction of the immense variety of articles that are classed under this head by Birmingham manufacturers. The light steel toys include clasps, buckles, brooches, tassels, beads, chatelaines, and a whole host of articles made of steel, for the adornment of the house or the person; while the general toy manufacture includes metal, pearl, horn, glass, and florentine buttons in all their countless varieties, and a perfect maze of knick-knacks and gilt or plated trifles, which it would take a whole advertising sheet to make a catalogue of. Birmingham, in this sense, still remains the toy-shop, or rather the workshop, of the world; and supplies Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Polynesia, and Australia, not only with trifles, but with an immense variety of necessary articles. There is scarcely a house in Europe or America that is not indebted for some portion of its luxury or its comfort to the enterprise and ingenuity of the men of Birmingham. We place our feet in winter upon a Birmingham fender, and stir a Birmingham grate with a Birmingham poker. We ring for our servants with a Birmingham bell, and we write our letters of business and affection with Birmingham steel pens. Birmingham supplies our table with spoons, with forks, though not with knives, and our bed and window-curtains with rods, rings, and ornaments. We cannot dress or undress, whether we be men or women, without being beholden to the aid afforded us by Birmingham. It is that town which supplies half the globe with buttons for male costume, and with hooks and eyes for the costume of ladies. Pins and needles, and thimbles, principally come from Birmingham; and we never sit upon a chair or table, or lie upon a bed, or tread upon a floor, without deriving advantage from the industry of the metal-workers of that town and neighbourhood: for Birmingham supplies England, Scotland, and Ireland, and many parts of the European and American continents, with nails, tacks, and screws. Not only in life, but in death, we have recourse to Birmingham. There is scarcely a coffin that is laid in the lap of earth within the limits of Great Britain that is not held together with the nails, and ornamented with the plates, and handles, and other funereal gewgaws of Birmingham. The Australian ploughs his field with a Birmingham ploughshare, shoes his horses with Birmingham shoes, and hangs a Birmingham bell around the necks of his cattle, that they may not stray too far from home on the hills or rich pasture-lands of that country. The savage in Africa exchanges his gold-dust, his ivory, and his spices for Birmingham muskets. The Boor of the Cape shoots elephants with a gun expressly made for his purpose by the Birmingham manufacturers. The army, the navy, and the East India Company's service draw from Birmingham their principal supplies of the weapons of destruction; the sword, the pistol, and the musket. The rifleman of the backwoods of Canada and the Hudson's Bay territories would be deprived for a while of the means of trade or sport, if Birmingham should cease its fabrication of gun barrels and locks; and all the tribe of sportsmen, whether they frequent the jungle, the moor, the mountain, or the lake, carry on their recreation by the aid of Birmingham. Even the far-distant men of California are obliged, in default of policemen, to defend their treasures with Birmingham guns, dirks, and daggers. The Negroes of the West Indies, and the slaves of Cuba, cut down the sugar-cane with Birmingham matchetts; and the grass is mowed, and corn is reaped, in England and the Antipodes, by scythes and sickles of its manufacture. In large and small articles it is equally industrious and equally successful: it turns into the world millions of buttons, and millions of pins, pens, nails, screws, hooks and eyes, per day, and even per hour; and administers to a greater extent than any other town in the world, to the comforts, the conveniences, the necessities, and the luxuries of civilized life. The town is *par excellence* the town of metal, and fully nine-tenths of its population depend for their subsistence on the various manufactures which it carries on in iron, steel, zinc, brass, copper, gold, silver, electro-plate, and the substantial, as well as the showy, goods which it daily turns out in all these materials.—*Special Correspondent of the "Morning Chronicle."*

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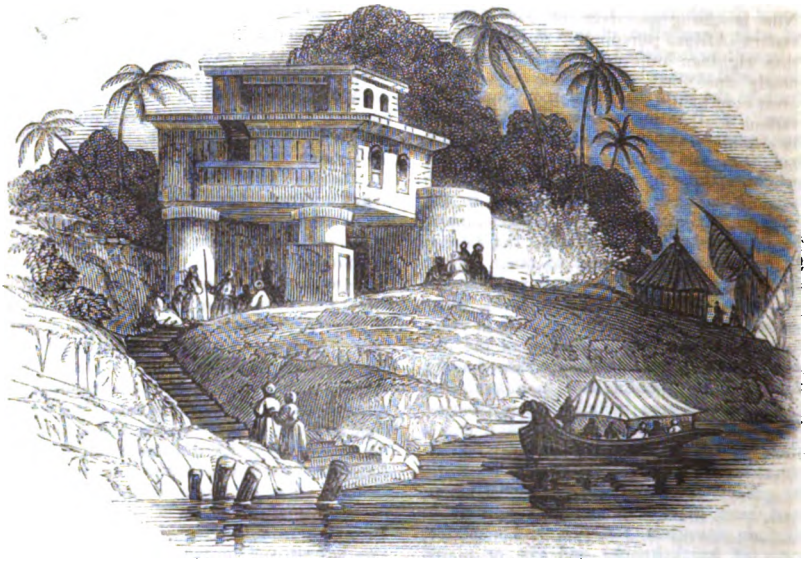
ORIENTAL SCENES.



SUMMER-PARLOUR ON THE NILE.

The accompanying illustration may call to mind a text of holy Scripture,—Judges iii. 20: "And Ehud came unto him;" (namely, to Eglon, King of Moab, who had held Israel in painful and humiliating subjection eighteen years;) "and he was sitting in a summer-parlour." This seems to have been a detached or otherwise pleasantly-situated apartment, like those which are still commonly found in the mansions and gardens of the East,—to which the owner retires to enjoy a free air, and more open prospect, than any other part of his dwelling commands; and in which, quite undisturbed, he usually enjoys his siesta during the heat of the day. It is a strictly private apartment, which no one enters without special invitation; and, accordingly, it is said that Eglon "had" his summer-parlour "for himself alone."

FIRESIDE TRAVELS.

THE RIVER NILE.

[Really, this kind of travels, with all its defects, furnishes to some no trifling advantages. You may go as far as you please, and come back when you will. You may see as much or as little as you like. With one "swift glance of the mind" you may realize some one particular scene, in some particular country, and then come back, ready for another start in quite another direction. And putting all these scenes together every now and then, you may find a gradually advancing acquaintance with the world to which you belong, acquired at the wonderful expense of *twopence per month!*

But this is not all. Not only does *space*, but *time*, vanish before you. You can sometimes travel in the *present* world,—the world as it now is; and when it pleases you so to direct your trips, you can go back to the *past* world, and see what *once was*, but is *now no longer*. This month we will assist the reader of the "Miscellany" to do both. The works of *art* pass away. The Cairo that is *now* to be seen in Egypt, is not the city on its site, whatever its name *then*, that the Israelites beheld. But *nature* is unchanging. The Nile to us is what it was to the sister of Moses and the daughter of Pharaoh. We furnish a brief statement blending both present and past.—Eds. C. M.]

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We have now to consider a river mighty and renowned, whose name would be chiefly associated in the mind of Israel with memories and traditions of bitter captivity, the "iron furnace" of Egyptian bondage. The Nile is the great river of northern and eastern Africa, pursuing a course of more than eighteen hundred miles, in a direction nearly due north, from the centre of that great continent to the Mediterranean. The various sources of this river are yet involved in obscurity; but they are believed to rise in lofty mountains to the north of the equator. The principal branches are called the White and the Blue Rivers, which, after passing through Abyssinia, unite in the region of Sennaar. From this point it receives but one tributary of any importance, until it falls into the Mediterranean, by several diverging mouths, forming the Delta of Egypt. The greater part of its course lies through a narrow valley, rarely exceeding a few miles in width, hemmed in on both sides by low ranges of mountains. Some portions of even this narrow strip are little better than the sandy desert around; but other parts, especially the lower course of the river, forming the land of Egypt, possess an astonishing fertility, owing to the annual deposition of a rich alluvial mud, by the overflow of the river in summer.

After the waters have retired within their banks, which takes place in November, the agricultural preparations begin; and the valley soon assumes the appearance of a delightful garden, covered with verdant crops, enamelled with flowers, and interspersed with groves of fruit-trees and luxuriant palms. The harvest is gathered in March and April, after which the heat becomes intense, and the suffocating *khamseen*, or south wind, sweeping along clouds of fine sand, and parching up all vegetation, makes the inhabitants look forward with eagerness to the rise of the Nile, the hope of the succeeding year.

All through the valley, on both sides of the river, lie scattered, in astonishing profusion, the monuments of ancient Egypt; grand and imposing palaces, temples, sepulchres, and colossal statues, the remnant of the power and science of those early days, when Abram visited the land of Ham, and Joseph preserved her from destruction.

The *name* of the Nile does not occur in Scripture, (unless it be the "Sihor" of Jer. ii. 18;) but it is spoken of as "the river" more than twenty times, and much of the early history of God's chosen people is linked with it. To describe all the scenes associated with it would be to transcribe nearly one-third of the books of Genesis and Exodus; but the limits assigned to this little volume will not permit us to do more than enumerate some of the most prominent of the incidents with which it is connected.

The researches of modern times, and the light reflected from the ancient monuments, prove that Egypt was a highly polished kingdom, renowned in arts and arms, when first visited by Abram. He stood upon the banks of the blue Nile, as it rolled through the majestic city of the Pharaohs; and his descendant, Joseph, witnessed beside its waters the depth of adversity and the height of prosperity. In the flags and rushes that waved along its margin, the fair infant Moses was exposed in his reedy cradle, when the daughter of the Monarch, approaching to bathe in its refreshing waters, felt tender compassion for the babe, and rescued him from the obscene crocodiles. On its brink stood the Prophet, when, having come to years, and preferred the afflictions of the people of God to the honours of the Egyptian Court, his wonder-working rod brought plagues upon the land of Ham. The frogs came swarming from the river's depths; and, worse than all, the river itself—whose waters were esteemed preferable to all others, the source of fertility and wealth — became *blood;* and that which had been honoured as a god, became abominable and loathsome to its admirers! The great contest between Jehovah and the gods of Egypt took place upon the banks of the Nile, which ended in the triumphant avenging and delivering of the enslaved house of Israel.

Varied were the scenes which, in after-ages, were enacted beside the mighty "father of waters." The ravages of the desolator, Cambyses; the silken-sailed progresses of the voluptuous Cleopatra; the conflagration of the glorious library of the Ptolemies; the disastrous expedition of Napoleon; the bloody massacre of the Mamlooks,—the rolling Nile has successively witnessed; and through all has seen the gradual, but sure, degradation of its possessors, from the very summit of civilization, opulence, and power, until Egypt has become — what divine prophecy long ago declared it should be—"the basest of kingdoms."—*Gosse's Sacred Streams.*

TABLE-TALK.

INCONSISTENCIES.

I often think how easy it is to talk virtue of all sorts, especially what I may call domestic, and civil, and political virtue, and ecclesiastical virtue. It would not have done to say *religious* virtue, for that is *true* virtue;

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you cannot go higher than purity of intention and propriety of action, as instructed and enjoined by the religion of divine revelation. Yes; it is easy to *talk* virtue. And if the tongue were like the rudder of a ship, where a little instrument guides a vast and ponderous mass, so that the direction given to the rudder is given to the whole vessel; if the tongue were to the active life what the rudder is to the ship, and you might thus reason from the one to the other,—So the vessel moves; so, therefore, the rudder moves; or, so the rudder is moved, and in like manner will the ship be moved;—then, one set of cases, painful, because self-contradictory, would never occur. Speech and action, whether in themselves right or wrong, belonging to this key or to that key, would never produce the painful sensation caused by discordant sounds. You might admire neither speech nor action; approve neither; but they agree together; they harmonize; and there is always—so is our nature constituted—a sort of lower subordinate pleasure in harmony.

But, amongst subordinate causes of pain, both to the ear and to the mind, one of the most grating and vexatious is discordant sound, contrariety between speech and action. It really is no easy matter to give a cool, dispassionate description. You hear a man speak, you admire him; you follow him into active life, anticipating all the pleasure of heightened admiration. You not only see what you cannot approve; but, putting together the speaking and the action, they grate on your ear, and make harsh and horrible discord. Just think of the instances of this with which you have met. Do you not feel that in describing them you could wish to make the description keen and lashing, so as to express your own indignation, and, if possible, make these inconsistent folks ashamed of themselves? I do not wonder that a heathen *felt* this, and allowed himself to be carried away by the torrent of his indignant feelings. *Difficile est satiram non scribere:* "It is hard work not to be satirical." And so it is. Here is a spouter about liberty; does he allow any one to differ from himself? He gives them the wonderful liberty of—what?—saying as he says, and doing as he does, on pain of his absolute condemnation! Here is another. He does all for the glory of God. No. I cannot speak as truth allows. I go back to ancient example again. Jehu says,—Jehu! "Come and see my zeal for the Lord!" It is indeed difficult not to write satire. But, do you ask, What must we do? First. One thing is within your power, *Be consistent;* resolutely, strictly consistent. And not only be consistent with yourselves, but be consistent with the Gospel. "Only let your conversation be as it becometh the Gospel of Christ." And, as to others, preserve the Christian temper, "to hate the sin with all your heart, but still the sinner to love." And observe the rule implied in the brief but most comprehensive and significant phrase, "In meekness instructing those that oppose themselves." Heathenism would make every virtuous man a satirist, a Juvenal; Christianity teaches the nobler lesson, elsewhere untaught, unattainable,—the decisive hatred of sin, the tender, melting love of the sinner.

JOHNSON'S OPINION OF ECONOMY.

All to whom want is terrible, upon whatever principle, ought to think themselves obliged to learn the sage maxims of our parsimonious ancestors, and attain the salutary arts of contracting expense; for without economy none can be rich, and with it few can be poor. The mere power of saving what is already in our hands, must be of easy acquisition to every mind; and as the example of Lord Bacon may show that the highest intellect cannot safely neglect it, a thousand instances every day prove that the humblest may practise it with success.—*Rambler.*

BODILY CHANGES.

The body is constantly undergoing change in all its parts. Probably no person at the age of twenty has one single particle in any part of his body which he had at ten; and still less does any portion of the body he was born with continue to exist in or with him. All that he before had has now entered into new combinations, forming parts of other men, or of animals, or of vegetable or mineral substances, exactly as the body he now has will afterwards be resolved into new combinations after his death. Yet the mind continues one and the same, "without change or shadow of turning." None of its parts can be resolved; for it is one and single, and it remains unchanged by the changes of the body.—*Brougham's Natural Theology.*

REMARKABLE DAYS.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.
Died December 13th, 1784.

Samuel Johnson was born on the 18th of September, 1709, at Lichfield, in Staffordshire. His father was a native of Derbyshire, but had settled at Lichfield as a bookseller and stationer. As both his parents were advanced in years before they

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married, they had only two sons, Samuel and Nathaniel. The latter died in his twenty-fifth year. Though his father possessed a robust body and a powerful mind, he was the subject of painful mental depression, a malady which his son derived from him, and which he painfully experienced throughout life. His mother was a woman of piety, and of superior understanding, and happily succeeded in making an early impression on his mind in favour of religion. The morbid melancholy of Johnson's temperament was increased by scrofula, which disfigured his countenance, destroyed the sight of one of his eyes, and weakened that of the other. According to the superstition of the age, he was carried to London by his mother, in order to be cured by the royal touch; and this by advice of a physician! but the virtue of Queen Anne's finger failed to remove the evil.

The first instruction he received in English literature was from Dame Oliver, who kept a school for children in his native city, and who, when he was going to Oxford, made him a present of gingerbread, assuring him that he was the best scholar she ever had. His second instructer was one Thomas Brown, who published a spelling-book, which he dedicated to the universe! Under Mr. Hunter, head-master of Lichfield Grammar-School, and his assistants, Johnson became an excellent Latin scholar, though he often gave way to his constitutional indolence. He was next removed to Stourbridge school, where he continued scarcely more than a year, which period was little better than loitered away.

On the 31st of October, 1728, he went to Oxford as a Commoner of Pembroke College, where he continued to give striking proofs of his herculean intellect; but some time after, the insolvency, and then the death, of his father took place, and he was compelled to leave the University, and begin the world with only twenty pounds, and without having taken a degree.

Thus obliged to seek bread, he became usher at a school in Market-Bosworth, in Leicestershire; but he felt quite out of his element, and soon gave up the situation, and removed to Birmingham, where he continued for some time endeavouring to obtain a livelihood by his pen.

In his twenty-seventh year, he married the widow of a Mr. Porter, who, though double his age, and not largely endowed either with personal attractions or fortune, so gained his affection, that he not only fondly regarded her while living, but lamented her death as long as he lived. He now hired a large house near his native city, and opened an academy; but he obtained only three pupils,—the celebrated David Garrick, his brother George, and a Mr. Offely. After a year and a half's trial, he gave up his school, and resolved to see what he could do in the metropolis. He therefore went there, with little in his pocket, in company with Garrick, who intended to follow the profession of the law, but he was induced to become an actor. Though Johnson felt anxious to excel as a dramatic writer, his tragedy of "Irene" was the first and last he wrote. He gained by this production £100, and the profits of three nights' performances. He derived his chief support from his contributions to the "Gentleman's Magazine;" but at length, dissatisfied with this precarious mode of procuring the necessaries of life, he determined once more to engage in the duties of a teacher, as the mastership of a school was offered to him; but the want of a degree, which was required by the rules of the school, was an insurmountable hinderance, though powerful interest was employed to ensure his success.

The pecuniary circumstances of Johnson were sometimes so low as to compel him to wander whole nights through the streets of London, from inability to pay for a lodging; when often he had the talented outcast Savage for his companion, for whom he entertained a strong and lasting affection. In 1744 he published a memoir of him, which is considered far too favourable, though doing no more than justice to the abilities of the gifted but unhappy poet. In 1747 he issued the prospectus of his great work, his Dictionary of the English Language. Though he expected to complete it in three years, it was not till the close of 1754 that the last sheet was put to press.

The loss of his wife, in March, 1752, deeply distressed him, and left a wound which continued open till he descended to the grave. Notwithstanding the indolence of his temperament, his productions were multifarious and important, and also eminently useful in improving the mental and moral feelings both of the nation and his readers. While writing his Dictionary, he produced many pieces of great merit, and brought out the "Rambler," the whole of which was the fruit of his own pen, except about five papers. When Dr. Hawkesley projected the "Adventurer," Johnson furnished those Numbers marked "T.," for which he received two guineas each; being double the sum paid him by Clergymen who employed him to write sermons for them!

The circumstances under which he prosecuted these literary labours, so extraordinary at the time, he observed were far from encouraging: "with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers; but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow." Though the Dictionary brought him £1,575, his expenses exceeded what the booksellers had agreed to give for the copy. Still the profits of his other productions placed him in com-

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paratively easy circumstances; but his application to study left him for a time under great mental exhaustion. Having recovered his vigour by a temporary cessation of toil, he undertook the office of reviewer in the "Literary Magazine," in 1756. Between April, 1758, and April, 1760, he wrote the periodical called the "Idler," all the papers of which, except a few, were furnished by himself. His mother dying early in 1759, he wrote "Rasselas," to defray the expenses of her funeral, and pay some small debts which she had incurred. It cost him the evenings of a week, and brought him £100, besides £25 when it reached a second edition: this illustrates his remark, that it was not the desire of fame, but the want of money, that furnished the only motive to him to write.

Though his Jacobite prejudices were very strong, he accepted a Government pension of £300, which drew upon him the bitter sarcasm of his enemies, who could not, or would not, confess that his writings were a benefaction to the nation.

In 1763, James Boswell, Esq., who became his enthusiastic admirer, was admitted to an intimacy which enabled him to produce his Life of Johnson, a work which gives such a minute and interesting picture of him as places it among the most interesting biographies ever penned. Through the persuasion and in the company of Boswell, Johnson visited the Highlands of Scotland, and the Hebrides; an account of which tour he published, furnishing much instructive information, and characteristic railing against the Scotch.

The honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by the University of Dublin, in 1765, and also by the University of Oxford in 1775. His "Lives of the British Poets" were published between 1779 and 1781. Of this important work complaints have been made that he omitted some authors of distinguished merit, and took undue notice of others of obscure name and mean talents. His personal and political prejudices are very apparent and offensive in some of these memoirs: still the work as a whole is allowed to be worthy of the illustrious author.

The Royal Academy appointed Johnson Professor of Ancient Literature, as a mark of the sense which that distinguished Society entertained of his eminent talents and services to the republic of letters. In 1765, while suffering under one of his severe fits of melancholy, he was happily introduced into the family of Mr. Thrale, an eminent brewer, and Member of Parliament for the borough of Southwark. For seventeen years he was an inmate of the house of this gentleman, and received from him and his accomplished lady such attentions as alleviated his constitutional malady, and stimulated him to execute some of his most important literary projects.

In June, 1783, he was awakened in the night from sleep by a severe shock of palsy. He endeavoured to repeat the Lord's Prayer, first in English, then in Latin, and at last in Greek; in the latter language he just succeeded, and then became speechless. A complication of diseases now undermined his constitution, among which were spasmodic asthma and dropsy. However, he rallied in the following year so far as to be able to visit his friends in Oxford, Lichfield, and Ashbourne. His mental depression and gloom were deepened by his defective views of some important points of evangelical religion, and the nature of his physical diseases. His dread of death was painful. Hence, as he was rapidly approaching the grave, his desire for life became even distressingly strong. However, his dread gradually subsided as he obtained clearer views of the great duty and privilege of absolute trust in the atonement. He showed much anxiety for the religious improvement of his friends who visited him on his deathbed. Of Sir Joshua Reynolds he requested three things: "To forgive him £30, which he had borrowed of him; to read the Bible; and never to use his pencil on a Sunday." All these the great artist promised. When Dr. Brocklesby told him that he could not recover, he said, "Then I will take no more physic, not even my opiates: for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded." When pressed to take some nourishment, he replied, "I will take anything that is not inebriating." On the 8th and 9th of December he made his will, and settled all his worldly affairs; and having "set his house in order," his natural fretfulness of temper disappeared. He enjoined his faithful servant to attend to the concerns of his soul, saying frequently to him, "Attend, Francis, to the salvation of your soul: that is the object of greatest importance." The day on which he died the daughter of a particular friend came, desiring to receive his dying blessing. On being admitted, the Doctor turned himself in bed, and said, "God bless you, my dear." These were his last words. His breathing became gradually more difficult, and about seven o'clock in the evening he calmly expired; having more than completed his seventy-fifth year.

With all his eccentricities of temper, speech, and manners, he was a great and eminent man. Those who desire to become quite intimate with his person, character, pursuits, and works, must read his "Life" by Boswell. The general, if not universal, homage paid to his merits as an English writer, guarantees the preservation of his memory while English literature continues to be cultivated. PETER SAMUEL.

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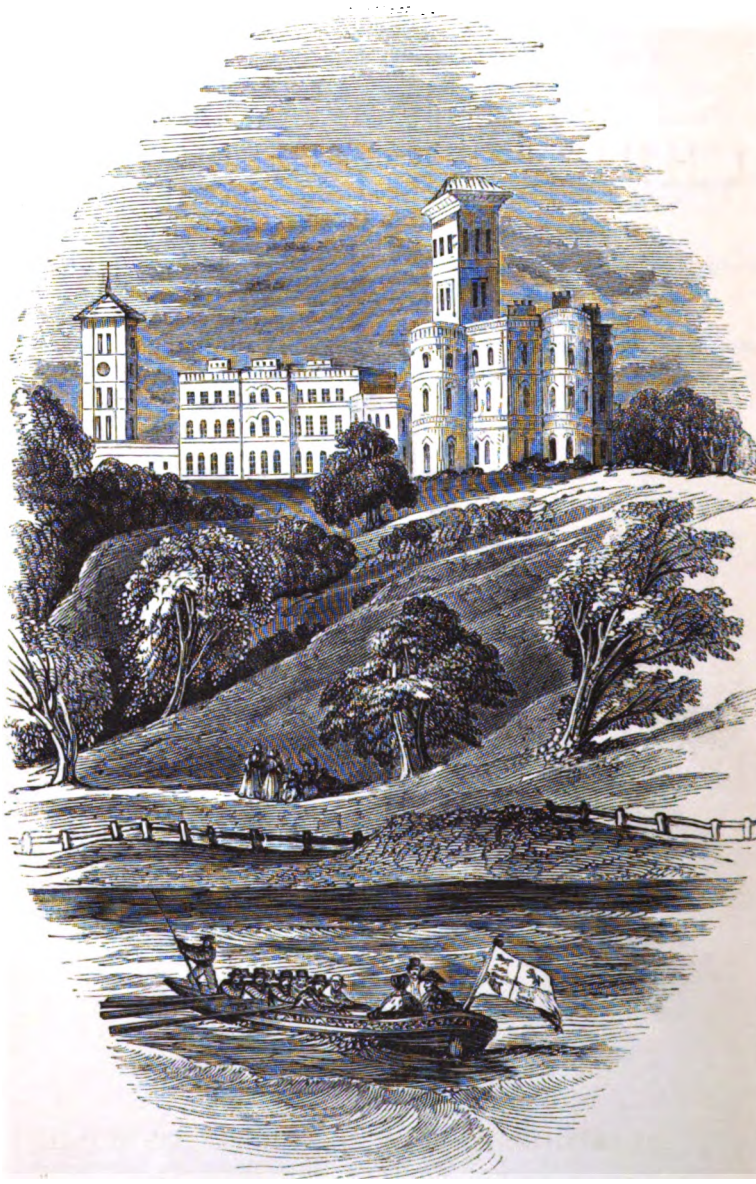

MARINE VIEW OF OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

FOR THE YEAR 1851.

VOLUME VI.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN MASON, 14, CITY-ROAD;
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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

JANUARY, 1851.

COVENANTING WITH GOD.

MATTHEW HENRY'S COVENANT.

It was the custom of Matthew Henry to make a formal dedication of himself to God at the commencement of each new year. The following form was drawn up by him for the year 1707:—

"Unto Thee, O blessed Jesus, my only Saviour and Redeemer, do I make a fresh surrender of my whole self this morning, body, soul, and spirit: to me to live is Christ, particularly this ensuing year.

"All my time, strength, and service, I devote to the honour of the Lord Jesus; my studies, and all my ministerial labours, and even my common actions. It is my earnest expectation and hope, and I desire it may be my constant aim and endeavour, that Jesus Christ may be magnified in my body.

"In everything wherein I have to do with God, my entire dependence is upon the Lord Jesus Christ for strength and righteousness; and whatever I do in word or deed, I desire to do all in His name, to make Him my Alpha and Omega. The Anointed of the Lord is the breath of my nostrils: through His hand I desire to receive all my comforts; I have all by Him, and I would use all for Him.

"If this should prove a year of affliction, a sorrowful year upon my account, I will fetch all my supports and comforts from the Lord Jesus Christ, and stay myself upon Him, His everlasting consolations, and the good hope I have in Him through grace.

"And if it should be my dying year, my times and my soul are in the hand of the Lord Jesus; and, with humble reliance upon His mediation, I would venture into another world, looking for the blessed hope. Dying as well as living, Jesus Christ will, I trust, be gain and advantage to me.

"Lord, keep this always in the imagination of the thoughts of my heart, and establish my way before Thee."

JOHN HOWARD'S COVENANT.

At Naples, during the spring of 1770, the philanthropist's mind "was occupied," as an admiring biographer says, "with the most serious thoughts. On one of the Sabbath-days which he spent in that seducing city, he employed himself in preparing and signing a solemn covenant,—a practice once common among the more earnest class of the Protestant Dissenters of England, and even now not altogether unknown to that body. This docu-

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ment, fortunately preserved among his papers, is one of the most important which we possess for his mental history." Many readers of the "Christian Miscellany" will be glad to ponder the following passages:—

"It is the presence of God which makes the happiness of every place. So, O my soul, keep close to Him in the amiable light of redeeming love! And, amidst the snares thou art particularly exposed to in a country of such wickedness and folly, stand thou in awe, and sin not. Commune with thine own heart. See what progress thou makest in thy religious journey. Art thou nearer the heavenly Canaan—the vital flame burning clearer and clearer? or are the concerns of a moment engrossing thy foolish heart? Stop; remember thou art a candidate for eternity. Daily, fervently, pray for wisdom. Lift up thine heart and eyes unto the Rock of Ages; and then look down upon the glory of this world! A little while longer, and thy journey will be ended. Be thou faithful unto death. Duty is thine, though the power is God's. Pray to Him to give thee a heart to hate sin more, uniting thy heart in His fear. O magnify the LORD, my soul; and, my spirit, rejoice in GOD my SAVIOUR! When I consider and look into my heart, I doubt, I tremble. But yet, my soul, why art thou cast down; why art thou disquieted? Hope in God and His free grace in Jesus Christ. Lord, I believe; help my unbelief! Shall I limit the grace of God? Can I fathom His goodness? Here, on His sacred day, I once more, in the dust before the eternal God, acknowledge my sins, heinous and aggravated in His sight. I would have the deepest sorrow and contrition of heart, and cast my guilty and polluted soul on His sovereign mercy in the Redeemer. O compassionate and divine Redeemer! save me from the dreadful guilt and power of sin; and accept of my solemn, free, and, I trust, unreserved, full surrender of my soul, my spirit, my dear child, all I own and have, into Thy hands! How unworthy of Thy acceptance! Yet, Lord of mercy, spurn me not from Thy presence. Accept of me; I hope—vile as I am—a repenting, returning prodigal. I glory in this my choice; acknowledge my *obligations* as a servant of the Most High. And now may the Eternal be my refuge! and thou, my soul, be faithful to that God that will never forsake thee. Thus, O Lord God, even a worm is humbly bold to covenant with Thee. Do Thou ratify and confirm it, and make me the everlasting monument of Thy mercy. Amen, amen, amen. Glory to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, for ever and ever. Amen. Hoping my heart deceives me not, and trusting in His mercy for restraining and preventing grace,—though rejoicing in returning what I have received from Him into His hands, yet, with fear and trembling,—I sign my unworthy name.

"JOHN HOWARD."

This solemn and affecting covenant was renewed at Moscow, in the autumn of 1789, a very short time before Mr. Howard's extraordinary course was finished.

RULES OF THE WESLEYAN-METHODIST SOCIETY.

ALTHOUGH these Rules, in their separate branches, have been briefly considered, an observation or two may be bestowed on the "weighty words" in the concluding paragraph: "These are the General Rules of our Societies: all which we are taught of God to observe, even in His written word, the only rule, and the sufficient rule, both of our faith and practice. And all these we know His Spirit writes on every truly awakened heart. If there be

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any among us who observe them not, who habitually break any of them, let it be made known unto them who watch over that soul, as they that must give an account. We will admonish him of the error of his ways: we will bear with him for a season. But then, if he repent not, he hath no more place among us. We have delivered our own souls."

"*His written word, the only rule.*" This is the rule of rules. All human regulations and requirements must be tested by it. Those who were privileged to sit for instruction at the Apostles' feet, were commended by the Apostles themselves, because they searched the Scriptures for proof of what they heard. For "doctrine," "reproof, "correction," and "instruction in righteousness," the Bible is the "only," and, blessed be God, the "sufficient," rule. From this we dare not "take away;" and to this we need not "add." "Whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man." Therefore, "the Rules" claim authority over us, only as we are disposed frankly to admit that they contain our own views of what God teaches in the Bible. If any man deem the Rules unscriptural, of course he will not join the Society. *One hundred and seven years* have passed away since they were penned, and subscribed by Messrs. John and Charles Wesley; and, the United Societies for which they were provided having increased a thousand fold, we still agree with our honoured founders that these Rules may either be "read" in God's word, or "proved thereby."

It is not from any scruple on this head that we feel painful concern; but, rather, from want of conformity to these righteous requirements. And this, especially, when we have agreed to the testimony, "We know the Spirit of God writes them on every truly awakened heart." This is the forcible language of one who well knew how to use "right words," in the theology of the heart. These principles of heavenly law, the Holy Ghost graves on the heart of the child of God. Hence, a Methodist, according to the Rules, is one inwardly and outwardly conformed to the will of God. Whether we look at doctrinal or at preceptive Methodism, it is "Christianity in earnest." God grant there may always be evidence, in an increasing multitude of living examples, that this witness is true!

But, alas! of these Rules there have ever been some "among us who observe them not, who habitually break them." Their *names* are on the class-book; but their *lives* are a libel on Christianity in earnest! Once washed; now wallowing in the mire of sin. What is to be done with such? "We will admonish them." Admonition in the Methodist Society comes legitimately from three classes. Private members are "reprovers" by profession; "instructing, *reproving*, or exhorting all" they "have any intercourse with," according to the Rule. Here is a case for reproof. "Tell him of his fault between thee and him alone. If he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, tell it to"——his Leader, who is *specially* commissioned to "advise, comfort, reprove, as occasion may require." If one fail, if two fail, "let it be made known unto them who [in the highest and most solemn sense] watch over that soul as they that must give an account." Ministers will "admonish him of the error of his ways," point out to him clearly and faithfully his guilt and danger. Then comes the exercise of Christian long-suffering: "We will bear with him for a while." God "hates putting away," and so do His people. "How shall I give thee up?" is His compassionate remonstrance, which they humbly re-echo. A member may be "overtaken in a fault," and, by God's blessing on salutary church-associations, he may repent in dust and ashes. If so, he is not to be discarded and put away, but kindly "restored," and heartily forgiven. "But if he repent not," if there be no proper sense of the evil, no

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sound confession, no heart-contrition, no manifest humiliation of soul on account of sinning against truth and righteousness, against God and His people,—then "he hath no more place among us." He cannot any longer be acknowledged as a member of Society, or worthy of the token of fellowship.

"*We have delivered our own souls.*" Strong words! unutterable by any but the faithful! "I am pure from the blood of all men!" This fearful saying has a bearing on the three classes of watchmen named above:—Members, Class-Leaders, Ministers, all are appointed, in a solemn sense, to watch for souls. "Am I my brother's keeper?" clears no man. "Love thy neighbour as thyself," binds, at least, every member in his class to the poor backslider. Indeed, it can seldom be known on earth *who* has most power to do good to one "overtaken in a fault." Possibly the youngest, the least instructed, the most obscure of the company, may in such a case prevail over knowledge, and age, and office. "There is one who used to meet with us. He has fallen; he is 'in want,'—in the 'far country.' 'No man giveth unto him.' Can *we* all say, 'We have delivered our own souls?' It was once said of a good woman who loved her Saviour, 'She hath done what she *could*.' With that gracious precept of Heaven under our eye,—'Restore such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself lest thou also be tempted,'—do we individually feel, in reference to our poor brother or sister, that it can be said, '*We* have done what we *could?*'"

But if the principle may be so solemnly applied to the private member, how much more to the Class-Leader, and to the Preacher in charge! Tremble, ye that have in any way accepted "the cure of souls." Look at what you have done since you have been in office; look at those who have fallen under your care; look at what the law of love, of God, and of His Christ, requires of you; and ask, in the light of Calvary, and of the day of eternity, "HAVE WE DELIVERED OUR OWN SOULS?"

QUARTERLY TICKET FOR DECEMBER, 1850.

The sacred text on this Ticket is found in Job xxxiv. 29: "WHEN HE GIVETH QUIETNESS, WHO THEN CAN MAKE TROUBLE? AND WHEN HE HIDETH HIS FACE, WHO THEN CAN BEHOLD HIM?"

Divine Providence is clearly and strongly asserted in the book of Job. The universe is set before you, instinct with Divine power and wisdom. God is everywhere, and in everything. In Him, all things live, move, and have their being. The smallest and the greatest of the animal race; the dew-drop, and the volume of the ocean; the earth, with all its open and hidden treasures; the vast heavens, with all their glory and their "influences,"—are the Lord's. The Infinite and Eternal lives in the midst of His creation. His eyes behold all; His hand directs all. He is pure; and His every movement holy, just, and good. Of this book of greatness and goodness,—of marvels and mysteries,—of beauties and blessings,—the text is an epitome.

"When He giveth quietness." Peace is from Heaven. God is the Author of it. "My peace I give unto you." Only the Prince of peace can give peace. "He giveth quietness." The peace—the serene blessedness—which He gives, "passeth all understanding." It "keeps the heart and mind through Christ Jesus." Yes, HE is our peace. His "powerful blood" atoned for us, and He now guards us as His own. The clouds and storms, winds and waves, obey Him; and the soul inherits "calm sunshine." Of this holy quietude, heaven is the fulness. *That* is the REST that "remains." But "peace in the Holy Ghost" is its "earnest" given in the wilderness. Upon this silent glory in the inner man, "there is a defence." The glory

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of God abode deep in the "holy of holies;" and "the curtains" may seem almost emblematic of the Providence that shields the holy, heaven-born tranquillity of the good man's bosom.

"Who can make trouble," when "the very God of peace" protects? "*I am sheltering under the Rock,*" said the sinking, dying saint,—the "perfect man," whose end was peace.* Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? "Tribulation," "distress," "persecution," "famine," "peril," "sword," may all try with their malignant forces to "make trouble." But the peace of a believer's spirit is undisturbed; for God "giveth quietness." "In all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

"When He hideth His face."—When JEHOVAH frowns, all good withers, all woes abound. "Now is your hour, and the power of darkness." True, God does not yet turn this earth into "outer darkness." Not only does He "make a hedge about" such a good man as Job; but, occasionally, by His longsuffering mercy, even "the tabernacles of robbers" so "prosper," that they have a certain kind of happiness in them. Sin is not yet wholly unattended with pleasure. By the "Saviour of all men" this is mercifully permitted for "a season," that guilty man may be "held back from iniquity" "by the cords of love." But if, while the "longsuffering of God waiteth," he "repent not," he must, he "*shall* perish." God will hide His face entirely and for ever. This is man's greatest calamity. It implies the privation of all good, the presence of all evil. "THOU, even THOU art to be feared; and who can stand in Thy sight when once THOU art angry?"

"Who then can behold Him?" Who can befriend us when God is our enemy? Vain is the help of man. Vain are all knowledge, riches, honours. Vain, religious forms and human resolutions. The "thousand thousand" of Ethiopia's army may be at our beck: the wisdom of a Solomon, the riches of a Dives, the honours of a Herod, may be ours. Ours may be the form of godliness, even of the straitest sect of the Pharisees; and the mental resolve of Samson when he said, "I will go out as aforetime, and shake myself." But if the Lord has departed from us, if God hideth His face, *all is vain:* yea, "vanity and vexation of spirit." The arm of flesh may be bared, and mercy herself may interpose with prayers and tears for us; but "when He hideth His face," nothing remains but sorrow, without mitigation and without end.

Equally fatal is the frown of God against "a nation" and "a man only;" equally fruitful of all prosperity is His favour. A nation is happy in proportion as God "lifteth up the light of His countenance" upon it. And the light of God's countenance is lifted up upon a nation in proportion to the leaven of PURE RELIGION found in it. In Christendom at least,—among the nations to whom are "committed the oracles of God,"—you must not look for "quietness," glory, and prosperity, while they "know their Master's will and *do it not.*" Those who hold in their hands the "instruction in righteousness" given them by "the inspiration of God," and obey it not, must be "beaten with many stripes;" whether it be "a nation or a man only." This text was probably written before the nation of the Jews existed. But how strikingly its truth was exhibited in that nation's history!

* See the beautiful account of the sainted Joseph Taylor's death: Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine, for August last.

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Transient, superficial prosperity may attend a people among whom "scriptural holiness" is feeble, and "ready to die." "Sentence against evil" is not "speedily executed." But if "the righteous" are not at length found there, God "hideth His face," and there is an utter overthrow. Then "hear ye the word of the LORD; and let men and nations tremble and fear" before the GOD of THE BIBLE. B. C.

JACOB'S VOW.

OUR good Pastor sometimes preaches close sermons. One of his latest was based on Jacob's vow at Bethel:—"Of all that Thou shalt give me, I will surely *give a tenth unto Thee*." He laid down two principles,—1. That the fact of mercies received imposes an obligation to render thank-offerings: 2. That the amount we lay on God's altar is not a discretionary matter; that it must be *stated* as to time, and *proportioned* as to sum; and that *a tenth is the minimum*, instead of the furthest limit. I could have borne this pretty well, but there came some pinching inferences, which trouble me.

1. If Jacob pledged a tenth as a *free-will offering* in his solitude, notwithstanding the possible occasion for its use, how much more should we give now, with existing obligations, and the implied necessity to sustain begun operations, with reiterated appeals to our benevolence?

2. If Jacob pledged a tenth of whatever he might acquire by personal industry, how much more may be claimed in the name of Christ from the multitudes who possess *inherited* wealth, and who, like the lilies, "neither toil nor spin?"

3. If Jacob pledged a tenth for expenditure in sacrifices, in themselves of no effect to purge the conscience, how is the claim to a larger proportion heightened by the consideration, that we live under the dispensation of the Spirit, and that wealth may be directly devoted to the advancement of moral and spiritual interests?

4. If Jacob pledged a tenth when the difficulty would be to devise ways to spend it directly in the service of God, how much more do we owe to our Lord, now that the fields are white unto the harvest; when the influence of a single pound may be felt on the opposite side of the globe; when the set time to favour Zion is come?

5. If Jacob, a young man just setting up in life, pledged a tenth from his undeniable necessities, how much weightier the obligation on Christians advanced in life, whose annual means greatly exceed their personal wants, and who expect in a little while to be with Jesus, and to hear the harps of heaven?

Are these inferences sophistical? If they are logical and scriptural, do not many of us incur the guilt of Ananias and Sapphira, in keeping back a part of the price?—*Messenger.*

PUNCTUALITY.

A SINGULAR mischance has befallen some of our friends. At the moment when He ushered them on existence, God gave them a work to do, and He also gave them a competency of time, so much time, that if they began at the right moment, and wrought with sufficient vigour, their time and their work would end together. But, a good many years ago, a strange misfortune befell them. A fragment of their allotted time was lost. They cannot tell what became of it; but, sure enough, it has dropped out of existence; for, just like two

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measuring-lines laid together, the one an inch shorter than the other, their work and their time run parallel, but the work is always in advance of the time. They are not irregular. They are never too soon. Their letters are posted the very minute after the mail is shut; they arrive at the wharf just in time to see the steamboat off; they come in sight of the depôt precisely when the train starts. They do not break any engagement, nor neglect any duty; but they systematically go about it too late, and usually too late by about the same fatal interval. How can they retrieve the lost fragment, so essential to character and comfort? Perhaps by a device like this:—Suppose, that on some auspicious morning, they contrived to rise a quarter of an hour before their usual time, and were ready for their morning worship fifteen minutes sooner than they have been for the last ten years; or, what will equally answer the end, suppose that for once they merged their breakfast altogether, and went straight out to the engagement of the day; suppose that they arrived at the class-room, or the workshop, or the place of business, fifteen minutes before their usual time, or they forced themselves to the appointed rendezvous on the week-day, or to the sanctuary on the Sabbath, a quarter of an hour before their instinctive time of going,—all would yet be well. This system carried out would bring the world and themselves to synchronize; they and the marching hours would come to keep step again; and, moving on in harmony, they would escape the jolting, fatigue, and awkwardness they used to feel, when old father Time put the right foot foremost, and they advanced the left. Their reputation would be retrieved, and friends who at present fret, would begin to smile; their fortunes would be made; their satisfaction in their work would be doubled; and their influence over others, and their power for usefulness, would be unspeakably augmented.—*Hamilton.*

THE VOICE OF THE SEASONS.

THERE is, in the revolution of time, a kind of warning voice which summons us to thought and reflection; and every season, as it arises, speaks to us of the analogous character which we ought to maintain. From the first openings of the spring to the last desolation of winter, the days of the year are emblematical of the state and of the duties of man; and whatever may be the period of our journey, we can scarcely look up into the heavens and mark the path of the sun, without feeling either something to animate us upon our course, or to reprove us for our delay.

When the spring appears, when the earth is covered with its tender green, and the song of happiness is heard in every shade, it is a call to us to religious hope and joy. Over the infant year the breath of heaven seems to blow with paternal softness, and the heart of man willingly partakes in the joyfulness of awakened nature.

When summer reigns, and every element is filled with life, and the sun, like a giant, pursues his course through the firmament above, it is the season of adoration. We see there, as it were, the majesty of the present God; and wherever we direct our eyes, the glory of the Lord seems to cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

When autumn comes, and the annual miracle of nature is completed, it is the appropriate season of thankfulness and praise. The heart bends with instinctive gratitude before Him whose benevolence never slumbers nor sleeps, and who, from a throne of glory, yet remembereth the things that are in heaven and earth.

The season of winter has also similar instructions. To the thoughtful and

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the feeling mind it comes not without a blessing upon its wings; and perhaps the noblest lessons of religion are to be learned amid its clouds and storms.—*Alison.*

EFFECTS OF THE BIBLE UPON NATIONS.

Tell me where the Bible is, and where it is not, and I will write a moral geography of the world. I will show what, in all particulars, is the condition of that people. One glance of your eye will inform you where the Bible is, and where it is not. Go to Italy: decay, degradation, suffering, meet you on every side. Commerce droops, agriculture sickens, the useful arts languish. There is a heaviness in the air; you feel cramped by some invisible power; the people dare not speak aloud; they walk slowly; an armed soldiery is round their dwellings: the armed police take from the stranger his Bible, before he enters the territory. Ask for the Bible in the book-stores: it is not there, or in a form so large and expensive as to be beyond the reach of the common people. The Preacher takes no text from the Bible. Enter the Vatican and inquire for a Bible, and you will be pointed to some case where it reposes among prohibited works, side by side with the works of Diderot, Rousseau, and Voltaire. But pass over the Alps into Switzerland, and down the Rhine into Holland, and over the Channel to England and Scotland, and what an amazing contrast meets the eye! Men look with an air of independence; there are industry, neatness, instruction for children. Why this difference? There is no brighter sky; there are no fairer scenes of nature: but they have the Bible. And happy are the people who are in such a case; for it is righteousness that exalteth a nation.—*W. Adams, D.D.*

CHOICE SAYINGS.

A favour may be granted in a way which makes the reception of it difficult, and even painful: as, on the contrary, a benefit may be so conferred as to augment its value, and to cause reception to be as pleasing to the receiver, as bestowment is to the giver. We should not only aim at doing what is proper, but at doing it properly. We read of the kind and gracious benignity, as well as of the philanthropy, of God our Saviour. (Titus iii. 4.)

A Christian believer once said in sickness, of which the issue appeared doubtful, "It is not for health that I pray. I wish my petitions to be such as God may consistently receive, and I consistently offer. I ask not that He would cure me; but that He would save me."

It was said of a Christian lady who before death suffered long from a tedious and exhausting malady, "She desired not life, though all that life could give had been hers. She desired not death, though constantly oppressed with the languor of disease. The one prayer of her heart was, that the Divine will might be accomplished."

The Gospel announces to us that "the end of all things is at hand," that we may be stirred up to seek after Him who never had a beginning, and can never have an end; and to remember that, while the whole fashion of the world passes away, he that does the will of God shall abide for ever. It reminds us of the unchangeable law of mortality, that we may seek to be animated with the hope of immortality; telling us that we are hasting to death, that we may not be satisfied till we feel that we are also hastening to everlasting life.

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THEOLOGY.

POWER OF GOD IN THE GOSPEL.

"For it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."—Rom. i. 16.

Here the Apostle brings the efficiency of the Gospel down to individual experience. It is not upon communities and nations only that it operates beneficially, but upon "every one that believeth;" and that, not only "to the Jew," to whom it was first, in all places, proposed, "but also to the Greek;" the external circumstances of men neither cutting them off from salvation, nor obstructing the efficacy of this grand saving institution.

When the Apostle lays it down as the ground of his glorying in the Gospel, that "it is the power of God unto salvation," he silently contrasts it with every other religion known or received among men, and triumphs over them. This is power, they are weakness and insufficiency: this saves, they leave man in sin and danger still. Under all the forms of Paganism, under all the systems of heathen philosophy, the world became still more corrupt; nor did their most devoted disciples exhibit any proofs of being saved. Salvation was what man needed, but which they all failed to bestow; those who most carefully followed the regimen or applied their medicines, grew but worse under the treatment, and were themselves therefore the proofs that every process of moral healing known in the world was utterly powerless. But this, says the Apostle, has "power;" it has divine power; it is "the power of God unto salvation."

Nor ought the grandeur of this thought to escape us. The power of God was familiar to man. In the order and in the disorders of nature, its steadfast laws and its conflicting elements, it was alike manifested; in the punishment of sin, in the acts of daily providence, in the rolling changes and whirl of empires. Here, however, the power of God has a new manifestation: it is power engaged only in works of mercy,—mercy to the souls of men; the power of God embodied in Christianity to save and to bless. Behold, then, the power of God as it connects itself with the Gospel, and works out its gracious effect by it, as its instrument.

In the Gospel, the power of God is employed to illuminate: it is light shining in darkness, and carrying with it its own demonstration, so clear, so bright, so piercing, that all who attend to its doctrine at all have a secret, unconquerable conviction that it is from God; and it thus creates a standard of judgment, and a conscience, from which men, even with all their efforts, can scarcely ever free themselves.

In the Gospel the power of God is employed to quicken. Man, dead by nature, now lives. His awakened fears, his restless desires after God, his impatience to be free from sin, his sighs who never sighed for sin, his tears who never wept for sin, his voice of pleading prayer,—for, "behold, he prayeth,"—all prove that a strange change has passed upon him; he awakes, he lives, at the voice of that word which, from its efficacy, proves itself to be the voice of God.

In the Gospel the power of God is employed to comfort. It does this by the conveyance upon our believing of a powerful and unequivocal testimony of the Spirit of God to our spirits, that we are now the reconciled, accepted children of God; that "Christ loved me" as an individual, and "gave Himself for me;" that I have received "the adoption of a son," and, if a child, am therefore an "heir of God, and a joint-heir with Christ." This is the "strong consolation" enjoyed by "the heirs of promise," spoken of by St. Paul in his Epistle to the Hebrews; and it is that which, wherever the Holy Spirit abides as the Comforter, neither the sorrows of life, nor the pains of death, can overcome and destroy.

In the Gospel the power of God is employed to regenerate. "Created anew unto good works.....that ye might walk in them." "Such were some of you," appeals St. Paul to the personal experience of the Corinthians; "but ye are washed; but ye are sanctified."

In the Gospel the power of God is employed to sustain. The passive power thus given to man, the power to suffer, is as illustrious as any other of its displays in the heart and experience of man. And here I refer not to the power to suffer reproach, to be martyred for truth, and not accept deliverance on terms which would dishonour Christ, and defile the conscience. I know it may be said,

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that philosophy may defy scorn; but even here, I ask, Will philosophy teach me to love the scorner? That natural heroism may submit with dignity to unjust death; but will it excite me to pray for the murderer? It is, however, to ordinary instances that we refer; ordinary as to frequency, extraordinary, indeed, as to character; to the thousands of silent sufferers now in pain, poverty, and oppression, who, strengthened by this mighty power, are meekly dumb under the hand of God, heavy as it may press upon them; they are "silent, for it is the Lord's doing."

In the Gospel the power of God is glorifying. It shall raise the body from the humbling ruins of its mortality, to the glory of a deathless life; and it has already placed disembodied spirits of saints, "whom no man can number," in the beatifying vision of God. It is thus "the power of God unto the" eternal "salvation of every one that believeth."—*Rev. Richard Watson.*

THE SCRIPTURE EXPOSITOR.

"Whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas; all are yours."—1 Cor. iii. 22.

All the Ministers of Christ, the weakest as well as the most eminent, are here by a figure comprehended under these three famous names. "Paul, Apollos, and Cephas are yours:" they are the helpers of your faith; their labours are for the edifying of the church; their parts are not given for their individual benefit, but for the benefit of many. A Minister must not monopolize his gifts to himself: this is to hide his talents in a napkin; and such a one makes an enclosure, where God would have all common. The Ministers of Christ should be as musk among linen, which casts a fragrancy; or like that box of spikenard, which, being broken, filled the house with its odour: so should they do by the savour of their ointments. A Minister, by sending out a sweet perfume in his doctrine and life, makes the church of God as a garden of spices. "Paul, Apollos, and Cephas, are yours;" they are as a lamp, or torch, to light your souls to heaven. They are springs that hold the water of life: as these springs must not be poisoned, so neither must they be shut up or sealed. A Minister of Christ is both a granary to hold the corn, and a steward to give it out. It is little better than theft to withhold the bread of life. The lips of Apollos must be as an honeycomb, dropping "in season and out of season." The graces of the Spirit are sacred flowers, which, being apt to wither, Apollos must water early and late. It is not sufficient that there be grace in the heart, but it must be poured into his lips. As Paul is a believer, all things are his; but as Paul is a Minister, he is not his own, but the church's.

Use 1. If every Minister of Christ is given for the edifying of the church, take heed that ye despise not the least of these; for all are for your profit. The least star gives light; the least drop moistens; the least Minister is no less than an angel. The weakest Minister may help to strengthen your faith. Under the law, all the Levites did not sacrifice, only the Priests, as Aaron and his sons; but all were serviceable in the worship of God: those that did not sacrifice yet helped to bear the ark. Though all are not Apostles; though all have not the same dexterous abilities in their work; yet, remember, "all are yours," all edify. Oftentimes God crowns his labours, and sends most fish into his net, who, though he may be less skilful, is more faithful; and though he hath less of the *brain*, yet hath more of the *heart*. An Ambassador may deliver his message with a trembling lip, and a stammering tongue; but he is honourable for his work's sake; he represents the King's person.

Use 2. If Paul and Apollos are yours, if all the Ministers of Christ have a subserviency to your good, and come to make up the match between Christ and you; then love Paul and Apollos. All the labours of a Minister, his prayers, his tears, the pregnancy of his parts, the torrents of his affections, all are yours: then, by the law of equity, there must be some reflections of love from your hearts towards such as are "set over you in the Lord." And show your love,

1. *By honouring them.* They are coworkers with God in saving your souls: they "labour among you;" therefore, "esteem them very highly." Chrysostom wonders how Ministers are not more reverenced not only than Kings and Judges, but than our natural parents. "Know them," saith the Apostle, "that labour among you." Many can be content to know them in the meanness of their parentage,—"Is not this the carpenter's son?"—to know them in their infirmities; but not to know them in the Apostle's sense, so as to give them double honour. Surely, were it not for the ministry, you

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would not be a vineyard, but a wilderness. "Faith cometh by hearing;" and, "How shall they hear without a Preacher?" Therefore, honour Paul and Apollos: though their persons be mean, yet their office is honourable.

2. *Show your love to them, by pleading their cause, when they are unjustly traduced and calumniated.* It is counted by some a piece of their religion neatly and handsomely to defame a Minister. Others, who would be thought more modest, though they do not raise a report, yet they can receive it as a welcome present. This is contrary to that apostolical rule, "Against an elder receive not an accusation, but before two or three witnesses." We have too many who endeavour to clip the credit of God's Ministers, to make them weigh lighter; O, do you put some grains into the scales. Do they open their mouths to God for you, and will you not open your mouths in their behalf? Certainly if they labour to save your souls, you ought to save their credit.

3. *Show your love to them by encouraging them, and by being a screen to keep off injuries from them.* If they seek your establishment, you must seek their encouragement; if they endeavour your salvation, you must endeavour their safety. The very name of an Ambassador ought to be a protection from wrongs. The Minister is a spiritual father. It was a brand of infamy on them of old, "For this people are as they that strive with their Priest." Was there none to fall out with but the Priest, even he that offered up sacrifices for them? And what is it, think ye, for men to quarrel with their spiritual fathers; even those whom they once had a venerable opinion of, and acknowledged to be the means of their conversion? Either love your spiritual fathers, or there is ground of suspicion that yours was a false birth.

Use 3. If "Paul, Apollos, and Cephas are yours," then *endeavour to get good by their labours.* Let them not plough upon the rock; but endeavour to answer God's end in sending them among you. See that ye obey "from the heart that form of doctrine into which you were delivered." It is one thing for the truth to be delivered to us, and another thing *for us to be delivered into the truth:* the words are a metaphor taken from lead or silver cast into a mould. We profit indeed when our hearts are cast into the mould of the word preached: as the seed is spiritual, so the heart is spiritual. Ambrose observes of the woman of Samaria, that came to Jacob's well, that she came a sinner and went away a prophetess. Such a change should the word of God make in us. Give not the Ministers of Christ occasion to say on their death-beds, "We have spent our lungs and exhausted our strength; but know not whether we have done anything, unless preached men to hell." Is it not sad when the spiritual clouds drop their rain upon a barren heath? when the Minister's tongue "is as the pen of a ready writer," and the people's heart like oiled paper that will take no impression? O, improve in grace: if you have a barren piece of ground, you do all you can to improve it; and will you not improve a barren heart? It is a great encomium and honour to the ministry when people thrive under it. Beloved, when God's stars shine in the firmament of the church, will you still walk in the dark? When for the work of Christ they are "nigh unto death," will you be as nigh unto hell as ever? I beseech you, "let your profiting appear unto all." God sends Paul and Apollos as blessings among a people: they are to be helpers of your faith. If they toil all night and take nothing, it is to be feared that Satan caught the fish ere they came at their net.—*Thomas Watson, of St. Stephen's, Walbrook.*

"BE YE ANGRY, AND SIN NOT."

EPHESIANS IV. 26.

CHRISTIANS are called to adorn their profession by "whatsoever things are pure," and "whatsoever things are lovely." Religion sweetly influences all the tempers and dispositions of the mind. It teaches self-government. It furnishes the highest motives and facilities for calmness and equanimity in a world which confessedly offers much to ruffle and provoke.

It is acknowledged, not by moralists only, but by all men, that unrestrained anger is attended by evils which no language can exaggerate. It transforms man into a fury. He in whom reason and conscience ought to be enthroned, becomes the sport of fierce and irrational passions. He loses all command, and yields himself up to present madness, and to the bitterness of lasting reflection. Anger has inflicted untold sufferings on families, on churches, and on the world. It has filled with discord scenes that ought to be hallowed to blissful peace, and has

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separated parties whom every tie of kindred should bind to walk in ceaseless amity. It has fostered horrid persecutions, and multiplied the long, loud groanings which issue from beneath the altar. Nation it has kindled into enmity against nation. Fields wet with blood, the revenues of empires exhausted, and myriads of the desolate in tears of hopeless grief, are the sad witnesses of its malignity.

But there is a sinless anger. This seems to be indicated by our Lord, when He announces the penalty due to the man who is "angry with his brother without a cause." In the condescending language of Scripture, the thrice holy God is said to be "angry." And the words which stand at the head of this paper, evidently point to the same conclusion.

All men are liable to anger; the great, as well as the little; the aged, as well as the inexperienced. The palace is often more fruitful of occasions than the cottage; and the snows of time fail to quench this dangerous fire. In a word, no rank, no clime, no variety of circumstances, can claim to be exempt. Hence it becomes an inquiry of the highest practical interest, How the passion is to be guarded, limited, and qualified, so that it may be guiltless?

Voices of wisdom will tell us that it must be *limited in its occasions*. Some divines have indeed gravely treated the subject in a manner which implies that they quite forget all such passages as require us to love our enemies, to overcome evil with good, and to pray for them that despitefully use us, and persecute us. Avoiding their error, we may submit the following observations:—

The occasion of anger is never to be found in the arrangements of Divine Providence. As this would be impious, so it would be most unreasonable. Our unavailing passion could only make the night the darker, and the storm the wilder.

Nor in the prosperity of others. God had a right to distribute His bounties according to His sovereign will; and our very adversity, which excites impatience and discontent, may be the highest proof of His pity and love.

Nor in the reproofs administered by faithful friends. Should our monitors be even mistaken, we ought to regard their fidelity as a token of their kindness. "Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness: and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head: for yet my prayer also shall be in their calamities." (Psalm cxli. 5.)

Nor, certainly, in difference of sentiment on secondary points. The anger of the bigot is both foolish and unholy; and his opponent has just the same reason to be angry with him.

The proper occasion of anger is *sin*;—sin in others, but especially in ourselves. It will occur to the careful reader of this page, that we ought, however, to feel a righteous anger against *all* sin, against *every kind* of sin, and against sin *considered in its just light*. It is very easy to be indignant at certain sins, which exert an injurious influence on ourselves. But, inasmuch as *all* sin is an insult to the Most High, and an infraction of the "commandment" which is "holy, and just, and good," such a distinction is altogether out of question here.

Moses, the meekest of men, was righteously indignant on an occasion described in Exodus xxxii. Yea, his "anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the Mount." (Verse 19.) And a greater than Moses "looked round about on" His evil-minded censors "with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts." (Mark iii. 5.)

Anger must be limited, as in its occasions, so in its *degree*. This point claims to be always remembered and applied. Whatever provocation, implying sin, may occur, we must watch the *degree* of our wrath; guarding, with scrupulous care, against malevolence, revenge, violence, and all unlawful means of indulging the passion. Anger is to be controlled by prudence and discretion; so controlled, moreover, that it shall never unfit us for duty, or devotion, or the offices of charity. Indignant at the offence, let us be studious to qualify this emotion with pity for the offender. Happy, if we can convince him of his fault, and show the sincerity of our love amid the evidences of our displeasure.

Yet again. As in its occasions and its degree, so anger must be limited also in its *season*. It should be neither hasty nor lasting. Some of the wisest among men have laid down for themselves this rule,—*always to pause when angry*. It is, on the other hand, a most significant oracle, that "anger resteth in the bosom of fools." "Be ye angry, and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath." Let there be no treasuring up of vengeance; no resolve of future unkindness

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or retaliation. A Christian must seek the speedy removal of that which gives birth to the restless excitement.

Among the commanding motives to regard so benign a precept, may be placed the study of our own tranquillity and advantage, as well as a just concern for the happiness of all around. Holy, Christian tempers diffuse a sunshine through the soul in which they reign; and the sweet illumination spreads on every side. A few directions for the implied government and limitation of anger,—not the less important because very briefly put,—shall be therefore subjoined.

To avoid everything likely to provoke sinful resentment, is a rule of the first importance. Aiming at this, we shall at least escape many dangers. It requires no extensive observation to find that *the proud* are naturally irritated whenever their dignity is slighted; that *the covetous* are extremely unprepared to meet the blasts of adverse fortune; that *the unwatchful* are sure to be inflamed by sudden trials, which every day is likely to bring; that *those who give needless offence* are the parties to attract the like treatment; and that *the companions of fools* are continually walking on the verge of this particular danger. The society of men who excel in virtue is to be sought for the opposite benefit. The good man cannot always avoid the sight of evil, though anxious to "turn away his eyes from beholding" its ensnaring fascinations and "vanity." In many cases he must indeed animadvert on sin, that he may rebuke it with just and adapted severity. But all needless and unguarded mingling with sinners is to be condemned, as the source of innumerable mischiefs. Bad company may have its allurements to present, even as the hues of the serpent's skin look green and beautiful. But can we be unaware of the concealed fang and the fatal venom?

A consideration of the object that provokes may often contribute to allay the irritation. Is the offence a deliberate one? Is it repeated? Is it habitual?—Is the offender ignorant or wicked? Pity him. Is he good? Think of all that is estimable in his character and life.—The guilt of anger is often aggravated, in a most serious degree, by the insignificance of its causes. In a quiet review, how ashamed must we be of our sultry heats!

Would you conquer the impetuous passion? Study the brightest of all examples. "I am meek and lowly in heart," said that Lover, Teacher, and Saviour of mankind. And, if we follow the lights of unerring truth, we shall be led to a conclusion of sovereign value in regard to the duty now under review. *We shall be enabled to repress our anger by means of contemplating the mystery of redemption.* How does St. Paul enforce meekness? Listen, O child of impetuosity, and learn how to obtain an "ornament" which "is in the sight of God of great price:"—"Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice: and be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you. Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children; and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour." (Eph. iv. 31, 32; v. 1, 2.) He that cheerfully relies on the great atonement, realises a deep and sacred peace which the world cannot take away, and the gusts of passion cannot easily disturb. Holy cheerfulness expels the material of anger.

In this light, moreover, study your own frailties, errors, and feebleness. Do you not need the forbearance of others, and (most of all) the lenity of God? "If Thou, LORD, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?"—Think of your few and uncertain days on earth. Why allow transitory things to agitate a soul that struggles in every groan for immortality?—And, in the use of all these means, and above all, implore help from on high. Lift up your eyes to the hills. Cherish the abiding impression of God's providence and presence. Seek to feel His eye, piercing your thoughts, and by its monitory glance warning you of imminent snares and perils. Pray that you may be assured of His love, and enabled to forgive like HIM. L.

AGAINST UNBELIEF.

SUPPRESS that unbelief. You have no greater foe to your usefulness, nor to your spiritual prosperity, than that. It is Satan's sublimated poison. By indulging it, you forswear your covenant vows, and reject the truth and grace of the Saviour. He requires you to pray, to admonish an erring brother, to labour for the suppression of iniquity and for the enlargement of His kingdom. You say, "It will do no good; my influence is nothing." The Lord calls on you to rejoice in Him;

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but you go with your head bowed down, and in melancholy that is kindred to despair. You will not believe what the Lord hath said. Alas! how many wounds does the Saviour receive from the unbelief that is cherished by His professed friends. As if all His promises were nothing. As if He had no care over those who have made Him their trust. As if He could not give them strength to do His will. O, Christian! when will you learn that what *you are not*, that is good and desirable, *Christ is?* That what you *have* not, either of graces, or of talents and efficiency for His service, He is able to impart? Do not live as if you were friendless; an outcast. Do not perish with hunger, when in your Father's house there is bread enough and to spare. Why will you thirst, and faint, and die when a well of water "springing up into everlasting life" is right before you, and the Lord of life invites you to drink and thirst no more for ever? Be no more faithless, but believing.—*New-York Evangelist.*

TRUE SUBMISSION TO GOD IN HUMILIATION AND CROSSES.

Consider, that if God has thought fit to humble you for a little time, He has not done so without cause; for, however unblamable you may have been with regard to men, you know that before this great heavenly Judge there is no one who does not find himself guilty. See how the saints have regarded the chastisements of God, bending the neck, and bowing the head under the correction. David had walked very uprightly: yet he nevertheless acknowledges that it was good for him to have been humbled by the hand of God. As soon, therefore, as we perceive ourselves to be chastened in any way soever, it is good for us to enter into ourselves, and thoroughly examine our life, to discover the sins that were concealed from us: for whenever too great prosperity dazzles our eyes, so that we do not perceive why God is correcting us, there is surely reason to pay Him at least as much respect as we should to a physician: for it belongs to Him to discover our inward evils that were unknown to ourselves, and proceed to their cure, not according to our wishes, but according as He knows and judges what is proper. What is more, He must sometimes make use of a preservative remedy, not waiting till we are already fallen into a disease, but previously providing against it. The most virtuous and excellent are in greater danger than any other persons of being tempted to forget themselves. Hezekiah, after having performed such memorable actions, had his heart lifted up. If God has chosen to prevent this in your case, *it is an especial favour that He has done you*, even if He had no other motive for it than that He might be glorified in your deliverance, and that He might be known by yourself, and by others in your person, as the true Protector and Preserver of His people.—*From a Letter by Calvin to the Lord Protector Somerset, early in* 1550.

SCRIPTURE DIFFICULTIES.

We say there are difficulties in Scripture; yet we dare not say the Scriptures are difficult. St. Peter saith some things in Paul's Epistles are hard to be understood. We will not say, "Paul's Epistles are hard." The holy Bible is like the Holy Land. Some parts of it are indeed mountainous and rocky, and hard to be travelled over; but the greatest part is pleasant, plain, champaign, and valley. Like any clean beast or fowl that might be eaten, there are in it some bones, but the far greater part is flesh. Now it were a mad kind of inference, Never eat the flesh, because thou canst not eat the bones.

Men, indeed, have made an obscure Bible, but God never did. As Solomon speaks, "God made man upright, but they have found out many inventions:" so God made the Bible plain, as to the main of it; but men have found out inventions of allegorising, scepticising, cavilling, that would turn light into darkness, but that "the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehends it not." "That which God hath sanctified, do not thou call common;" and that which God hath made plain, do not thou darken: nay, do not thou say it is dark. How plain, as to the general is the history of Scripture! How plain the commands, exhortations, threatenings, promises, comforts, that are written there! Take a sunbeam, and write: and is it possible to write clearer? And what! must not the laity and unlearned meddle with Scripture, because it is too obscure? I doubt their meaning indeed is, Because it is too clear, and will discover too much. *Lightfoot.*

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PARENTAL MONITOR.

THE PARENTAL RELATION.

X.—PIETY OF PARENTS.

SEE that lovely babe in the arms of its mother. As she gazes on it, how it calls up all her soul into her eyes! No one can doubt the sincerity and depth of her love. She would leap into the sea to save her child, without one thought how she was to save herself. There is the picture of natural affection. It is pure, and lively, and strong; a love which no words can utter.

But has that mother thought how *her personal piety* affects the destiny of her darling boy? God has given him capacity; she is the channel through which that capacity is filled. If she lack what is most essential to that child's welfare, he must be the sufferer. Property descends from parent to child, and remains in the family for ages. This is notorious in happy England. But is it less true that genuine religion flourishes "from generation to generation?" Who can doubt that, if the fond mother had it in her power to confer a fortune on her child, she would do it? Would she not exult in securing for her loved little one all the varied enjoyments which wealth can give? But what are all the comforts of being rich, compared with the pleasures of being pious? A poor wise man said, with strong emphasis, to the writer, in his youth, "*I would be religious, if I were to die as a sheep.*" Civilized man bequeaths to his own child all the advantages of civilization; the savage, all the wretchedness and misery of savagism. There is no mistake about this: we see it before our eyes. Look at lands civilized, and at lands savage. As is the parent, so is the child. The child is melted wax from heaven; the parent, in an important sense, the ready signet on earth. There may be "a good impression," or not; but it is as true in philosophy as in Scripture, that man begets his own image. Who would sincerely wish it otherwise? Could a man who chooses *earth* for himself, wish his child to choose *heaven* for *his* portion?

Mothers! do you wish your little ones to be happy? Have you considered the bearing *your* piety has on this? You could not knowingly be cruel to your child. You love it "with a pure heart fervently." You *so* love it, as far as intention goes. But if *you* are not pious, how *can* you "bless your household?" If you have not "the true riches," "the true riches" you cannot bestow. You cannot draw the tender souls of your children to God, if you do not live *Godward*. You cannot apply "the cord of love" in bringing your children to Jesus, if you do not live in union with Him. You are its first "minister of God for good. If you do not bless, no one with equal advantage can do it for you. Worse than that. Parental authority and affection are so disposed of by you, as necessarily to produce *repulsion*, when you ought so to have placed them as to increase and create *attraction*,—attraction to Christ Jesus the Saviour. You say, with all the eloquence and witchery of a "mother's example,"—"Leave God, leave religion, leave heaven, leave the fountain of living waters, leave Divine grace and its blessedness,"—when you *ought* to say, day and night, by actions, words, and tears, "Come to Jesus; come to your mother's God; come with me to heaven: I have a command to bring you; you are in my heart to live and to die with you; I must carry you in arms of love to my God and your God; I will not, I cannot, give you up! Your mother is going to glory: come with her; O come, come, come!"

Honoured parents! seek to be blest yourselves, that you may be a blessing to your offspring. I am often grieved at the sight of two things:—infants in the arms of parents who have not taken the first step to "be a blessing;" and infants in the charge of those who *have* taken that first step,—who have, to a certain extent, secured the "power of religion," but there is a distressing want of holy anxiety to bring that power to bear on the eternal salvation of their children. Parents without piety lead their offspring as lambs to the slaughter: parents with piety, but comparatively heartless about their children's souls, "leave them to themselves," till both parents and children are too often "brought to shame." He that "as a roaring lion walketh about, seeking whom he may devour," (and around the habitations of professors he specially prowls,) often finds opportunity to seize on children of parents who have a measure of piety, but are nevertheless cruelly negligent of the tender lambs of the domestic fold. Parents, seek religion for your children's sakes. Your children are heaven-sent arguments to enforce piety on you. A child born to you incalculably enhances the importance of your own existence. Did you die in your sins childless, "it would be more tolerable for you in the day of judgment." A mother, with a babe in her arms, has incalculably more to answer for, than before the child was born. Parents are "more honourable" for the title of "father," or "mother." But it is fraught with a responsibility which is terrible. At the moment "a woman" has "joy that a man is born into the world," how appropriate the command, "Rejoice with trembling!" If her first words are, "Thank God!" let

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next be, "Lord, help me!" When the exulting father for the first time takes the babe in his arms, and kisses it, while he thanks God for the "honour," before he delivers it back to the nurse, let him not forget to pray that *he may wear his honours well.*

PASTOR.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE CRICKETS.

To descend to present times and native performers, first, there is our own familiar and representative, the hearth-cricket, for whose crinking chirp even *we* can scarcely challenge much intrinsic merit: yet do we regard it as a song, and a merry one: and why? because the faggot always crackles, and the kettle sings, if not in actual, in imaginative chorus. In like manner, the music of the cricket's country cousin, (of the field,) or that of the grasshopper, though designated by some, of more critical ear than pleasant temperament, "a disagreeable crink," can never grate harshly upon either ear or heart which are in themselves attuned to nature's harmonies; for to these, as it rises from the dewy ground, it assumes the tone of an evening hymn of happiness, mingled in memory (if not in hearing) with evening bells and the shouts of emancipated village children. For the revival, doubtless, of some such associate memories, even the grave Spaniard is said to keep these insects after the manner of birds of song; and those who like it may do the same in England, Gilbert White assuring us, on trial of the experiment, that the field-cricket, while supplied with moist green leaves, will sing as merrily in a paper cage as in a grassy field. To the man of transparent skin and opaque fancy, (or no fancy at all,) the hum of the gnat is suggestive, we know, of nothing but angry cheeks and swollen temples; but to those who are less outwardly but more inwardly sensitive, the "horn" even of this insect blood-hunter is not without its melody, with sylvan accompaniments, such as the ploughboy's whistle "o'er the lea," and the gurgle of pebbly brooks, red in the glowing sunset. When and where soever a bee may happen to flit, humming past us, be it even near an apiary in the Adelphi, or a balcony-hive at Hammersmith, is one not borne at once upon her musical wings to the side of some heathy hill; and does one not forthwith hear in concert the bleating of flocks, the bursting of riponed furze-pods, and the blithe carol of the rising skylark? or, our thoughts taking a turn more homely, we listen in fancy to the sound of tinkling cymbal played by rejoicing housewife to celebrate and accompany the aërial march of a departing swarm. Thus sweet and infinitely varied is the concert of concordant sounds, all of the allegro character, which may be assembled for the pleasing of the mental ear, even by the simple, and single, and passing strains of the above and other insects, which make melody in their mirth: and then, how numerous are the correspondent images—glowing, smiling, dancing, waving, glittering—which are wont at their bidding to be conjured up before the mental eye! Glowing embers, smiling flowers, dancing leaves, waving corn-fields, glittering waters, all intermingled in a haze of merry motion; an imaged dance of life got up within "the chamber of the mind," at the stirring of, sometimes, but a note of nature's living music. But, besides the sensations of involuntary pleasure which we have often owed, without knowing it, to insect minstrelsy, it affords (though on this subject few, perhaps, ever think) matter for thought-inquiry, concerning the way in which it is produced. It is all of an instrumental, and not vocal, character; and, among the varied mechanisms of natural objects, the instruments of sound furnished to insect musicians are none of the least curious. That of the celebrated cicada (the classic lyre-player)—an insect rarely seen in England, but still common in the south of Europe—consists, as described by Reaumur, of a pair of drums fixed one on each side of the trunk; these are covered on the exterior by two membranaceous plates, usually circular or oval; and beneath them is a cavity, part of which seems to open into the belly. These drums, however, form but one portion of a compound instrument; for, besides these, there is attached to another drum-like membrane in the interior a bundle of muscular strings; on pulling which, and letting them go again, a sound can be produced even after the animal's death. For the issue of this sound a hole is expresly provided, like the sound-hole of a violin, or the opening in the human larynx. The chirp of the cricket, both of house and field, is said by Kirby to be produced by the friction of the bases of the tegmina, or wing-cases, against each other, at their base; but these insects are also provided with their drums. In the large green field-cricket this drum is described as a round plate of transparent membrane tensely stretched, and surrounded by a prominent edge or nervure. The instrument is to be found in that part of the right wing-case which is folded horizontally over the trunk, and is concealed under the left, in which, also, there is a strong circular nervure, corresponding to the hoop of the

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drum beneath. The quick motion with which these nervures are rubbed together, producing a vibration in the membrane, is supposed to augment the sound. What we call familiarly the singing or chirping of grasshoppers and locusts, is outwardly produced by application of the hind shank to the thigh, rubbing it smartly against the wing-cases, and alternating the right and left legs; but these, as well as the cicada and the cricket, are provided with their "*petits tambours*," — membrane-covered drums, or cavities of somewhat varied construction, to augment the sound of exterior origin. Be it here observed, that the above-named professors of the *joyeuse science*, the cicada lyre-players, the crickets of our field and household bands, the roving grasshopper troubadours, are all, like the feathered minstrels of grove and garden, of the masculine sex. On the muteness of the feminines was founded a sly joke on the Xantippes of antiquity, which is equally applicable to scolding matrons of the present day. "Happy," says the Rhodian,

> "Happy the cicadas' lives,
> Since they all have noiseless wives."

—*Episodes of Insect Life.*

THE WIDOW-FINCH.

The most numerous order of birds is that which bears the general name *passerinæ*; embracing "all those birds which are neither swimmers, waders, climbers, rapacious, nor gallinaceous." Baron Cuvier observes that "they have neither the violence of birds of prey, nor the fixed regimen of the poultry and water-fowl. Insects, fruit, and grain, constitute their food; which consists more exclusively of grain, as the beak is stouter and stronger, and of insects, as it is more slender. Those in which it is strong even pursue other birds."

The third family of the *passerinæ*, composed of genera that have a stout beak, more or less conical, (and hence denominated *conirostres*,) includes the finches. These subsist generally on grain. Among the varieties we find the weaver-birds, which are remarkably skilful as nest-builders, interweaving blades of grass,—a circumstance from which their name is derived; the sparrows; the chaffinches; the goldfinches; the linnets; &c., &c. The widow-birds (*vidua*) are African and Indian. They have the beak of a linnet; and are distinguished by two or more of the intermediate quill-feathers of the tail, which, in the males, are extremely lengthened. These equalize the number of quills which the male birds exhibit in their summer dress, with those of

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the females, or of the males themselves in their winter plumage, when the intermediate feathers do not differ from the rest. One peculiar species is mentioned, however, in which the twelve equal feathers of the tail are shaded by six elongated coverts. The distinction disappears in the moult. In winter it would not be easy to say whether they were linnets, sparrows, or finches. They are lively and active even in captivity. Green herbs are occasionally added to their common supply of grain; and they like to bathe in the water placed in their cage. Their term of life is reckoned at twelve or fifteen years.

THE ODOUR OF FLOWERS.

The peculiar odours of plants depend on various secreted volatile matters, which are often so subtle as to be incapable of detection by ordinary chemical means. Nothing is known of the causes which render one flower odoriferous and another scentless. In some cases the odours of plants remain after being dried, but in general they disappear. Some leaves, as of woodruff, become scented only after drying; and certain woods, as Teneriffe-rosewood, give out their odour only when heated by friction. Meteorological causes have a great influence on the odours of living plants. Dew, or gentle rain, with intervals of sunshine, seem to be the circumstances best fitted for eliciting vegetable perfumes. Light has a powerful effect on the odour as well as the colour of flowers. Plants, when etiolated by being kept in darkness, generally lose their odour. In certain cases, the perfumes of flowers are developed in the evening. Some of these plants were called *tristes* by Linnæus, as *hesperis tristis*, or night-scented stock. Many orchidaceous plants are fragrant at night only, as some *catasetums* and *cymbidiums*. *Cestrum nocturnum*, and the white flowers of *lychnis vespertina*, are also night-scented. The odours of some plants are peculiarly offensive. This is the case with *phallus impudicus*, and with the flowers of many *stapelias*.—Schubler and Köhler, whose investigations in regard to colour have been noticed, have also made observations on the odours of plants in the same *monocotyledonous* and *dicotyledonous* orders. The following tables show some of their results:—

Colour.	No. of Species.	Odoriferous.	Agreeable.	Disagreeable.
White,	1193	187	175	12
Yellow,	951	75	61	14
Red,	923	85	76	9
Blue,	594	31	23	7
Violet,	307	23	17	6
Green,	153	12	10	2
Orange,	50	3	1	2
Brown,	18	1	0	1

Thus, of the plants examined, those having white flowers presented the larger proportion of odoriferous species. The orange and brown coloured flowers often gave a disagreeable odour. In examining numerous species from various natural orders, they found that out of one hundred species of

Nymphæaceæ, ...	22	were odoriferous.	
Rosaceæ, ...	13	„	„
Primulaceæ, ...	12	„	„
Boraginaceæ, ...	6	„	„
Convolvulaceæ, ...	4	„	„
Ranunculaceæ, ...	4	„	„
Papaveraceæ, ...	2	„	„
Campanulaceæ, ...	1	„	„

—*Professor Balfour's Manual of Botany.*

THE REPTILE-ROOM BY NIGHT.

The following striking account of the Reptile-Room in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's-Park, is abridged from "Bentley's Miscellany."

"About ten o'clock one evening during the last spring, in company with two naturalists of eminence, we entered that apartment. A small lantern was our only light, and the faint illumination of this imparted a ghastly character to the scene before us. The clear plate-glass which faces the cages was invisible, and it was difficult to believe that the monsters were in confinement, and the spectators secure. Those who have only seen the boas and pythons, the rattlesnakes and cobras, lazily hanging in festoons from the forks of the trees in the dens, or sluggishly coiled up, can form no conception of the appearance and actions of the same creatures at night. The huge boas and pythons were chasing each other in every direction, whisking about the dens with the rapidity of lightning, sometimes clinging in huge coils round the branches, anon entwining each other in massive folds, then, separating, they would rush over and under the branches, hissing and lashing their tails in hideous sport. Ever and anon, thirsty with their exertions, they would approach the pans of water and drink eagerly, lapping it with their forked tongues. As our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, we perceived objects better; and on the uppermost branch of the tree, in the den of the biggest serpent, we perceived a pigeon quietly roosting, apparently indifferent alike to the turmoil which was going on around, and the vicinity of the monster whose meal it was soon to form. In the den of one of the smaller serpents was a little mouse, whose panting sides and fast-beating heart showed that it, at least, disliked its company..... During the time we were looking at these creatures, all sorts of odd noises were heard. A strange scratching against the glass would be audible,—it was the carnivorous lizard endeavouring to inform us that it was a fast-day with him, entirely contrary to his inclination. A sharp hiss would startle us

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from another quarter,—and we stepped back involuntarily as the lantern revealed the inflated hood and threatening action of an angry cobra. Then a rattlesnake would take umbrage, and, sounding an alarm, would make a stroke against the glass, intended for our person. The fixed gaze from the brilliant eyes of the huge pythons was more fascinating than pleasant; and the scene, taking it altogether, more exciting than agreeable. Each of the spectators involuntarily stooped to make sure that his trousers were well strapped down; and, as if our nerves were jesting, a strange sensation would every now and then be felt resembling the twining of a small snake about the legs. Just before leaving the house, a great dor-beetle, which had flown in, attracted by the light, struck with some force against our right ear. Startled we were, for at the moment our impression was, that it was some member of the happy family around us who had favoured us with a mark of his attention."

INCIDENTS OF PASTORAL VISITATION.

THE SECOND STROKE.

It was winter, and all without looked dreary. I was about to pass the house of a friend whom I had lately seen. Suddenly, I stopped and sighed, for that house looked more desolate than the rest: the windows were darkened, and I heard not the merry laugh of childhood as before. For a moment I knew not whether to call or pass on; but something whispered, "Do not go away: death has been there; sorrow needs sympathy." With trembling hand I knocked, and trembled more to see the door open. The question occurred to me, "Who is the departed one? The father, in the midst of his days, so full of health and enterprise? The mother, full of gratitude and gladness to see her little ones around her?" I scarcely thought that death would touch one of the joyous little creatures that looked almost immortal. But, what *had* death done?

"Death found strange beauty on a cherub-brow,
And dash'd it out."

Yes; the youngest was dead! There stood the father, in silent grief; and there sat the mother, bending over the death-cradle of her babe with fixed and fondest look, as if she hoped to see her child rise up again. When I spoke, she started from her seat, saying, "I cannot bear this,—it is too much!"

What could I say to calm a mother's spirit, so "tossed with tempest?" For awhile there was silence; she then clasped her hands, and sobbed aloud. "Well," I said, "you have great and sore trouble; but God loves, more tenderly than you ever loved, your child." I appealed to her religious principles, and tried in every way to console one so sad; but she "refused to be comforted." Vain was every effort to subdue the violence of her grief, and I knelt down to pray. But, even in that holy exercise, it was evident that she did not submit to God. Fidelity led me to say, "Well, remember that the whole case lies between you and God. This is part of His discipline, intended to subdue the will; and, if *one* stroke of the rod should *fail* to do this, He may send a *second* stroke. O, *submit!*"

Many times I called to mind that scene of distress, and felt anxious to know if any second stroke had come upon her; but it was nearly two years before I could call again. It was one May-day when I next entered my friend's house; and as the former scene partook of wintry gloom, so now all reflected the brightness and joy of spring. In a moment I marked the deep mourning of the mother's dress, but her eye was peaceful. With the happiest smile she said, "Do you remember the last words you said to me? Ah! they were true! I have had the second stroke, and the third; and now, bless God! I can submit, and say, 'Thy will be done.'" I looked around, and saw only one dear child, when the mother continued: "That is my only one: two have gone since you were here! But it is right; and O how differently I feel towards that child! It is the Lord's; it is only lent to me: I hope it will be ready for Him when He calls for it, and that we shall all meet in heaven." "Amen!" I added; and once more we knelt and commended ourselves, and the beloved little one, to God, and united in praise that He had enabled a once unyielding heart to say, "Thy will be done."

Blaxwich. TIRIA.

THE DYING MOTHER.

One afternoon I walked through a village in Staffordshire, in order to visit the afflicted. I called at the house of a poor woman who had been ill several weeks, and of whom the medical attendant had just said that nothing more could be done to save her. She was happy in God; and, though in great pain, resigned and patient. A kind sister was waiting upon her, to whom I said, "She seems to be feeble." She replied, "Yes; but it is her mind that is troubled about something, and I tell her that she must leave her children in the hands of God." "Ah!" thought I, "who can tell how an undutiful child hurries a fond mother to the grave;

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and, on her way thither, makes her heart bleed!" I knew that her daughter, who was a servant, had been led astray through love of dress, and fondness for improper companions; and I mourned to see how bitterly these sins disturbed a mother's dying-bed. While trying to comfort her, by saying that the prayer of faith might yet be answered in the salvation of her erring child, she faintly whispered, "I hope it may! I did not bring her up to her present ways, but took her to the house of God, and to the Sabbath-school; and, when she could read, I saved a penny and twopence a week, and bought her a Bible, and told her that it was the best fortune I could ever give her, and that, if she read and obeyed that book, God would bless her, and, though fatherless and motherless, she would never want a friend." She turned away, and wiped her tearful eyes, saying, "I must leave her to God." Is the reader wounding a mother's heart, and gathering thorns to pierce her even on the bed of death? Your mother's heart is tender: break it not! or, in death, and after death, you may have to weep that you can never bind it up. TIRIA.

Bloxwich.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MRS. MARY HARKER,

OF MARRICK-WOODHOUSE, IN THE REETH CIRCUIT.

SHE died January 4th, 1847, aged sixty-five; having been a member of the Wesleyan society in Reeth and the neighbourhood for about forty-six years.

Her parents were members of the Congregational church at Reeth, and brought up their children in the fear of God. Mary was a quiet and well-conducted young person. Early evincing a liking to the Wesleyan ministry, she was permitted by her parents to attend the Methodist chapel. When about eighteen years of age, her brother Robert was brought into the enjoyment of true religion, and joined the Methodist society. This event, in conjunction with the ministry of the Rev. Isaac Muff, was the means of her spiritual awakening, genuine repentance, speedy and saving faith in Christ, and of her immediate and permanent union with the Wesleyan society. Happy in the peace of God, she devoted herself to those walks of usefulness which suited her sex and condition. For thirty-nine years she was the happy wife of one who knew how to appreciate her worth, share her pious joy, and walk with her in the narrow path. Her new station in life, and the cares of an increasing family, found her the same prayerful, humble, watchful, and improving Christian, as she had sought to be while under the parental roof. As a pleasing consequence, her husband trusted in her, and her children call her blessed. For some years the family dwelling was used as a preaching-place. This gave umbrage to the landlord: he gave them notice to quit, or to turn out the Methodists. Resolved, at all hazards, not to yield to what they justly deemed an uncalled-for interference with their religious rights and privileges, they first of all laid their case before Him who has the hearts of all in His hands, and then Mrs. Harker waited upon the landlord, to represent the case, and do the best she could to point out the hardship that would be entailed upon them by their removal. The result of the interview was, that she obtained permission to remain not only in undisturbed possession of the dwelling, but of the religious immunities she so much prized. Her success caused many to rejoice. Her love to Christ was manifested by a becoming attachment to her Ministers, and the cheerful contribution of such support as her limited means would justify.

In her last and long affliction, of twelve months' duration, she was truly happy. Pain, temptation, and loss of the public means of grace, were borne with patient and even thankful submission to Him who could not be unkind. Once, on recovering from a fit, in which it was feared she would have passed to the better world, she calmly said, "I am ready." Constantly proving the faithfulness of the promises, and the sufficiency of the grace of God, she was always happy; and, happy to the end, she peacefully passed from the joys of holiness on earth, to "bear some humble part" in the "immortal song" of heaven.

RICHARD TABRAHAM.

WILLIAM WILSON.

DIED, January 3d, 1847, in the city of Durham, William Wilson, in the twenty-second year of his age. About four years previous to his decease, he was brought to a saving acquaintance with the truth as it is in Jesus, and was induced to unite with the Wesleyan section of the Christian church. The event chiefly instrumental in his conversion was the happy death of a pious father, who, for more than forty years, had been a highly-esteemed Class-Leader in our Connexion, and who finished his useful life at Armfield-Plain, in the Shotley-Bridge Circuit. The sterling virtues of the sainted father were now emulated by the converted

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son. To his widowed mother he manifested the greatest kindness, and proved to her a great help and comfort in her desolate state. In the church of Christ he not only sought, by a regular and diligent use of the means of grace, to *get* good, but also, by the employment of the talents committed to his trust, he sought to *do* good,—as a Tract-Distributer, a Visiter of the sick, and, subsequently, as a Local Preacher. To qualify himself for the due discharge of these duties, he became a diligent reader and student.

His early death was occasioned by an accident in a coal-pit, the scene of his daily toil. He had to go to his employment at three o'clock in the morning, on the 1st of January. He attended, however, the watch-night services held in the Durham chapel on the preceding evening, and while there he was observed to join in them with great earnestness and devotion. Before going to the chapel he conducted family prayer with his mother and brother. This was his last act of family worship; and, had he known that fact, he could not, in the estimation of his bereaved relatives, have prayed more appropriately. He was manifestly favoured with a large measure of the Spirit's aid, and, on rising from his knees, he said to his aged parent, with great feeling, "Mother, the Lord is with me!" On returning from the chapel, he expressed the great benefit he had there received. After resting for about two hours, he went to his work at the coal-pit. About six that morning, some stones fell from the roof of the mine, and severely injured him. On his brother coming to his rescue, he at once exclaimed, "The Lord has been very good to me!" and when brought home he said to his distressed parent, "Don't fret, mother: it is the Lord's doing."

In his sufferings he displayed the greatest patience and resignation. While the medical men were setting his broken limbs, he said to them and those present, "Let my case be a warning to you all to get ready."

On the morning following he fell into a deep slumber, from which he never awoke till death set him free from the burden of the flesh. He died on the following Sabbath morning, shortly after the congregation in the Durham chapel had in prayer commended him to God. It is pleasing to be able to add, that as the death of his father was the means of William's spiritual life, so the death of William has been the means of leading his surviving brother to the Saviour. And that brother now occupies William's place in the church militant, with a hope of joining him in the church triumphant. Thus

> "God moves in a mysterious way,
> His wonders to perform."

SAMUEL ROWE.

LETTER-CARRIER.

[THE recent aggression on the part of Papal Rome in issuing a Bull to establish in this Protestant land a Roman hierarchy, with a Cardinal-Archbishop at its head, has called forth many strong and striking remonstrances. Few, however, have been more refreshing to true Protestants than the letter of Lord John Russell, the present Prime Minister of State. No one could expect that his Lordship, at the time he wrote, would pronounce a judgment on the legality or illegality, formally considered, of these proceedings, or declare the precise course he meant to take. It was enough that he should indicate his general views of the matter; and this his Lordship has done in a tone which leaves no doubt as to the depth of his indignation and the sincerity of his resolutions. He has declared himself with such clearness, that none can mistake; and such emphasis, that even the emissaries of Rome cannot affect to be unmoved. His letter is indeed worthy the chief of a Protestant State, and worthy of the great ancestors from whom he has sprung. More than one edition of this letter has been printed in gold. For a long time it will certainly occupy a chief place amongst his Lordship's utterances for the last thirty years. That it may be read in all the families where the "Christian Miscellany" circulates, we gladly place it on record in our pages.—EDS.]

TO THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF DURHAM.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AGREE with you in considering the late aggression of the Pope upon our Protestantism, as "insolent and insidious;" and I therefore feel as indignant as you can do upon the subject.

I not only promoted to the utmost of my power the claims of the Roman Catholics to all civil rights, but I thought it right, and even desirable, that the ecclesiastical system of the Roman Catholics should be the means of giving instruction to the numerous Irish immigrants in London and elsewhere, who without such help would have been left in heathen ignorance.

This might have been done, however, without any such innovation as that which we have now seen.

It is impossible to confound the recent measures of the Pope with the division of Scotland into dioceses by the Episcopal Church, or the arrangement of Districts in England by the Wesleyan Conference.

There is an assumption of power in all the documents which have come from Rome,—a pretension to supremacy over the realm of England, and a claim to sole and undivided sway, which is inconsistent with the Queen's supremacy, with the rights of our Bishops and Clergy, and with the spiritual independence of the nation, as asserted even in Roman Catholic times.

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I confess, however, that my alarm is not equal to my indignation.

Even if it shall appear that the Ministers and servants of the Pope in this country have not transgressed the law, I feel persuaded that we are strong enough to repel any outward attacks. The liberty of Protestantism has been enjoyed too long in England to allow of any successful attempt to impose a foreign yoke upon our minds and consciences. No foreign Prince or Potentate will be permitted to fasten his fetters upon a nation which has so long and so nobly vindicated its right to freedom of opinion, civil, political, and religious.

Upon this subject, then, I will only say that the present state of the law shall be carefully examined, and the propriety of adopting any proceedings with reference to the recent assumptions of power deliberately considered.

There is a danger, however, which alarms me much more than any aggression of a foreign Sovereign.

Clergymen of our own Church, who have subscribed the Thirty-nine Articles, and acknowledged in explicit terms the Queen's supremacy, have been the most forward in leading their flocks, "step by step, to the very verge of the precipice." The honour paid to saints, the claim of infallibility for the Church, the superstitious use of the sign of the cross, the muttering of the Liturgy so as to disguise the language in which it is written, the recommendation of auricular confession, and the administration of penance and absolution,—all these things are pointed out by Clergymen of the Church of England as worthy of adoption, and are now openly reprehended by the Bishop of London in his Charge to the Clergy of his diocese.

What, then, is the danger to be apprehended from a foreign Prince of no great power, compared to the danger within the gates from the unworthy sons of the Church of England herself?

I have little hope that the propounders and framers of these innovations will desist from their insidious course. But I rely with confidence on the people of England; and I will not bate a jot of heart or hope so long as the glorious principles and the immortal martyrs of the Reformation shall be held in reverence by the great mass of a nation which looks with contempt on the mummeries of superstition, and with scorn at the laborious endeavours which are now making to confine the intellect and enslave the soul.

I remain, with great respect, &c.,

J. Russell.

Downing-street, Nov. 4th, 1850.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

THE KROOMEN.

The Kroomen have established themselves, as it were, in a small colony at Sierra-Leone, the locality being called Krootown. From this place every ship of war employed upon the African coast takes such a proportion as she is allowed; and every merchant-ship as many as she may require, according to the nature of her operations. Without such auxiliaries it would be almost impossible to carry on either the service of cruising, or that of trade, upon this coast; they perform all the heavier duties, such as procuring wood and water, and submit to any exposure or extent of labour, without even suffering from the first, or shrinking from the last. Perfect confidence may be placed in them, if they are treated with kindness, firmness, and, above all, with a just and impartial regard to their rights and comforts as part of the ship's company; a consideration which has sometimes been forgotten, and they then become sullen, shuffling, and discontented, as naturally they may. During nearly eleven years' service upon the coast of Africa, having some of these men always employed, none ever were known to drink; and, if they used low and unseemly language, it was expressed in their own tongue, for they certainly never acquired that which is but too current not only in naval life, but equally so amongst other classes throughout the British dominions. Perhaps, however, the most prominently-distinctive characteristic of this tribe is the unqualified fact that they cannot be made slaves. This is so well known by the slave-dealers and Captains of vessels trading for slaves, that neither will now for a moment entertain the thought of taking a Krooman as a slave. Before this resolute defiance of captivity was known, two were taken on board a Spanish slaver, and treated as were the rest of the "cargo;" but, unlike the others, these Kroomen sternly refused to eat or drink, and in a few days, by death, they proved how vain was the attempt to enslave them. Whatever may be their wars or quarrels on shore, or in their own country, they are, when on board, not only kind to each other, but ready to share whatever, by some piece of good fortune, may fall more abundantly on one than on others. This remark, however, applies to food, fruit, &c., and not to money or merchandise, which latter is carefully accumulated to be carried to their own country, the return to which, at stated periods, they cherish with a fond desire that nothing can obliterate.—*Seven Years' Service on the Slave-Coast.*

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LONDON.

Within a circumference, the radius of which does not exceed five miles, there are never fewer than a million and a half of human beings; and if the great bell of St. Paul's were swung to the full pitch of its tocsin sound, more ears would hear it than could hear the loudest roaring of Etna and Vesuvius. If we take our station in the ball or upper gallery of that great edifice, the wide horizon, crowded as it is with men and their dwellings, forms a panorama of industry and of life more astonishing than could be gazed upon from any other point of the universe. It is alike the abode of intelligence and industry, the centre of trade and commerce, the resort of the learned and inquiring, the spot that has given birth to, and where have flourished, the greatest kings, statesmen, orators, divines, lawyers, warriors, poets, painters, and musicians, besides historians who have immortalized them. . . . . London is now not merely the largest city in the known world, but it exceeds in opulence, splendour, and luxury, (perhaps in misery,) all that ever was recorded of any city. Indeed, it may be safely affirmed to be the largest congregate mass of human life, arts, science, wealth, power, and architectural splendour, that exists, or, in almost all these particulars, that ever has existed, within the known annals of mankind. London is equal in extent to any three or four other European capitals united, and superior to thirty of the largest towns in the United Kingdom, if brought together. It would require sixty cities as large as Exeter, or five hundred and thirty-four towns as large as Huntingdon, to make another metropolis; and it is computed that a population equal to that of Salisbury is added to London every three months.—*London as it is to-day.*

TURKISH USE OF THE GRAPE.

At Brusa the Turks were carrying in their grapes on the backs of camels. The quantity was very great, but the fruit was sadly disfigured, bruised, and otherwise ill-treated. Although many of the Mussulmans will not, now-a-days, scruple to drink them, they make neither wine nor raki. Nor do these Turks dry their grapes into raisins, and prepare them for exportation, like their brethren at Smyrna. What, then, do they with these mountains of crushed grapes? They make *petmez* of them. With a press so big, awkward, and primitive-looking, that it must have been invented only a few years after Noah's plantation of the vine, they squeeze out the juice of the fruit, which is caught by wooden troughs hollowed out of trees like Indian canoes: instead of allowing the juice to ferment, they take it and boil it down in great copper caldrons: they boil away until the juice is of the consistency of a jelly or jam; (to the eye it does not look unlike raspberry jam;) then they let it cool, and pack it up in great earthern jars, wherein, with a little care, it will keep for a very long time. This is *petmez*. They use it as we do treacle, or rather, as the Americans, in some of the States of the Union, use molasses; which means that they use it for almost everything, from a joint of meat down to a slice of bread. It serves as a general sweetener, the use of sugar being almost unknown to the common people. There is a very refreshing acid in it. When carefully prepared, it was a delicious *agro-dolce*, and strongly to be recommended with a dish of wild-boar. It is a very important article in the domestic economy of all. Although the Greeks make plenty of wine, and an abundant use of it when it is made, they also make their annual stock of *petmez*; so do the Armenians, and the poor Israelites likewise. "I am in trouble and in woe," said one of our friends among the Greek peasants: "I have been obliged to sell all my grapes to pay my taxes! I have none left to make *petmez*. What will my children do without *petmez*? How are we to get through the winter without *petmez*?"—*M'Farlane's Turkey.*

MINISTERIAL PRIVATE DEVOTION.

It is worthy of remark, that Mr. Crosse, the late Vicar of Bradford, invariably, before meeting his people, either in the church or in his own kitchen, retired for half an hour or an hour to his own chamber, to pray in secret. Whatever company was with him, he left before any service, so that he constantly came from his own private devotions to public duties. There are many well-disposed persons that do not reflect, as they ought to do, on the vast importance of a Minister having his mind, as it were, in tune for his work. They call at his house, or crowd into his vestry, before the service, (with the best intentions, indeed,) and by conversation distract his attention. It is readily granted that they have no unkind thought towards him in this intrusion; but cannot they see him some other time, when his mind is more relaxed? Possibly, necessity may require them to visit him: in that case every such communication with him will be thankfully acknowledged. But unnecessary calls of this kind should be avoided.—*Life, by the Rev. W. Morgan, B.D.*

PAINTING THE FLOWER-POT.

A florist will tell you that if you paint the flower-pot that contains a favourite, beautiful, fragrant flower, the plant will wither, and perhaps its blossoms will die. You shut out the air and moisture from passing through the earth to the roots, and

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your paint itself is poisonous. Just so, mere external cultivation, superficial, worldly accomplishment, or a too exclusive anxiety and regard for that, injures the soul. The vase may be ever so beautifully ornamented, but if you deny the water of life to the flower, it must die. And there are kinds of ornamental accomplishments, the very process of which is as deleterious to the soul, as the paint upon the flower-pot is pernicious to the plant; whose delicate leaves not only inhale a poisonous atmosphere during your very process of rendering the exterior more tasteful, but the whole earth is dried and devoid of nourishment. Nature never paints, but all her forms of loveliness are a growth, a native character, possession, and development, from the beginning. If the sun can ever be called a painter, it is only because the plants absorb his rays, and receive them into the very texture and life of their vegetation. So, whatever is real knowledge, wisdom, principle, character, and life in education, is a process of the absorption and development of truth, and is not mere painting.—*Dr. Cheever's Plea for Children.*

"THE SUBLIME PORTE."

We should have passed the "Sublime Porte" unnoticed, had not our attention been directed to a large yellow arched gateway, (in Constantinople,) with a remarkable turtle-shell-like canopy over the entrance. From this gateway the Divan, or Supreme Council, which holds its sitting in an ordinary building within, is called the "Sublime Porte."—*Lynch's Narrative of United States' Expedition.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

TREADING THE WINEPRESS.

"The vintage in Syria," says Mr. Watson, in his excellent Biblical and Theological Dictionary, "commences about the middle of September, and continues till the middle of November. But grapes in Palestine, we are informed, were ripe sometimes even in June or July, which arose perhaps from

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a triple pruning, in which case there was also a third vintage."

Among the beautiful illustrations of God's compassion which abound in the Levitical laws, there is one which the present subject recalls. "Thou shalt not glean thy vineyard," (says the merciful LAWGIVER, by His servant Moses,) "neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger. I am the LORD your God." (Lev. xix. 10.) Various scriptural allusions serve to remind us that the time of vintage was a most joyful one. It was with shoutings that the fruit of the vine was plucked and carried to the press.

Our woodcut exhibits the two receivers; —the upper one, into which the grapes were thrown, to be trodden out by several men; and the lower one, into which the expressed juice flows out. The treading was very laborious; and the garments of the persons employed were stained with many a deep-red hue. Of the process we find representations in the monuments of Egypt. In some of these, six or seven persons, holding by ropes suspended from a beam or ceiling, appear stamping in the press or upper trough.

In mystical language, the whole scene denotes war and slaughter. See, accordingly, given by Isaiah in bold and splendid allegory, the progress of a matchless Conqueror. (Chap. lxiii. 1—3.) Edom and Bozrah (one of the chief cities of Edom) vividly describe the foes of Christ and of His church, —all that set themselves against His redeeming enterprise; the well-known hostility of "the children of Edom" against the Jews strongly suggesting the fearful reality of this struggle. Some, however, referring to the radical sense of the words, incline to think them *appellative* rather than *proper* names: Who is this that cometh from *the blood-red field*, with dyed garments from *the scene of slaughter*?—When Christ contends, we see Him "travelling in the greatness of" an invincible, everlasting, all-defying "strength." When His enemies and ours meet Him in unequal strife, He crushes them as the vintager presses the ripe fruit of the vine. And all this, in order to the execution of His gracious and blessed design. Observe we, especially, that, when to the astonished inquirer He proclaims Himself "MIGHTY TO SAVE," the rejoinder is, "Wherefore"—if thine errand is salvation—"art Thou red in thine apparel, and Thy garments like him that treadeth in the winefat?" The work of a Redeemer is not accomplished without the overthrow of opposers; but His single might is enough for a complete victory over earth and hell. "I HAVE TRODDEN THE WINEPRESS ALONE."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MAGNITUDES, DISTANCES, AND PHYSICAL STATES OF THE STARS.

IF the immense distance of Neptune precludes all hope of coming at much knowledge of its physical state, the minuteness of the ultra-zodiacal planets is no less a bar to any inquiry into theirs. One of them, Pallas, has been said to have somewhat of a nebulous, or hazy appearance, indicative of an extensive and vapourous atmosphere, little depressed and condensed by the inadequate gravity of so small a mass. It is probable, however, that the appearance in question has originated in some imperfection in the telescope employed, or other temporary causes of illusion. In Vesta and Pallas only have sensible discs been hitherto observed, and those only with very high magnifying powers. Vesta was once seen by Schroeter with the naked eye. No doubt the most remarkable of their peculiarities must lie in this condition of their state. A man placed on one of them would spring with ease sixty feet high, and sustain no greater shock in his descent than he does on the Earth from leaping a yard. On such planets giants might exist; and those enormous animals, which on earth require the buoyant power of water to counteract their weight, might there be denizens of the land. But of such speculations there is no end. We shall close this chapter with an illustration calculated to convey to the minds of our readers a general impression of the relative magnitudes and distances of the parts of our system. Choose any well-levelled field or bowling-green. On it place a globe, two feet in diameter; this will represent the Sun; Mercury will be represented by a grain of mustard-seed on the circumference of a circle, 164 feet in diameter, for its orbit; Venus, a pea, on a circle of 284 feet in diameter; the Earth, also a pea, on a circle of 430 feet; Mars, a rather large pin's-head, on a circle of 654 feet; Juno, Ceres, Vesta, and Pallas, grains of sand, in orbits of from 1000 to 1200 feet; Jupiter, a moderate-sized orange, in a circle nearly half a mile across; Saturn, a small orange, on a circle of four-fifths of a mile; Uranus, a full-sized cherry, or small plum, upon the circumference of a circle more than a mile and a half; and Neptune, a good-sized plum, on a circle about two miles and a half in diameter. As to getting correct notions on this subject by drawing circles

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on paper, or, still worse, from those very childish toys called orreries, it is out of the question. To imitate the motions of the planets, in the above-mentioned orbits, Mercury must describe its own diameter in 41 seconds; Venus, in 4 minutes, 14 seconds; the Earth, in 7 minutes; Mars, in 4 minutes, 48 seconds; Jupiter, in 2 hours, 56 minutes; Saturn, in 3 hours, 13 minutes; Uranus, in 2 hours, 16 minutes; and Neptune, in 3 hours, 30 minutes.—*Sir John Herschell.*

POETRY.

"EVEN SO, COME, LORD JESUS."

Rev. xxii. 20.

The church has waited long,
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set;
And still in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps a mourner yet.
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!

Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us, one by one,
We laid them side by side.
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!

The serpent's brood increase,
The powers of hell grow bold:
The conflict thickens, faith is low,
And love is waxing cold.
How long, O Lord our God,
Holy, and true, and good,
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering church,
Her sighs, and tears, and blood?
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!

We long to hear Thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy crown and glory then,
As now to share Thy grace.
Should not the loving Bride
The absent Bridegroom mourn?
Should she not wear the weeds of grief
Until her Lord return?
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!

"BY THE GRACE OF GOD I AM WHAT I AM."

1 Cor. xv. 10.

(by the rev. h. bonar.)

All that I *was*, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own!
All that I *am* I owe to Thee,
My gracious God, alone.

The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine:
The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine, and only Thine.

The darkness of my former state,
The bondage,—all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty, is Thine.

Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
And taught me to believe:
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live.

All that I am e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

THE PROTESTANT.

WHAT HAS ROMANISM DONE FOR NATIONS?

During the last three centuries, to stunt the growth of the human mind has been her chief object. Throughout Christendom, whatever advance has been made in knowledge, in freedom, in wealth, and in the arts of life, has been made in spite of her, and has everywhere been in inverse proportion to her power. The loveliest and most fertile provinces of Europe have, under her rule, been sunk in poverty, in political servitude, and in intellectual torpor; while Protestant countries, once proverbial for sterility and barbarism, have been turned by skill and industry into gardens, and can boast of a long list of heroes and statesmen, philosophers and poets. Whoever, knowing what Italy and Scotland naturally are, and what, four hundred years ago, they actually were, shall now compare the country round Rome with the country round Edinburgh, will be able to form some judgment as to the tendency of the Papal domination. The descent of Spain, once the first among monarchies, to the lowest depths of degradation; the eleva-

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tion of Holland, in spite of many natural disadvantages, to a position such as no commonwealth so small has ever reached, teach the same lesson. Whoever passes, in Germany, from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant principality; in Switzerland, from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant canton; in Ireland, from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant county; finds that he has passed from a lower to a higher grade of civilization. On the other side of the Atlantic the same law prevails. The Protestants of the United States have left far behind them the Roman Catholics of Mexico, Peru, and Brazil. The Roman Catholics of Lower Canada remain inert, while the whole continent round them is in a ferment with Protestant activity and enterprise.—*Macaulay.*

ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE SIR ANDREW AGNEW.

"I REMEMBER an anecdote of him," says an intimate friend, (James Balfour, jun., Esq., W.S.,) "which I thought very touching. We were speaking one day of the difficulty of confessing Christ before the world. It was affecting to hear him acknowledge this difficulty, who had borne Christ's reproach so manfully and so meekly in all places. He told me, that when he first began to take up the cause of the Sabbath, there were many worldly men who disliked him so much that they seemed anxious to *stare* him out of their company, and that he had felt this particularly at the New Club. One Hon. Baronet, not satisfied with this species of annoyance, when he saw that Sir Andrew had courage enough to despise it, and to frequent the club regularly every day notwithstanding, began speaking *at* him, and acting as rudely as he well could towards him. One morning Sir Andrew was waiting for his breakfast at the club, when the Baronet to whom I allude came in, apparently in great agitation. Sir Andrew, perceiving this, asked him if anything was wrong; to which he replied that his lady had last night had an attack of paralysis, and that she was dangerously ill. Sir Andrew said he felt for him sincerely, and expressed his sympathy warmly. Next morning he met him again, with his two sons, who had come to see their mother, and he asked for Lady —— with much interest. The answer was, that he had been sitting up with her all night, and that she was no better. Ultimately, however, she did recover; and on one occasion afterwards, the Hon. Baronet referred to came up to Sir Andrew, and, with feeling that did him great honour, said, 'Sir Andrew, there are many people who like to laugh at you, and abuse you, because of your Sabbath principles, and I confess that I have been among the number; but I trust that I shall never so far forget myself again. A man gets a very different view of these subjects when standing beside what he thinks the dying bed of his wife.' Sir Andrew was much affected by this frank acknowledgment, and replied, 'I understand you perfectly; for I have experienced all the same feelings myself. I, too, was once opposed to religion. When I first proposed to bring my Sabbath Bill into Parliament, I felt the difficulty I had to encounter; and, after having given notice of the Bill, I thought I should never have courage to proceed with it. The day was drawing near on which my motion was to come on. Every day I felt my courage growing less and less; when, just a day or two before, a messenger arrived from the country with intelligence that my mother had had a stroke of apoplexy, and I must hurry down to see her. I went accordingly, and it was when watching beside the bed of my dying mother that I got grace and strength to bring in my Sabbath Bill.' The conversation touched the feelings of both parties, and they ever afterwards entertained much respect for one another."—*Memoirs, by Dr. M'Crie.*

INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF COLERIDGE.

KING-STREET, Cheapside, the small street in which Guildhall is situated, is associated with a curious incident in the early life of the author of "Christabel." He was then a friendless and ill-fed boy, in the Blue-coat School. "From eight to fourteen," says Coleridge, "I was a playless day-dreamer, a *helluo librorum*, my appetite for which was indulged by a singular accident. A stranger, who was struck by my conversation, made me free of a circulating library in King-street, Cheapside." The particulars of this "singular accident" are thus explained by Coleridge's biographer, Mr. Gilman:—"Going down the Strand," he says, "in one of his day-dreams, fancying himself swimming across the Hellespont, he thrust his hands before him as if in the act of swimming, when his hand came in contact with a gentleman's pocket. The gentleman seized his hand, turned round, and looked at him with some anger, 'What! so young and so wicked!' at the same time accusing him of an attempt to pick his pocket. The frightened boy sobbed out his denial of the in-

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tention, and explained to him how he thought himself Leander swimming across the Hellespont. The gentleman was so struck and delighted with the novelty of the thing, and with the simplicity and intelligence of the boy, that he subscribed, as before stated, to the library, in consequence of which Coleridge was further enabled to indulge his love of reading."—*London, and its Celebrities.*

A WORD IN SEASON.

One day as Felix Neff was walking in a street in the city of Lausanne, he saw, at a distance, a man whom he took for one of his friends. He ran up behind him, tapped him on the shoulder before looking in his face, and asked him, "What is the state of your soul, my friend?" The stranger turned: Neff perceived his error, apologized, and went his way. About three or four years after, a person came to Neff, and accosted him, saying, he was indebted to him for his inestimable kindness. Neff did not recognise the man, and begged he would explain. The stranger replied, "Have you forgotten an unknown person whose shoulder you touched in a street in Lausanne, and asked him, 'How do you find your soul?' It was I: your question led me to serious reflection, and now I find it is well with my soul." This proves what apparently small means may be blessed of God for the conversion of sinners, and how many opportunities for doing good we are continually letting slip, and which thus pass irrecoverably beyond our reach. One of the questions which every Christian should propose to himself on setting out on a journey is, "What opportunities shall I have to do good?" And one of the points on which he should examine himself on his return is, "What opportunities have I lost?"—*James.*

THE PRAYING SAILOR BOY.

"The Cornelia was a good ship," said one of the West India Chaplains of the Seaman's Friend Society; "but at one time we feared that she was on her last voyage. We were but a few days out from the harbour, when a severe storm of five days' continuance overtook us.

"I must tell you of a feat performed by a sailor boy, at the height of the storm. He was literally a boy, and far better fitted for thumbing a spelling-book than furling a sail in a storm. But his mother was a widow, and the boy had to earn a living for himself and his mother. The ship was rolling fearfully. Some of the rigging got foul at the main-mast head, and it was necessary that some one should go up and rectify it. It was a perilous job. I was standing near the mate, and heard him order that boy to do it. He lifted his cap, and glanced at the swinging mast, the boiling, wrathful seas, and at the steady, determined countenance of the mate. He hesitated in silence a moment; then, rushing across the deck, he pitched down into the forecastle. Perhaps he was gone two minutes, when he returned, laid his hands on the ratlines, and went up with a will. My eyes followed him till my head was dizzy, when I turned and remonstrated with the mate for sending the boy aloft. He could not come down alive. Why did you send him? 'I did it,' replied the mate, 'to save his life. We've sometimes lost men overboard, but never a boy. See how he holds like a squirrel. He is more careful: he'll come down safe, I hope.'

"Again I looked till tears dimmed my eyes, and I was compelled to turn away, expecting every moment to catch a glimpse of his last fall.

"In about fifteen or twenty minutes he came down, and, straightening himself up with the conscious pride of having performed a manly act, he walked aft with a smile on his countenance.

"In the course of the day, I took occasion to speak to him, and asked him why he hesitated when ordered aloft? 'I went, Sir,' said the boy, 'to pray.' 'Do you pray?' 'Yes, Sir; I thought that I might not come down alive, and I went to commit my soul to God.' 'Where did you learn to pray?' 'At home: my mother wanted me to go to the Sabbath-school, and my Teacher urged me to pray to God to keep me; and I do.' 'What was that you had in your jacket?' 'My Testament, which my Teacher gave to me. I thought, if I did perish, I would have the word of God close to my heart.'"—*Christian Intelligencer.*

ANECDOTE OF DR. CHALMERS.

While very busily engaged one forenoon in his study, a man entered, who at once propitiated him, under the provocation of an unexpected interruption, by telling him that he called under great distress of mind. "Sit down, Sir; be good enough to be seated," said Dr. Chalmers, turning eagerly and full of interest from his writing-table. The visiter explained to him that he was troubled with doubts about the Divine origin of the Christian religion; and being kindly questioned as to what these were, he gave, among others, what is said in the Bible about Melchisedek being without father and without mother, &c. Patiently and anxiously Dr. Chalmers sought to clear away each successive difficulty as it was stated. Expressing himself as if greatly relieved in mind, and imagining that he had gained his end, "Doctor," said the visiter, "I am in great want of a little money at present, and perhaps you could help me in that way." At once the object of his visit was seen. A

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perfect tornado of indignation burst upon the deceiver, driving him in very quick retreat from the study to the street-door, these words escaping among others,—"Not a penny, Sir! not a penny! It's too bad! it's too bad! And to haul in your hypocrisy upon the shoulders of Melchizedek!"—*Second Volume of Chalmers's Life.*

PAPERS ON BOTANY.

THE RUSH.

THOUGH the rush is chiefly found in cold climates, a few species occur even between the tropics. Modern travellers have seen it, also, in the deserts near the Dead Sea, and in other parts of Palestine. The ancients used it as many moderns do. The Romans esteemed it for soft mats. Fishermen's boats were made of rushes; and such are still found in the Mediterranean. The pith has long served for candle-wicks. Rush-lights were commonly placed by the Romans in the chamber where the dead lay.

"The soft, elastic nature of the rush," it is well observed, "renders it, where it can be procured, preferable to straw, for the coarse bedding of the poor; and, but two centuries ago, the floors of all apartments, even those of Kings and Queens, were strewed with rushes in England, carpets not being thought of. There is, even at this day, more than one manor in England held of the Crown on condition of the owner finding rushes to strew the Sovereign's bed-chamber, when he shall visit the neighbouring castles and hunting-seats." *

Among Scripture allusions to the rush, may be just specified Isai. ix. 14; xxxv. 7. In the former, the various terms used represent persons of high degree and those of inferior condition. The palm-branch is selected for its lofty position on the surpassingly beautiful tree to which it belongs; and the rush, as growing in marshes, and attaining a height comparatively little. In the latter text, Israel, again flourishing and triumphant, finds the *mirage* turned into a lake, and dry places — the haunts of "dragons"—clothed with sudden verdure, and by their copious humidity affording nourishment even to "reeds and rushes."

* "Scripture Herbal."

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TABLE-TALK.

VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

From the register of Alnwick, Bishop of Norwich, it appears that a Testament of Wickliffe's version, in the year 1429, cost four marks and forty pence; (£2. 16*s.* 8*d.*;) equal to more than £20 of our present money. A large sum in those days, when £5 was considered sufficient for the annual maintenance of a respectable tradesman, or a yeoman, or one of the inferior Clergy.

HINTS FOR WRITERS.

Much time, words, ink, and paper are wasted on introductions. Periodical writers should be brief and terse, dashing into the subject at the first sentence. Sink rhetoric. Nobody cares how you came to think of your subject, or why you wrote upon it. Commence with your leading thought, and avoid irrelevant digressions. You may have less of the appearance of the scholar, but you will be more original, and ten times more impressive. Some writers place no restraint upon their use of words; they will dilute an idea in twenty pages of letter-press. Never commence an article till you know what it is to be about. Remember the old saw, "In writing regard the writer's end." Ask yourself the question as you get along, "Of what value will this thought be to my readers?" Take it for granted, that your article at first is too long. Cutting down requires resolution; but you gain experience as well as improve your article by every excision. It may be well to begin by crossing out all explanatory sentences. Leave nothing but self-evidencing propositions. Young writers always explain a thing to death.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

GALILEO.

Died January 9th, 1642.

Galileo was born at Pisa, on the 15th of February, 1564. He was descended from a noble and ancient Florentine family. His father was not, however, wealthy; and as he had a large family, he was not in circumstances to give an adequate education to young Galileo. These early disadvantages did not depress him, but, as in the case of most eminent men, they only stimulated his mental powers. From a very early age he took a lively pleasure in imitating and inventing all sorts of machinery. In many respects he was not unlike his great successor, Newton, who was born in the same year in which he died. Conscious of his own defective education, he applied himself with intense assiduity to the study of the classics; and so successful a student was he, that he laid a solid foundation for future eminence as a pure and elegant writer. In addition to severer studies, he devoted his leisure hours to music and drawing, in both of which he excelled. He could perform well on several instruments; and through life music was his favourite recreation.

At the age of eighteen his attainments were such that his father resolved, at any sacrifice, to secure his attendance at the University. In 1581, with the intention of studying medicine, he became a student in the University of his native city. Up to this period the dogmas of Aristotle formed the staple of all philosophical teaching, to dissent from which was deemed heresy, both in science and in religion. Galileo revolted from some of these doctrines, and longed for something more consonant with truth. Hence he combated the notions which had so long held the human mind in ignorance of the true system of the universe; and it is remarkable that soon afterwards Descartes in France, and Bacon in England, entered the lists against the same philosophical errors. Though ignorant at the time of mathematics, the first idea of the *pendulum*, as a regulator or measurer of time, was suggested to his mind while gazing at the oscillations of a lamp suspended from the roof of the cathedral of Pisa; and after storing these thoughts up for fifty years, he employed them in the construction of a clock, intended for astronomical observations. At the period he entered upon his collegiate course, geometry had almost ceased to be studied throughout Europe: hence the application of mathematics to the phenomena of nature had scarcely been thought of. Galileo had his attention turned to geometry by his father assuring him that both music and drawing had their foundation in the mathematics, and that to master the former there must be a knowledge of the principles of the latter. During his student life, Ostilio Ricci, the mathematical Professor of the University, was frequently at his house; and, at his earnest request, the Professor gave him some private lessons in geometry. Euclid now completely absorbed the attention of the young student. So much was this the case that his father deeply regretted his having entered upon such pursuits, as he feared they would draw him away from the study of medicine. But he vainly endeavoured to restrain the bent of his son's mind, which found in mathematics its most gratifying aliment. At length he yielded to what he could not control.

Galileo now abandoned the study of

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medicine, and gave the whole of his attention to the works of the most illustrious geometers of antiquity, particularly to a treatise of Archimedes on floating bodies. From this period he became a careful experimental philosopher. He applied the extensive and exact mathematical knowledge he acquired to investigations into the laws of nature. With such success were his labours crowned that they attracted the attention of some distinguished patrons, and by their influence he was raised to the mathematical chair in the University of Pisa, at twenty-five years of age. This elevation stimulated his genius to still greater efforts. He performed well-directed experiments in the presence of crowded assemblies, whose applause was only equalled by the bitter animosity of the adherents of the old philosophy, the existence of which was perilled by the facts elicited by the instructive method thus adopted by Galileo. At length the hostility of his opponents became so fierce that he was compelled to resign his office in 1592.

He returned to Florence, but dared not enter his father's house. He had, however, a letter of recommendation to an opulent gentlemen of the family of the Salviati, from his friend the Marquis Guido Ubaldi, at that time one of the most distinguished mathematicians of Italy. By this family he was at once kindly received, and furnished with the means of prosecuting his discoveries.

This gentleman introduced Galileo to a Venetian nobleman, named Sagredo, who soon obtained for him the chair of mathematics at Padua, which was conferred on him for a period of six years. Placed in circumstances of greater comfort and freedom than at Pisa, he continued his favourite pursuits with increased zeal and success. He employed his extraordinary abilities in constructing various useful machines for the service of the State, besides writing treatises on gnomonics, mechanics, spherical astronomy, and fortification, for the instruction of his pupils. In 1597, he invented the thermometer, and the proportional compass, or sector, for the use of engineers. His term of six years having expired in 1599, the Senate renewed his commission for an equal period, with an increase of salary; and they repeated this mark of their estimation of his merits again in 1606. And well was their confidence repaid by the useful discoveries and diligent application of the grateful philosopher. His brilliant discoveries, however, excited malignant envy in several ignoble competitors, who aimed at depriving him of the fame so justly his due.

In 1609 his fame was still further increased by his invention of the telescope, an instrument which appeared so important in the study of astronomy and navigation, that the Senate rewarded him by conferring upon him the chair he held for life, and tripling the usual amount of salary. The next great invention which throws lustre around his name was the microscope, which unveiled new worlds peopled by myriads of creatures, and opened up inexhaustible stores for gratifying that exalted taste which delights in searching out the wonderful works of God.

A few days' use of his telescope enabled Galileo to tell the wonders he saw. He announced his discoveries to the world in a publication dedicated to the Princes of Medici, entitled, "*Nuncius Sidereus;* or, Celestial Courier." In that production mankind were informed, *for the first time*, that the surface of the moon, like that of the earth, is broken into lofty mountains and deep valleys; that Venus, like the moon, presents phases showing her rotundity; that the four satellites of Jupiter accompany him in his course; and that there was "the milky way," and countless stars unseen till now by any human eye. What the sensations of the discoverer were as these objects opened up to his wondering eye, cannot perhaps be expressed in words. He dwelt not, however, on the sentimental, but turned to account whatever facts he discovered. His careful and minute observations of the motions and eclipses of the satellites of Jupiter, for instance, enabled him to construct tables for the measure of longitudes, for the use of navigators.

Galileo made no secret of his discoveries, either in conversation, lectures, or writings. The gross errors hitherto taught as philosophy, and endorsed as truths by a Church styling itself infallible, were placed in the light of facts presented by nature herself; and, as might be expected, his announcements were regarded with suspicion, envy, or alarm by those who were interested in upholding error. Accordingly, he was called to pay the penalty of detecting and exposing cherished deceptions. Had he continued at Padua, where he was honoured by the Venetian Senate, and enjoyed the utmost freedom in pursuing and publishing his brilliant discoveries, it would have been well; but he was enticed to Florence by the entreaties of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who loaded him with favours, and appointed him Mathematician extraordinary. Here he was exposed to the malice of his persecutors, and against their designs his exalted patron could not defend him. His lofty merits became insufferable to those who were full of envy. He was assailed by slander, ridicule, and insult. In order to reach him, the doctrines of Copernicus were attacked as contrary to Scripture, and denounced to the Roman See. As the storm was gathering, Galileo wrote a letter to the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, in which he engaged to show that his discoveries were reconcilable with Scripture and the writings of the Fathers on the constitution of the universe; but in the estimation of

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his persecutors this only aggravated his heresy.

He was cited to appear at Rome to answer for his new doctrines. There, in the presence of an assembly of theologians named by the Pope, he maintained his opinions, and gave the proofs of them; but the conclusion arrived at by the Popish Divines was to this effect, "To maintain that the sun is placed immoveable in the centre of the world, is an opinion absurd in itself, false in philosophy, and formally heretical, because it is expressly contrary to the Scriptures: to maintain that the earth is not placed in the centre of the world, that it is not immoveable, and that it has even a daily rotation, is also an absurd proposition, false in philosophy, and at least erroneous in point of faith." Against this decision all argument was unavailing, and he was personally interdicted by the Holy Office from professing in future the opinions thus condemned. He returned with grief of soul to Florence; and, under a growing feeling of attachment to the truths he had discovered, he devoted sixteen years to collecting into a body all the physical proofs of the motion of the earth and the constitution of the heavens, in order to silence, if he could not convince, his adversaries. He threw the work into the form of a dialogue, and bestowed on it the utmost polish his genius could impart to it. Having carried it to Rome in order to obtain permission to get it printed, at first the Master of the Sacred Palace consented, but securing possession of the document, he refused to admit of its being printed, or even to return it to its author, though demanded by the Tuscan Ambassador. Thus disappointed at Rome, he had it printed with the approbation of the Censor of Florence, in 1632. Its appearance threw the Romish theologians into unappeasable rage. The work was handed to the Inquisition, and the author cited to appear before that appalling tribunal!

In the sixty-ninth year of his age, suffering under a rheumatic complaint, he was compelled to repair to Rome, where he arrived on the 10th of February, 1633. After several examinations, he was compelled to say, "I abjure, curse, and detest the error and heresy of the motion of the earth," and to promise that he would never more, in word or writing, teach his doctrine. His dialogues were prohibited; he himself was cast into prison for an indefinite period, and ordained to recite once a week, for three years, the seven penitentiary Psalms.

His treatment by the Inquisition, however, does not appear to have been such as usually fell to the lot of its miserable victims; for he was at length allowed to return to Florence. There he spent his last four years in blindness, surrounded by many attached friends; and at length he was carried to the grave by a slow fever, which cut him off in his seventy-eighth year. His remains were interred in the church of Santa Croce, where a splendid monument marks the spot.

PETER SAMUEL.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

[All notices for this department, if not sent by one of the Ministers of the Circuit, must be authenticated by his signature, in addition to that of the sender.]

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Bacon, Mrs.,	Mansfield,	Mansfield,	76	Oct. 10th, 1850.
Cockshott, Mr. William,	Micklethwaite,	Bingley,	72	October 7th, 1850.
Cook, Mrs.,	Rearsby,	Leicester,	36	May 24th, 1850.
Cooper, Mr. Benjamin,	New-Radford,	Nottingham, North,	69	Feb. 1st, 1850.
Cooper, Mrs. Frances,	Derby,	Derby,	34	May 14th, 1850.
Cooper, Mr. William,	Derby,	Derby,	23	Aug. 29th, 1850.
Cosby, John,	Rugby,	Daventry,	56	July 6th, 1850.
Cotterell, Mr. Thomas,	Honeyborne,	Evesham,	85	May 15th, 1850.
Doughty, Mary Ann,	Swithland,	Loughborough,	35	June 4th, 1850.
Le Page, Susan Sophia,	St. Peter Port,	Guernsey,	6	Dec. 19th, 1849.
Le Page, Miss Mary M.,	St. Peter Port,	Guernsey,	19	Feb. 1st, 1850.
Pickup, Mrs. Betty,	Bacup,	Bacup,	66	Nov. 5th, 1850.
Puddy, Mrs. Mary,	Chilton,	Bridgewater,	64	Sept. 20th, 1850.
Pyke, Miss Louisa,	Catcott,	Bridgewater,	20	Aug. 26th, 1850.
Robertshaw, Mr. Thos.,	Cullingworth,	Bingley,	71	Nov. 10th, 1850.
Sutton, Jane,	Hilltop,	Wednesbury,	25	Aug. 5th, 1850.
Waddington, Mrs. E.,	Cullingworth,	Bingley,	66	Dec. 16th, 1849
Whitehead, Mrs. H.,	Newchurch,	Bacup,	45	August 15th, 1850.

H. T. & J. ROCHE, PRINTERS, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

FEBRUARY, 1851.

THE BIBLE-FRAGMENT.

A FRAGMENT of Holy Scripture has sometimes led to great results. When Captain Pakenham was engaged at Florence in carrying through the press an edition of the Bible, the printers employed were so astonished at the truths they were putting together, that many of them procured copies of the entire volume for themselves. We have read of a single torn leaf of the word of life which conveyed salutary instruction to a young man in the East Indies, and prepared the way for the Missionary to lead him to the Crucified One. But the most striking instance of the influence of the Book, with which we have recently met, is found in the "Recollections of Mick Healy, an Irish Peasant," recently published in Dublin, by the Rev. John Gregg. From the interesting and instructive pages of Mr. Gregg's narrative, we learn that Mick Healy was a native of the county of Meath. His father held a small farm, to which, at his decease, Mick succeeded. By industry and economy, he continued to provide for himself and his family, and for several years regularly paid his rent. He possessed the good-will of all around him, and lived in tolerable comfort. An event, however, occurred, which altered his character, and soon made a change in his position and prospects. His parents had been Papists. His relatives and neighbours, and indeed the people generally in that part of the country, belonged to that persuasion. He was brought up a strict Romanist. He went regularly to his place of worship, attended to confession, and punctually paid his dues. He had the approbation of his Priest, and was looked upon by every one as a good Catholic.

Mick Healy had reached the age of fifty before he had read, or even seen, the word of God. One day, when detained in the house by rain, he employed himself for a time in rummaging an old trunk which had belonged to his father. In turning over the contents of the trunk, he lighted on the fragment of a book: he took it out, and read a few pages, and then replaced it where he had found it. The day cleared up, and he went to his work. On every succeeding day, when leisure came, he visited the trunk, took out the fragment, and resumed his reading. The more he read, the more he wished to read. On the Sabbath he was wont to take the book with him to the back of the hedge, that alone, and free from interruption, he might enjoy his newly-found treasure. During all this time he had not the slightest notion what the book was with which he was so much delighted. It was, in truth, only the fragment of a book, and had neither title-page nor inscription.

When he was engaged, one day, in this his favourite recreation, the

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Popish schoolmaster happened to pass by. As Mick was an acquaintance of his, he came over to speak to him. He gave him the usual salutations; and, as he cast his more experienced eye on the pages which Mick was reading, he exclaimed, "Ah, Mick, you are reading the Bible: you are a swaddler, and I will tell the Priest." "The Bible, indeed!" said Mick: "it is only an old book of my father's that I am reading." "O, I know well that it is the Bible," said the schoolmaster; "and if you don't stop reading it, I will tell the Priest." "I don't care to whom you tell it," said Mick: "it was my father's book, and I will read it, in spite of any one, as long as I like." The schoolmaster was horrified. That he might not appear to countenance such conduct, he lost no time in informing the Priest how he had found Mick Healy employed; while, to prove how free from heresy he was, he did not fail to tell him how he had warned Mick against the Bible; and he reported faithfully what Mick had said in reply. This was no music to the Priest's ears. It was dreadful to think that a Catholic should employ himself on a Sunday in reading the word of God, or even have it at all without his leave. In a day or two after, he called at Mick's house; and, trying gentle means at first, he said, "What is this I hear of you, Mick? I am sorry to hear it of your father's son." "What is the bad thing your Reverence has heard of me?" said Mick. "The schoolmaster tells me that you are become a Bible-reader; and sure you will not disgrace your family, and bring a scandal on the parish." "O, never mind him, your Reverence," said Mick: "it is only an old book of my father's, which I found in the trunk, that I do be reading." "How long have you been reading it?" said the Priest. "Only about a year, your Reverence," said Mick. "Show it to me," said the Priest. Mick proceeded to the trunk, and, producing the fragment, handed it to him. "Sure enough," said the Priest, as he looked through the pages, "it is the Bible; and, Mick, you must not read it any more: it is not fit for you; you might take a wrong meaning out of it, and it might make a heretic of you." Mick, taking the book out of the Priest's hands, said, "O, your Reverence, it won't do me any harm: it does my heart good to read it. I never met any book like it: if it does not make me better, I'm sure it won't make me a worse man." The Priest then said, in a mild tone, "O Mick, you must not keep it at all; it is not safe for you to have it: give it to me, and, as it was your father's, I will keep it, and take care of it for you." "Give you my father's book?" said Mick: "indeed, please your Reverence, I will do no such thing. I can keep it and take care of it myself." The Priest's tone was now changed: all his efforts to get it from him by coaxing were in vain. Mick would not part with his inheritance. The Priest stormed. Mick was calm; which, no doubt, was very provoking. He held it in his hand, and he said, "And is this the Bible, your Reverence? But sure it wants a piece here,"—turning to the first page of his fragment, which was in the middle of Exodus; "and sure it wants a piece there,"—turning to the last page, which was part of the Prophet Daniel. "Where could I get the pieces, your Reverence? Will you give them to me, or tell me where I can find them?" This did not quiet the Priest much. In an angry tone he refused to comply with Mick's request. Anxious only for the book, and without meaning any offence, Mick calmly urged his entreaty. This made matters worse; it was adding fuel to the fire: yet what could be done? Longer delay might end in worse defeat; and so the Priest left the house, but in the worst possible humour, while Mick very composedly remained, and quietly sat down to read.

The Priest, however, continued to thunder against the peasant, in order to shake his resolution; but Mick was resolved to keep and read the

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fragment, and at any hazard, if possible, to procure the remainder. It was soon noised abroad that Mick Healy read the Bible, that he would not give it up for the Priest, and that he was become a Protestant. Some of the people thought it would be as well for Mick to have a serpent in the house as the Bible; that he could not have any luck, as he went against the Priest; and that he must have the devil in him, since he became a Protestant. They thought that it would not only be dangerous, but a disgrace, to have anything to do with him. Mick went to mass as usual, but the Priest looked dark and cross at him. The people shrunk from him as if he had the plague; they shunned his company with the greatest aversion, and altogether deserted his house. They were warned to keep aloof from him, partly, it is supposed, for their own sake, that they might not be infected; and partly for his sake, that he might be driven to give up the Bible. But neither cunning nor coldness, neither frown nor favour, would induce Mick to give up the book. The coldness and aversion with which he was at first regarded were succeeded by threats and abuse; but as he had incurred man's anger for God's word, he seemed to be the rather cheered by God's favour. The methods which were pursued towards him seemed to produce an effect opposite to what was expected. The conduct of Priest and people, together with the knowledge of Scripture which he was daily acquiring, gradually cooled his passion for the services of the chapel: his visits to it became less and less frequent, and, at length, they altogether ceased.

He now heard, by some means or other, that a Minister at Navan, or at Trim, it is not quite certain which, had Bibles, and would be likely to give him one, if he went to him for it. Accordingly, he set out, and travelled to one or other of those places: the one was distant about twelve miles, and the other about sixteen. He called on the Minister. "Sir," said he, "I have a bit of the Bible, but I would like very much to have it all." He then took the fragment from his bosom, and showed it to him. The Minister entered into conversation with him; and when he perceived that he had made good use of the part of the Bible which he possessed, and was really anxious to have the entire volume, the worthy man gave him a good octavo Bible, which Mick afterwards showed Mr. Gregg, and which it is thought he kept and read to the day of his death. Mick returned home with his treasure on the same day: thus walking, at least, twenty-four miles; but this was as nothing to him for the love he had to the Bible. He now became a thorough and confirmed Bible-reader. He struck out boldly into the wide extent of Scripture: he felt himself in a new world. When he came to the New Testament, he was lost in amazement. He followed the "Man of sorrows" through His wondrous history, from the manger to the cross, and from the grave to His ascension. He felt that he had been poor before, but that now he was rich: he felt his heart dilating with love to all men. He would fain communicate what he knew of Jesus to every one he met. He could not, however, get his wife and children to enter into his feelings; and his neighbours and friends would not come within his reach.

He went on for some time working on the farm by day, and reading in the Bible by night. But it so happened that by the loss of his cattle, and the failure of his crops, he was in arrear of rent; and, as he was entirely dependent on his own resources, and no man would lend him money, he was dispossessed of his farm. His landlord was a Romanist. Mick (as Mr. Gregg was informed) was not a worse tenant, or more in arrear, than many others on the estate, to whom indulgence had been granted, and who were suffered to remain. But Mick had become a Protestant, and had placed himself, in consequence, beyond the pale of pity. He might infect others; his example

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might be imitated; and then no one could tell where the mischief would end. It may have been thought a good opportunity, one not to be lost, to root out an obnoxious man. Be it as it may, poor Mick was thrown out of the house where he had begun his days, and where he too fondly hoped he would end them. The farm passed into other and strange hands.

With heavy heart and painful steps, he now removed into a poor mud-cabin, to shelter himself and his family. No human eye was near to pity him, nor hand to lend relief. But he had God's word. He could say, "This is my comfort in my affliction; for Thy word hath quickened me." He could also say, "It is the Lord; let Him do as seemeth Him good." "The will of the Lord be done." He sought employment from the neighbouring farmers, but could not obtain it, for they were prejudiced against him. Many who are ever ready to cry aloud for liberty of conscience for themselves, are slow enough to grant it to others. He was driven, at length, for the support of his family, to have recourse to the humblest occupation; and was happy to be employed on the public roads, in breaking stones, for eightpence a day. But this did not conquer his heroic spirit. He went cheerily to his work in the morning, and returned more cheerily to his family and his Bible in the evening. His cup of trial was not yet full. It pleased God to send sickness into his family. His wife and two sons were visited at the same time with fever. The Lord kept the disease from himself. No neighbour would come near to assist at the sick bed: it may have been from fear, more likely from bigotry, as otherwise the Irish are kind and compassionate. All the offices of humanity were performed by himself alone. He alone went to the stream, and carried in the water; he alone moistened the parched lips, and cooled the burning temples; he alone sat up, and watched with sleepless eyes each livelong night. God took away from him one of the objects of his care—a much-loved child—a grown-up youth. Though grieved and afflicted, yet, like Job, he could say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." He gazed and wept over the manly but lifeless form, his fair but faded flower. No neighbour came in to share his sorrows. Poor Mick's own hands closed the eyes: his own hands washed the body, placed it in the coffin, lifted up the hammer, and fastened down the nails; and then, sorrowing and sobbing, uncomforted and unattended, he laid it down sadly and slowly in the lonely grave.

A class for catechetical instruction assembled every Sunday in Kilsallaghan, before Divine service commenced. It lasted generally from eleven to twelve o'clock. At this Mick Healy regularly attended, and took his seat in the midst of the class. Between him and the children, the contrast in years, in figure, in dress, and in manners, was of course strikingly marked; but, in simplicity and guilelessness, the difference, I may say, was none.

Imagine to yourselves, then, an athletic-looking peasant, in a large frieze coat, with head erect, sitting in the midst of a group of children, a thick, stout Bible open in his hands, while some twenty or thirty of the friends of the children, sitting or standing around, were listening, with open ears, and eyes, and mouths, to what was going on.

Questions and answers to the following effect might frequently be heard from Sabbath to Sabbath:—

"Well, Mick, why don't you now pray to the Virgin Mary?" "Because it is not in the Book, your Reverence." "To whom only should you pray, Mick?" "To God only, your Reverence." "Why don't you now confess your sins to Peter and Paul, Mick?" "Because it is not in the Book, your Reverence." "Mick, why don't you call the Virgin Mary 'Refuge of sinners,—your life, your hope, your advocate, and the gate of heaven,' as

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Romanists do?" "Because it is not in the Book, your Reverence." "Who is the Refuge of sinners,—your life, your hope, and your Advocate, Mick?" "The Lord Jesus, your Reverence." "How do you know, Mick?" "Because it is in the Book, your Reverence." "Why, Mick, don't you worship the host which the Priest holds in his hands?" "Because it is not in the Book, your Reverence." "Why are you not now satisfied with Latin prayers? why don't you keep the holy water in the house, the blessed clay, and the blessed candles, Mick?" "Because it is not in the Book, your Reverence." "Why don't you believe in purgatory, Mick?" "Because it is not in the Book, your Reverence." "Why don't you believe that the Bishop of Rome is the head of the Church, and the Vicar of Jesus Christ, Mick?" "Because it is not in the Book, your Reverence." "Why don't you believe that fasting, and penance, and giving alms, can make satisfaction for your sins, Mick?" "Because it is not in the Book, your Reverence." "Mick, why don't you believe that the Virgin Mary has power in heaven, and that we ought to seek her intercession?" "Because it is not in the Book, your Reverence." "Mick, why don't you believe that the Church of Rome is the mother and mistress of all Churches; and that, if we don't belong to her, we can't be saved?" "Because it is not in the Book, your Reverence." "How do you find out which Church teaches the truth, Mick?" "By the Book, your Reverence?" "How do you know that the Church of Rome leads people astray, Mick?" "By the Book, your Reverence."

All this time he held the Bible open in his hands, from time to time casting intelligent and respectful glances at its pages. Mick knew well what Romish error was, and on Scripture ground refused it; but he knew well also what Christian truth was, and on Scripture ground embraced it. Questions and answers, also, such as these, might be heard:—

"Well, Mick, why do you, who have no learning, read the Bible?" "Because the Book tells me to do so, your Reverence." "But may you not take a wrong meaning out of it?" "I may, your Reverence; but, by the blessing of God, I hope I will take a right meaning out of it." "But can you understand it all, Mick?" "No; but, with the Lord's help, I can understand enough, your Reverence." "Mick, why don't you take the Church for your guide, instead of the Bible?" "Because it might lead me astray, your Reverence." "How do you know that the Bible won't lead you astray, Mick?" "Because it is the word of God, your Reverence." "What are the Priests most afraid of, Mick?" "The Book, your Reverence." "Why so, Mick?" "Because it is against them, your Reverence." "Why do you, who are a wicked and unworthy sinner, come to Jesus Christ for salvation, without asking the Virgin Mary or the saints to intercede for you, Mick?" "Because I am told in the Book to do it, your Reverence." "Why do you believe that there is bread and wine in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, Mick?" "Because the Book says so, your Reverence." "Why do you believe, Mick, that God's anger is turned away from you, and that you are in His favour, if you have faith in Jesus Christ, without any merits or sufferings of your own?" "Because the Book tells me so, your Reverence." "Mick, why do you believe that every man who trusts in the Lord is blessed?" "Because it is in the Book, your Reverence." "Why do you believe the Bible to be sufficient to make you wise unto salvation, without tradition; that the blood of Jesus Christ is sufficient to cleanse you, without penance or purgatory; that Jesus Christ is both able and willing to save you, without saints and angels?" "O! sure it is all in the Book, your Reverence." "Why do you believe that any poor sinner, at any time, may come to Jesus, and get pardon for all his sins, and peace with God, without help from saints

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or angels, or aid or leave from the Church?" "O! your Reverence, because it is all down in the Book." "Must everything in religion be proved by the Bible, Mick?" "Yes, your Reverence: whatever is not so is only moonshine."

As his mind became more enlightened, and his heart more warmed by the love of Christ, he gained more influence over his wife, Biddy, and his son, Micky. His example and reasoning had some effect on them. This was a fresh provocation in the country, and was quickly resented. It soon reached the Priest's ears that the poison of heresy was spreading. He resolved to take decisive measures, and administer at once the sharpest antidote. He came to Mick's house, and, alighting off his horse, entered with a whip in his hand. Biddy, one of the culprits, was sitting in the corner, and Mick, happily, was at home. The Priest, in a rough, imperious voice, looking at Biddy, and taking no notice of Mick, said, "I hear that the devil is in this house." "Please your Reverence," said Mick, "the devil, I hope, is not in this house; but the Lord, I trust, is here." The Priest, as if scorning to take any notice of Mick's observation, raising his voice, and frowning darkly, said to Biddy, "The devil must be in the house; for did you not go to church?" "She did, your Reverence; and, with the blessing of God, she will go again," said Mick. "I have nothing to say to you," said the Priest. "But I have something to say to you, please your Reverence," said Mick. "You are not a Catholic," said the Priest. "I beg your Reverence's pardon, I am a Catholic," said Mick. "How so?" said the Priest: "did you not turn Protestant?" "I did, your Reverence. I was a Roman Catholic before, but I am a Protestant Catholic now." "You are entirely in the dark," said the Priest. "I was in the dark before, please your Reverence," said Mick; "but, blessed be God, I am in the light now." "O," said the Priest, in a torrent of impassioned speech, scarcely giving himself time to breathe, "you are not in the true Church—you are a heretic; you can't be saved; you must come back; you must do penance, and get absolution in the true Church, or you will be damned." When he had done, Mick, suspecting that this wild storm of empty words, without any kind of proof, was intended to frighten his poor weak and timid wife, very coolly said, "Please your Reverence, as you are a man of learning, will you show me all that you say in the Book?" "What book?" said the Priest, thinking perhaps that he had made some impression on Mick. "O, the Book," said Mick: "I will bring it out to you." He went to the big trunk and brought his octavo Bible, and, opening it, offered it to the Priest, saying, "Will your Reverence show me what you say in this, and I will believe it?"

When the Priest looked at it, and saw what it was, he said, "I will have nothing to say to your heretical book. Hear the Church," said he, "and I am its Minister." "O, your Reverence," said Mick, "I will hear no Church which does not hear the Book: whoever speaks, if what is said be not in the Book, I will not mind it." Mick pressed the Book upon him; but it was a bow that the Priest could not shoot with, a sword that he could not handle without wounding himself. With a growl he ran away from the conflict, leaving Mick, erect and unscathed, in possession of the field; and he never came into contact with Mick again.

Mick called on Mr. Gregg one day, and put his hand into his bosom, and took out what appeared to be a book. It was the fragment of the Bible which God had so richly blessed to his soul. Gracefully presenting it to him, he said, with an air of deep solemnity, "I bring this to your Reverence, hoping you will take care of it. I was afraid that, when I was gone, it might receive some bad usage. I did not know where I could leave it, or to whom

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I could so well give it, as to you." Mr. Gregg, of course, willingly received it from him. It was in part black with smoke, as if it had been much used in the chimney-corner. It had a cover on one side; not the original one, but a piece of leather stitched on to protect it. After carefully preserving this fragment for thirteen or fourteen years, he placed it, appropriately, in that storehouse of treasure, the depository of the Bible Society. There it now lies.

At length, in the commencement of 1835, Mick Healy's health began to fail, and completely broke down before the middle of it. He exhibited the same Christian spirit, and maintained the same Christian consistency, to the very last.

At a visit which Mr. Gregg paid to him, he found that his son, who, perhaps, was urged to it by others, was trying to work upon his father, in the hour of his weakness, to bring him back to the Church of Rome. He asked the dying man, "Would he not like to have the Priest with him, and to have mass said for him, or to hear the Litany of the Blessed Virgin? and would he not wish to have a mass said when he was dead, to get his soul out of purgatory?"

The dying peasant, gathering up all his strength, said, in answer to his son, "Priest! Micky, trash; mass, trash; litany of the saints, trash; purgatory, trash; praying for the dead, trash; help of the Virgin, trash." Then he spoke of Christ and the Spirit. He said, "Christ was all and everything the sinner could want." "I am," said he, "a sinner, a great sinner; and Christ is all and everything to me." "Roman Catholics will be trying," said he, "to get to heaven their way, but they won't be able: there will be a bush in the gap." This phrase is taken from the language of shepherds, alluding to the difficulty of sheep getting into a field, where the only entrance to it is stopped up by a thorny bush.

"Are you happy, father?" said his son, thinking, perhaps, according to the false teaching of the Church of Rome, that he could not be happy if he died a Protestant. "Micky, jewel," said the father, "no King ever went to his throne so happy as I now am, going to my Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ."

The night before his death, his wife, who continued in darkness, urged much that he would allow her to send for the Priest, stating that he should have the rites of the Church before he died; to which he answered, "No, no! trash, trash! it is all trash!" The night being stormy, she said, "It was a dark, dreary night for a poor soul to leave this world, and appear before God!" He raised himself in the bed, and said, "It is dark and dreary to you; but it is all light to me. It is dark to you, because you don't know the way; and, when you are going by your own way, you will find the gaps stopped."

ON REVIVALS.

It is of great importance to form a clear and definite idea of what is meant by a revival of religion; which properly consists in these two things,—a general impartation of new life, and vigour, and power, to those who have already believed, and a remarkable awakening and conversion of those who have hitherto been careless and unbelieving. In other words, it consists in new spiritual life imparted to the dead, and an increased health imparted to the living.

A revival properly consists in one or both of these two things,—a revived state of religion among the members of the church, and the increase of their number by the addition of souls converted to God. Can it be doubted by any professing Christian, either that such a revival is possible, or that it is

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desirable? Why, what is the end of the Gospel ministry? What the great design of our Sabbaths and sanctuaries? What the purport of all Gospel promises in reference to the kingdom of grace? Is it not that such souls as have heretofore been "dead in trespasses and sins" may be quickened into spiritual life? and that such souls as have already been quickened into life may grow in spiritual health and vigour, and be revived and restored when they have fallen into declension and decay? Do we not all pray for these things? And is it not our privilege to expect that for these things our prayers will be heard and answered?

It is of great practical importance to observe, that the work of the Spirit on the soul of *every individual convert*, is substantially the same with that which takes place—but only on a more extended scale—in a general revival of religion. When *many* are suddenly arrested and convinced,—when conversions take place in large numbers, and are attended with remarkable circumstances, —the work of the Spirit attracts more of public attention, and produces a larger measure of excitement: but, substantially, it is the self-same work which has often been carried on—in silence, in the secret chamber, in the retired recesses of the heart—when one poor sinner in a congregation has been singled out from a multitude of careless professors, and has become the subject of a saving change. It matters not whether a man passes from death unto life in solitude or in society; whether he ventures alone to the mercy-seat, or is accompanied thither by a multitude of earnest suppliants; whether the light of heaven shines in upon his soul, leaving others in darkness, or shines at the same time into the hearts of thousands more. The same change which was wrought on the three thousand converts of Pentecost, was also wrought on the spirit of Lydia, when she worshipped with a few other women by the river-side; and on the spirit of the Philippian jailer, when he stood alone with the Apostles. One may be converted at a time, or many; but the work of conversion is the same in all. Every soul, in a general revival, must be enlightened by Divine truth, and awakened to concern about its salvation, and melted into godly sorrow for sin, and stirred up to lay hold on Christ and His free salvation, and imbued with new views, new affections, new desires, new tastes, new hopes, new habits: in a word, every such soul as passes from death unto life, in a season of general awakening, must pass through the same general experience, which, on other occasions, is realised by the solitary inquirer, when, in his secret chamber, he thinks, and repents, and believes, and prays, and enters into peace with God. No one, therefore, who has experienced that great change in his own soul, who has known what it is to be awakened to concern about his own salvation, who has wept and prayed in secret, and earnestly read his Bible, and drunk in the precious truths of the Gospel, ought to feel any jealousy concerning a general revival of true religion: on the contrary, he should regard it with such feelings as befit the occasion; feelings of hope and expectation, that some great good will be accomplished; feelings of gratitude and joy, that new manifestations and proofs of the Saviour's power are vouchsafed; and feelings of solemn awe, arising from the thought that God is interposing, that immortal souls are being born again, and that these souls are now undergoing all that solemn conviction, and feeling all those anxious fears, and impressed with all those awful views of God, and judgment, and eternity, which he himself had experienced, when he first repented, and wept, and prayed, and wrestled for his own salvation.

The Holy Spirit is not limited to any one mode of operation in the execution of His glorious work; and His sovereignty ought ever to be remembered when we are considering a subject of this nature. It has, unfortunately, been too much overlooked, when, on the one hand, some have

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insisted, as we think, with undue partiality and confidence, on a general and remarkable revival, as being in itself the best manifestation of the Spirit's grace, and as being, in all cases, a matter of promise to believing prayer; and when, on the other hand, not a few have looked to the quiet and gradual success of the Gospel ministry, to the exclusion, or at least the disparagement, of any more sudden and remarkable work of grace. The former have given a too exclusive preference to what is extraordinary and striking; while the latter have fallen into the opposite error of preferring what is more usual and quiet.

We think it were better to admit of both methods of conversion, and to leave the choice to the sovereign wisdom and grace of the Spirit. It is equally possible for Him to convert souls successively or simultaneously; and, in adopting either course, doubtless He has wise ends in view. We have no sympathy with those who, overlooking the steady progress of the great work of conversion under a stated ministry, make no account of the multitudes who are added, one by one, to the church of the living God, merely because their conversion has not been attended with the outward manifestations of a great religious revival; nor can we agree with them in thinking that the church has any sure warrant to expect that the Spirit will be bestowed, in every instance, in that particular way. But as little have we any sympathy with those who, rejecting all revivals as unscriptural delusions, profess to look exclusively to the gradual progress of Divine truth, and the slow advance of individual conversion, under a stated ministry. Both methods—the simultaneous and the successive conversion of souls—are equally within the power of the Spirit; and there may exist wise reasons why, in certain cases, the first should be chosen, while, in other cases, the second is preferred.

Several important purposes may be promoted by the sudden and simultaneous conversion of many souls, and the concurrent revival of Christian congregations; purposes which either could not be attained at all, or not to the same extent, by the more ordinary and gradual progress of the Gospel. A season of general awakening affords, both to believers and unbelievers, a new and very impressive proof of the reality and power of the Spirit's grace; it strengthens the faith, and enlarges the hopes, of God's people; it awakens those nominal professors who are at ease in Zion; and it alarms and arouses the consciences of the irreligious multitude. For, when many are suddenly arrested by the power of the Spirit, and turned from the error of their ways, and made to break off their sins by repentance, and are seen flying to Christ like doves to their windows, the mind of every spectator must be impressed with a sense of the reality and importance of religion, and the most ungodly for a time will tremble.

Such a season of revival may be designed to manifest, in an extraordinary way, the continued presence and the real agency of the Holy Spirit; to demonstrate the faithfulness of God in fulfilling the promises of His word; to evince the efficacy of believing prayer; to teach the church the weakness of human instruments, and the true source of all spiritual power; to quicken her faith and hope when, through manifold trials and increasing difficulties, she might be ready to faint and be discouraged, as if the task of regenerating the world were left to be accomplished by inadequate resources; to stir her up to greater efforts, in a spirit of lively faith and humble dependence; and to afford new evidence to succeeding generations that Christ is the exalted Head of the church, and that all power is still given to Him in heaven and on earth. These are some of the important practical lessons which may be taught by such seasons of revival in the church; lessons which might be deduced from the more ordinary operations of the Spirit under a regular ministry of the word,

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but which are more prominently presented, and more impressively enforced, when, in the exercise of His adorable sovereignty, the Spirit of God, instead of descending like "*dew* on the grass," comes like "*showers* which water the earth," or like "*floods* on the dry ground." And if these or similar ends may be promoted by such means, none will say that they may not be employed by Him who is "wise in counsel, and excellent in working,"—and of whom it is written, "There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all." "All these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as He will."

That such seasons of general religious revival as occurred at the feast of Pentecost were to be expected in subsequent times, appears from those promises of Scripture which relate to "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," which insure the continued presence of Christ and His Spirit with the church in all ages, and which suggest that "when the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord will lift up a standard against him." And that such seasons of revival *have* occurred at intervals along the whole line of the church's history is amply confirmed by historical evidence, which is sufficient to obviate any prejudice arising from the idea that such an event is novel or unprecedented.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A TRAVELLER, who was crossing the Alps, was overtaken by a snow-storm at the top of a high mountain. The cold became intense. The air was thick with sleet, and the piercing wind seemed to penetrate his bones. Still the traveller, for a time, struggled on. But at last his limbs were benumbed, a heavy drowsiness began to creep over him, his feet almost refused to move, and he lay down on the snow to give way to that fatal sleep which is the last stage of extreme cold, and from which he would certainly never have waked again in this world.

Just at that moment, he saw another poor traveller coming along the road. The unhappy man seemed to be, if possible, even in a worse condition than himself: for he, too, could scarcely move; all his powers were frozen, and he appeared to be just on the point to die.

When he saw this poor man, the traveller, who was just going to lie down to sleep, made a great effort. He roused himself up, and he crawled—for he was scarcely able to walk—to his dying fellow-sufferer.

He took his hands into his own, and tried to warm them. He chafed his temples; he rubbed his feet; he applied friction to his body. And all the time he spoke cheering words into his ear, and tried to comfort him.

As he did thus, the dying man began to revive, his powers were restored, and he felt able to go forward. But this was not all; for his kind benefactor, too, was recovered by the efforts which he had made to save his friend. The exertion of rubbing made the blood circulate again in his own body. He grew warm by trying to warm the other. His drowsiness went off, he no longer wished to sleep, his limbs returned again to their proper force, and the two travellers went on their way together, happy, and congratulating one another on their escape.

Soon the snow-storm passed away; the mountain was crossed, and they reached their home in safety.

If you feel your heart cold towards God, and your soul almost ready to perish, try to do something which may help another soul to life, and make his heart glad; and you will often find it the best way to warm, and restore, and gladden your own.—*American Christian Advocate.*

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THEOLOGY.

CHRISTIAN DUTY: ITS MEANS AND MOTIVES.

"Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ; as obedient children, not fashioning yourselves according to the former lusts in your ignorance: but as He which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation; because it is written, Be ye holy; for I am holy. And if ye call on the Father, who without respect of persons judgeth according to every man's work, pass the time of your sojourning here in fear: forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot: who verily was foreordained before the foundation of the world, but was manifest in these last times for you, who by Him do believe in God, that raised Him up from the dead, and gave Him glory; that your faith and hope might be in God." —1 Peter i. 13—21.

The principles of Christianity are never, in the New Testament, exhibited in an abstract, systematic form. They are interwoven with injunctions to the cultivation of right dispositions, and to the practice of commanded duties; to which, in truth, they form the most powerful motives. Of this we have a very striking exemplification in this passage. In the preceding paragraph we have a statement of some of the most sublime and delightful peculiarities of Christian doctrine. These announcements are not brought forward as abstract principles; things to speculate and to talk about. They are no sooner stated than the Apostle proceeds to urge them on Christians as motives to the duties of their calling. "Wherefore"—for these reasons, since these things are so—"gird up the loins of your mind," &c.

In this text we have an instructive view,—I. Of Christian duty; II. Of the means of performing it; and, III. Of the motives to its performance.

I. Of Christian duty; described, *first*, generally as obedience. Christians are to act "as obedient children," or children of obedience. Obedience has always a reference to a law to be obeyed. Not only are Christians represented as delivered from subjection to the law of Moses; but the state into which they are brought is described as a being "not under law, but under grace." Their pardon and salvation are not to be procured by their own obedience to any law, but to be received as the "gift of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." Yet they are "not without law to God, they are under the law to Christ."

The law to which the Christian owes obedience is the Divine will revealed in Scripture. This law is "spiritual" and "holy," both "just and good." It reaches not merely to action, but to the principles of action; and requires obedience of *mind*, *heart*, and *life*.

Obedience of mind consists in counting true whatever God has said, just because God has said it. We are not left to think as we please. We must think in conformity to the mind of God, as made known in His word. We must receive what is written there, "not as the word of man, but as it is in truth the word of the living God."

Obedience of heart is equally required. By it we are to understand a state of the affections corresponding to the revelation which God has made of Himself and of His will. To "sanctify the Lord God in our hearts," to "make Him our fear and our dread," to "love Him with our heart, and our soul, and our strength, and our mind," and to "trust in Him at all times,"—this is the obedience of the heart.

The obedience of the life is twofold,—active and passive. It is our duty to "walk in all God's commandments and ordinances blameless;" "to be patient in tribulation;" and even to "count it all joy when brought into manifold trials." There are certain general characters which belong to this obedience when it is genuine, and which distinguish it from all counterfeits. It is *implicit;* it is *impartial and universal;* it is *cheerful;* and it is *habitual* and *persevering*.

But, *secondly*, this obedience is more particularly described; first, *negatively*,—"not fashioning yourselves according to your former lusts in your ignorance;" and then, *positively*,—"Be holy in all manner of conversation." While a man is an unbeliever, he does not "fashion himself," that is, regulate his conduct and form his character, "according to the will of God," but according to his "lusts;" that is, his desires. One man loves pleasure,

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another loves money, another loves power, another loves fame. The ruling desire, or lust, is the principle which forms the character and guides the conduct. Now the Christian, being no longer in ignorance, but knowing and believing the revelation of God's will, must no longer permit his character to be fashioned in this way. All desires, so far as sinful, must be mortified; and, even so far as they are innocent, they must cease to be governing principles, and must be subordinated to a higher principle,—the principle of submission of mind and heart to the will of God. Moreover, "as He who has called him is holy," so must the Christian be "holy in all manner of conversation." Holiness does not consist in mystic speculations, enthusiastic fervours, or uncommanded austerities; it consists in thinking as God thinks, and willing as God wills. And this conformity of mind and will to God, this holiness, is to be manifested "in all manner of conversation." Conversation here, as usually in the New Testament, signifies not colloquial intercourse, but general conduct. In everything show that you think as God thinks, that you will as God wills, that you love what God loves, that you hate what He hates, that you choose what He chooses, that you seek enjoyment in what He finds enjoyment. Such is a short account of the Christian's duty.

There are two conclusions to which these observations conduct us. First, that there are many who call themselves Christians, who are continual violators of God's law, strangers to the very principle of obedience, still "walking according to the course of the world," "serving divers lusts and pleasures." How vain, how much worse than vain, is their profession! how dangerous their circumstances! how awful, if they continue in their present state, their final doom!—The second conclusion is, that true Christians in general are still very far from being what they ought to be; from being what they might be. True believers "follow holiness."

II. Of the means of performing Christian duty, the first is, *determined resolution.* —"Gird up the loins of your mind." The ancients were accustomed to wear loose, flowing garments, which, though graceful and agreeable on ordinary occasions, were found inconvenient when strenuous and long-continued exertion was necessary. In such cases, it was usual to gather together the folds of the flowing drapery, and, having wrapped them round the waist, to confine them by a belt. This was termed, "girding up the loins." The phrase, as used figuratively by the Apostle, is equivalent to, "Set yourselves with resolute determination to the performance of all that you are called to in the Christian life."

Secondly. *Moderation* in all our estimates, and desires, and pursuit of worldly objects, is another instrumental means which the Apostle enforces:—"Be sober." To be sober, in ordinary language, is descriptive of that particular variety of the duty of temperance which is opposed to the undue use of intoxicating liquors. But the word here has a much more extensive signification. It is another word for moderation, and is descriptive of that state of mind, and affections, and behaviour, in reference to things "seen and temporal," ("the present world,") by which a Christian should be distinguished. He is moderate in his desires for these things, moderate in his pursuit of them, moderate in his attachment to them, while he enjoys them; moderate in his regrets for them, when he is deprived of them. This is Christian sobriety. It is for those who have earthly relatives to be as if they had them not; for those who weep, to be as those who weep not; for those who rejoice, to be as though they rejoiced not; for those who use the world, to use it as not abusing it, knowing that "the fashion of this world passeth away."

Thirdly, *Hope.*—If ye would be "children of obedience," if ye would "not fashion yourselves according to your former lusts," "if ye would be holy," ye must "hope to the end for the grace which is to be brought to you at the revelation of our Lord Jesus Christ." The grace or favour which is to be brought to Christians when Christ Jesus is revealed, is plainly that perfection of holy happiness to which they are to be raised at the close of the present state of things; "the salvation that is ready to be revealed in the last time;" "the inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for them." For this grace, this manifestation, we are to hope: we are to expect it, to consider it as something that is secure, something that in due season we shall enjoy. And we are exhorted to "hope to the end;" that is, either to hope perfectly, to cherish an undoubting confidence; or to persevere in hoping to the very close of life, "not casting away our confidence," but "holding it fast to the end," knowing that "we have need of patience,"—the patience of hope. Endeavour to obtain

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clear and extending views of that happiness which is the object of hope.

Fourthly, *Fear* is the last instrumental means which is here prescribed for securing the performance of the duties of Christian obedience:—"Pass the time of your sojourning here in fear." The fear recommended by the Apostle is, beyond doubt, the fear of offending God, and of the consequences of offending God. Such a fear is not only consistent with love and hope, but is their inseparable companion. The more highly I value the favour of God, the more must I fear that which deprives me of His favour. The more I delight in the anticipation of heaven, the more must I be afraid of that, the direct and certain effect of which is to deprive me of this delight. The happiness of Christians is in the love of God, and the light of His countenance is the life of their life. It matters little to them that the world frowns on them, if He smiles; and it matters little to them that the world smiles, if He frowns. Nothing in the world can deprive them of the token of their Father's love, but sin; and, therefore, they consider it as of all things the most terrible. "By this fear of the Lord they are made to depart from evil." It is implanted by God: "I will put My fear in their hearts, and they shall not depart from Me." "Happy is the man who" thus "feareth always." "Be not high-minded, but fear."

But those who are not Christians, I call upon you to fear: you have good reason. I dare not call upon you to hope, while you continue in impenitence and unbelief. "There is no peace to the wicked, saith my God;" no hope for the unbelieving. But I present to you the "hope set before us in the Gospel." I tell you Jesus Christ died for sinners, for the chief of sinners. I assure you that "eternal life is the gift of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." I put you in mind of the solemn oath of God, that He has no pleasure in your death. I put you in mind of the most condescending expostulation, "Why, why will ye die?" I beseech you to despair of salvation in yourselves; I assure you that Jesus is "able to save you to the uttermost," and as willing as able. O, if you would believe these "true and faithful sayings" of God, a hope that will never make you ashamed would spring up in your hearts; and, along with that fear of the Lord by which men depart from evil, —a fear in which there is sweet and felt pleasure, not torment,—in delightful and harmonious operation, would induce you, from "children of disobedience," to become children of obedience; and, instead of continuing to fashion yourselves according to your lusts in your ignorance, would lead you to "be holy in all manner of conversation."

III. Of the motives to the performance of Christian duty. These are four in number. *First*, the grandeur, excellence, and security of that inheritance, the full possession of which can be attained only in a course of Christian duty: "Wherefore," says the Apostle,—referring to the whole of the preceding description of the final happiness which awaits Christians at the second coming of the Lord. *Secondly*, the holiness of God: "Be ye holy; for I am holy." *Thirdly*, the equity of God: "The Father on whom ye call," or "He whom ye call Father," "judgeth every man according to his works." And, *fourthly*, the provision made for sanctification by the sacrifice of the Son of God: "Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot: who verily was foreordained before the foundation of the world, but was manifest in these last times for you, who by Him do believe in God, that raised Him up from the dead, and gave Him glory; that your faith and hope might be in God."

When the Apostle says, "Wherefore," we naturally ask, For what reason? And we readily find an answer. The preceding context is principally occupied with a description of the final happiness, the eternity of holy blessedness, which awaits the genuine followers of Jesus Christ in the last time, at the revelation of the Saviour. Nothing is more distinctly stated in Scripture, than that it is only in the way of persevering faith and holiness that heaven is to be expected; and that, in such a way, heaven cannot be too confidently expected. It is in this way alone that we can reach heaven. "We have need of patience,"—that is, we must persevere,—"that, by the will of God, we may obtain the promised blessing." "Without holiness no man can see the Lord." Unbelief and disobedience are the road to hell. "He that lives after the flesh shall die." "He that sows to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption." He that turns back, "turns back towards perdition." On the other hand, nothing is more certain than that "he who through

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the Spirit mortifies the deeds of the body shall live." He who, "through a constant continuance in well-doing, seeks for glory, honour, and immortality," shall obtain "eternal life." "He that endureth to the end shall be saved." He who adds to his "faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity," —he who doeth these things,—"shall never fall, but thus an entrance shall be ministered to him abundantly, into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." The attainment of eternal blessedness in this way is not merely a high probability; (even in this case the motive would be a powerful one;) it is an absolute certainty. It is as secure as the word and oath—the perfections and being—of God can make it.

The *second* motive is the holiness of God. The holiness of God is just another word for the moral perfection of His nature. It is not something different from justice and benignity. It is the absolute perfection, and the harmonious union, of justice and benignity. To be holy is to be conformed to God; and to be thus conformed is at once man's highest honour, duty, and happiness. What more cogent reason can be given for following any tenor of disposition and conduct, than that it is "the whole duty of man," the whole of his honour, his duty, and his happiness? The force of this motive, briefly explained, is this: To perform Christian duty, to be obedient children, is to be holy; and to be holy is to be like God; and to be like God is man's highest honour, duty, and happiness. Surely he must be obtuse-minded, he must be obdurate-hearted, who does not perceive, who does not feel, the overwhelming force of such a motive.

The *third* motive is the strict equity of God. "To have respect of persons," is a Hebrew mode of expression descriptive of an iniquitous abuse of the judicial function, when accidental circumstances, not fixed principles, guide the decision; when men are rewarded or punished not according to the desert of their conduct; when they gain or lose their cause not according to its merits or demerits, but according to the personal partialities of the judge. The Divine administration is absolutely free from all this. "The Lord your God," says Moses, "is the Lord of lords, a great God, a mighty and terrible One, who regardeth not persons, nor taketh reward." "God will not do wickedly," says Elihu, "neither will the Almighty pervert judgment. He accepteth not the persons of Princes, nor regardeth the rich more than the poor; for they are all the work of His hands." "Of a truth," says Peter, "I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth God, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of Him." "In the day of His righteous judgment," says Paul, "God will render to every man according to his deeds: to them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory, honour, and immortality, eternal life; but unto them who are contentious, and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, to every soul that doeth evil; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek: for there is no respect of persons with God." "God," says he, in another passage, "accepteth no man's person." "There is no respect of persons with Him." Look now at this motive as it bears on real Christians. While salvation is freely bestowed on (not purchased by) those who obtain it, yet the degrees of happiness in a future world will be proportioned to the degrees of holiness in the present world. In judging of the works of the redeemed, strict impartiality will be maintained. "Let every man prove his own work; for every man must bear his own burden." "Behold!" says the Judge, "I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be." When Christians stand at the bar of Christ, they will "receive the things done in the body, according to what they have done." The force, then, of the motive may be thus expressed: Be holy; for, in proportion to your attainments in holiness here, will be your measure of enjoyment hereafter. But this motive acquires additional force from the peculiarity of the phraseology employed. It is not "since the righteous Judge,"—but "since the Father on whom ye call—judgeth every man according to his work." It is not wonderful that your heathen neighbours should fashion themselves according to their lusts. He whom they call on as Jupiter, the father of gods and men, is a being actuated by human passions, liable to human evils: an unholy life is just what you might expect in them, from the character of the object of their worship. But it should be otherwise with you. He on whom you call is "holy in all His ways,

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just in all His doings." How incongruous, then, were you not obedient and holy, would the character of the worshipper be with the character of the Deity!

The *fourth* motive the Apostle urges, is drawn from the wonderful plan which God has formed and executed for making men holy,—even the death of His own Son as a sacrifice for sin. The prominent idea is obviously this: Jesus Christ died as a sacrificial victim, in order that men might be made holy. And the secondary and subservient ideas, (all calculated to give additional force to this wonderful statement, as a motive to Christian duty,) are the following:—The intrinsic value of this sacrifice,—It was "not silver and gold," or such "corruptible things;" it was the blood of Christ, "as of a lamb without blemish and without spot:" Its Divine appointment,—Jesus as the victim for sin, and thus the Author of holiness to men, was "fore-ordained before the foundation of the world:" Its having been actually offered,—It is not now mere plan; the amazing expiation has been made: And the abundant evidence that it has not been offered in vain,—"God raised Him from the dead, and gave Him glory; that your faith and hope might be in God." Surely it does not require many words to show that such statements go to form a motive, all-powerful to the Christian, to avoid sin and practise duty. Has deliverance from depravity been secured at such a cost, and shall I pour contempt on the Divine generosity? Shall I counteract the great design of the death of Christ? Though He shed His blood that I might be redeemed from my vain conversation, shall I still fashion myself according to my former lusts in my ignorance? Shall I still hug the chains to break asunder which the Lord of glory toiled, and bled, and died? How can I, in whose room Christ died for sin, how can I any longer live in sin? Surely I should not "yield my members to sin as instruments of unrighteousness;" but I should yield myself to God as one alive from the dead, and my "members as instruments of righteousness." Surely I should be a child of obedience; surely I should be holy in all manner of conversation. To use the words of Leighton, "This is an answer for all the enticements of sin and of the world:—'Except you can offer my soul something beyond the price that was given for it on the Cross, I cannot hearken unto you. Far be it from me that I should prefer a base lust, or anything in the world, or it all, to Him who gave Himself to death for me, and paid my ransom with His blood. His matchless love has freed me from the miserable captivity of sin, and hath fastened me to the sweet yoke of obedience: let Him alone dwell and rule in me, and let Him never go forth from my heart, who, for my sake, refused to come down from the Cross!'"—*Dr. Brown, abridged.*

THE TEACHINGS OF AFFLICTION.

How fast we learn in a day of sorrow! It is as if affliction awoke our powers, and lent them new quickness of perception. We advance more in the knowledge of Scripture in a single day, than in years before; we learn "songs in the night," though such music was unknown before. A deeper experience has taken us down into the depths of Scripture, and shown us its hidden wonders. Luther used to say, "Were it not for tribulation, I should not understand Scripture." And every sorrowing saint responds to this, as having felt it; as did David, when he said, "Blessed is the man whom Thou chastenest, and teachest him out of Thy law: it is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn Thy statutes." What teaching, what training of the mind, goes on upon a sick bed, or under the pressure of grief! And, O, what great and wondrous things will even some little trial whisper in the ear of a soul that is "learning of the Father!"

In some cases this profit is almost unfelt, at least during the continuance of the process. We think that we are learning nothing. Sorrow overwhelms us. Disaster stuns us. We become confused, nervous, agitated, or, perhaps, insensible. We seem to derive no benefit. Yet, ere long, we begin to feel the blessed results. Maturity of judgment, patience in listening to the voice of God, a keener appetite for His word, a quicker discernment of its meaning; these are soon realised as the gracious results of chastisement. The mind has undergone a most thorough discipline, and has, moreover, made wondrous progress in the knowledge of Divine truth, through the teaching of the Holy Ghost.—*Bonar.*

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PARENTAL MONITOR.

THE DUTY OF PRAISE.

"I do not think it wise," said one in conversation with another, "for our daughters to spend their time in acquiring what is called by some a musical education; but I do think it important that they should be taught to sing the praises of God. I am inclined to think that Christian parents err greatly in this matter. They believe that they are under obligation to teach their children to pray; but they seem to think it optional whether they shall teach them to praise God or not. Now, I suppose we are just as much bound to teach them to praise God, as we are to teach them to pray to Him."

"Do you think so?" was the reply. "But you forget, so long as their hearts are unchanged, they cannot sing the praises of God acceptably."

"The difficulty is just as great in the way of their praying acceptably. But let us avoid all theoretic difficulties, and look directly at the commands of God, as given in His word. All are there commanded to pray. We feel it to be a duty to teach our children to pray. We know that great benefits result from teaching them to pray. But in the Bible, the commandments to praise God are more numerous than the commandments to pray to Him. Why, then, should we not teach our children to praise Him?"

"I cannot say why we should not. I never saw the matter in that light before. There are very few who think with you, I imagine."

"That does not change the state of the case at all. The question is, not what people think upon the subject, but what the principles of God's word require. Popular opinion is not the authorised interpreter of God's law."

"Every child can pray; but every child cannot sing."

"Instruction is necessary in both cases: the difference is only in degree."

"There are some children who have no ear for music, and hence cannot be taught to sing."

"That does not affect the great majority, who can very readily be taught."

"It does not seem to me to be a duty to teach our children to sing."

"You believe it to be the duty of every one to study the word of God?"

"Certainly."

"Suppose one is unable to read."

"It is his duty to learn to read."

"I agree with you; and, on the same principle, I would say it is his duty to learn to sing. One cannot study the word of God without learning to read: so he cannot sing the praises of God without learning to sing."

"I confess I cannot answer your arguments."

"I hope, then, you will yield to the force of them. I believe the benefit which would result to our children from accustoming them to frequent expressions of gratitude and praise to be very great. A child who never makes use of any expressions of gratitude to his parents, becomes a very ungrateful child. There is a peculiar connexion between the expression of gratitude, and the awakening of the emotion in the heart. I fully believe that if we were as careful to teach our children to sing the praises of God daily, as we are to teach them to pray daily, there would soon be a wonderful change in all our families."

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

SINGULAR AMERICAN BEES.

We saw, the other day, through the politeness of a gentleman residing at Smedley, a curious species of the bee, introduced from Central America, and forming, we imagine, the only colony of their race established in Europe. These little creatures were accidentally brought to England in a piece of logwood, from the Gulf of Honduras, and were discovered, by their present owner, lying in an almost torpid state, among the decaying bodies of their kinsfolk and fellow-citizens, who had been crushed, frozen, drowned, and done to death in a thousand other ways, by the casualties of their rough transportation. Being nourished by artificial heat, and hived in a small pyramidical box, with glazed windows, the remnant of the race seem to have forgotten the pains of exile in the bustle of their active occupation, and bid fair to survive the approaching severities of a northern winter. The difference between these insects and the honey-making population of this country is very great, and makes the former interesting to the naturalist. In size they are extremely diminutive; scarcely larger than some species of black ant, and of nearly the same uniform colour. Their style of working is as peculiar to themselves as their personal appearance.

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Instead of building the cone with the beautiful regularity and precision attained by their kindred, whose labours have been celebrated in verse, familiar to the infant mind, they raise perpendicularly from the floor of the hive an irregular but graceful tree, like a coral-branch, and appear, as far as they have yet gone, to be engaged in dividing this fabric into stories, and building around about it a circular tower. The whole of the cone, and also the honey, are of a less agreeable colour than those with which we are familiar, and bear a very strong resemblance, in this respect, to preserved tamarinds; in fact, the whole structure, and its swarming inhabitants, might easily be mistaken, at first sight, for a few spoonsful of that conserve, invaded by the most diminutive of domestic flies. The taste of the honey partakes of a lemon flavour, and is less cloying than our own. Of course, the monarchical form of government prevails among the bees of Honduras, although natives of a part of the globe where republicanism is in the ascendant, and revolutions are almost as annual as the harvest and vintage. We understand the Queen-bee is as large as a wasp, but we did not see her; she sat somewhere in solitary grandeur within the penetralia of the hive, and the divinity which doth hedge royalty, as her protection from prying eyes. Perhaps the most engaging characteristic of herself and her subjects remains to be mentioned: they have no stings. Whether it was that nature had denied them weapons, or that, even under a despotic government, a general disarmament had been effected, we hardly thought it necessary to inquire.—*Manchester Guardian.*

THE AUSTRALIAN DOG.

It has been remarked by our zoological authorities, that in this specimen we have the dog in that condition in which he may be supposed to approach most nearly to a state of nature, as the companion of a race of savages, among the lowest in the scale of intellect that the world exhibits. Our common humanity must be humbled, moreover, by the proof that animals of this genus seem not unfrequently to outstrip, in their degree of intellectual development, the barbarian masters who hold them in subjection.

The Australian dog was observed by some of the earlier navigators who touched upon the coast of New-Holland; but they scarcely recognised it as belonging to the canine order. In size and proportions it resembles the common house-dog. Its legs are strong; its head tapers into a short pointed muzzle; its ears are short, and generally directed forwards; and its tail is long and bushy. Its hair is of a deep fawn-colour in the upper parts; but becomes gradually paler on the sides. In strength, agility, and courage, it is remarkable. One of these dogs, confined in the French menagerie, showed a disposition to fly even upon the leopards and bears. The New-Holland dog is, clearly, not

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at his ease in the society of civilised man. His wildness and ferocity seem to result from his want of confidence in those by whom he is surrounded.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MRS. CLEMENTINA ROBERTS,

OF HANHAM, KINGSWOOD.

Her maiden name was Frampton: she was born at Kingswood-hill, November 5th, 1788, of parents who feared God from their youth. They were among the early Methodists of Kingswood; well known, and highly respected for their strict integrity and enlightened and stable piety. They had a large family. Ten of their children lived to become settled in life. Their efforts to bring them up for God were sincere and earnest, judicious and effective. Most of them were in early life brought to the Lord, and have lived to adorn their Christian profession. Mr. and Mrs. Frampton continued in the courts of the Lord's house to a good old age; being at the close of life, each of them, of considerably above fifty years' standing in the Methodist Society.

Clementina and two of her sisters were awakened by means of a terrific thunderstorm. God then spoke with power to their consciences, and showed them that they were unprepared to meet Him. They had seen and partially felt the importance of religion; but, like too many others, they delayed to fulfil the gracious command, "Give me thine heart." From this memorable hour Clementina and two of her sisters were all decided for heaven and for God; and, yielding themselves unto the Lord, they at once joined the Methodist Society. Her sisters soon found pardon; and, "having obtained help of God," they witnessed a good confession. Clementina, who had joined the class of the late respected and useful Mrs. Stevens, remained several weeks in poignant distress. It was at the class-meeting, while her friends were engaged in prayer for her, that the happy moment of deliverance came. The witness of her adoption was very clear; her joy was great; her testimony scriptural, and abundantly satisfactory to all. In short, she became "a burning and shining light."

A remarkable instance of her decision of character in religious matters is worthy of marked attention, especially by the young. Prior to her conversion she was engaged to a young man, and would soon probably have entered with him into the marriage covenant. But now, being "a new creature in Christ Jesus," she saw that, as *he* did not possess religion, *with him* she could not "marry in the Lord." She took proper steps to break off the connexion; beautifully exemplifying obedience to that Divine command,—"Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; come out from among them, and be ye separate." This laudable act, and her general excellence of character, soon marked her out as a suitable companion for another, more worthy of her esteem and affection, to whom she was united in holy matrimony; and long and happy was the union. Had a thousand others *so* "acknowledged God" in similar circumstances, how surely would He have "directed their paths" to a happier domestic circle than that which they have found!

Mrs. Roberts became the mother of ten children. She was happy in this endearing relation of life. It is true, she suffered the pang of repeated bereavements; but she lived to see nine of her ten children brought to God, and the other "not far from the kingdom." Those who went before her left a most satisfactory testimony that they "died in the Lord." Some of them "finished their course" in the full triumph of faith and hope, and their "good names" are still as "precious ointment." There is every reason to hope that they will at length form an unbroken family in heaven.

In her Christian profession, Mrs. Roberts was unwavering from the day of her happy conversion to the hour of her removal hence by the inscrutable providence that called her home. Unblamable, just, devout, kind, and spiritually-minded, she was a Christian in all relations of life. Her widowed and mourning husband, in whose class she met, testifies, that her experience, while generally not so marked by the joy of faith as that of some of God's children, was, on the two Sabbaths immediately preceding her death, unusually satisfactory and happy; and more particularly so on the day before the accident occurred by which her earthly course was terminated. During the successive hours of the following day, her inward happiness was visible to all about her, in an abiding and cheerful pleasantness which was stamped on her countenance; and which, it was remarked, seemed to continue even after death.

Respecting her lamented and mysterious removal, Mr. Roberts states:—"About seven o'clock in the evening, she took the care of the shop upon herself, according to a previous family arrangement, during the time that the usual public prayer-meeting was being held in the kitchen. After the meeting had proceeded for about three quarters of an hour, we were alarmed by a person informing us that Mrs. Roberts had

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fallen over the wall in front of the premises. On lifting her up, *to our utter astonishment and consternation, we found she had ceased to breathe.** What drew her to the place from which she fell, is unknown to us; but the day will declare it. We could only say, 'The Lord's will be done.'"

B. CARVOSSO.

* The house stands on a considerable elevation by the road-side. The wall referred to, is fifteen or twenty feet from the front of the house, with its top nearly on a level with the threshold of the door. The accident occurred January 25th, 1847.

POETRY.

A CHRISTIAN ARTISAN AND HIS CHARTIST FELLOW-WORKMEN.

[The following verses are from the pen of an unknown writer, and were suggested by a Chartist publication. Four words have been altered, and one or two verses omitted, in order to adapt the piece more fully to our pages.]

GOD, my brothers, will not leave us:
Still His heaven is o'er us bent;
His commandments are not grievous;
Do His will, and be content.
Only Truth and Love shall flourish
In the end, beloved mates;
Only Charity can nourish
Those whom Charity creates.
Believe in God.

You have woes by forge and furnace,
You have darkness, you have dread;
You might work in radiant harness,
For your God is over-head.
Does not night bring forth the morning?
Does not darkness father light?
Even now we have forewarning,
Brothers, of the close of night.
Believe in God.

Many, many are the shadows,
That the dawn of truth reveals;
Beautiful, on life's broad meadows,
Is the light the Christian feels.
Evil shall give place to goodness,
Wrong be dispossess'd by right;
Out of old chaotic rudeness
God evokes a world of light.
Believe in God.

Ye have often read the story
Of the Saviour of our race,—
How the gloom outran the glory,
And the wrath outran the grace;
How He trod the earth in sorrow,
Yet left bliss where'er He trod;
How He died, yet on the morrow
Sprang from death to light and God.
Believe in God.

In His love and His endurance,
In His manliness sublime,
Labour shone with bright assurance
Of a holier, happier time.
Then, my brothers, love and labour,
As the Saviour did before;
Learn to bless a needy neighbour,
Even from a scanty store.
Believe in God.

But you tell me that I mock you
With a measured, mincing verse.
O, my brothers! I could lock you
In my heart while I rehearse.
But you tell me that your anguish
And your death-toil drive you mad;
That you see your children languish,
Your beloved ones spirit-sad.
Believe in God.

And you say,—"In homestead quiet,
Where the roses climb and creep,
Where the vine is running riot,
And the bees sing you to sleep,
You can give us counsel gravest,
You can fancy and refine,
And you think your heart the bravest,
And you call your creed divine.
Believe in God.

"But if you had borne the burden,
And the heat of England's day,
Then your heart, like ours, would harden,
You would not believe and pray:
If your soul, like ours, were hoary
With the grief of many years,
You would never look for glory,
Hope for life beyond the spheres,
Nor trust in God."

O, my brothers! this is grievous!
But I still believe in God:
Still I think He will not leave us,
And I kneel and kiss the rod.
Trust me, too, that not so brightly
Have life's waters flow'd for me;
Sorrow daily, sorrow nightly,
Comes alike to me and thee.
Believe in God.

I, too, have been hunger-bitten;
Much of sorrow and of sin,
More than ever could be written,
Dwelt this failing heart within.
Broken health, and pain, and trial,
Loss of worldly gear, are mine;
Yet on God's eternal dial,
God's eternal sunbeams shine.
Believe in God.

I through doubt and darkness travel,
Through the agony and gloom,
Hoping that I shall unravel
This strange web beyond the tomb.

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O, my brothers! men heroic!
Workers both with hand and brain!
'Tis the Christian, not the stoic,
That best triumphs over pain.
Believe in God.

O, my brothers! love and labour;
Conquer wrong by doing right:
Truth alone must be your sabre,
Love alone your shield in fight;
Virtue yet shall cancel vices:
Look above, beloved mates;
Only God Himself suffices
Those whom God alone creates.
Believe in God.

THE MERCY-SEAT.

BY THE REV. HUGH STOWELL.

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness o'er our heads;
A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around our common mercy-seat.

Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

There, there on eagle-wing to soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

SPURIOUS PHILANTHROPY.

There is a pretended philanthropy, whose sympathies are wholly expended upon the vile, and never upon the virtuous; upon the villain, more than upon his victims. Its heart is tenderer towards crime under retribution, than towards innocence under outrage. It is far more solicitous to screen a scoundrel from his just deserts, than the innocent from his machinations, or society from destruction. It is far more horrified at the punishment he suffers, than at the sin which brought it on his head. It bends its efforts not to reform the evil doer, but to avert the consequences of his evil deed; striving less to turn him from the way of transgressors than to make the way of transgressors less hard and thorny, and seeking not so much to remove sin, as to destroy the sting of sin. It cares little for men's righteousness, but everything for their comfort. Its words are all honey and oil for the criminal, but vinegar and oil of vitriol for righteous law and righteous men. For the most part, it has no occasion to recognise any rule of holiness, nor any revelation from heaven; but is considerably wiser and more enlightened than the men who were moved by the Holy Ghost Himself.—*Visitor.*

DEATH.

One of the Fathers saith: "That there is but this difference between the death of old and young men,—that old men go to death, and death comes to young men."—*Bacon.*

HAPPY DAYS.

Few of us keep record of happy days. "How many happy days," writes an American author, "pass unnoticed in the table of life's chronology; unrecorded either in the book of memory or the scanty annals of our thanksgiving! How many happy months are swept away beneath the silent wing of time, and leave nor name nor record in our hearts! Sweet moments of quietness and affection! Glad hours of hope and joy! Days, yea, many days, begun and ended in health and happiness." We think so much of one or two crosses, and forget a hundred blessings. In the hour of affliction we exclaim, "God be merciful!" but we seldom say, "God be praised!" We reckon up the rain-drops, and forget to notice the sunbeams. We keep a record of storms and tempests, and omit to mention the many calm, fair days between. In domestic life, when the tone of love and peace goes through the house like a key-note, its melody falls unacknowledged on our hearts; but let the slightest discord arise, and how earnestly, how prayerfully, we seek to have the broken harmony restored! We remember to call upon our God and Saviour in the day of trouble; but we forget to thank Him for happy days. As Bishop Bull says, "We write our mercies in the dust; but our afflictions are engraven on marble."

There are days in every one's life—although they may be few and far between—when the sky is all blue; when the ground seems to spring beneath our tread; and a glory and a brightness rest upon common objects; "when all nature," as the Rev.

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James Hamilton says, "appears to be singing the 148th Psalm." These are happy days. A little thing will make us happy sometimes; such as good news, a kind word, the meeting of old friends, or the presence of those we love. "I have been, at different times, so happy," writes a late poet, "as not to know what weather it was. In my joy, I have forgotten everything." He forgot, as we are so apt to do, the Author of all happiness. Caroline Fry, writing on a similar occasion, but in a different spirit, says, "I am doing nothing but enjoying myself and giving thanks." Thanksgiving is, or should be, the natural accompaniment of happiness.

We used, at one time, to visit and read to a poor widow, whose only son was supposed to have been lost at sea. He quitted her, as he thought for a few months, promising that it should be his last voyage; but a long, long time passed away without bringing any tidings of him, or the ship in which he had sailed. It was a sad trial to the bereaved mother; those only know how sad who have suffered under a similar affliction. She could have borne to have seen him laid in the quiet grave, and said meekly, "God's will be done;" but the mystery of his disappearance, the faint hope of his return, unsettled and harassed her continually. Sometimes when we have been talking or reading together, she would become pale and silent all of a sudden at the sound of a strange footstep. In the dark winter nights she was always fancying that she heard some one knocking or calling without, and would leave her warm bed at all hours, to unfasten the door, and listen for that voice which no one but herself ever expected to hear again on earth. How sorrowful was the conditional prayer of that poor lone woman, the vague supplication, "If yet he liveth!" But God heard and answered it, nevertheless.

News came at length, that the long-missing vessel had been seen and spoken with; glad news, which we kept to ourselves for a time, lest it should turn out to be only another of those vague rumours which had served to keep the widow's mind in a state of continual unrest, and which were fast wearing away her feeble frame. A few days afterwards it was authenticated, beyond all doubt, by the arrival of one who was the bearer of a few hasty and half-illegible lines, addressed to his mother by him whom we had so long numbered among the dead, announcing his speedy return. I shall never forget the poor mother's joy. I have never forgotten her first words, or the lesson which they contained.

"O! happy, happy day!" exclaimed she, with clasped hands and tearful eyes. "My blessed Saviour! O, happy day! My heart is so full! I want you to help me to thank God, my Saviour! O, happy day!"

I am quite sure that nothing enhances our pleasures half so much as being able to see the hand of God in them, and receiving them as the gift of our reconciled Father, through Jesus Christ. Religion blends together the beauty of earthly and spiritual things. Those who sit long in the sunshine are apt to be dazzled with its splendour, so that they cannot readily lift up their eyes; and therefore it is that night and shadows are often found to be good for us. When we are most happy, we glance around, and all seems bright; but ah! how much brighter would it seem if we first looked up! Then, as though gazing through a golden-tinted glass, a glory rests upon all!

We have alluded to a few of those things which make us happy; such as good news, a kind word, the meeting of old friends, the presence of those we love: and are they not all God's gifts? He maketh everything work together for our good. He putteth it into the hearts of others to love and be kind to us. He casteth our lot in pleasant places amid friends and kindred. Dear reader, have you never woke up in the morning, with the sun shining into your chamber, and felt glad and happy, you knew not why? The sweet sleep that refreshed you, the bright sunlight, the healthful feeling, were all God's gifts, commanding us to be thankful. Have you never had it in your power to do good to others? to speak kindly to the afflicted? or make some little sacrifice, out of love to Christ? The day in which you have been able to do this will have been a happy day; but you must thank God for it. We cannot of ourselves even think a good thought, and much less can we do a good deed. To Him be all the glory. Let us exclaim, in the language of David, "Who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? for all things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee." (1 Chron. xxix. 14.)

Every heart, it has been said, has its secret sorrow, which the world knows not of. A late author touchingly demands, "Show me a heart without its hidden wound." It may be so; but we still maintain, with a cheerful faith, that it has also its secret happiness and its hidden joy. We are told in the Scriptures, that "the heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy." What a sweet employment it would be to keep a constant record of happy days, a journal of thanksgiving! If we were only as ready to praise as we are to murmur; as watchful for blessings as we are for trials; as eager to set up our Ebenezers as we are to pour out our complaints; how soon would such a journal be filled!

The most sorrowful have their happy days. With deep affliction God giveth strong consolation; so that we may walk softly, and yet not sadly. The season of trial serves to endear the friendship which clings to us all the closer in the hour of need. The barrier

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of reserve are broken down, and fond hearts reveal their long-hidden sympathy and affection; so that oftentimes we smile amidst our weeping, "and kiss," as Flavel says, "that sorrow at parting which we met with fear and trembling;" exclaiming, with the tears still undried upon our cheeks, "After all, this has been a happy day!"

Happy days resemble white stones erected here and there in our journey through life. They are like the wells in the desert; and it is sweet to sit beside them and rest. They are flowers by the wayside; stars in the night; pleasant recollections; joyful anniversaries; occasions for deep thankfulness; sweet food for memories; and themes of delightful conversation! We sit and talk of them by the blazing hearth, or as we wander together in the summer twilight, whispering gently one to another, "Do you remember?" We think of them when we sit alone. Some weep, exclaiming, "Alas for those happy days! Will they never come again?" Let us rather thank God for them. Let us say, in the beautiful language of Scripture, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." "Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen."—*Visitor.*

DRUNKENNESS PICTURED.

THERE is no heaven-implanted affection which this vice of drunkenness does not blight. Travellers tell us of an upas-tree that kills all beneath its shade. It is now proved that God never made such a tree. But man has. It grows in Britain. It flourishes in the vice of drunkenness. We have seen every flower that adorns the ruins of our nature wither and die beneath its deadly influence. Working more wonderful changes than any to be found in the Metamorphoses of Ovid, it has transformed man's very nature, and turned parents, brothers, sisters, children, into monsters of cruelty and crime. The confirmed drunkard is one whom kindness cannot win, nor pity move, nor even grim death himself appal. What think you of a son lying drunk on the floor in the same room where the parent whose heart he had broken lies dead in the coffin? That youth lying there, once the most loving boy for whom a pious father ever prayed; and now, when others enter the solemn apartment,—horrible association!—the drunk and the dead are found there alone! What havoc it works on the parental heart! Go with me down this dismal close, and ascend the old stair of a house, where, as you see by the magnificent balustrade, the rich ornaments of the ceiling, and that noble chimney-piece of marble, within which slumber some wretched embers, rank and affluence were wont to dwell. This great room sounds drear and empty to our tread, and smells—how foul it smells!—of fever and death. A wretched bed is there, almost the only furniture; and what an object lies on it, in life's last painful struggle! We have walked many an hospital, but never stood over a more humbling sight. We saw a woman exhumed after the body had lain six weeks in the grave; but neither when we raised the soiled face-cloth from her features, nor when we stood at her feet, when she nodded her head to us as every blow of the hammer fell on the chisel with which they opened her skull, did the dead appear so terrible as the living in this chamber. Dying of most malignant small-pox, and tossing about its skeleton arms in the throes of dissolution, a child lay on the bed before us, with its face one swollen, horrid, hideous spectacle, which had obliterated the features of humanity. It was enough to melt a heart of stone; or, as Robert Hall said of York Cathedral, it was a sight to sober a Bacchanalian! And surely the reader will sympathise with our deep detestation of this accursed vice, when he knows that with such a spectacle to gaze on, to weep over, with such a sight to wring their hearts, the father and mother stood by, and, pretending that the doctor had ordered it for the child, *asked us for money to buy whisky!* Like the gusts on a mountain lake, one passion sometimes rapidly succeeds another. Our pity changed into indignation; and when we turned round on them with the charge of falsehood, the father acknowledged it to be a lie. Not so the mother; for although the bear will die in battle for her whelps, and impale her shaggy breast on the huntsman's spear, she, the mother, the inhuman monster, stood as hard as iron. Disease had not wrought such havoc on the poor sufferer's face as drunkenness had on the mother's heart; and it was a positive relief to turn from *her* to *it*: the physical was less revolting than the moral corruption. Look how this horrid vice rends asunder the ties with which God binds those who have lain on the same mother's bosom, and been rocked in the family cradle. Let the reader accompany us to a respectable part of this city; and, supposing us to be now standing by the door, let us inform him that the house is inhabited by two sisters, one of whom is the widow of a gentleman who belonged to a most respectable profession. Having gone to visit the unmarried sister, we were engaged in reading to her a portion of God's word, when the widow entered the room; and although our eye, as it glanced from the book, caught something strange in her bearing, we suspected nothing till we knelt in prayer, when the wild muttering at our side convinced us that drunkenness was there, profaning the presence of God. Abruptly breaking off, we hurried from the apartment; and, having left the widow in the room, we took an opportunity of expressing

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our pain and sorrow to the sister, who had followed us to the door. There, blushing with shame, and trembling with agitation, the bitter tears streaming down her face, she briefly told us her melancholy story. "How kind my sister used to be! but now she is a drunkard, and"—wringing her hands—"I am wretched." When half way down stairs, we heard screams sounding as if they came from the house which we had left; we stopped, and, as we listened, they became louder and louder, and more distressing. We hurriedly retraced our steps; and, being fortunate enough to find the outer door open, we suddenly entered the room from which the cries came. We can never forget the spectacle: it is calotyped in our mind, and is as fresh as if it had been seen but yesterday. The widow lady stood in the middle of the floor; her cap, which had fallen off in the struggle, lay on the carpet; her long, grey hairs were streaming over her shoulders; and her eyes were shooting fire. She was the very picture of a demon. With one hand she grasped her sister by the throat, and with the other was beating her on the head with a large key, while the blood streamed over her face and dress.—*Dr. Thomas Guthrie.*

THE DRUNKARD'S WILL.

"I ——, beginning to be enfeebled in body, and fearing I may soon be palsied in mind, and having entered upon that course of intemperance from which I have not resolution to flee, do make and publish this my last will and testament:—

"Having been made in the image of my Creator, capable of rational enjoyment, of imparting happiness to others, and of promoting the glory of God, I know my accountability; yet such is my fondness for sensual gratification, and my utter indisposition to resist temptation, that I give myself entirely to intemperance and its associate vices, and make the following bequests:—My property I give to be dissipated, knowing it will soon fall into the hands of those who furnish me with ardent spirits. My reputation, already tottering on a sandy foundation, I give to destruction. To my beloved wife, who has cheered me thus far through life, I give shame, poverty, sorrow, and a broken heart. To each of my children, I bequeath my example, and the inheritance of the shame of their father's character. Finally, I give my body to disease, misery, and early dissolution; and my soul, that can never die, to the disposal of that God whose commands I have broken, and who has warned me by His word that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven."

Drunkard, this is your will.

ON LISTENING TO EVIL REPORTS.

The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rules which I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters. 1. To hear as little as possible of what is to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it. 3. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report. 4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others. 5. Always to believe that, if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter. I consider love as wealth; and as I would resist a man who should come to rob my house, so would I a man who would weaken my regard for any human being. I consider, too, that persons are cast into different moulds; and that to ask myself, What should *I* do in that person's situation? is not a just mode of judging. I must not expect a man that is naturally cold and reserved, to act as one that is naturally warm and affectionate; and I think it a great evil, that people do not make more allowances for each other in this particular. I think religious people are too little attentive to these considerations; and that it is not in reference to the ungodly world only that that passage is true, "He that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey;" but even in reference to professors also, amongst whom there is a sad proneness to listen to evil reports, and to believe the representations they hear, without giving the injured person any opportunity of rectifying their views, and defending his own character. The more prominent any man's character is, the more likely he is to suffer in this way; there being in the heart of every man, unless greatly subdued by grace, a pleasure in hearing anything which may sink others to his level, or lower them in the estimation of the world. We seem to ourselves elevated, in proportion as others are depressed. Under such circumstances I derive consolation from the following reflections:—1. My enemy, whatever evil he says of me, does not reduce me so low as he would if he knew all concerning me that God knows. 2. In drawing the balance, as between debtor and creditor, I find that if I have been robbed of pence, there are pounds and talents placed to my account, to which I have no just title. 3. If man has his "day," God will have His. See 1 Cor. iv. 3.—*Simeon.*

THE WAY TO DISCOVER TRUTH.

While I briskly read what other men said in their controversies, my mind was so prepossessed with their notions, that I could not possibly see the truth in its own native and naked evidence; and when I entered into public disputations, though I was truly willing to know the truth, my mind was so

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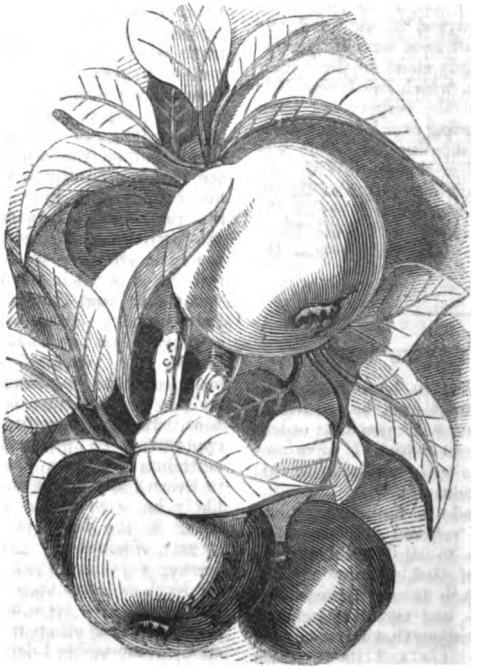
forestalled with borrowed notions, that I chiefly studied how to make good the opinions which I had received, and ran further from the truth: yea, when I read the truth, I did not consider and understand it; and when I heard it from them whom I opposed in wrangling disputations, or read it in books of controversy, I discovered it least of all: till, at last, being in my sickness cast far from home, where I had no book but my Bible, I set myself to study the truth from thence; and so, by the blessing of God, discovered more in one week than I had done before in seventeen years' reading, hearing, and wrangling.—*Baxter.*

PAPERS ON BOTANY.



THE APPLE.

"ALL the cultivated varieties of apple," says Professor Balfour, "are derived by grafting from the native species, *pyrus malus;* while pears have their origin in *pyrus communis.*" Of this important fruit, the crab-apple of the hedges is the original; formerly much valued for its abundant verjuice, but now depreciated by the use of milder acids. The apple has a peculiar tendency to change; the blossoms of its different kinds often fertilising each other, even where modern methods of securing that result are not applied. In the catalogue of the Horticultural Society, fourteen hundred varieties are described; and it is supposed that this is not more than half the number known. The season proper for planting is as soon as the leaves begin to drop.

Apples are not good in Palestine; and many biblical scholars think the *citron* intended in several texts of the Old Testament, which, according to our venerable translators, mention the apple. The citron-tree is highly appropriate; being fragrant and exceedingly beautiful, whether in flower or fruit. Yet the apple was cultivated both east and west of the Holy Land; and it is admitted that it flourished on Lebanon.

From the application of the word *pomum* to fruit in general, the Latin Christians and others have believed the apple to be the forbidden fruit; while some of the Easterns give this sad pre-eminence to the fig, and some to the grape. Certain Mahommedans have inclined to think it was an ear of corn! All these, it is needless to add, are vain and profitless speculations. Leaving this dream-land, we

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may observe that a temperate climate well suits this useful fruit. England has bestowed it on the New World, where it has become highly valuable. It has so possessed the Chilian soil, indeed, that the great river in the province of Conception rolls millions of apples down to the very sea-beach every autumn.

POPERY.

BIBLE-BURNING.

[In August last, the Synod of "The Union of the Evangelical Churches of France" assembled in St. Foy, an ancient town situated in the Department of the Gironde. At that Synod, Dr. Lindsay, of Glasgow, attended as a deputy from the United Presbyterian Church; and in an account of his visit which he has published, he records the following striking incident.]

On the evening of Friday, August 30th, a young man preached, who was to be ordained in the following week. The church was densely filled with a most attentive audience. Outside, too, there was a numerous attendance, but of parties who were actuated by a totally different spirit. Their object seemed to be, to give all the annoyance they possibly could, and to excite the apprehensions of the worshippers. There was much talking, and shouting, and laughter; and, on one occasion, the noise was so great, that the worship was suspended for a few minutes. The congregation within, however, maintained the most perfect order and composure, with the exception of a few individuals near the door, who belonged to the party without; and the services were brought to a regular close at the proper time. It was with some difficulty the congregation could retire, on account of the pressure of the crowd without; and hands were laid upon Count A. de Gasparin, when he attempted to remonstrate with them, but no actual damage was sustained by any individual. There were cries of "*A blei, à blei,*" (a cant expression, meaning, "To the river, to the river,") but no harm was done to any one. After the dismission of the church, a Bible, belonging to one of the members, was taken away, and, in a public part of the town, committed to the flames in the midst of a furious crowd, who exulted in its destruction, and threatened the Henriquets with a similar fate some day.* It was a melancholy scene. Poor, misguided creatures! What a brutalising system is Popery! What an enemy to everything like religious liberty! But the most wonderful part of this story remains to be told. A fragment of the burnt Bible escaped, by something like special providence. On the following morning, when one of the members of the church visited the fatal spot with a sorrowful heart, he found among the ashes a small bit of a leaf, somewhat larger than half-a-crown, burnt all round the edges, but legible in the centre. And the verses upon both sides of this fragment were most remarkable. It was impossible to read them without being struck with astonishment. They were so suitable to the circumstances, that they seemed like a response from God Himself,—on the one hand denouncing the folly and the wickedness of burning the holy Scriptures; and, on the other, encouraging the members of the Union to be steadfast in the hour of trial. On one side of the leaf were two verses of the first chapter of the 1st of Peter; namely, 22 and 23:—"Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently: being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever." Was not this like a voice out of the very fire declaring how vain it was to attempt the destruction of the word of God? You may burn the Bible; but ten thousand fires cannot quench its voice: "it liveth and abideth for ever." On the other side, were two verses and a half of the second chapter of the 1st of Peter; namely, 19, 20, and part of 21:—"For this is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully. For what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God. For even hereunto were ye called." Was not this, too, like a voice from heaven, encouraging the Synod to be faithful and steadfast under all the reproaches and calumnies to which they were exposed? This remarkable fragment of the burnt Bible was given to M. Monod, the President; who got it framed between two pieces of glass, and read it publicly in the church on Saturday, when it produced a very deep sensation. It was felt to be a message of comfort and encouragement from on high. Fervent prayer was at the same time offered up to God in behalf of the misguided men who had committed the holy Scriptures to the flames; and blessings were invoked upon their heads, in room of the curses which they had denounced upon the Synod and its adherents.

* Henriquet is the name of the Minister of the church where we met.

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A POPISH EPITAPH.

THE following epitaph is inscribed upon a monument in one of the Popish chapels in the city of Cork, and illustrates the daring impiety of making the Creator debtor to His creature. But this is inseparable from the doctrine of human merit.

"I.H.S.—Sacred to the memory of the benevolent Edward Molloy, the friend of humanity, and the father of the poor. He employed the wealth of this world only to secure the riches of the next; and, leaving a balance of merit on the book of life, he made heaven debtor to his mercy. He died, October 17th, 1818, aged ninety. R.I.P." —*M'Gavin's "Protestant."*

ANECDOTES.

DR. CHALMERS'S HORSE.

IT is in the ordinary occurrences of life, no less than upon great occasions, that we often meet with striking and instructive indications of fixed habits, and well-marked peculiarities of mind. In this respect, the following incident in Dr. Chalmers's life is not without interest. In his diary we meet, on one occasion, with the following entry:—

"April 14th.—Started before eight. Read a chapter of Greek. Left Kilmany on horseback for Kirkaldy. Was annoyed with the peculiarities of my horse on the road, and gave way to an old habit of vehemence on the subject. This must be carefully guarded against."

The circumstance is explained by his biographer in a note as follows:—"What most provoked him with his horse, was the frequency with which it threw him. At first, he was much interested by noticing the relative length of the intervals between each fall. Taking the average length, and calculating how far a dozen falls would carry him, he resolved to keep the horse till the twelfth fall was accomplished. Extremely fond of such numerical adjustments, he was most faithful in observing them. In this instance, however, the tenth fall was so bad a one, that his resolution gave way, and he told his servant to take the horse to the next market, and sell him forthwith. 'But, remember,' he said, 'you must conceal none of its faults:' and, going through the formidable enumeration, he closed by bidding him be sure to tell that it had ten times thrown its rider. 'But who,' exclaimed the other, 'will ever think of buying the horse, if I tell all that beforehand?' 'I cannot help that,' said Mr. Chalmers: 'I will have no deception practised; and if nobody will buy the horse, you must *just* bring him back again.' The sale was not attempted, or, if it was, no purchaser offered. The horse was finally transferred to his neighbour, Mr. Thomson, of Balmerino, in exchange for one of Baxter's works. It served its new master quietly and faithfully for many a year; and, no vicious disposition ever showing itself, it was plausibly conjectured that, in the first instance, the peculiarities were not so much in the horse, as in the singularly restless and energetic horsemanship of its rider."—*Life of Dr. Chalmers.*

DO YOU BELIEVE THE BIBLE TO BE THE WORD OF GOD?

A FEW years since, an English ship touched at one of those islands of the South Seas in which Christianity has been introduced and established. It was commanded by a gentleman connected with a noble family. Some officers and others of the crew affirmed that in their opinion the natives were mere parrots, and only repeated what the Missionaries taught them. Others said, this was impossible. At length it was proposed, that ten or twelve natives should be collected; and that, through the medium of an interpreter, such questions should be put to them as might suggest themselves to any one present. The following questions were then asked:—

"Do you believe the Bible to be the word of God?" They were startled; they never entertained a single doubt upon the subject; but, after a moment's pause, one answered, "Most certainly we do." It was asked, "Why do you believe it? Can you give any reason for believing the Bible to be the word of God?" He replied, "Why, look at the power with which it was attended, in the utter overthrow of all that we have been addicted to from time immemorial. What else could have demolished that system of idolatry which had so long prevailed amongst us? No human argument could have induced us to abandon that false system." The same question being put to another, he replied, "I believe the Bible to be the word of God on account of the pure system of religion which it contains. We had a system of religion before; but look how dark and black a system that was, compared with the bright system of salvation revealed in the word of God! Here we learn that we are sinners; and that God gave Jesus Christ to die for us: and by that goodness salvation is given to us. Now, what but the wisdom of God could have produced such a system as this, presented to us in the word of God? And this doctrine leads to purity." There

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was a third reply to this question, and it was rather a singular one; but it was a native idea:—"When I look at myself, I find I have got hinges all over my body. I have hinges to my legs, hinges to my jaws, hinges to my feet. If I want to take hold of anything, there are hinges to my hands to do it with. If my heart thinks and I want to speak, I have got hinges to my jaws. If I want to walk, I have hinges to my feet. Now here," continued he, "is wisdom in adapting my body to the various functions it has to discharge. And I find that the wisdom which made the Bible, exactly fits with this wisdom which has made my body; consequently I believe the Bible to be the word of God." Another replied, "I believe it to be the word of God on account of the prophecies which it contains, and the fulfilment of them." After this, they came to the doctrines of the Gospel, and, among others, to the doctrine of the resurrection; and the question was asked, "Do you believe in it?" They replied, "Yes, most certainly." "In what body shall we rise?" They answered, "In a chapter in the Corinthians, it is said, 'It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.'" The Captain would not be satisfied: he required to know the identical nature of the body which shall be raised. The natives hesitated some time; and at last one said, "I have it: 'We shall see Him as He is, and shall be like Him.'" The Captain again said, "I want to know the precise body with which we shall be raised." This occasioned a considerable consultation among them. At length one of them said, "It cannot be like the body of Christ when He hung upon the cross: it will be like His glorious body, when He was transfigured upon the Mount."

PROTESTANTISM.

THE PAPAL AGGRESSION.

At a Special Meeting of the Wesleyan-Methodist Committee of Privileges, held at the Wesleyan Centenary-Hall and Mission-House, Bishopsgate-street-Within, London, November 21st, and by adjournment on November 22d, 1850, and very numerously attended by Members of the Committee from various parts of England,—

The REV. DR. BEECHAM, President of the Conference, in the Chair:

On the motion of the Rev. John Scott, of London; seconded by John Robinson Kay, Esq., of Bury; supported by Thomas Farmer, Esq., of London, and by the Rev. Dr. Hannah, Secretary of the Conference,

The following Resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

I. That, in common with their fellow-Protestants throughout the United Kingdom, the Members of this Meeting have observed with surprise and indignation the recent change in the system of the Romish ecclesiastical polity in England; whereby, instead of Vicars Apostolic appointed by the Pope, and removable at his pleasure,—as in countries where Roman Catholic Missions are carried on,—a Hierarchy is created, with the privilege of canonical election, with territorial jurisdiction, and with titles derived from English cities and towns: by which proceeding this country is again exhibited as a regularly organized province of the Church of Rome.

II. That, in the judgment of this Committee, the document from Rome, in which this change is promulgated and enjoined, obviously violates a fundamental principle of the British law. The constitutional supremacy of the Crown has always been understood to preclude the exercise of dominion and authority over British subjects in these realms by any foreign Prince or Potentate. From ancient times this principle has been strongly asserted by Englishmen; and, though more recent legislation has repealed the extreme penalty of the law, it is still recognised as an offence to bring in, or put in use or execution, the Bulls of the Bishop of Rome. Under any circumstances it would be undeniably culpable, on the part of British subjects, to acknowledge the Sovereign of another State as the fountain of honour and authority in this kingdom: but such recognition is especially to be condemned where the foreign Sovereign claims to be supreme over all others, and is ever seeking to build up a secular dominion by means of a spiritual organization; and where, as in this free and favoured land, the rightful Monarch owes the possession of royal power to her declared adherence to the principles of the Reformation.

III. The offensive character of the proceedings in question is enhanced by the fact that the Hierarchy now to be established is placed under the government of a Cardinal; who is, as such, a *Prince* of the Roman Church, and a Councillor and Assessor of the Pontiff, and who must be presumed to have taken an oath to defend the rights of the Pope as his Sovereign.

IV. A further aggravation of the evil is found in the alleged necessity of the recent alteration, in order to the formal introduction of the Romish canon-law, which both the Cardinal Archbishop and his suffragan Bishops, as Prelates of the Church of Rome, will now be enabled and bound to administer

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in their several dioceses. In avowing an intention to "govern" the several districts of this country "without personal limitations" on that iniquitous system, these persons do in effect declare war against those religious rights and liberties which are dear to all classes of British Christians, and the maintenance of which forms the best security for the future prosperity of the country.

V. Nor does it at all abate the dissatisfaction and solicitude with which the Committee regards these proceedings, to find it alleged that the Church of Rome hereby claims only the same authority which other nonconforming communities are permitted freely to exercise, and which the Wesleyan body in particular is said to have long employed for its own purposes. Were the claims of the Romish Bishops to jurisdiction restricted to those persons who may voluntarily submit to them, and for so long time only as they may choose to submit,—as is necessarily the case with Protestant Nonconformists,—the force of this consideration would be diminished. But to give formal expression to such limitations, even if they were sincerely contemplated, would be to abandon those pretensions to universal supremacy which Rome has for many centuries put forth, and which she must of necessity maintain. No amount of sophistry can bring the people of England to identify systems which encourage the free circulation and use of Holy Scripture, which are based upon the right of private judgment, and have long been historically associated with the progress of civil and religious liberty,—with a system which sternly denies that sacred right, and of which the practical operation has ever been found inimical to the religious and social well-being of the countries where it has flourished. A broad, clear, and unmistakable distinction exists, and must ever be recognised, between those subjects of the British crown who, owing no allegiance to a foreign power, and claiming no jurisdiction except within the limits of their own voluntary association, gladly recognise the labours and rejoice in the usefulness of other Christians holding the same fundamental truth with themselves; and those whose religion, while it binds them to a foreign Prince as head of their Church, claims for that Church the exclusive possession of the truth, asserts its jurisdiction over all baptised persons, and refuses recognition and fellowship to all who are not within its pale.

VI. That a Memorial embodying these Resolutions be presented to the Queen, assuring Her most Gracious Majesty of the fervent and loyal attachment of the Wesleyan Methodists to Her person, throne, and constitutional authority, and conveying the expression of our earnest hope that Her Majesty's advisers, having had their attention directed to the subject, will deal effectually with it: and that, if it should be found that existing laws are inadequate for the purpose, application will be made to Parliament for such powers as may enable the Executive Government to maintain unimpaired the supremacy of the Sovereign in her own dominions, and to guard the national Protestantism against the present and all future encroachments. In this hope, which the Committee is greatly encouraged to entertain by the manly and truly Protestant sentiments recently avowed by the First Lord of the Treasury, the Committee forbears *for the present* to recommend any further measures to be taken by the Wesleyan-Methodist Societies at large in their *distinctive* character, and respectfully advises them to join in any wise and well-considered movements which may be originated in their several localities.

VII. This Committee, having been called together on an occasion arising out of the vaunted growth of Romanism in this country, is unwilling to separate without directing attention to the subject in a still more important aspect than that to which the preceding Resolutions refer. It is highly improbable that the Court of Rome would have ventured upon its recent measures, but for a serious increase in the number of its adherents during the last half-century, and a marked development of Romish principles and tendencies among those who have not joined that apostate Church. Without inquiring at present into the cause of such a state of things, the Committee may be allowed to express deep regret that it should be in any degree attributable to some members of the Established Church of England; and particularly to those Ministers who share its honours and emoluments, while they neither teach its Protestant doctrines, nor exemplify the simplicity of its ritual in their mode of conducting Divine worship. But the fact of such increase both in Great Britain and the colonies, (to whatever causes attributable,) being patent and undeniable, constitutes an urgent demand upon all who value the truth as it is in Jesus to lay aside indifference, and all petty jealousies and animosities, and to combine their energies for the defence and propagation of the Gospel. It is not merely as the enemy of religious liberty and social progress that Romanism requires to be watched and counteracted; but as a system alike dishonouring to the "One Mediator between God and men," and adverse to peace and holiness. Most earnestly, therefore, does the Committee exhort and entreat those with whom it is officially connected to "stand fast in one spirit," and being "in nothing terrified by the adversaries," to "strive together for the Faith of the Gospel."

Moved by the Rev. Dr. Bunting; seconded by the Rev. Thomas Jackson, of Richmond,—

VIII. That the above Resolutions be

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published and circulated at the discretion of the Secretaries.

Signed on behalf of the Committee,

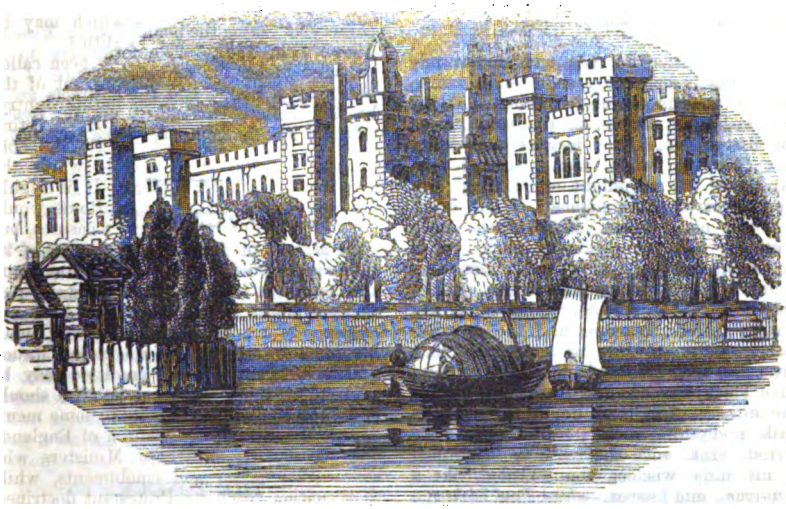
JOHN BEECHAM,
President of the Conference, and Chairman of the Committee.

Moved by the Rev. Dr. Alder; seconded by Thomas Walker, Esq., of Cheltenham; and carried unanimously,—

That the best thanks of this Meeting be presented to the Rev. the President of the Conference, for convening this Meeting, and for the kindness and ability with which he has conducted its proceedings.

CHARLES PREST,
THOMAS VASEY,
Secretaries.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.



LAMBETH-PALACE AND THE LOLLARDS'-TOWER.

This palace stands upon the banks of the Thames, at no great distance from Westminster-bridge. It is the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and has been so now for nearly six hundred years. In the time of William the Conqueror, the *manor* of Lambeth belonged to the see of Rochester; but, in the reign of Richard I., an exchange was made, by which it came into the possession of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Amongst the distinguished men that have resided here are Cranmer, Tillotson, Wake, and Secker.

The Lollards'-tower forms part of Lambeth-palace. It is situated at the west of the chapel, and fronts the Thames. It is five stories high; and is the only part of the old palace remaining that is built entirely of stone. It was erected by Archbishop Chicheley, who held the archbishopric from 1414 to 1443. At the top of a spiral stone-staircase in the tower, there is a small room, about twelve feet long, and nine broad. This room is entered by a small, pointed, stone doorway, barely sufficient for one person to pass at a time. The wainscot, ceiling, floor, and doors of this chamber are all of oak, and near an inch and a half in thickness. It has two very small windows, narrowing outwards. Round the room are large iron rings, firmly fastened into the walls, about breast-high. Eight of these rings still remain; three on the south side, four on the west side, and one on the north. It is plain that this portion of the palace has been a prison. Chicheley was much opposed to the Lollards, and severely persecuted them. In this tower some of them were imprisoned; and their name was at length attached to the place of their confinement.

In the course of the fourteenth century, when Rome had fearfully corrupted Christianity, the Lollards arose in Germany; but little is known of them except the name, and what the name indicates. The members were fond of singing the praises of God; and from

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the German word *lollen*, or *lullen*, signifying *to sing*, they derived their name. Subsequently, when Wicliffe arose in England, his followers were called Lollards. Many of them, doubtless, were persons whose spirits longed for the good which only comes to man through the Gospel of Christ: they felt the guilt and dominion of sin; they felt that external forms brought them no relief; and when some of them found "the way of peace," and enjoyed the "light of life," they were astonished at the blindness of their neighbours, and endeavoured to remove it. These were the Methodists of their day; and, of course, the subjects of persecution. Early in the reign of Henry V., a number of Lollards were put to death in St. Giles's-fields. Early in 1418, Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, a noble Lollard, was put to death by hanging and burning. Such days are gone by. May they never return!

TABLE-TALK.

THE PROPHETIC DEW-DROP.

A DELICATE child, pale, and prematurely wise, was complaining, on a hot morning, that the poor dew-drops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dew-drops, that live the whole night through and sparkle in the moonlight, and through the morning onwards to noonday. "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat, or swallowed them up in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow, whereupon his father pointed upwards. "See," said he, "there stand the jewelry, in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers upon earth, blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words; for soon after, the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dew-drop, into heaven.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

CENSUS FOR 1851.

THE Act 13 and 14 of Victoria, cap. 53, provides, in twenty-seven clauses, the machinery for taking the population, on *Monday, March 31st*, 1851. The forms are to be prepared under the superintendence of the Secretary of State; and the abstracts are to be laid before Parliament within twelve calendar months next after June 1st, 1851.

PUNCTUALITY.

IT is said of Melancthon, that, when he made an appointment, he expected not only the hour, but the minute, to be fixed, that no time might be wasted in the idleness of suspense;—and of Washington, that when his secretary, being repeatedly late in attendance, laid the blame on his watch, he said, "You must either get another watch, or I another secretary."

THE TONGUE.

THERE is a world of meaning in the following, from an old scrap-book:—

"If thou wishest to be wise,
Keep these words before thine eyes:
What thou speak'st, and how, beware;
Of whom, to whom, when, and where."

THE REMEMBRANCER.

PASSAGES IN THE LAST HOURS OF THE REV. EDWARD BICKERSTETH,

LATE RECTOR OF WATTON.

IN the month of February last year, the British churches were called to mourn over the removal of this loving and devoted servant of Christ. Although strongly attached to the Church of which he was a Minister, it has been well said of him, that "he had a heart which the Church of England was too scanty to hold, and for which nothing could be found adequate but the amplitude of the Universal Church."

He was born at Kirby-Lonsdale, March 19th, 1786, and received his education at the Grammar-school of that town. In early life he spent some years in the Post-office in London; afterwards he studied law, and practised in Norwich as a solicitor. After three years' residence in that city he relinquished his profession, and entered the ministry. He then undertook a special mission to the stations of the Church of

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England Missionary Society in Sierra-Leone. On his return home, he was appointed joint-Secretary of that Society, along with the Rev. Josiah Pratt; and became also his Assistant at Sir George Wheeler's Chapel, in Spitalfields. In 1830 he was presented, by Mr. Abel Smith, to the living of Watton, in Hertfordshire; and in the rectory there, after a life of incessant toil in the vineyard of his Master, he fell asleep in Jesus, February 28th, 1850.

From the pages of a contemporary we select some interesting notices of his last sickness:—

"It was on January 27th that he preached for the last time, in his own church. His text was, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.' He went through his usual Sabbath services, and spent a quarter of an hour with a sick friend in the village. In the evening, his family thought him more weary than usual: but there was no difference in his mental vigour; and he joined with them in singing,—

'Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?'

"Little, indeed, did they then think that his labours were so near an end, and that he was so soon to enter his heavenly joy. Throughout the following week, the weakness and drowsiness increased, and his medical man thought the symptoms very alarming, but still hoped that the danger of a paralytic stroke might be avoided by active measures. The last hymn that he sung with his family was on the Saturday evening:—

'Oft in sorrow and in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go.'

'Onward,' was his motto through life. 'Onward,' seems thus to be left as his dying charge. He seemed to have a feeling that his end was approaching; for he said, 'Heaven is near.' The next morning he went down, as usual, alone into his study, and was found there, after a little while, in his arm-chair, unconscious, his limbs stiffened, and his head fallen over the side of the chair. After a blister had somewhat relieved the oppression on the brain, and he was restored to consciousness, he spoke again in his own tones of cheerful faith. 'What a comfort it is not to have to seek salvation now! I can enjoy salvation found. I know in whom I have believed. The Gospel is a reality; I find it so now.' Again: 'Salvation sought, is with fear and trembling: salvation found, is always ready.' When asked for a message for his absent children, he said, 'Say I am very happy in God's love.' The same day he said, 'I have so many mercies, I ought to be full of praise. How easy love makes everything, when we know the love of God!' That is a sweet direction, In every thing give thanks,' &c.

"On the Wednesday, when one of his daughters brought him a cup of tea, he said, 'H——, I will give you a cup of living water for your cup of tea. It is this: (I have been thinking of it for a long time:) *But ye, beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.*' 'There may be many pleasant rooms to dwell in,' (alluding to different rooms in his house,) he added: 'They are pleasant rooms, and my room is a pleasant room; but the best room of all to keep in, is the love of God: and what a prospect we have from it! *looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.* What boundless mansions of glory are there! Keep yourselves, then, in the love of God.' When his son, who joined him that day, asked how he felt, he replied, 'Pretty well, dear. The visions of glory have been quite indescribable. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. All the images of revelation fall far short of the reality.'

"At the close of that week he grew much worse, and lay in a heavy stupor, from which he could not be roused, and from which his family feared he might never waken. On Saturday evening, February 9th, he roused a little, and said, as his wife was feeding him, 'I have no confidence in any goodness or merit of my own. I place my whole trust in the Lord Jesus Christ.' An invalid child coming up to his bed, he took her hand, and said, 'Renounce every confidence, but in the death of the Lord Jesus.' Then, in a distinct but hurried whisper, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. For I am persuaded that neither life, nor death, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus.'

"It pleased God, however, to spare him nearly three weeks longer; and when he roused again and again, hope would whisper that he might still be raised up. Before the close of the following week, his children had all been sent for. To his eldest daughter, when she joined him, he said, 'You see me a wreck; but Jesus is on board, and all will be well.' He had the strongest conviction that his departure was near, and ardently desired it. When one said to him, 'We hope the Lord will raise you up again,' he replied, 'That is not in the least likely, nor would it be at all desirable. I desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better. What should I be raised for?—

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except for my children; and God will be with them. If I were raised, it would be to a body of much weakness and suffering; if I am taken, it is to glory: the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be mentioned for the glory which shall be revealed.'

"During his illness his mind was frequently roaming, and yet even his incoherent words breathed much of his own loving, devoted spirit; and it was specially noticed that, amidst all the confusion of his mind, when he had no power to choose or arrange a single thought, no one worldly, unholy sentence escaped. 'From the abundance of the heart,' even the unconscious lips were speaking. He clung, too, with increasing earnestness to the Saviour's merits. On one occasion, he asked for the 130th Psalm, and seemed to drink in every word, saying, when it was finished, 'Beautiful it is: that is your father's only ground of confidence.' He had always been very urgent in pressing the duty of private prayer; and, referring to this subject, he said, 'No prayer is lost: they are lasting and living. It is a wonderful thought: No prayer is lost; they live for ever.'

"Though he was in a state of extreme weakness, both of mind and body, his desire for the good of souls was not diminished. Few were allowed to enter his sick room, on account of the extreme quiet that was requisite; but to several of his attendants he spoke words of loving counsel and warning. One of his last conscious sentences to his son-in-law was, 'We must seek first the good of the people: all besides is a passing dream.' And on another occasion he said, 'O that I could get a word of warning to the careless souls in Watton!' Of the tenderness and love he showed during his long and wearisome illness, only those who were privileged to wait around his bed can speak. Each had some special token of fond endearment, and the attention of the nurses and servants who waited on him was gratefully acknowledged. No impatient word fell from his lips: all he suffered was only, he said, what he deserved. Once he prayed for one of his little grandchildren, that she might have more grace than her grandfather, and less suffering; but added at once, 'This is hardly a legitimate prayer for a child; the suffering is so needful for the grace.'

"On the Friday before his death, he fell into a torpor, which lasted seventy-two hours, with only two passing gleams of consciousness. Once his daughter, who was watching him, saw a gleam of mind pass over his glazed eye, and, going to him, said, 'Dear father, if Jesus is with you, press my hand.' He did so. 'Have you no fears? If not, press my hand again.' The pressure was repeated. He did, indeed, awake from this long torpor, and recovered his voice; but after this he spoke very little, and with much effort. On February 28th, an evident change took place, the rapid and laboured breath forbidding all farther hope. His family watched all day around his bed; but he took no notice of them, and did not even return the pressure of the hand. There was no appearance of suffering, but of great languor, like a weary child who fain would fall asleep in his father's arms. Though he did not know them, his family could not doubt he was holding communion with his heavenly Father; for there was a beaming brightness in his eye, which told all that day that his blessed spirit knew itself to be on the borders of the heavenly land. As they watched him, more than once a change passed over his features, and an expression of solemn awe, unmixed with terror, seemed to tell that the soul felt itself about to enter the immediate presence of God. About five in the afternoon, the breathing, which was becoming more and more painful, suddenly changed, became very feeble, but gentle and noiseless as an infant's. The exact moment of his departure could not be told, so truly did he 'fall asleep.'"

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

[All notices for this department, if not sent by one of the Ministers of the Circuit, must be authenticated by his signature, in addition to that of the sender.]

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Armstrong, Miss Mary,	Brampton,	Brampton,	19	Nov. 14th, 1850.
Belsham, Mrs.,	Goldhanger,	Maldon,	54	Nov. 8th, 1850.
Guest, Clara,	King's-Hill,	Wednesbury,	19	Oct. 26th, 1850.
Hetherington, Isabella,	Morpeth,	Morpeth,	58	Nov. 14th, 1849.
Stephenson, Miss M. A.,	Allendale-Town,	Allendale-Town,	17	Sept. 10th, 1850.
Stephenson, Miss Jane,	Allendale-Town,	Allendale-Town,	21	Oct. 30th, 1850.
Wren, Mr. William,	King's-Hill,	Wednesbury,	52	Oct. 31st, 1850.

H. T. & J. BOOTH, PRINTERS, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

MARCH, 1851.

"BE CONTENT WITH SUCH THINGS AS YE HAVE."

(HEBREWS XIII. 5.)

THIS word of admonition claims to be studied, not only by the poor of the Redeemer's flock, but by all who bear the Christian name. Every man sees, or fancies he sees, heights of prosperity which he has not reached; and it behoves every man, therefore, to examine himself in regard to the sweet and sacred temper of contentment. A profitable light is shed on the subject by the terms of the Apostle's precept:—"Let your CONVERSATION be without covetousness." The word "conversation" is to be taken in its ancient and most comprehensive sense. The *manner of life*, the entire *conduct*, *habit*, and *character*, must be free from "covetousness;" unsullied by the low pursuit of wealth for its own sake, and by the vulgar and irrational esteem of worldly possessions as if they enhanced the real dignity of man. Is it not a rebuke to some who profess a holy and heavenly religion, that avarice was regarded, even by the wiser among the Pagans, as utterly unworthy of an intelligent nature?

Contentment has been justly viewed as including the frame in which *all* the dispensations of our Father's hand are rightly accepted. The allusion in verse 6, moreover, suggests the equanimity with which the Christian may meet the assaults of the wicked. Whatever God does, or permits to be done, is to be received in the spirit of those conquering sufferers who "took joyfully the spoiling of their goods," and who "boldly" said, "The Lord is my Helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me."

This grace does not, indeed, imply apathy. The sense of grief does not of necessity excite either anger or complaining. If Christianity made us stoics, it would at once close the spring of many sorrows; but, with equal certainty, it would limit our sweetest gratifications. It deserves to be noted, also, that contentment differs widely from sullenness; from the indifference of a reckless mind; from the inflexibility of pride; from mere silence; and from natural passiveness, ease, and inactivity. Such frames may consist with inveterate discontent, and with the most rebellious murmuring of the heart against God. On the other hand, contentment does not forbid lawful and moderate efforts to secure a measure of earthly prosperity. But, when the toil is fruitless, it proscribes all repining; all withering anxieties for the future; and every sinful compliance in order to obtain a more auspicious result.

It is already plain that we speak of *Christian* contentment; which excels,

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beyond all comparison, the temper which the classical sages lauded in all the melody of their flowing languages, and which a few among them sought and professed to exemplify. The immortal Athenian, whose name is continually associated with this topic, described contentment as "the wealth of nature;" and it has been boasted that his own resources of this "wealth" were never exhausted. But even a Socrates never knew the calm, the elevated, the holy contentment which reigned in the bosom of an Apostle: "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need." (Phil. iv. 11, 12.) What was the tranquillity of a self-collected Pagan? In its fairest examples, it amounted to a limited triumph of reasoning, an external self-government, and a resolution to brave inevitable griefs. But it did not reach the heart. It did not pervade the recesses of the soul. It knew no submission and complacency in the midst of trials, no humble hope of reaping "the peaceable fruit of righteousness," and no jealous regard to the Divine glory as the grand end. It was equally content with sin and with calamity. Altogether mindless of the most sacred claims, it was unmoved amid the storms which seemed to threaten the abodes of its fabled deities and the tabernacles of men with indiscriminate ruin.

Widely different is the *Christian* grace. Its seat is the heart. It is an inward sweetness, which imparts its virtue to the words and to the life. It is marked by a character of *sanctity*. It is awake to the honour of God's government. Alike opposed to the sullenness of inactivity amid the vicissitudes of trial, and to the blaspheming arrogance that defies the ruling fates, it learns to kiss the hand that withholds what is desired, or inflicts the chastening that is feared. It replies to every stroke, "Good is the will of the LORD." It is not the child of reason, but of religion; the sister of humility and self-denial. It clings to the never-failing "mercy" which "gives even affliction a grace." It acknowledges that adversity, though clad in terrors for the vain and the gay, has a "form benign, propitious," and a "milder influence;" so that, instead of "wounding" and depressing, it tends to "soften," to refine, and to elevate the "heart" that yields to its discipline.

Nature and reason cannot confer this quiet magnanimity. It must be sought from CHRIST, the everlasting Fountain of all good. To Him let us render ceaseless thanks; and especially, while we trace some of the means, in order to this end, which He deigns to sanction and to bless.

Could we gain the ear of that disciple who feels most keenly the pressure of adversity, we would offer such counsels as the following:—

Study the doctrine of Providence.—Remember the *mystery*—another word for God's wisdom and our ignorance—which is impressed on this scene of things. Nothing occurs that you would not choose, did your glance reach the whole. Your extremity is the throne of the Most High,—the very theatre of His interposition. He brings down, and then exalts. "He wounds to heal." He meditates good, "pure blessing," in every arrangement; not merely the general good, but *your* good; and not merely in some occult or distant relation, but present and immediate good. "We know that all things" now "work together" for this result.

Think of the mutual advantages which flow from a variety of orders in human society.—One class may hence learn humility, the lovely temper of gratitude, and the higher appreciation of Gospel-blessings. Another class may glorify the grace of God by following the Saviour in condescension and beneficence.

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Reflect on the examples of illustrious poverty.—Moses, who might have remained in Egyptian palaces, was tending Jethro's flock when he was summoned to turn aside and see that great sight,—the angel of the Lord in the bush on Horeb. Elijah, remote and solitary, was fed by ravens; and he drank of the brook that rippled at his feet. Many, "of whom the world was not worthy," were "destitute, afflicted, tormented." Apostles were often "in weariness and painfulness," "in hunger and thirst," "in cold and nakedness:" they triumphed, indeed; "as sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." But why enlarge this catalogue? "The servant is not greater than his Lord;" and the King of glory "had not where to lay His head."

Spurn the government of the world.—Indulge no inordinate hope of comfort in the most winning of its scenes. Live above its frowns. Trample on its maxims. Scorn to be satisfied with its delights. You cannot drink contentment at its fountains: nothing that it has to give can meet the deep wants of a deathless spirit.

Think of the evils which result from unsanctified wealth and greatness; and of your lighter trials, cares, and responsibilities.—One of our great English moralists, pointing to his friend's lawns and groves and stately mansion, exclaimed, "These are the things that make death terrible!" And a greater than he has said, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!"—But, especially, *consider your peculiar opportunities of glorifying Christ, and of showing forth the power of His grace.* Do you ever sigh for ampler wealth, that you may the more liberally "do good and distribute?" Pause, and restrain the wish. Your resignation, your trust in God, may be far sweeter incense. Are you, nevertheless, using the means already at your command? If so, it is enough. God can unlock the amplest treasures; and perhaps His prescient eye discovers that your disposition would not keep pace with improving ability.

Consider, for motives to contentment, your real condition.—Let each reflect awhile, until the illusions of the world are dispelled. How little do I deserve! How light, in comparison of my sins, and even of what others have endured, are my heaviest sorrows! It is the *rod*, not the *sword;* and my Lord "corrects with kind severity." On the other hand, how numerous are my mercies! Can I tell the amount of those which are external? Far less can I estimate the "durable riches and righteousness," which are free for all.

Think of the folly and wickedness of complaining.—This can only make your night the deeper, and the tempest yet wilder with horror. It can only disqualify you for accepting the reliefs and comforts that are provided. Forget not the sins to which covetousness prompts; the uncertainty of riches; the deeper shadows of the adversity that follows; and the fate of the multitude that murmured in the wilderness.

Maintain a habit of meditation on the vanity of life, and on the nearness of eternity.—This scene may be troubled, but it will soon be withdrawn; and I shall wake up amid the changeless realities of the world to come. If joys are transient, so are griefs. Whether we soar or sink here, is a matter of temporary, and therefore of minor, importance. We may "eat and drink;" but "to-morrow we die."

Above all, *think of the power of faith, and the sacred dignity of your Christian calling.*—Murmuring is quite at variance with the faith which triumphs over the world, and keeps its eye full-fixed on the glories that shall be revealed. Strong confidence keeps the heart in peace; a state of holy serenity and repose, which would be at once forfeited by discontent. Ye who feel the weight of adversity, and yet drink pleasure from the pure

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wellspring, take courage. Ye are "princes with God;" "kings and priests" unto "the Father of an infinite majesty." You cannot repine while Jesus says, "I know thy works, and thy patience, and thy poverty; BUT THOU ART RICH." You cannot be poor when the wealth of glory is your inheritance. You cannot be miserable while you have free access to the fountain of everlasting gladness.

Contentment is a shield against many temptations. It brings peace of mind amid the fluctuations of life. It stills the roar, and abates the violence, of the blasts of adversity. It increases the sweetness, while it promotes the sanctification, of the little we have. Each gift bestowed by God, and now twice-blessed by the adorable Giver, it accepts with gratitude, and finds to be an earnest of more enduring good. "A little that a righteous man hath is," therefore, "better than the riches of many wicked." (Psalm xxxvii. 16.) The description of this lovely temper must be its recommendation too, and the evidence of its blessedness. It is, moreover, ornamental to the profession of religion, and a beautiful illustration of its power. Its distinct and intelligible voice tells all the world that "godliness with contentment is great gain." Meanwhile it multiplies the sources of satisfaction. The contented Christian looks on all creation with joy. He is its heir. All things are his. And, thus enriched, he may be nobly indifferent to the lower and briefer possessions claimed by the great and the wealthy, who "call their lands after their own names."

"Be content with such things as ye have: FOR HE HATH SAID, I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE, NOR FORSAKE THEE."—This promise was made to Joshua, on the occasion of his appointment to succeed Moses. (Josh. i. 5.) It was repeated by David to his royal son, in regard to the project of building the temple. (1 Chron. xxviii. 20.) It occurs, also, with some variation, in other parts of the Old Testament.

It is edifying to remark how such an encouragement differs from all the motives, in reference to the same end, applied by Pagan sages. "Fate," said they, "is invincible; and the gods themselves are subject to it. These griefs and deprivations are needful to keep up the harmony of the universe, and the unbroken scheme of its government." Their very best dissuasive was drawn from the folly and futility of complaining. "Thou canst not move the fates: why wound thyself in ineffectual struggles to rend the bars of thy prison-house?" These views may silence, but can never satisfy, the restless mind. But when God says, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," a thousand consolations are comprised in one; and the believer joyfully answers, "It is enough!"

"Yes!" (he repeats the answer as each new view of this testimony bursts on him with animating brightness,) "It is enough. I have an interest, then, in the condescending regards of the Almighty. He who orders all things, makes *my* cause *His* cause. God declares, *He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of Mine eye.* He can in a moment reverse the arrangements that seem unpropitious; and He will do what is best for me. Ahithophel and Shimei are subject to His control. It cannot be His pleasure to afflict or grieve His feeble children. It can give Him no delight to see worms writhing at the point of His glittering sword. If I am in sorrow or in poverty, I accept the profitable infliction from the hand of Him who loves me, and who knows what will do me good for ever. He who bestows infinitely richer things will not deny a little silver and gold, if such gifts will not tend to the loss, or the tarnishing, of my immortal crown. O blessed God! as often as thou callest us thy *children, the sheep of thy pasture, the bride, the Lamb's wife,* we hear thy voice renewing the assurance, *I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.*

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"That precious word of Thine also certifies me that, amid all varieties of my external condition, Thy love is unchangeable. What a motive to contentment! Adversity may abbreviate the list of my earthly friends; but sin alone can interrupt my glad soul's converse with my heavenly and omnipotent Friend. No road can be too rough if my Lord be there. No night can be dark if He, the Sun of righteousness, illumine my steps. It would be a dire calamity indeed, if the love and presence of my Saviour were contingent on my outward prosperity. But, in the hour of my distress, His succours become the sweeter and the more abundant. The lowest view of His gracious testimony is, that my bread shall be given me, and my water shall be sure. He will supply all my needs. He is (says one) the chief comfort in the best times, the only comfort in the worst. And can I murmur,—a sinner saved by grace, and enriched with the presence of the Most High? Nay, whence to me this overflowing mercy?. And who can tell its vast result? Who can number the days of eternity? *I will* NEVER *leave thee:* not in life, not in death. *Thou shalt be with me in Paradise.* It is enough! I ask no more. An exile and a traveller, I may be well content with a poor, frail tabernacle here; inasmuch as I seek *a city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is* GOD." L.

THE BLIND SCULPTOR AT INNSPRUCK.

"I HAVE just come," says one, "from a house at Innspruck, in the Tyrol, in which I saw only one humble apartment; its entire furniture consisting of a miserable bed, a broken harpsichord, and a bench, upon which were laid a few pieces of wood and some tools for carving. It is the dwelling of a blind old man named Kleinhaus." Then is given the following interesting narrative:—

At five years of age, Kleinhaus was attacked with smallpox, which affected his eyes, rendering him completely blind. Before he was deprived of sight, he had often played with those little wooden figures which are so skilfully carved by the inhabitants of the Tyrol, and had even attempted to handle a knife, and to form a statuette himself. When no longer permitted to behold the light, his thoughts unceasingly turned to those images he was wont to contemplate with so much pleasure, and which he would fain have imitated. Then he would take them between his hands, feel them, and try to console himself for not being able to see by measuring them with his finger. Feeling them again and again, and turning them over in every way, he was able, by degrees, to comprehend from the touch the exact proportions of the figure,—anatomising (if I may use the expression) upon wood, marble, or bronze, the features of the face and the different parts of the body,—and thus to judge of the nicety of a work of art.

When he had acquired this skill, he one day asked himself whether he could not succeed in supplying the loss of sight by the keen sense of touch with which he was gifted? His father and mother were both dead; he found himself alone and destitute; and rather than beg, he resolved to make out, through his own exertions, a means of subsistence. Taking a piece of wood and a chisel, he at length began to work. His first attempts were very troublesome and very trifling. Frequently did the unconscious blind man destroy, by one notch made too deep, a piece of work to which he had already devoted long days of labour. Such obstacles would have discouraged any other; but his love of art induced him to persevere. After very many efforts, he at length succeeded in using his chisel with a steady hand; and so carefully would he examine each fold of the drapery, one after another, and the contour of each limb, that he saw as it were by means of his fingers the

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figure he intended to copy. Thus he proceeded by degrees till he attained to what seems an almost incredible perfection; for he is now able to engrave from memory the features of a face, and produce a perfect resemblance.

In the museum at Innspruck I have seen a bust in wood of the Emperor Ferdinand, which bears as strong a likeness to him as the bust from which it was fashioned, executed by a Venetian artist. I have also seen, at his own house, the portrait of one of his relatives, which he succeeded in executing by passing his hand repeatedly over the face of the individual. It is, they say, a perfect resemblance.

Kleinhaus is now seventy years of age: he is erect and robust; his countenance expresses much kindness and gentleness; and he contrives to work every day as in his youth. During the course of his long career he has sculptured many hundred figures. All this, however, has not served to enrich the indefatigable Kleinhaus. His countrymen have not known how to appreciate the laborious exertions of such a man, and they have not tried to improve his position. By and by, perhaps, they will raise a monument to his memory; but in the meantime he lives alone in his humble apartment, supplying his wants from the produce of his sculpture. But he is of a cheerful disposition: no vain desire agitates him; no ambition for honour or riches troubles the dreams of the blind artist: his mind is wholly occupied with better thoughts. He commences his work in the morning, and, as it advances, his face becomes more and more animated, and his soul expands.

I thought, while looking at him sculpturing a group of remarkably graceful figures, of the harmonious Beethoven, who was affected with deafness. Kleinhaus, however, has a consolation that Beethoven could not enjoy. "I feel," said he, "each work of art that is presented to me, and each piece that I carve, even to the very minutest part, and I am as content with it as if I had beheld it with my eyes." He has himself composed the music and the words of a hymn, in which he expresses, with a touching resignation, the emotions of a blind man. He sung it for me, accompanying himself on the harpsichord; and I have tried to translate it, but could not well preserve the simple style of the original:—

"Behold the misery of the poor blind man! He must go through the world to seek his daily bread. No pen can portray what the blind man suffers. O all-powerful God, have pity on him! When spring is come, and the ray of the morning sun reflects itself in delighted eyes, the blind man alone cannot rejoice in the gladdening beams. No picture, no colour, smiles before his eyes. Alas! this is to him a sad privation.

"Yet will I praise the Creator, although He has made me blind: I will worship Him, although darkness surrounds me.

"A day will come when I shall rejoice. My eyes will again be opened, and then shall I be able to contemplate the splendour of the Most High. He is the Good Shepherd. He watches over His sightless sheep; and, when the thread of this life is broken, He will show them the light of heaven."

When the noble artist had ended this hymn, I pressed his hand with deep emotion, gave him the moderate sum he asked for the only two remaining little figures he had, and carried them away as a souvenir of one of the best-spent hours of my travels.

WESLEYAN-METHODIST SOCIETY QUARTERLY TICKET, FOR MARCH, 1851.

A WOMAN of deep and ardent piety had been suddenly called, during the repose of the silent night, to her reward. I visited the cottage in the morning. All was emotion. My heart, too, was affected; for I loved her

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much for the truth's sake, and the blessing she had been to many. I stood over the unconscious remains. One who knew her well said, "She was fifty years a member of the Methodist Society, and was never once known to be willingly absent from the quarterly pastoral visitation." Her love to Christ and respect for her Ministers, I knew, had been great; and one observable and observed mark of this was, that she always strove to be present at the renewal of Tickets.

This paper will probably be read by some who are young in the way. Reader, are you such? Has your name newly appeared on the "Quarterly Ticket?" Be persuaded to meet your Minister regularly when he visits your class. There is more in this than some persons perceive. 1. It promotes "brotherly love." In old time, "they that feared the Lord spake often one to another." By speaking often one to another, they got to know each other's heart. Now this mutual knowledge of hearts—hearts wherein Christ dwells by faith—is a chief cause of love to one another. In this respect, "a word spoken in season, how good it is!" Your willing absence from the visitation is even more than a loss of brotherly love to the class: it is a Connexional loss. *That* is the one meeting of the quarter in which Connexional union is directly confirmed and strengthened. It is especially *then* that the fellowship of saints, and the life of love, may be promoted on the larger scale. 2. Attendance to receive the Quarterly Ticket at the hand of your Minister is a token of affectionate respect for the ministerial character. You openly acknowledge and recognise him as your Pastor; and his hands are thereby strengthened. Absence on your part furnishes Satan with a platform whence to shoot "fiery darts" at your spiritual guide. "The accuser of the brethren" says, "See that vacant seat! It is a proof that thou art not loved. No: thou art shunned and disowned." Thus hands hang down that you ought to lift up. Your presence and your prayers might have defeated the evil one, and enabled a Minister of Christ to rejoice, and glorify God in you. 3. But *you* want the benefit of visible connexion with the church of Christ, more than the church itself wants your aid. Your aid to the visible church may be supplied by others; but the benefit that visible church-connexion confers on you can be supplied by no one. Of the church it is said, "God is in the midst of her;" "God shall help her, and that right early." Romanists say, "Union with the Church is necessary to salvation." This is not true in their sense of the word; not true of any one given church-organisation on earth;—but it is true, if by "church," we understand "the whole family of God." Now see to it, "as much as lieth in you," that you be present at every family-gathering, to occupy your own seat, claim your own heritage, testify your own fraternal affection; that no mistake or "doubtful disputation" may arise in regard to your sacred preferences and attachments.

Some object to attend on this important occasion, because they shrink from the formidable task of speaking in such a meeting. But remember that it is written, "Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before my Father and the holy angels." Take care you do not in any way "deny Him," lest He deny you before assembled worlds. Myriads have found the quarterly visitation wholesome, and have heartily thanked God for it at their latter end.—But another objects, "I am unable to present my customary contribution." Go, tell your *inability* and your *desire*. It will prove a blessing both to yourself and others. O do not let the "pious poor" be defrauded, nor let them defraud Methodism of their powerful aid!

The text on the Ticket for this quarter is found in Romans, sixteenth chapter and seventeenth verse: "*Mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned; and avoid them.*"

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"Divisions and offences," alas! abound. "O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!" As the fearful result of agitations still to be deplored in some parts of our beloved Connexion, many, it is to be feared, will have to exclaim in dissolution, "Our lamps are gone out!" Many others, who might have been gathered into the fold, may now never be reached! Others, again, who were going on to perfection, will be greatly damaged for eternity, and will be *saved at last* WITH LOSS. Parents who hoped to be found, seven years hence, rejoicing over their sons as examples of whatsoever things are true, pure, and of good report, may now have to mourn over them as infidel and profligate. By "divisions and offences," the attractive loveliness of religion was banished from the domestic circle; slander took the place of salvation; ridicule dissipated religion; uncharitableness and bitterness repelled the unction of the Spirit, and the beauty of holiness. Stumbling-blocks were laid in "the old paths," by the hands of the deluded parents themselves: their children fell; and "destruction and misery" resulted! O my Saviour! by this deed Thou art wounded in the house of Thy friends—Thy own professed friends; and the enemies of my Lord have great occasion to blaspheme!

Well may we be called to "mark" those who "cause divisions and offences." There is, no doubt, a remote and judicial cause to be found in the want of "scriptural holiness" among too many of us. "Iniquity" is in Israel, and God "visits us with stripes." All feel the smart. "I have sinned:" I am possibly contributing, in a fearful degree, to the occasion of the evil. It is, therefore, meet and right, and our bounden duty, to say, in deep humiliation of heart, "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Does anything exist by my means, that may lead to divisions and offences? Am I suffering my church attachments to degenerate into denominational pride? Am I chargeable with inconsistency in proclaiming my belief in the doctrine of entire sanctification, while I carelessly pass the years of my profession without seriously seeking to exemplify the blessedness of its experience? Have I blamed other denominations for not holding the direct witness of the Spirit as a general Christian privilege, while I myself have lived without its abiding power within me? Have I in any sense incurred the guilt of leaving my "first love?" Did I once walk in the "narrow way" described in Wesley's sermon on the "Cure of Evil-Speaking," and can I now, without penitential grief, live in the atmosphere of backbiters, and walk without remorse in the counsel of those who habitually tread under their feet the thirteenth chapter of the former Epistle to the Corinthians? And, O! have I not come grievously short of doing my part to spread scriptural holiness over the land? "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

But "if the righteous scarcely be saved," if such confessions and humiliations proceed from the most peaceful and holy in the Connexion, "where shall the ungodly and the sinner," the slanderer of Christ's Ministers, and the disturber of His churches, appear? "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; to their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united." How uncharitable, how murderous to souls, the course that a few have pursued! It is to be feared that "in that day" the blood of souls will be found in their skirts! At present, theirs is a pitiable case. Some of them see and feel that they are in a wrong course; and yet they cannot, or will not, free themselves from the "bond of iniquity." Many will doubtless deny this, and proclaim their sincerity. "Can they be credited?" Yes. They may be sincere. But did you never consider the principle contained in the words of

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Jesus Christ to His Apostles,—"The time cometh when whosoever killeth you will *think he doeth God service?*" Did you never mark the sincerity of Saul of Tarsus in "breathing out threatenings and slaughter," "haling men and women," and "committing them to prison?" Have you not observed how he said, in reference to these wicked things, "I verily thought I OUGHT TO DO many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth?" His conscience did not at the time condemn him; and yet, for these things, he afterwards regarded himself as the chief of sinners. In these matters, where the blinding influence of anger and self-will predominates, it is but little to say, "I am sincere," or for another to believe me so. It may be argued that the fires of Smithfield were kindled "in all good conscience before God." "A good conscience" of this kind guards the cells of the Inquisition, and prompts all the enormities of the Jesuits. O that well-meaning, violent, deluded men would open their eyes, and see in their sincerity the master-will of the devil! This point deserves more attention than it has received. Many comparatively good men are now doing in sincerity what will deeply wound them hereafter. Do you ask, How, then, are we to guard against delusion? Tremble at "the deceitfulness of sin." Ever seek to retain in your hearts the Spirit of adopting love. Keep near the mercy-seat, with your hand on the Bible, and your watchful eye on your meek and lowly Master.

We trace, then, a remote, and a more immediate, cause of "divisions and offences." The former lies chiefly in the latent remains of enmity to God; the latter in open enmity to man. Were there no enmity to God in the church, there would be no "divisions" among the people; for pure love to God is pure love to man. The less is included in the greater. But *visible* enmity to man, is *certain* enmity to God. Sinful anger against a brother is, in truth, a symptom of want of love to Christ.

But what language can characterise an organised machinery of worldly agitators for the destruction of church-discipline?—In the violence of the storm, *certain vessels near the rocky shore* may be wrecked, and not a few lives lost; yet, by the overruling providence of God, the tempest will have a sanitary influence, and we shall eventually breathe a purer atmosphere.

"Avoid them,"—"them that cause divisions and offences,"—them that are obviously and openly employed in fomenting unholy strife, setting Preachers against people, and people against Preachers:—avoid them! For many reasons. Take one only just now,—*lest you plant thorns in your dying pillow.* A friend of one of the agitators, whose talent and energy were deemed worthy of a better cause, called on him during the —— Conference, and affectionately reasoned and remonstrated with him on the consequences of the step which he was then about to take. That friend had long loved him, and he was faithful in urging him seriously to think how the matter would appear when he stood on the verge of the "cold stream." But the storm was then too boisterous to allow a hearing. Strong in self-confidence, he quoted a smart saying against the Conference, which he ascribed to a man of vigorous understanding and cultivated mind, who was long known as a zealous and leading advocate of change in our Connexion. The friend asked, "But have you heard how Mr. —— viewed the subject in a dying hour?" "No." "Then I can tell you. He lay helpless in bed. The solemn messenger had arrived. He was out of Society. He could not be at ease so to leave the world, and pass to his account before God. The Minister of the Circuit was sent for. With a penitent heart he solicited a note of admission. It was tendered. He accepted it,—and died." B. C.

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SCRIPTURE TRUTH CONFIRMED BY EXAMPLE.

Example XVII.

DESIGNED BLESSING MADE THE OCCASION OF DESTRUCTION.—2 PETER III. 16.

Among the various arguments which have been employed to prove the Divine authority of the sacred Scriptures, there is one fact in their favour, which has seldom been adduced;—namely, the universal homage given to Bible-sentiment, and the desire manifested to have opinion and conduct sanctioned by Bible-authority. No other book yet known has had this deference given. Even the infidel will put on a smile of triumph, if by a quotation from the Scriptures he seems to foil his opponent in argument. We dwell not, however, on the attempts made by different parties to make the word of God appear to sanction their peculiar views, but on the conduct of individuals, who, instead of endeavouring to rise in character to the Scripture standard, exert their ingenuity to bring detached portions of Scripture down to the level of their conduct. In this respect many, as in the days of the Apostle Peter, "wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction." But, however men may thus use them, they are clearly designed to be a blessing, revealing to man the rich provision of Divine mercy, and pointing out to him his danger, his duty, and highest interest. There can be no disputation respecting the directions which they give to man concerning the way and the work of salvation. On this point their instruction is so plain, that he who runs may read, and the most simple may understand. To one prominent requirement made by them, *a separation from all sin*, attention is often directed. They offer a salvation *from* sin, but not *in* sin. Now to this many who pervert this book are opposed. Not that they object to final salvation from hell unto the full and certain possession of heaven, but to the method of salvation which demands at once the abandonment of all moral evil. They prefer to remain in sin, and plead those portions of holy writ which appear in their esteem to admit that sin and grace may be united. On examination, however, every passage quoted, with a view to afford countenance to the indulgence desired, will be found to be wrested from its proper, legitimate meaning. To notice all of these would form a volume: the space allotted to this paper admits the citation of but one or two. Is a man living in flagrant sin? He tells you that he is not worse than David, who was guilty of certain crimes, yet was "a man after God's own heart." (1 Sam. xiii. 14.) Now this character of David, so dwelt upon by infidels, and so wrested by false professors and profane sinners, has nothing to do with David's morality of conduct. Saul had been unfaithful in reference to a commission he had received from God, and David was chosen to do what Saul had neglected: God knew that he would be faithful to His will, and in this sense he is said to be a man after God's own heart; that is, one who, as an agent, would accomplish Jehovah's purposes. In this, and similar interpretations of the word of God, the deceitfulness of the human heart is manifested in pleading for the Agag sin. "You know," said a thoughtless young man, whom a Minister was warning of the evil and consequences of sin, "You know that we are to thank God that we are sinners: St. Paul says so." "Indeed! where?" said the Minister. "Why," replied the youth, "in the Epistle to the Romans. (Chap. vi. 17.)" The passage was read, and was found, on the contrary, to inculcate a doctrine the reverse of the one asserted: God was to be thanked for heart-obedience to the doctrines preached, whereby the deliverance from sin had been obtained. Even an aged sinner comforted himself in

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wresting those words of Solomon from their proper meaning: "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness, but the righteous hath hope in his death." That is, thought the old man, that the righteous hath hope in the death of the wicked. On such baseless opinions, rather than part with sin, and seek a saving interest in Christ, do men sometimes dare to rest their happiness in the eternal world. But no portions of the sacred Scripture are more dangerously wrested from their legitimate meaning, than those which declare God to be a God of mercy, and delighting in its exercise. That such is His character, and such His conduct, is a glorious and encouraging truth. But why is this truth so plainly revealed? Doubtless to lead men to repent of sin, and to apply to Him for pardon. But how many, from these declarations, embolden themselves to continue in sin, and multiply their transgressions! "We need not fear," say such; "for God is merciful: He has spared us, and He will continue to spare: it is but a small crime, and He will not punish us for this." "Nay," said one deceived sinner, declaring his sentiments on this point, "God is so kind, that if, with my last breath, I can but say, 'God be merciful,' it will be sufficient." Thus do many now wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction. We fear there are many lost, for ever lost, to happiness and to God, through deceptive, unwarranted conclusions concerning Divine mercy. They have forgotten, or neglected to reflect, that God is holy and just, as well as good and merciful; that sin is the violation of that law which declares, "The soul that sinneth shall surely die;" and that those only who confess the awful evil of sin, and fully forsake it, shall find mercy.

Chelsea. N.

THE IDOLS OF THE SHOP.

Some religious people are blessed with a prosperous and thriving trade, or lucrative profession. They have, perhaps, acquired a name, an established reputation, an extensive credit. Their profits are considerable; their property increases; their respectability rises: their neighbours look on, some with envy, others with surprise. How dangerous to the soul is this state of things! Such a business often becomes a too successful competitor with God for the heart. These prosperous tradesmen are apt to embark their whole soul in their concern: it is their happiness, their dependence, their one chief solicitude. They admire their success; value themselves on account of it; watch it with a most acute sensibility; tremble if anything looks like a symptom of change; see with distressing jealousy the incipient prosperity of others in the same line; felicitate themselves on the greatness of their returns; exalt themselves upon the solidity of their credit, and the esteem in which they are held by the world; go to the scene of their success with conscious pride; in short, their soul is bound up in their trade,—it is their idol. They, in effect, say to it, "Thou art my God: save me." But where, all this while, is their religion? Did they ever possess any? If so, it is lamentably low, lukewarm, and feeble. "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven!" Let such men know, they cannot serve God and mammon. The Spirit of God, like the glory of the Lord departing from the temple of Jerusalem, will retire from such a heart; for it has become the seat of an idol, which has his altar, and his service, and his worshipper there.—*James.*

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THEOLOGY.

THE WELL WITH WATER.

"The mouth of the righteous is a well of life."—Prov. x. 11.

"These are wells without water."—2 Pet. ii. 17.

ACCORDING to the Scripture, a man who receives, professes, and obeys the truth, is like *a well of water;* while a man who maintains the form of religion, but denies its power, is like a *waterless well.*

A TRUE BELIEVER IS LIKE A WELL. The likeness between the natural thing and the spiritual may be traced through several distinct features: thus,—

1. *In the manner of its flow.*—Speaking of things in the state of nature, and without reference to human art, it is an *overflow.* When the well flows for the benefit of others, itself is full. First, itself is satisfied, and out of its abundance it flows over to satisfy the wants of others. In this respect, a Christian is like a well. When he has not much for himself, he has nothing for his neighbours. When he is empty of grace in his own soul, he cannot become the channel of conveying grace to others. On the other hand, when he gets enough to satisfy his soul out of the fulness that is hid in Christ, he will do good to others, whether he intends it or not. The matter does not depend on his purpose or his plan. As the full well must run over, the satisfied soul must make known, in some form, the Saviour's love. "Woe is me," said Paul, "if I preach not the Gospel." Why? No external compulsitor was pressing on the man. He would have incurred no penalty though he had held his peace. It was an internal necessity, a pressure on his spirit within. The pent-up love in his breast would have been a torment to him, if it had not found a channel to flow in. The twofold characteristic of the Ephesian church which reached the ear of the absent Apostle, was their "faith in the Lord Jesus, and love to all the saints." (Eph. i. 15.) They were getting much from the Lord through faith; and, of necessity, they must give much, through love to the brethren. Where there is much faith in Jesus, much grace flows into the soul, and the soul must have vent in an overflow of love. The restored demoniac had been forgiven much, and he loved much. He desired to be in a situation where the love swelling within him might get vent. He besought Jesus "that he might be with Him;" he desired to become one of His immediate followers and Apostles. The Lord did not see meet to grant his request, as to the ministry of the word through the world; but He provided the means of letting the fountain flow: "Go to thine own house, and tell how great things God hath done for thee." A Christian is like a mother. His breast is full. The overflow to satisfy another's need is not a trouble, a pain: it is relief, delight.

2. *In the effects of its overflow.*—It refreshes and fertilises the surrounding barrenness. The Scriptures afford illustration of the necessity and use of springs of water in a thirsty land. In the marchings of Israel through the wilderness, the record frequently occurs, that at such a place they found water. The spot where water was found might be made a resting-place; but from the place where no water was found, they were obliged, at all hazards, instantly to pass on. Travellers always take special notice of the effects produced by springs on certain spots of these deserts. A few trees or shrubs are seen, breaking the dreary uniformity of the level sand. The hopes of the traveller are raised. As he approaches, he beholds a verdant spot. When he comes up, he finds a well of water. Man and beast, with equal delight, run to quench their thirst; and thereafter throw themselves down to rest beneath the shade of the trees. The contrast is described in Jeremiah xvii. The man that trusteth in man "shall be like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh; but shall inhabit the parched places in the wilderness, in a salt land and not inhabited;" whereas, the man that trusteth in the Lord "shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit."

Christians, when they live on their Lord, are like wells in the desert. The neighbourhood feels the effect of their presence. The operation of the law may be seen in the spiritual, as well as in the

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natural, kingdom. As there cannot be a well in the desert without some vegetation, more or less, according to circumstances, appearing on its brim, so there cannot be a lively Christian in a godless family, or a lively church in a godless neighbourhood, without some spiritual commotion among those who are near.

As to *persons*. When one in a family is visited with Divine grace, and renewed, whether it be parent or child, master or servant, the effects are not limited to the individual in whom the work begins. There will be some springing on the edges of that opened well, even although there may be a question how many of the promises of spring reach the ripening of harvest. If the Divine grace is deposited, and swells, and bursts out in the person of one of the children of a worldly household, the sister or brother nearest in age soon begins to experience the influence of the new principle. The gentleness, truthfulness, long-suffering, tenderness of conscience, retirement for prayer, interested study of the Scriptures, silent sorrow for sin, rendering good for evil; these, and many kindred characteristics of the renewed nature, will touch and take effect on those that are cast into closest contact with the new-born. They may be resisted awhile, but very rarely are they resisted always. The observer is smitten, and compelled to confess that religion has a power that comes from God, and leads to God again. The Lord gives testimony to His own word, when it is transfused into the life of a disciple. He puts a power into His word, when it is so received and obeyed, which is seldom altogether resisted. It is not often that grace manifested in one member of a family is limited to the individual with whom it began. There is a species of contagion in the grace of the Spirit, as well as in the lusts of the flesh. Watch, and you will see that about that well's mouth, if it be at all full, there will appear some marks of greenness creeping out, and encroaching on the land that hitherto has been very dry. There is great encouragement to a consistent Christian even in the humblest station. If such an one adorn the doctrine of the Lord Jesus, the effects will certainly be felt.

As to the *church* collectively, there is certainly, in the present day, a good opportunity of letting its influence be felt. Although a well were opened in a fertile valley, its effects on the vegetation around might be scarcely perceptible. But the church of Christ cannot say, that its hallowing influence is unnoticed by reason of the spiritual freshness that already prevails in the land. If the church were revived, if it were full and flowing over, there is enough of spiritual barrenness around to set off, by contrast, whatever of refreshing it may be the means of producing in the world.

3. *As to the source whence the well gets its supply.*—Though the water spring up from beneath, the supply has come down from above. So a Christian, though a well of water to others, looks up to God, and confesses, "All my springs are in Thee."

See this truth in the Scriptures, taught as a doctrine by the Lord, and manifested in the experience of His disciples.—*Taught as a doctrine*, John vii. 37—39. Jesus intimates, first, that Himself is the source of the water of life: "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink." Yet He proceeds to teach that rivers of living water shall flow also from them that believe in Him, from out of the inner recesses of their nature: "Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." And lest any should be surprised to hear that out of men the water of life should spring for the life of others, it is explained in the thirty-ninth verse: "But this spake he of the Spirit, which they that believe on Him should receive." Disciples receive from Christ the Spirit of Christ; then and therefore they become wells of water to their thirsty neighbours.—*Manifested in the experience of the disciples.* See them in Luke ix. 54. The inhabitants of a Samaritan village had been unkind to them. "They said, Lord, wilt Thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them?" How dry these wells are! See them after that outpouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost. There are no petitions after that for fire to consume their adversaries. Thenceforth you find them becoming all things to all men, that they might gain some. Thenceforth they are streams in the desert.

Wo to us, if we forsake the fountain of living waters! We shall get for ourselves, and we shall be to others, only broken cisterns, that can hold no water. From God, through Christ, cometh down every good gift. In us there dwelleth no good thing.—*Rev. W. Arnot.*

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THE SCRIPTURE EXPOSITOR.

THE FEAST OF DEDICATION.

"And it was at Jerusalem the feast of the dedication, and it was winter. And Jesus walked in the temple in Solomon's porch." —John x. 22, 23.

HUMAN learning is exceedingly useful, nay, exceedingly needful, to the expounding of Scripture.

The text suggests this observation, and gives the proof of it. Here is the mention of "the feast of dedication;" and there is not one tittle else in all the Scripture concerning it. And so there is the bare mention of "Solomon's porch;" and, indeed, it is mentioned once again in Acts iii. 11; but neither here nor there is there anything more than the bare name. Certainly the Holy Ghost would never have mentioned these things, if He would not have had us to have sought to know what they meant. But how should we know them? The Scripture gives not one spark of light to find them out; but human learning holds out a clear light of discovery.

Would you know what this feast of dedication was? upon what occasion it was instituted? how celebrated? at what time of winter it occurred? The Scripture speaks not one word of all these; but human authors, the Talmud, Maimonides, Josephus, the First Book of Maccabees, tell you all fully.

And would you know what "Solomon's porch" was? and where it was? and in what part of the temple it was? In Scripture you can never find an answer to these inquiries; but consult human learning and writers, and they will tell you it was a cloister-walk, on the east bound of the utmost court of the temple; and they will tell you the very space and fashion of it.

Here is a text fallen into our hands occasionally: a thousand others of like nature might be produced. Set any of the men who deny human learning to be needful in the handling of divinity, but to expound me this text without the help of human learning; and I shall then think there is something in their opinion.

"The feast of dedication," as the authors before-mentioned inform us, was instituted upon this occasion: Antiochus Epiphanes, one of the Kings of Syria, having the nation of the Jews under his power and tyranny, raised against them and their religion a very sad persecution. He forbade them to circumcise their children; he restrained the exercise of their religion; he burned their books of the law; he set up idolatry; he defiled the temple; he set up an idolatrous altar upon the very altar of the Lord in the court of the temple: and all this for "a time, two times, and half a time," as Daniel styles it; or three years and a half. (Dan. vii. 25.)

The Jews had never felt such misery of that nature before; and Daniel, in his twelfth chapter, foretelling of that a long time before it came, saith, that it should be such a time of trouble as had never been since they were a nation.

At last, Judas Maccabæus prevails against his power and tyranny, shakes off that yoke, restores the people and religion, destroys his idolatry, purges the temple, pulls down the idol-altar that he had erected there, yea, also the altar of the Lord, which it had stood upon and defiled; he reareth up a new altar; and on the twenty-fifth day of the month Chisleu, which was the ninth month, or their November, he dedicates the altar, and sets the public service of the temple afoot again. And thereupon he and the generation ordained that day, and seven days forward, for "the feast of dedication," to be kept annually, throughout all succeeding generations, as may be read at large in 1 Mac. iv., and in the authors, beside that, I have named. I might hence observe,

How joyful a thing it is, and how joyful and perpetual a memorial it ought to carry, when decayed religion is restored in a nation! O that England might see that day, and come to such a feast of dedication!

The presence of Christ at that feast was the more remarkable, because there were three things that might not only have warranted His absence, but even persuaded and urged it.

1. The time—it was winter; an ill time to travel: and Jerusalem was a very long journey from Capernaum, the place of Christ's habitation. The Evangelist seems to have added this circumstance the rather, that we might look upon His presence there as the more remarkable.

2. It is said that Christ was at this feast at Jerusalem: whereas He might have kept it in His own town. The three festivals which God appointed by Moses,—the Passover, the Pentecost, and the feast of Tabernacles,—required men's personal appearance at Jerusalem; yet the two feasts that were ordained afterwards, Purim and Dedication, as the records of the Jews tell us, might be kept by the people at their own houses.

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3. This feast was not ordained either by the immediate appointment of God, as those three were; nor was there then any Prophet, that by Divine warrant could authorise its institution. It was only of a civil and ecclesiastical sanction, appointed by the higher powers of that generation.

These reasons might have kept Christ from going up to Jerusalem at this feast; and yet you see He is there, joining with the great body of the people in commemorating a merciful interposition of Divine Providence, in delivering their country from persecution, and restoring to them the pure rites of religious worship. —*Lightfoot.*

THE SUFFICIENCY OF SCRIPTURE.

This is our confidence, that as the Scripture has sufficed for the past, so will it suffice for the time to come. It has resources adequate to meet all demands which may be made upon it, whatsoever any new conditions of the world, any new shapes of evil, any new—if they be righteous—cravings of the spirit of men, may require. We believe, that as the Scripture is an armoury in which the church has found weapons for all past conflicts, so will it find them for all that are to come; conflicts which, it may be, we as little forecast or dream of now, as we do of the weapons ready wrought in this armoury for bringing them to a glorious termination; and the weapons, too, themselves being oftentimes such, that they who were by God employed to forge them, while they knew that they would serve present toils, yet hardly knew —perhaps knew not at all—to what great ulterior purposes they should one day be turned. Yet thus, no doubt, it shall be: for, even as, in works of man's mind, talent knows all which it means; but genius, which is nearer akin to inspiration, means much more than it consciously knows; even so wise men, and Prophets, and Evangelists, used for the uttering of this Word, knowing much of what they spake and recorded, yet meant still more than they knew; the Holy Ghost shaping their utterances, and causing them oftentimes to declare deeper things than even themselves, enlightened by that Spirit, were conscious of the while. That which they spake, being central truth, presented a front, not merely to the lies of the day, to the falsehood which they distinctly had in their mind to encounter, but presents a front to every later lie as well; and so we have entire confidence that the truth being over, in the language of Bacon, "a hill not to be commanded,"—such those Scriptures, which are Scriptures of very truth, shall show themselves a hill which shall never be commanded, but which rather shall itself command all other heights and eminences of the spiritual and intellectual world. However high they tower, this Word will always have heights which tower above them all: judging all things, it will be judged of none; itself the measure of all, no other thing will bring a measure unto it.—*Trench.*

OUR ENEMIES WITHIN.

Beyond all doubt, the worst of our enemies are those we carry about with us in our own hearts. Adam fell in paradise, Lucifer in heaven, while Lot continued righteous among the inhabitants of Sodom. Indifference to little sins and mistakes; the self-flattering voice of the heart, ever ready to sing its lullaby the moment conscience is aroused; the subtle question of the serpent, "Hath God indeed said?"—these are, unquestionably, the adversaries we have most to fear. There never was a fire but it began with smoke. I beseech thee, therefore, dear Master, to give me a sensitive conscience, that may take alarm at even small sins. O! it is not merely great transgressions that can bring a man to ruin. Little and imperceptible ones are, perhaps, even more deadly: according to the beautiful figure of Tauler, who says, "The stag, when attacked, tosses from him the great dogs, and dashes them to pieces upon the trees; but the little ones seize him below, and tear the entrails away."

FRAGMENTS OF THOUGHT.

I believe that if you and I were more to heed the whispers of our Father, we should not have so many of His thunders. —*J. H. Evans.*

It is no little mercy to see a hell *deserved*, and a heaven *given*.

That rest which we *found* in the way of believing, is *maintained* in the way of holy walking.

When I was young, (says Wesley,) I was sure of everything; in a few years, having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half so sure of most things as I was before: at present I am hardly sure of anything but what God has revealed.

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OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

TRUST IN JESUS ILLUSTRATED.

A MINISTER of the Gospel one day speaking of that active, living faith, which should at all times cheer the heart of the sincere follower of Jesus, related a beautiful illustration that had just occurred in his own family. He had gone into a cellar, which in wintertime was quite dark, and entered by a trap-door. A little daughter, only three years old, was trying to find him, and came to the trap-door; but on looking down, all was dark, dark; and she called, "Are you down cellar, papa?"

"Yes: would you like to come, Mary?"

"It is dark. I can't come, papa."

"Well, my daughter, I am right below you, and I can see you, though you cannot see me; and if you will drop down, I will catch you."

"O! I should fall: I can't see you, papa."

"I know it," he answered; "but I am really here, and you shall not fall, or hurt yourself. If you will jump, I will catch you safely."

Little Mary strained her eyes to the utmost, but she could catch no glimpse of her father. She hesitated, then advanced a little farther; then, summoning all her resolution, she threw herself forward, and was received safely in her father's arms.

A few days after, she again discovered the cellar-door open, and supposing her father there, she called, "Shall I come again, papa?"

"Yes, my dear, in a minute," he replied, and had just time to reach his arms towards her, when, in her childish glee, she fell shouting into his arms, and, clasping his neck, said, "I *knew*, dear papa, I should not fall."

And now, my young reader, the Lord Jesus is calling you to come to Himself. He is still saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not;" and "They that seek me early shall find me." Though, like little Mary, you cannot *see* Him visibly present, yet He assures you He is willing and waiting to receive you, and you have only to drop yourselves into the arms of dying love, and He will as surely receive you now as when, while on earth, He "took little children in His arms, laid His hands on them, and blessed them."

A FILIAL SPIRIT.

THE judicious Hooker used to say, "If I had no other reason and motive for being religious, I would earnestly strive to be so *for the sake of my mother*, that I might requite her care for me, and cause her widow's heart to sing for joy."

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

A WINGLESS BIRD.

AT a late meeting of the Linnæan Society, in London, it was stated that Captain Poole, of the East India Company's service, had discovered the existence of a wingless bird on Lord Howe's Island, an island situated between New-Holland and Norfolk-Island. It is about the size of a rail, and is considered by the settlers as good eating. The discovery is considered interesting in connexion with the discovery of the extinct wingless birds of New-Zealand. No specimen has yet arrived in England, but some are on their way.

EGYPTIAN FROGS.

The river shall bring forth frogs abundantly. (Exodus viii. 3.)—Frogs are still very abundant in the Nile, and other waters of Egypt. This, and several of the other plagues, consisted in giving an unexampled intensity and magnitude to some of the greatest nuisances of the country. The astonishing extent of this invasion of frogs is indicated, not only by the immense heaps of their carcases which ultimately corrupted the land; but still more expressly by the fact, that their numbers were such as to oblige them to forego their natural habits, and, instead of confining themselves to the waters and moist soils, to spread over the country, intruding even into the most frequented and driest places; not the most private chambers, the beds, nor even the ovens, being exempt from their visitation. Here, as in other instances, the objects of superstition became the instruments of punishment. The frog was one of the sacred animals of the Egyptians, being regarded by them as a type of Pthah, their creative power; and also as a symbol of man in his embryo condition. There are probably several species of frogs in Egypt;

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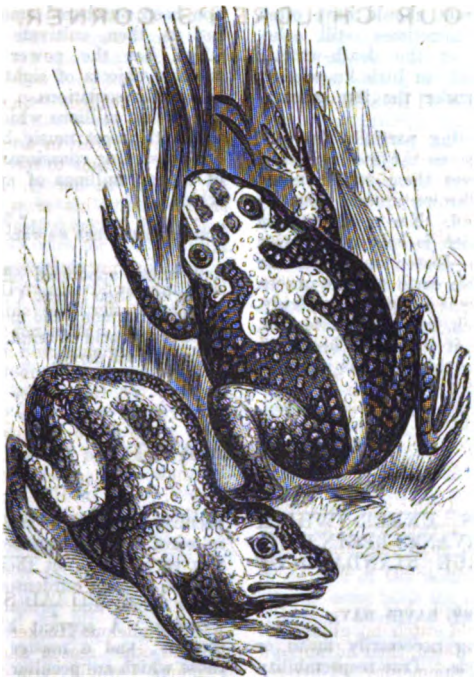

but the one most commonly met with is the *rana punctata*, or dotted frog; so called from its ash-colour being dotted with green spots. The feet are marked with transverse bands, and the toes are separate to half their length. This frog changes colour when alarmed, and is comparatively rare in Europe.—*Pictorial Bible.*

THE DEATH-WATCH.

The ominous death-watch, when drawn from its hiding-place in old perforated floor or wainscot, picture-frame, chest, or black-lettered volume, comes forth (a mouse from a mountain of fear!) a tiny beetle, of some quarter of an inch in length, and in its prevailing hues of grey and brown resembling the colour of the time-worn wood, whose decay it helps (especially in its grubhood) to accelerate. That alarming "tick," to which at midnight many a timorous heart has beat in unison, is generally to be heard first in May, and on to autumn, by day as well as night; and, being considered analogous in purpose to the "call" of pairing birds, has, in reality, as little of ominous about it. The sound is not vocal, but consists of a series of quick successive beats, produced, usually, by the striking of the insect's mailed head upon the hard substance whereon it may be standing, or into which it has penetrated, most likely, while a grub. Some have supposed the grub itself to be the drummer; but, if this sometimes be the case, the perfect beetle is a drummer too, various accurate observers having been eye as well as ear witnesses of its performance. . . .

The ticking of this apterous death-watch, instead of being repeated at intervals a certain number of times, (usually from seven to eleven,) as that of the beetle, is continued, like a veritable watch, without intermission.

Such is the living main-spring of the death-watch when taken from out its wooden case; and, though all its terrors vanish on being brought to light, it is easy enough to account for their origin in connexion with place, time, and circumstance.

Most heard in old (perhaps *haunted*) houses, proceeding from wainscot or from bed's-head, perhaps from picture-frame of grim old portrait, as if the "tick, tick," of the invisible time-piece issued verily from the laced fob-pocket of some buried ancestor; or heard, possibly, with creeping awe, to proceed, "tick, tick, tick," from the elm-wood of a coffin before consigned with its mute tenant to the earth; heard, too, by night-wakers, the sick and the solitary, —or night-watchers, keeping their vigil beside the dying or the dead,—who can wonder that, with such concomitants, the

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hearts of the ignorant should have often echoed, and may sometimes still echo, fearfully, the beat of the death-watch? And, perhaps, with all our little knowledge, our own might, under the like circumstances, do the same.

Science, in removing partially the veil which conceals from us the mechanism of created things, leaves them still invested with every charm thrown around them by the imaginative mind. Nor need the rout of superstition—which is only imagination in a distorted form—loosen one legitimate tie betwixt our visible earth and the unseen worlds of which ours is a type. That, truly, is a connexion which, by every excitement, save that of terror, it is well to keep up; and for what, but for this end, has imagination been numbered amongst our faculties? Let us, then, cultivate this precious gift, which has the power of investing the meanest objects of sight and hearing with beautiful associations. . . . Let us, through the visible millions which fill the earth and sky with insect music, be led to a pleasant but chastening consciousness of the presence of those "millions of spiritual creatures" which

> "Walk the earth
> Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep;"

and whose appointed office, besides that of "singing their great Creator," may be to fill with harmony the moral elements which make our world of mind.—*Episodes of Insect Life. Third Series.*

OUR SERVANTS.

DISADVANTAGES UNDER WHICH DOMESTIC SERVANTS BEGIN LIFE, AND THE TRUE STANDARD OF DUTY.

BY THE REV. DAVID HAY.

THERE is nothing necessarily mean or degrading in servitude. True respectability does not consist nearly so much in *condition* as in *character*. Who, generally, is more highly respected or prized, than an honest, truthful, industrious domestic servant? Equality of condition there never will be in this world; for it is alike contrary to the nature of things, and to the appointment of God. Civil, religious, and domestic distinctions have ever existed among men; and Christianity has by no means abolished them, but most fully recognises them, while it clearly prescribes and powerfully enforces the duties which are peculiar to each. In the *state*, subjects are exhorted to submit themselves to Kings and Rulers; in the *church*, disciples are enjoined to "obey them that have the rule over them, and to submit themselves;" and, in the *family*, children are commanded to obey their parents, and servants their masters.

Addressing myself immediately to domestic servants, I can assure you, my desire is simply to promote your advantage. I write only for this. I feel deeply interested in your welfare; and hope you will patiently read, and seriously consider, the observations I may offer. I am free to acknowledge that I do not think your calling is without *difficulty*. You will have care, annoyance, and trouble; and will doubtless meet with many things trying to your temper and your patience. Nor do I expect that you will ever meet with any situation free from these: you are greatly mistaken if you imagine that you will. Some of your trials may be peculiar to servants; but you are grievously in error, if you suppose that those whom you serve have not their share of evils to endure, equally burdensome with those you suffer from, and probably far more distressing. A servant has the trials of a servant; and a master and mistress have those which are peculiar to their station.

But I plead some indulgence for these short-sighted and mistaken views. It is the misfortune of many domestics not to have been at all prepared for their way in life by a judicious and religious training. *Home indulgence* may have made it very difficult to submit to authority, and to practise that self-denial which is inseparable from servitude. Certain restraints, which are justly imposed, (and probably quite as much for the servant's advantage as for that of the employer,) and little unavoidable inconveniences, which, occasionally, are very irksome, would never have been felt if there had been a better kind of previous training. The mother knew the yoke which it was evident her daughter would have to wear; and, if she had accustomed her child to it in early life, how easily and lightly would it have sat upon her! Where this has been omitted, no wonder that service has been found more burdensome than was expected: but, in such cases, let not the fault be charged upon the condition, or the particular situation; since it arises from previous neglect, and consequent want of fitness.

Many enter upon service without ever having been *instructed* in the *duties* of their station. They left home for the simple reason that their parents could no longer support them, and that a necessity was laid upon them to secure a livelihood for themselves. Food and raiment they wanted; and they viewed these as the only objects and ends of service. To desire an honest

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maintenance, and to use suitable endeavours, are worthy of all. The Scripture says that he that will not work shall not eat. It is wicked to be idle. Yet there are those who care not by what means they are fed, so long as they can eat the bread of idleness. There are children who will remain at home, in comparative indolence, living on the fruit of the toils of their parents, preferring the licence of a lawless home to the rule and order of a well-regulated house, where they would be required to work for their support. A grateful and affectionate child would shrink from the thought of wringing the last penny from aged and needy parents, and would rather toil unceasingly to obtain the means, not only of self-support, but of ministering to their comfort, in the time of their sickness and decline. I honour such for their independence, industry, filial reverence, and gratitude. In no instance is the matter of wages a thing about which servants should be indifferent. Industry ought to be rewarded. The labourer is worthy of his hire. But there are considerations besides that of mere remuneration. The question is not only *what* you will get for your service, but *how* that service is to be rendered. Christianity teaches us, that in serving each other we are to serve God. Both masters and servants are divinely taught, and they are to learn their mutual duties from the word of God. Happy is that child who, before engaging in this work, has been taught out of the Bible, and who has been schooled in the lessons of that blessed Book. It is an important day, an era in the life of a child, when she leaves the paternal roof, to launch forth on life's rough sea. It would be well if it were always marked with becoming seriousness. It would be a fitting act, if every mother, on such an occasion, were to call her daughter to her, and, while holding in her hand a copy of the word of God, were to address her in some such language as the following:—"My dear child, this is an eventful day to you. You are about to leave your humble home, where your parents and yourselves have received many blessings from above, for which it becomes us to be thankful. You are now to enter, young and inexperienced, on a new and untried situation in life. You are very ignorant, and will have much to learn. You must expect trials, crosses, and disappointments. You may not always meet with the same kindness and consideration for your tender years, either from your mistress or your fellow-servants, as a mother would give. But this you must not expect; for none but a mother feels a mother's love. Yet you must not be discouraged. If you are kind and attentive to others, you will not be neglected. You will remember that the current of life has not always flowed smoothly at home. Do not endeavour to find out how many things you may possibly be dissatisfied with, but what real advantages you may find in your new situation. Above all, *read* THIS BOOK. Do not let it lie in the bottom of your box, neglected and unused. Have it on your table; and, as you have opportunity, look into it, and prayerfully seek Divine help to guide you to its meaning. This will teach you in what spirit your service ought to be rendered. Hear what St. Paul says in his Epistle to the Ephesians: (chap. vi. 5—8:)—'Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ; not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with good will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men: knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free.' A very similar direction occurs in the Epistle to the Colossians. (Chap. iii. 22—25.) And if your master be a Christian, you are not on that account to deem him less worthy of your esteem and respect; nor because he worships with you in the same sanctuary, is a member of the same church, and receives at the same table the memorials of the one common Saviour's death. This doctrine St. Paul teaches in his first Epistle to Timothy: (chap. vi. 1, 2:)—'Let as many servants as are under the yoke count their own masters worthy of all honour, that the name of God and His doctrine be not blasphemed. And they that have believing masters, let them not despise them, because they are brethren; but rather do them service, because they are faithful and beloved, partakers of the benefit. These things teach and exhort.' To the same effect St. Paul writes in his Epistle to Titus: (chap. ii. 9, 10:)—'Exhort servants to be obedient unto their own masters, and to please them well in all things; not answering again; not purloining, but showing all good fidelity; that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.' You hear, my dear girl, what the word of the Lord says to servants, and how clearly it teaches you to be, in your behaviour, respectful, obedient, industrious, and honest; seeking not only your own good, but that of those you serve; and not only their pleasure, but the pleasure of God. You may meet with those who will teach you that it will add to your importance if you are occasionally pert, disobedient, and insolently answer again; but you must shun such counsel, and in preference follow the word of God. And let me assure my child, if she takes her views of duty from the Bible, she is certain to succeed; she will secure the favour and good opinion of her employers, and it will always be a pleasure to her parents to entertain a child who comes to visit them adorned with the beauties of a good and excellent character. And, in addition to the

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blessing of your parents, you will secure, what is far better, and without which you will never be prosperous and happy, *the blessing of God*."

Well would it be for servants if, on leaving home, they always received from their parents such advice, and were directed to the Scriptures as their Divine and infallible guide. How many evils would they avoid! how much more comfortable would they be in their situations! while they would also win the respect and confidence of those they served. But few go out thus furnished. They are often, on the contrary, told by short-sighted parents, that if they do not like the place, they had better leave; that if they are not comfortable, they had better return home. And thus a young girl is set upon looking out for dislikes and discomforts; perhaps is induced to give notice to leave; and commences a life of wandering and of change, which, both to herself and others, is pre-eminently unhappy.

THE MONITOR.

SLOTH AND MISERY.

Some years since, in visiting my district for the purpose of changing the tracts left at the cottages the previous week, I found a stranger located in a house which had been without a tenant for a month or two. I just looked in to speak a word of neighbourly kindness, and to offer a tract. All was in the greatest confusion and dirt, and the noise from six or seven small children rendered any conversation impossible. I raised my voice sufficiently (though not without exertion) to make the woman understand that I would call again. I hoped by another week all would be in order, and our neighbour rather more settled in her new abode. I knew, with a family of little ones, a "flitting" was a serious thing; but I also knew that activity and industry can work wonders in a short time. The woman had a good-tempered expression of countenance; a fresh, clear complexion, with bright black eyes; and, if she had been cleanly in her person, would have been called a well-looking woman. Altogether there was something prepossessing about Mrs. G., and I anticipated a pleasant call the following Monday. Monday soon came round again, and found me with my books in hand, making my usual cottage visits. When I reached Mrs. G.'s, I gave a gentle tap at the door, not liking to lift the latch without some notice, more particularly as I heard many discords from within. I waited, then gave a louder tap; and after exhibiting a proper degree of patience, and receiving no answer from within, I gave a very loud tap, and lifted the latch at the same moment. To my dismay and astonishment, there sat Mrs. G., with an infant on her knee, the remains of her breakfast upon a dirty table, all the pots and pans in the middle of the floor, with a heap of potatoes in one corner, and the dirty linen in another. The children were scrambling and fighting over an apple or two, which had made their escape from a basket with a great hole in the bottom of it. I did not know exactly what to say, and for a moment stood confounded at the sad exhibition of idleness presented to my view. The woman was a stranger, and I did not wish to offend by saying all I thought; hoping, by kind advice, to do her good. I said, "I fear, my friend, you have not been well." "O yes, thank you, Miss; never better." Again I was at a loss. Mrs. G. herself came to my relief by observing, "I would ask you to take a chair, Miss; but I fear you cannot find one fit to sit down in." I replied, "I hoped you would have been more settled this morning, Mrs. G.; and then I should have left this nice tract for you to read in the evening to your good man when he comes home from work." "Why, you see, Miss, we have no time for reading: with my young family, and this baby, I have no time to spare for anything." I found, however, that Mrs. G. had time to run into the street, and look at everything that passed. If a funeral took place, there was Mrs. G. following after it with the poor infant, without anything to protect it from the cold, and another child without shoes, holding by her apron, and trotting by her side. If a wedding, it was just the same thing. With considerably moderated feeling respecting Mrs. G.'s prepossessing appearance, I thus again called at her cottage, and found it was her fashion to keep the shelves empty and the floor covered. I said, "You have now been a month in the village, Mrs. G., and you have never once been into the house of God; and I really believe your house is exactly in the state I found it the first morning I called upon you." "O dear, Miss," said the woman, "how can I help it, with this baby to nurse? I have no time to go to church: as for the house, poor people cannot be like the gentry." I said, "Other women have families in the village beside you; and they find time to go to a place of worship, and time to keep their houses in order, too." "All the better for them," said Mrs. G., in no very gentle tone: "I know my child takes all my time;

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and there is not a greater slave in the place than I am." "Well," I observed, "it is a sad thing to have such a tiresome, naughty, cross baby. I am sorry for you." "For the matter of that," said she, "my child is no worse than other people's; and as to its being cross, poor thing, it will amuse itself for an hour, if I give it a crust or something to play with." "In that case," I observed, "why not let it amuse itself an hour? and, while it is doing so, you might put your house in order." "O, I have no heart to clean it: it is no use where there is a family." "Mrs. G.," I said, "do you know the word of God says, 'The slothful man saith, There is a lion in the way?' which means, he makes a difficulty where there is none. The same word of truth also says, 'The slothful hideth his hand in his bosom; it grieveth him to bring it to his mouth.'" "Well, to be sure, I never was considered slothful before, and I am always slaving with a child in my arms. I have six little ones, and that's no trifle." I said, "You will not have six little ones long, if you keep them in all this filth. Let me advise you to get your husband to drain off that dirty pool at the door, or you will have some dreadful sickness in your family." "My husband never comes home till bed-time," said Mrs. G., "and then he is too tired to job about the house." I told her, she found plenty of time to run up and down after every vanity that came in her way; and if there was a quarrel she was always mixed up with it; for slothfulness made busy-bodies and tale-bearers.

It was evident Mrs. G. did not relish this plain dealing; and, finding nothing I said made any impression, I ceased to notice her. Her family still increased, but the elder children began to look pale and unhealthy, and, after a time, the colour faded on her own cheek. There are many who fancy they have "no time" for this or that, who, nevertheless, spend hours in idleness. Women may be often seen with their arms folded, telling all the news they can collect; and too often they bear false witness against their neighbours, without intending them evil, from this very sad habit of gossiping. The wise man, in the Book of Proverbs, says, "Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles;" and, also, he says, "Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger." If the poor would value time as they ought, we should hear of far less poverty. But to return to Mrs. G. The time came when this proverb was verified in her case: "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Sickness entered her habitation, and two little ones fell a sacrifice to her sloth. Again the warning voice reached her ear: but evil habits are sooner learned than lost; and though the mother felt, and that severely, the death of the children, she still continued her gossip, and lived on in dirt and untidiness. Her husband earned large wages; but, as nothing was mended or made the most of, and as much went in beer and tobacco, there was nothing left for a time of need. Sickness came again; and this time the voice spoke even louder still. A fever of a malignant kind, occasioned (as the medical man told them) by the dirt and filth by which they were surrounded, carried off the husband and father in a few days. Now the mother and her family began to be in want, with no friend to assist them. There was, however, no amendment of life in this poor slothful widow; but, as abject poverty was now her inheritance, the family became more squalid and miserable than ever. Still she carried an infant in her arms, which came into this world of sin and sorrow after the poor father had been called into eternity. Old age seemed to come upon the widow prematurely; and, with one or two of her poor fatherless little ones, she lived for some time upon the charity of those who had faithfully advised and constantly endeavoured to lead her to better habits. The workhouse was her final home on earth. "So her poverty came as one that travelleth, and her want as an armed man."

MATRIMONIAL QUARRELS.

TRIFLING disagreement about a trifling matter may destroy a life of enjoyment. And it usually happens that, when a married pair do quarrel, the occasion is so despicable that they are ashamed to think of it. Yet that silly circumstance, like a drop of ink discolouring a whole vessel of water, often spreads its influence over the whole life. Just as

> "A pebble in the streamlet scant
> Has turn'd the course of many a river;
> A dew-drop on the baby plant
> Has warp'd the giant oak for ever."

I find an exceedingly painful illustration of these ideas in an English publication, for the truth of which the author pledges his word.

A young couple had passed the first few weeks of their marriage at the house of a friend. Having at length occupied their new home, they were taking their first breakfast, when the following scene took place.

The young husband was innocently opening a boiled egg in an egg-cup. The bride observed that he was breaking the shell at what she thought the wrong end. "How strange it looks," said she, "to see you break your egg at the small end, my dear! No one else does so; and it looks so odd."

"O, I think it is quite as good, in fact, better than breaking it at the large end, my love; for when you break the large end,

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the egg runs over the top," replied the husband.

"But it looks very odd, when no one else does so," rejoined the wife.

"Well, now, I really do think it is not a nice way *you* have got of eating an egg. That dipping of strips of bread and butter into an egg, certainly is not tidy. But I do not object to your doing as you please, if you will let me break my egg at the small end," retorted the husband.

"I am sure my way is not so bad as eating fruit-pie with a knife, as you do, instead of using a fork; and you always eat the syrup, as if you were not accustomed to have such things. You really do not see how very bad it looks, or I am sure you would not do so," added the wife.

"The syrup is made to be eaten with the pie; and why should I send it away in the plate?" asked the husband.

"No well-bred persons clear up their plates as if they were starved," said the bride, with a contemptuous cast of her head.

"Well, then, I am not a well-bred person," replied the husband, angrily.

"But you must be, if we are to live comfortably together," was the sharp answer of the fastidious lady.

"Well, I *must* break my egg at the small end, so it does not signify; and I must also eat the syrup."

"Then I will not have either fruit-pie or eggs at the table."

"But I will have them," petulantly exclaimed the husband.

"Then I wish I had not been married to you," cried the young wife, bursting into tears.

"And so do I," added the now incensed husband, as he arose, and walked out of the room.

This domestic quarrel was followed by others equally trifling in their origin, and disgraceful in their character, until the silly couple made themselves so disagreeable to each other that their home became unendurable, and they separated.

Now, I doubt not, the reader is ready to pronounce this quarrel a foolish affair. It was so; and yet I seriously question if many a first quarrel between a newly-married pair has a much more elevated beginning. Little things do great mischief, and are to be watched with suspicious care.—*Galt Reporter.*

FAMILY PRAYER.

A PERSON of great quality was pleased to lodge a night in my house. I durst not invite him to my family prayer, and therefore, for that time, omitted it; thereby making a breach in a good custom, and giving Satan advantage to assault it. Yea, the loosening of such a link might have endangered the scattering of the chain.

Bold bashfulness, which durst offend God, whilst it did fear man! Especially considering that, though my guest was never so high, yet, by the laws of hospitality, I was above him, whilst he was under my roof. Hereafter, whosoever cometh within the doors, shall be requested to come within the discipline, of my house: if accepting my homely diet, he will not refuse my homedevotion; and, sitting at my table, will be entreated to kneel down by it.—*Fuller's Good Thoughts.*

BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM TELFORD.

OF his early life little can be said, as from his great age (ninety years) few or none of his early associates survive. The most important part of his life began about the year 1800; when, in company with a regiment of volunteers, he was stationed in Ireland. While he was quartered at Belfast, the Irish Conference was held there. William, with one of his comrades, on passing one of the Wesleyan chapels, was attracted by the singing, and induced to enter. The words which he then heard were the means of leading him to God; and, as the result, one of his first acts was to substitute for Paine's infidel works, which he had long carried in his knapsack, a copy of the word of God.

During the thirty-seven years he resided in Penrith, he was uninterruptedly connected with the Wesleyan Society; and by his regular attendance on the means of grace, as well as by his thankful and peaceable disposition, he adorned the profession he made. Of him it may indeed be said, "He dwelt in the courts of the Lord's house." "I look," was his expression, "for the means of grace as naturally as I do for my meals." He had a constitutional diffidence to overcome in speaking of his religious experience; but this was never permitted to keep him away from the class-meeting. One who had listened to the simple utterances he was wont to give of his Christian experience for thirty years, testifies that, while never marked by any extraordinary degree of joy, there was the expression of a uniform, humble trust in Christ, and the effect, "quietness and assurance."

About six weeks before his death, on being urged at a band-meeting to testify of the grace of God, he complied, and thus expressed himself: "As I pass along the

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road, the people often say, 'What a poor old man that is!' But," said he, "they are mistaken: I am rich, and am heir to a very large estate; which I expect, before long, to take possession of."

During his last affliction, on being visited by one of the Ministers of the Circuit, he said, "I am looking and longing for a deeper drink of that river which maketh glad the city of God;" and added, "It has been flowing for eighteen hundred years, and has reached even *me*." He then gratefully adverted to the kindness of some Christian friends in endeavouring to provide for his comfort, and compared his position with that of his Saviour. He died at Penrith, January 31st, 1847.

INCIDENTS OF PASTORAL VISITATION.

THE TWO SISTERS.

On the 1st of September, 1811, (says a living writer,) I preached a sermon in my own pulpit, from 2 Cor. ii. 14, 15: "Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge by us in every place. For we are unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish." I went in the following week on a visit to my old friend Captain Q——, at W——; and, on the Sabbath evening, I delivered the same discourse in the chapel of which the late Dr. C—— was resident Minister. I noticed, more than once during my visit, the marked attention which the young ladies paid me, especially when I was in conversation; and I had, more than once, to parry their urgent entreaty to give them a copy of the sermon,—an entreaty that was enforced by the solicitations of their mother. At length I very reluctantly consented, but fixed no time. About six months after this, when in another pulpit, and in another place, I saw Mrs. Q——, and, after service, went to the pew in which she was seated, to inquire after her welfare, and that of her interesting family.

"You have not, Sir, sent the sermon we so much desired."

"No, Madam."

"You cannot imagine what an amount of disappointment you have occasioned. For weeks we expected it every time the coach arrived; and often have my daughters gone to the office, hoping to receive the parcel." I expressed regret. I felt some surprise that there should be such an eager desire for a sermon, which I deemed not worth transcribing.

"Perhaps, Sir," Mrs. Q—— added, "when I tell you the effect of that sermon on two of my daughters, you will not be astonished by what I have stated. My eldest daughter heard the sermon when you delivered it in your own pulpit; and it proved the means of her conversion to God. My younger daughter heard it at W——; and the same result took place in her experience. We now have the unspeakable happiness of looking on our beloved daughters as fellow-heirs of the grace of life; and they, with the Captain and myself, are very anxious to possess the discourse which God has employed to produce such grand results. We should prize it, Sir, as much as an Israelite would prize the rod of Moses."

"Say no more, Madam. Forgive me. The sermon shall be copied, and sent within a week." It was sent, with a letter of congratulation and advice.

What a singular coincidence! The sermon, delivered from two pulpits, situated nearly fifty miles apart, is heard first by one sister; and, on the following Sabbath, is heard by the other; and is employed by the Divine Spirit as the instrument by which both are renewed, made new creatures in Christ Jesus, and brought into contact and fellowship with the powers of the world to come; neither of them knowing of the effect which it produced on the other, till they disclose to their honoured parents the reason why they so anxiously wished to have a copy of it.

THE SIMULTANEOUS CONVERSION.

When residing where I commenced my ministerial labours, (says the same Minister who relates the above incident,) I had in my congregation a newly-married couple of very intelligent and interesting young people. Neither of them were pious, but both were adorned with many personal graces. Shortly after Mrs. W., then, had given birth to her first-born, I paid a lengthened visit. I deemed this a fitting opportunity to press upon them the importance of personal piety; and, after tea, I proposed reading and family prayer. I saw it gave pleasure.

"My dear Sir, you are now a father. Your child is born to live for ever. Think of this. It will devolve on you to train up this child in the fear of the Lord; but, unless you yourself are brought into fellowship with Him, the duty will be but imperfectly discharged. Allow me, then, to ask you one question: Do you ever feelingly

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and earnestly pray for the salvation of your own soul?"

My friend was deeply affected: his eye was fixed on me, but he was silent; and, in a moment, by a sudden spring, of which I was unconscious until I saw the movement, his beloved wife, on exclaiming, "My dear John," threw her arms round his neck, and there was an audible weeping. I was literally taken by surprise; nor could I refrain from sympathising with my friends, who were for some few minutes too powerfully overcome by excess of feeling to give any explanation of the cause of it.

"I never, Sir," he replied, when he was sufficiently composed to speak, "had one feeling thought about the salvation of my soul, till last Sabbath three weeks, when you preached from Genesis iii. 9."

"Was it in the morning?" asked his wife.

"Yes," I replied.

"And about what time, Sir, did you commence the sermon?"

"About half-past eleven."

She was silent for some time; evidently striving against the strong tide of feeling which had set in.

"It was exactly at that hour," she at length said, "and on that morning, when solemn thoughts, which have often sprung up in my mind within the last twelve months, came upon me with great force. They were too painful and oppressive to be borne; but I knew not from what source to obtain relief. My Hymn-book was lying on my dressing-table. I opened it, and began reading a hymn, and I thought I never read one so beautiful: but when I came to the following verses, I fell on my knees at the throne of grace; and, for the first time in my life, committed my soul to the compassionate love of my Saviour:—

'O, would the Lord appear,
My malady to heal!
He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what distress I feel.

'Here, then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try:
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

'No; He is full of grace:
He never will permit
A soul, that fain would see His face,
To perish at His feet.'"

It was indeed a touching sight to behold the husband and his wife emerging together out of the mere forms of religion; and, under a keen sense of guilt and unworthiness, coming to Jesus Christ to be saved. From the first impressions of Divine truth on their hearts, till the hour when my interrogations led to the grand discovery that they had both left the dark prison-house of spiritual ignorance and alienation from God, they had been praying for each other's conversion; dreading lest the other should be left to perish: but now, under very strongly excited feelings, they exchanged mutual congratulations on account of what the Lord had so unexpectedly done for them.

We knelt together at the throne of grace, and offered up our united thanksgiving for this marvellous manifestation of the loving-kindness of God our Saviour; and, as their Minister, I solemnly dedicated them to His service, with their first-born, the living pledge of their mutual love. I then withdrew, musing, as the reader may naturally suppose, on the singular coincidence as to time, when the same spiritual effects were produced in both, in different places, and by a very different order of means. Within the space of a few months I had the gratification of seeing them under my *pastoral* charge: Mr. W. became an office-bearer of the church; and both lived to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour.

ORIENTAL SCENES.

FORTRESS OF AKABAH.

[It is a pleasure to quote the very latest traveller we have met with. The following paper was written *on the spot*, so recently as March 22d, 1850.—See "Pencillings in Palestine," by the Rev. John Anderson, of Helensburgh.]

AKABAH:

ANCIENTLY ELOTH, OR EZION-GEBER; AND SOMETIMES CALLED "THE PORT OF GOLD."

Ezion-geber, the famous "Port of Gold," where Solomon and Hezekiah built the ships with which they traded to Ophir, has completely perished, leaving not even a wreck behind. It is now the site of a Turkish fort, and a small Arab village. We parted here with our Sheikh, Musa, and his men, who had conducted us hither from Cairo; and having sent, some days before, a messenger to Sheikh Hussein, that formidable Chief, one of the modern Dukes of Edom, came here to meet us; and with him we made arrangements for the rest of our journey; namely, to Petra and Hebron.

AKABAH.

It was a day of beauty when first I joyful saw
The Red Sea roll its waves on the shores of Akabah;

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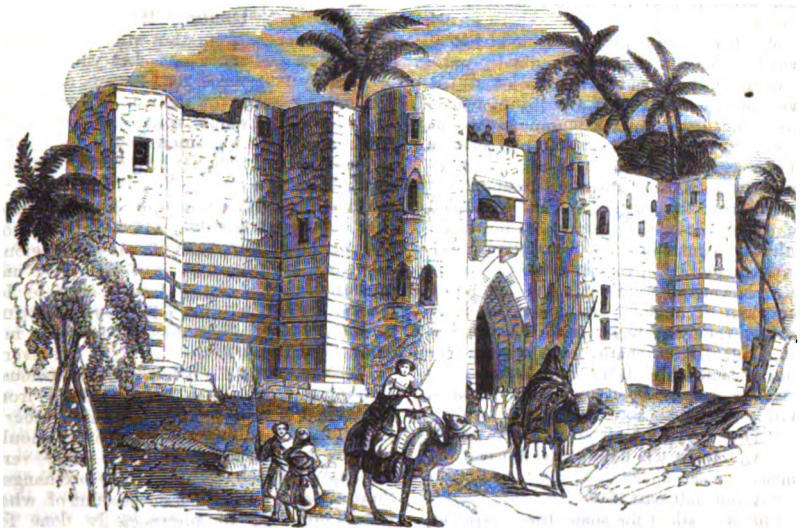

And long will I remember how, with a child's delight,
The bold dark hills of Edom burst looming on my sight:
And I, as forth I went along the shore so fair,
From its green billows snatch'd the shells bright gleaming there.
As o'er that shining bay my raptured glance was cast,
My thoughts were far away, in regions of the past;
When there the ships of Solomon their flags unroll'd,
And Akabah was Ezion-Geber, the famous "Port of Gold."
The fleets of Tyre and Israel I saw ride proudly here,
And heard the landsman's shout and the sailor's merry cheer,
As the anchor was upheaved, and loose the sails did flow,
And forth upon the waters for Ophir they did go.
The past did also there another scene unfold,
When home the ships return'd with their merchandise of gold;
And, laden with the spoils of regions far away,
'Mid cheers and deafening shouts they roll'd into the bay;
And then the stirring scene, when all along the shore,
Each carrack, heavy laden, displayed its glittering store;
And Judah's merchant-princes were gather'd there to see
Gold, silver, precious stones, spices, and ivory.
Princely, princely, Judah, was thy state and splendour then,
And thy King was the greatest and wisest among men!
But, O, the painful contrast, and, O, the grief to say,
Thy greatness and thy glory have all now pass'd away!
The Red Sea at Akabah is rolling to the land,
And graceful grows the palm along its silver strand;
But not a relic's left of the glorious days of old,
When Israel's tall ships rode in the famous "Port of Gold."

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

PEEVISHNESS.

Peevishness frequently gives rise to discord. Peevishness we may regard as a family canker. It is not like an acute disease in plants, or like the devastations of the locust and caterpillar, that cause vegetation suddenly to disappear. It is a corroding malady: it eats in, and it eats on, till the vital sap is wasted. Whether the evil be communicated by provocation and example, or whether it be natural and hereditary, we cannot tell; but, strange to say, there are many houses in which there is not an individual free from this unfortunate disease.

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Enter when you will, there is a dark frown on every one's countenance. There is not "a bright smile playing upon the cheek of beauty." That cheek has been prematurely furrowed with discontent, and the "complaint" is universally popular; not, it is true, the immortal poem that bears that name, but the everlasting detail of private drawbacks, wrongs, and injuries. At every period, even in the sunshine of summer, it appears as if the fogs of Holland had filled and overloaded the family atmosphere. Stiffness, sternness, disobligingness, constantly prevail. "One cannot do this or do that. Let another do it. He has more time than I have." Frankness, candour, and kindness have never nestled under the roof. Every scion seems to be a sensitive-plant, or smitten with the Egyptian plague, so that he shrinks if you touch him. Quaint wit, also, exhibits here her antics. Ingenuity is racked to find out a sharp retort, that may cut to the bone; and the witling delights, with a fiendish joy, in administering the silly infliction. Disorder retains her court, and celebrates her perpetual holiday here. Look at the interior of the building: everything is tossed up and down, and every one thinks herself haughty enough not to replace it. Look into the farm or counting-house: business is either at a stand-still or retrograding: no one will trouble himself to oil the wheels of industry, that, in the end, may contribute to another's advantage besides his own.

It has been a source of astonishment to me how such families continue to hang together. There are frequent turns out, it is true: some live away for a while; and some, in the paroxysm of rage, leave the place, and try their fortunes in a foreign country. Still, the heat generally subsides without much apparent conciliation; and matters proceed at the old jog, till another rut upsets the rickety wheel.

To think either of union or religion here would be absurd; as well look for it in a den of asps or jackals. The house is the miniature of the abode of darkness. Its original, its prototype, is the region of despair, where fallen angels and condemned spirits constantly indulge in scenes of mutual recrimination.

It has been often asked, Is this malady capable of cure? In answer, it is very hard to say, because the patients never seek for a physician. They are all so "wise in their own conceit," that a modest hint at the prevailing disease would be certain to provoke the rejoinder that "persons should always mind their own affairs." Often, however, there is some sense in one of the family. Let this become a Vesta-light to kindle a fire of unity. Constitutional peculiarity is hard to be overcome; it is like constitutional weakness, that requires time and tonics to strengthen it; but by a quiet, silent, forbearing process, much might be done. Let all causes of provocation be removed. Let taunting language cease. Gather a lesson from the smiling flowers around you, and smile too. Let your smile be that of undisguised good-nature, and not the cutting smile of malice. Take upon you the task of family reformer. Do your work mildly, gently, insensibly. Let your applications and rebukes be general, and in small doses at a time. Remove every reasonable cause of reproach or fault-finding, and never recriminate. Patience will do more to effect a cure than direct applications. Be sure to persevere without growing discouraged; and if you succeed in rooting out the malady, remember you deserve more genuine applause than Alexander, when he had conquered a world.

Pinching poverty often originates discord. Poverty is a sore trial, which it requires a large stock of faith to bear with equanimity. Unfortunately, those who are covered with the pall of distress are generally ignorant; they have neglected means of grace, that are indispensable to enlighten and sustain the mind; and they have laid up no store of spiritual comfort against the evil day. Indeed, physical suffering is very hard to endure. And it is not their own wants, but the privations of those whom they hold dearer than life itself, that accumulate and deepen their affliction. Melancholy, in the first stage, ends in recrimination at the last. A loving couple have many struggles before they arrive at this conclusion. Love stifles reproaches. At length, by physical want, the feeling cools down; and the demon of indifference usurps its throne. From indifference there is only one light step to hatred. This, for a time, is a mere personal feeling, concealed equally from the family and the public. After a time, the bubbling caldron boils over. The ear of lisping childhood is profaned by parental controversy, and learns to admit occasions of hatred to the other children. In due season, the mask wears largely away; the public are let behind the scene, at least any of them who are busybodies, and who delight in gadding about from house to house. Now it is no secret that Alexander the carpenter, and his wife, once so loving, are at variance. Neighbours, some through sincerity, some through curiosity, and some to kindle the coal, put their fingers into the pie. The application, like poison or caustic, aggravates the disorder; while no charitable soul has either wit or compassion to cut up the roots of the malady by removing their physical wants, and thus to cause sunshine, joy, and gladness again to beam upon their once-happy dwelling.

To guard against poverty, strive to avoid its cause. Do not fritter any little stock you have in foolish vanity or in wanton luxury. Remember, if there be a bright day now, there will be a rainy day hereafter. Let not affection absorb your little

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competence. Above all, beware of gambling, drinking, prodigality. Be industrious, honest, and frugal. If, notwithstanding every effort, your resources fail you, and poverty stares you in the face, recollect there is a God above you, who sees you, and who moves the wheel of Providence. Consider His promises: "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles." (Psalm xxxiv. 6.) "The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." (Verse 10.) "The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles." (Verse 17.) Do not fly either in God's face or your companion's, because you undergo the ordinary trials of man. What know you but the furnace of poverty is sent for your purification? At any rate, try to better your condition by every legitimate means in your power. Voluntary poverty is a dogma, solely, of an apostate Church. God's own rod is sufficient. Strive to have it removed by honest industry, by pains-taking, by frugality, and especially by prayer. And, meanwhile, live in love; and the Almighty will be certain to reward your fidelity.—*Rev. W. Oliver.*

LAMARTINE ON THE IRRELIGION OF REVOLUTIONARY MEN.

I KNOW—I sigh when I think of it—that hitherto the French people have been the least religious of all the nations of Europe. Is it because—the idea of God, which arises from all the evidences of nature, and from the depths of reflection, being the profoundest and weightiest idea of which human intelligence is capable; and the French mind being the most rapid, but the most superficial, the lightest, the most unreflective of all European races—this mind has not the force and severity necessary to carry far and long the greatest conception of the human understanding?

Is it because our governments have always taken upon themselves to think for us, to believe for us, and to pray for us? Is it because we are, and have been, a military people, a soldier-nation, led by kings, heroes, ambitious men, from battle-field to battle-field, making conquests, and never keeping them, ravaging, dazzling, charming, and corrupting Europe; and bringing home the manners, vices, bravery, lightness, and impiety of the camp to the fireside of the people?

I know not; but certain it is that the nation has an immense progress to make in serious thought, if she wishes to remain free. If we look at the characters, compared as regards religious sentiment, of the great nations of Europe, America, even Asia, the advantage is not for us. The great men of other countries live and die on the scene of history, looking up to heaven: our great men appear to live and die, forgetting completely the only idea for which it is worth living and dying,—they live and die looking at the spectator, or, at most, at posterity.

Open the history of America, the history of England, and the history of France; read the great lives, the great deaths, the great martyrdoms, the great words at the hour when the ruling thought of life reveals itself in the last words of the dying. But cross the Atlantic, traverse the Channel, come to our times, open our annals, and listen to the last words of the great political actors of the drama of our liberty. One would think that God was eclipsed from the soul, that His name was unknown in the language. History will have the air of an atheist, when it recounts to posterity these annihilations, rather than deaths, of celebrated men in the greatest year of France!

Look at Mirabeau on the bed of death. "Crown me with flowers," said he; "intoxicate me with perfumes. Let me die to the sound of delicious music." Not a word of God or of his soul. Sensual philosopher, he desired only supreme sensualism, a last voluptuousness in his agony. Contemplate Madame Roland, the strong-hearted woman of the Revolution, on the cart that conveyed her to death. She looked contemptuously on the besotted people who killed their prophets and sibyls. Not a glance towards heaven! Only one word for the earth she was quitting, —"O Liberty!"

Approach the dungeon-door of the Girondins. Their last night is a banquet; the only hymn, the Marseillaise! Follow Camille Desmoulins to his execution. A cool and indecent pleasantry at the trial, and a long imprecation on the road to the guillotine, were the two last thoughts of this dying man on his way to the last tribunal.

Hear Danton on the platform of the scaffold, at the distance of a line from God and eternity. "I have had a good time of it: let me go to sleep!" Then to the executioner,—"You will show my head to the people: it is worth the trouble!" His faith, annihilation; his last sigh, vanity. Behold the Frenchman of this latter age!

What must one think of the religious sentiment of a free people, whose great figures seem thus to march in procession to annihilation, and to whom that terrible minister, death, itself recalls neither the threatenings nor promises of God!

The Republic of these men without a God has quickly been stranded. The liberty, won by so much heroism and so much genius, has not found in France a conscience to shelter it, a God to avenge it, a people to defend it against that atheism which has been called glory. All ended in a soldier, and some apostate republicans cannot be heroic. When you terrify it, it bends; when you would

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buy it, it sells itself. It would be very foolish to immolate itself. Who would take any heed? the people ungrateful, and God non-existent! So finish atheist revolutions! —*Bien Publique.*

POPERY.

WHAT HAS POPERY DONE?

You (Jesuits) claim the liberty to instruct. For some centuries you have held in your hands, at your discretion, at your school, under your ferule, two great nations,—Italy and Spain; illustrious among the illustrious: and what have you done with them? I am going to tell you. Thanks to you, Italy, of which no one can think, or even pronounce her name, without inexpressible filial grief; Italy, that mother of genius and of nations, which has diffused over the whole world the most astonishing productions of poetry and art; Italy, which has taught our race to read, does not to-day know how to read herself! Yes, Italy has, of all the states of Europe, the smallest number of native inhabitants who are able to read! Spain, magnificently endowed; Spain, which received from the Romans her first civilisation, from the Arabians her second civilisation, from Providence, and in spite of you, a world,—America; Spain has lost, thanks to you, thanks to your brutal yoke, which is a yoke of degradation, Spain has lost that secret of her power which she received from the Romans, that genius in the arts which she received from the Arabs, that world which God gave her. And in exchange for what you made her lose, what has she received? She has received the *Inquisition!* The Inquisition! which certain men of a certain party are endeavouring to-day to re-establish, with a modest timidity for which I honour them. The Inquisition! which has burned upon the funeral pile five millions of men. *Read history.* The Inquisition! which exhumed the dead, in order to burn them as heretics. Witness Urgel, and Arnault, Count of Forcalquier. The Inquisition! which declares children heretics, even to the second generation. It is true, in order to console Spain for what you have taken from her, that you have surnamed what you have given her Catholic. Ah! do you know you have drawn from one of the greatest of men that dolorous cry which accuses you,—"I would much rather that Spain should be great than that she should be Catholic?" See what you have done with that focus of light which you call Italy. You have extinguished it. That colossus which you call Spain, you have undermined. The one is in ruins, the other in ashes. See what you have done for these two great nations!—*Victor Hugo.*

POPISH MISSIONS.

The great Propaganda of the Romish Church has its seat, neither in Rome, nor anywhere in Italy, but in Lyons, in France. The state of its funds for 1848, and also for 1849, has been recently made public. In 1848, the funds, including a balance from the previous year of £17,465, amounted to £130,166; and in 1849, with a balance of £21,371, they amounted to £142,580. Of these funds, France contributes by far the largest share; £70,237 in the one year, and £72,905 in the other: while all Italy, in 1849, contributed only a little short of £8,000; of which sum, the Roman States gave no more than £2,861. In 1848, on account of the disturbances, they yielded nothing. The British isles, in 1848, contributed £4,476; and in 1849, £4,267.

In regard to the disbursement of these funds, some comparative idea of the fields of their Missions may be gathered from the following items:—In 1849, their Missions in Asia have had expended on them upwards of £42,000; those in America, £36,621; those in Europe, £21,892; those in Africa, £11,147; and those in Oceania, £16,710.

POETRY.

THE HAPPY MAN.

He is the happy man whose life, e'en now,
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleased with it; and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one,
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home.
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search

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Of objects more illustrious in her view;
And, occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;
He seeks not hers, for he has proved them vain.
He cannot skim the ground like summer-birds
Pursuing gilded flies; and such he deems
Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore, in contemplation is his bliss,
Whose power is such, that whom she lifts from earth
She makes familiar with a heaven unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be reveal'd.

"WHAT TIME I AM AFRAID, I WILL TRUST IN THEE."—PSALM LVI. 3.

WHEN all within is grief and fear,
When every earthly ill is near,
When down my cheek steals many a tear,
By faith I'll cling to Thee!

To Thee I'll fly in sorrow's hour,
When crush'd is every earthly flower;
For Thou wilt give my soul the power
By faith to cling to Thee!

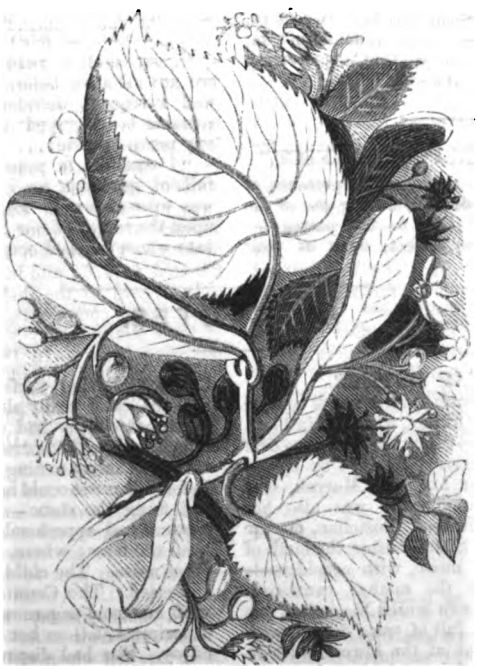
When anguish is too deep for speech,
My faintest sigh Thine ear can reach;
For Thou my inmost soul canst teach
To lean by faith on Thee!

When anxious thoughts disturb my rest,
When e'en in prayer I am distrest,
O, Thou canst calm the throbbing breast,
By giving faith in Thee!

Ah, yes! to Thee belongs all power,
And Thou canst brighten sorrow's hour,
And bring forth many a lovely flower,
By giving faith in Thee!

O, give me then, by power Divine,
A heart that is entirely Thine!
In Thy own image may I shine,
By faith which lives in Thee!

PAPERS ON BOTANY.



THE TEIL-TREE.

THIS is the *tilia Europæa*; the linden or lime tree. All the species of the *tilia* are very handsome. The leaves are heart-shaped; the flowers nectareous and sweetly fragrant. The common lime-tree abounds in the

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middle and north of Europe. In the neighbouring continental countries, as well as in Great Britain, it is a choice ornament of parks and avenues. Its white and close-grained wood is applied to many uses. Many of our finest carvings are of this material. The fibres of the bark serve for the manufacture of ropes and mats. An infusion of its flowers is used on the Continent as an antispasmodic and expectorant. But the pasture it affords for bees gives to the teil-tree a pre-eminent value.

Many specimens of the linden are celebrated for their great age and magnificent size. The main street of Berlin is called, *Unter den Linden*, from the trees which are planted on each side.

In various instances this tree, like the oak, has been regarded with special veneration. Under its ample shadow many half-civilised tribes have held their councils.

It is now generally admitted that the beautiful imagery of Isai. vi. 13 refers to the terebinth, rather than to the teil-tree.

TABLE-TALK.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

The Rev. James Hervey, writing to one of his friends in Bideford, and alluding to a religious society which he had formed there, and which had flourished long after his departure, says:—

"I am glad to find that you, and ——, and ——, often meet together, and, like the people mentioned by the Prophet, speak one to another of the things of God. O let us exhort one another to faith, love, and good works; and so much the more, as we see the day of eternal judgment approaching. Let me not be forgotten in your little society, when the Lord Jesus is in the midst of you, speaking peace to your consciences, showing you His hands and His side."

"BE YE THEREFORE PERFECT."

Reference was made in the presence of Queen Dowager Adelaide, during one of the last years of her life, to the passage,—"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect." One of her circle said, that "it was a text full of difficulties: it urged a state impossible to be attained." The Queen looked up, and said, quietly, "Can that assertion be maintained? It is hardly a safe supposition, that the great and good Father above would enjoin any command upon His poor, erring children, which it was impossible they should fulfil. Would not such a conclusion derogate from the sincerity of God?"

EXTRACT FROM THE WILL OF THE LATE QUEEN DOWAGER.

"I die in all humility, knowing well that we are all alike before the throne of God; and I request, therefore, that my mortal remains be conveyed to the grave without any pomp or state....

"I shall die in peace with all the world, full of gratitude for all the kindness that was ever shown to me, and in full reliance upon the mercy of our Saviour Jesus Christ, into whose hands I commit my soul."

ANECDOTES.

THE DEAF MOTHER.

The following curious anecdote is related of the Countess of Orkney, who died in 1790, aged seventy-six:—"Her ladyship was deaf and dumb, and married in 1753 by signs: she lived with her husband, Murrah, first Marquis of Thomond, who was also her first cousin, at his seat, Rostellan, on the harbour of Cork. Shortly after the birth of her first child, the nurse, with considerable astonishment, saw the mother cautiously approach the cradle in which the infant was sleeping, evidently full of some deep design. She, like all persons of the lowest order in her country—indeed, in most countries—was fully impressed with an idea of the peculiar cunning and malignity of 'dumbies.' Eagerly, therefore, did she watch her mistress. The Countess, having perfectly assured herself that the child really slept, took out a large stone, which she had concealed under her shawl, and, to the horror of the nurse, raised it with an intent to fling it down vehemently. Before the nurse could interpose, the Countess had flung the stone—not, however, as the servant had apprehended, at the child, but —on the floor; where, of course, it made a great noise. The child immediately awoke, and cried. The Countess, who had looked with maternal eagerness to the result of her experiment, fell on her knees in a transport of joy. She had discovered that her child possessed the sense which was wanting in herself." She exhibited, on many occasions, proofs of intelligence, but none so interesting.

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REMARKABLE DAYS.

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

BURNT 21ST MARCH, 1556.

THOMAS, ARCHBISHOP CRANMER, was born at Aslacton, in Nottinghamshire, on the 2d of July, 1489. His ancestors were respectable: they had for many generations resided in that county. On reaching his fourteenth year, he entered as a student at Jesus College, Cambridge. After about seven years' residence he was elected to a Fellowship. In his twenty-third year he vacated his Fellowship, on his marriage. Respecting the choice he made, one of his biographers observes: "Some Popish writers have industriously represented [her] as a woman of low condition; and were we even to admit the accuracy of their representations, it is not easy to perceive that he would thus be curtailed of any portion of his moral dignity." Of himself, his enemies reported that "he was but an hostler, and therefore without all good learning." Such a mode of degrading real worth has never been uncommon: it was employed against Him who was despised and rejected of men. He was spoken of as "the son of the carpenter."

In about a year after his marriage, his wife died; on which event he was, by an unusual exercise of favour, restored to his Fellowship. He now again applied himself to study, and made great acquisitions. Ever reading with pen in hand, he gradually accumulated a stock of rich materials for the arduous controversies he was destined to maintain in behalf of truth against error. He diligently discharged the duties of Reader or Lecturer at Magdalene College.

In 1524, Wolsey having founded a College at Oxford, a Fellowship in it was offered to Cranmer; but this he declined. About this time he took the degree of Doctor in Divinity, and was, by his own College, appointed Lecturer in that department. Two years afterwards, being nominated one of the Public Examiners in divinity, he spread terror among the candidates for degrees in theology, by the unexpected demand he made of them for some knowledge of the sacred Scriptures. By this course the Bible became known, and thus he began to sow the seeds of the Reformation.

On the breaking out of an epidemic, Cranmer retired from Oxford to the parish of Waltham-Abbey, in the county of Essex, along with two pupils named Cressy, at whose father's house he took up his abode. While here, King Henry VIII. made an excursion into the neighbourhood; and Cranmer, being at Waltham, met two of the King's attendants, Drs. Gardiner and Fox, who afterwards became respectively Bishops of Winchester and Hereford. The conversation turned on the King's divorce from Catharine of Arragon. This Princess had been the widow of the King's brother Arthur; and, now that His Majesty was smitten with the charms of Anne Boleyn, he desired to get rid of his wife, on the plea that his conscience was troubled. The Pope was applied to for a dispensation. He ventured to refuse, not wishing to offend the Queen's nephew, Charles V. Cranmer advised the King's friends to induce him to try the question out of the word of God, and thereupon to proceed to a final sentence, and to take, at the same time, other steps to get the matter settled independently of the Pope. Fox mentioning this to his royal master, Cranmer was immediately summoned to court. At the first interview with the King, he was urged to lay aside all other matters, and to lend his mind to the accomplishing of the divorce according to the method he had suggested; and, in the meantime, to take up his residence with the Earl of Wiltshire, father of Anne Boleyn.

The first mark of the royal favour received by Cranmer was his appointment to the archdeaconry of Taunton, one of the royal chaplaincies, and a parochial benefice.

Unwilling to come to an open rupture with the Pope, Henry sent Cranmer on a special mission; who, on this occasion, saw "many things contrary to God's honour." In 1531 he was commissioned as sole Ambassador to the Emperor, which kept him for several months in Germany, where he met with and married Anne, the niece of the wife of Osiander, the distinguished Pastor of Nüremberg. As he was now in Priest's orders, this step plainly showed the influence of Protestant light upon his mind, in his disregard of the dogma of Rome concerning the celibacy of the Clergy. While Cranmer was in Germany, Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had patronised Erasmus, died. To this see the King determined to elevate Cranmer. There were great difficulties, however, in the way. Cranmer felt that he could not take the oath of allegiance to the Pope, always administered at the consecration of an Archbishop, and which seemed altogether at variance with loyalty to the Sovereign; and he assured Henry that he could only receive the archbishopric from himself. The King was not to be shaken in his determination, and he consulted several casuists. They assured him that Cranmer might take the oath to the Pope with a protest that he meant nothing by it. Yielding to the judgment of the casuists, and the wishes of his Sovereign, Cranmer took the obnoxious oath, and then read his protest, in the most public manner, three times. He was fully persuaded that the authority exercised in England by the Bishop of Rome was a mere usurpation. The morality of

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this proceeding has been awkwardly excused by his friends, and justly condemned by his foes. One truly observes, that "an honest man has but one way of taking an oath."

One of the earliest exercises of Cranmer's archiepiscopal power was to pronounce the sentence of Catharine's divorce, on the ground of that marriage being contrary to the word of God. In January, 1534, Henry was married to Anne Boleyn. The Archbishop felt himself often painfully circumstanced by the patronage of a Monarch whose will was law, and whose brutality never met with a defender.

After the lapse of some time, Cranmer made use of his high position to bring about a reformation of religion. The monasteries having become dens of corruption, in which every species of crime was committed, he urged their suppression. Visiters were appointed to make inquiry into their state. Their reports were laid before Parliament. As the result, an Act for their suppression was passed; while another Act gave their revenues to the King, and his successors.

The next effort of Cranmer was to urge the Convocation to petition the King for leave to make a translation of the Bible, to be set up in all the churches, for the use of the people. Gardiner and the Popish party opposed this, as a dangerous innovation, inimical to the interests of the King and of the Church. But the King, urged on by the Queen, gave orders for setting about the work forthwith. The printing of the translation was begun in Paris. The Clergy there, however, stopped the press, and seized and burnt as many copies as they could lay hold of. The workmen and forms were brought over to England; where, under one Grafton, the work was completed, in 1537.

Cranmer was anxious to have the confiscated ecclesiastical property appropriated to the advancement of learning and religion; but this gave a blow to his influence with the King. Still, while Henry lived, he continued to befriend him, and he shielded him from the dangers to which he was exposed from his Popish adversaries.

When the King died, in 1547, Cranmer was placed at the head of a Regency, consisting of sixteen, most of whom were inclined to promote the Reformation. During the short reign of Edward, he vigorously pursued his objects, and, with the aid of Ridley, his Chaplain, and other able Divines, he succeeded in giving to the Church of England nearly the form it bears at the present day. In preparing the Articles and Book of Common Prayer, Cranmer had a principal hand; and the Homilies on Salvation, Faith, and Good Works, were the productions of his pen.

On the accession of Mary, a storm burst forth, which threatened to extinguish the Reformation, and rivet the chains of Papal superstition once more on the people of England. Among the victims of that bloody reign was Cranmer. He was first committed to the Tower on a charge of high treason; and afterwards, along with Ridley and Latimer, was condemned to be burnt as an heretic. During the imprisonment to which he was subjected, he was exposed to every kind of insult; solicited to recant by every inducement that could be presented to shake his faith; and, wearied out, at length was led to sign a recantation, which he afterwards bitterly lamented.

On the 21st of March, 1556, he was taken from prison to St. Mary's church, Oxford, and placed on an elevated platform in front of the pulpit, which was occupied by Dr. Cole, the Provost of Eton, who preached on the occasion. Cranmer listened to the discourse, kneeled down, and prayed with deep emotion. He then rose, and gave an exhortation to the audience which crowded the church. He concluded by avowing his deep remorse and repentance for having been so weak as to deny those doctrines which were in accordance with the word of God; and, holding forth the hand which had signed his recantation, he declared that it should be the first member of his body that should perish. This filled his persecutors with fury, as they expected to hear him avow his faith in the errors of Popery. Like Stephen of old, he was dragged forth amidst the execrations of his murderers, and bound to the stake. He suffered with calmness, and resolutely held the hand that had signed the obnoxious document in the flame, till it was entirely consumed.

PETER SAMUEL.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

[All notices for this department, if not sent by one of the Ministers of the Circuit, must be authenticated by his signature, in addition to that of the sender.]

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Dyer, Mrs.,	Dubuque,	Iowa, United States,	21	April 3d, 1850.
Fairhand, Mr. Henry,	Longton,	Longton,	25	May 12th, 1850.
Lacey, John Braithwaite,	Dumfries,	Dumfries,	17	Dec. 26th, 1849.
Mulholland, Mrs. Mary,	Hydepark,	Ballyclare,	25	Nov. 17th, 1850.
Sargant, Mr. John,		Longton,	71	Feb. 10th, 1850.

H. T. & J. ROGER, PRINTERS, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

APRIL, 1851.

SARAH MARTIN, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

As the religion of the Bible progresses, the condition of mankind at large improves. A great revolution is being produced in moral sentiment. Goodness becomes admired. In the days of ancient Greece and Rome, as civilisation advanced, there were changes effected. But to the last, and at the best, it was *power* and not *goodness* before which these people did homage. Virtue with them, as one observes, was first "*manliness*, (ἀρετη), that is, 'martiality,' from Αρης, 'Mars,' the god of war; *virtus*, that is, 'manliness,' from *vir*, 'a man,') and then it was *endurance*, and then it was *magnanimity*:" it was never *goodness*, or *charity*, or *love*. For aspects of virtue such as these, the world had to wait for the revelation of Him of whom it is emphatically said, "God is love." And now, as He becomes known, and His religion becomes influential, men are charmed into love with the simple exhibition of goodness; so that even the life and labours of the pious poor come to be lauded in circles where once they were unnoticed, or, if referred to at all, were only mentioned to be ridiculed. In our own land, for instance, during the last few years, there has been introduced into the leading periodical literature of the day, an improved tone of opinion, which cannot fail to comfort the Christian mind, amidst the unquietness occasioned by the war of opinion now raging around.

It is but a year or two ago since the "Edinburgh Review" devoted an article to the humble but remarkable woman whose name stands at the head of this article. There was nothing to attract the attention of any one to Sarah Martin but the charities of the Gospel, which found in her life and labours a remarkable embodiment. Her whole strength, and worth, and glory lay in this, that she was a God-loving, God-fearing, well-living, and good-doing individual. She was not an educated person. She possessed no great powers of mind. She had neither rank nor fortune with which to gild over her efforts. She was a poor, ill-educated, solitary girl, who gave herself, body, soul, and spirit, to alleviate the crime and misery around her; and who spent her life in efforts to reclaim the abandoned to virtue, industry, and piety. And now, so high is the value set upon examples of moral worth such as she exhibited, that the very journal which in former days attempted to write down Missions, and contemn Methodism, steps forward to pronounce this pious woman's eulogy, and to claim for her a foremost rank among the benefactors and benefactresses of her country. The reviewer seems captivated with his subject; and he does his best to set her forth as an example for the admiration and imitation of others. This he avows he has done, from a conviction that "it is the business of literature to make such a life stand out from the

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masses of ordinary existences, with something of the distinctness with which a lofty building uprears itself in the confusion of a distant view. It should be made to attract all eyes, to excite the hearts of all persons who think the welfare of their fellow-mortals an object of interest or duty; it should be included in collections of biography, and chronicled in the high places of history; men should be taught to estimate it as that of one whose philanthropy has entitled her to renown, and children to associate the name of Sarah Martin with those of Howard, Buxton, Fry,—the most benevolent of mankind."

The story of Sarah Martin is soon told. She was a native of Caister, a village three miles from Yarmouth, and was born in June, 1791. She was brought up by her grandmother, having, at an early age, been deprived of both her parents. She received the scanty education afforded by the village school, and also, apparently, some religious instruction in a Sabbath-school. At fourteen years of age she went to learn dress-making, and in a year after engaged in the regular prosecution of that branch of occupation. Living at Caister with her grandmother, she worked at Yarmouth; to and from which place she was in the habit of walking daily. Her road led her frequently past the Yarmouth jail; a dark, frowning, grotesque building, of which the gloomy exterior but faintly indicated the nameless horrors that reigned within; a hideous receptacle of filth, disease, brutality, and crime. Sarah's eye often rested on the gloomy mansion as she journeyed past it; but it was not to congratulate herself on her happy ignorance of the miseries that were shut up from human view by these black walls: on the contrary, it was to sigh and wish that by some means she might be permitted to penetrate that abode of gloom, and speak words of healing to the wretched inmates. "I felt a strong desire," she says, writing of a date as far back as 1810, when she was but nineteen years of age, "to obtain admission to the prisoners to read the Scriptures to them: for I thought much of their condition, and of their sin before God; how they were shut out from society, whose rights they had violated; and how destitute they were of the scriptural instruction which alone could meet their unhappy circumstances." At first, doubtless, this desire passed through her mind as little better than a vagrant wish which there seemed no hope of her ever being able to gratify; but it had risen up from the deep places of her soul, and it would ever and anon come back upon her, and at length it took entire possession of her, and would not be denied. In 1819 she at length nerved herself to the execution of her long-cherished purpose. A woman had been committed to Yarmouth jail for appalling cruelty to her own child. The case was one to work on a mind like that of Sarah Martin. She determined to see the unnatural mother, and to try upon her embruted nature the effect of that Gospel-specific in the power of which she had long cherished an unhesitating faith. She resolved to try the experiment alone. No one was her counsellor. She took with her no companion. "God led me," says she, "and I consulted none but Him." Repulsed, at first, by the jailer, she retired only to repeat her application with greater urgency. This time she was successful, and with a bounding heart at length found herself admitted. She hastened to the cell of the cruel mother, who gazed with surprise at the sight of such a visiter. "I told her," says Sarah Martin, "the motive of my visit; her guilt, her need of God's mercy, &c.: she burst into tears, and thanked me." Sarah had with her that Book "which," in her own words, "ever tells of mercy;" and she read to the culprit, from the twenty-third chapter of St. Luke, the case of the transgressor who, though justly condemned by the law of man, found favour and forgiveness from the Saviour.

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This experiment determined Sarah Martin's future course. From that time the visiting of the prisoners became a regular part of her occupation. At first she contented herself with reading to them; but gradually her sphere of benevolent exertion widened, and she began to teach them to read for themselves, and then to write. For this purpose she had to give up, regularly, one whole day in the week from dress-making,—a sacrifice of a sixth part of her limited income, which she cheerfully made for the object on which her heart was set.

Her next attempt was to introduce among the prisoners the religious observance of the Lord's day; and, that she might confirm them in the habit, she joined their morning worship as a hearer, whilst one of the criminals read to the rest. Having gained thus much, she set next about the introduction of employment among the prisoners, teaching the women to sew and make dresses, and the men to manufacture various articles of male apparel.

In this walk of quiet, unostentatious benevolence she continued for several years. At length a new sphere opened before her: she became a *preacher* to the prisoners. At first she read only printed sermons; then she wrote and read addresses of her own; and ultimately she was enabled to speak to the prisoners without writing beforehand, simply from the holy Scriptures.

"Judging," says the reviewer, "from the notes which we have seen, her addresses to her prison auditory were formed upon a regular system, which was calculated to set before them that particular view of Christian truth which she thought best suited to their circumstances and comprehension. She principally urged three points: 1. The inseparable connexion between sin and sorrow; the great fact that, in spite of all the allurements and artful promptings of temptation, misery 'doth vice, e'en as its shade, pursue,' and with the same certainty that effect follows cause in any of the physical operations of nature. This was a foundation upon which, before such an auditory, she might most safely build; and, whilst she reiterated the position in many varieties of expression, her hearers must have felt bitterly conscious that she was not dealing with an imaginary case, but with a stern truth, of which they were themselves the evidences and the victims. 2. Her second point was, that there was a similar and equally indissoluble connexion between goodness and happiness. Station, wealth, and the pleasures of life, when viewed at a distance, seemed to lead to a different conclusion. They promised fairly; but, if approached or partaken of, it became evident that they excited hopes which it was not in their power to gratify, and that, unless united to goodness, sorrow was their inseparable adjunct. God is eternally happy because He is immutably good; and man can procure exemption from misery only by attaining to freedom from the shackles of vice. 3. Her third point was to lead her auditors to the ever-open door of mercy, and, in glowing strains of Bible-eloquence, to invite, entreat, and urge them to enter in. The Almighty was held forth to them as desirous to communicate of His own sinless happy nature to all who come to Him as the willing servants of the crucified Redeemer; ready by His own Spirit to purify and guide them; to be to them as a hiding-place from trouble, a pavilion in which they should be kept secretly from the strife of tongues, a place of refuge in which they should be compassed about with songs of deliverance. Thus were the realities of their position traced to their fountain-head; a way of escape was pointed out; and, in the midst of their sin and shame, they were affectionately allured towards the service of God, as that which should give them freedom, peace, and happiness. There is reason to believe, that these doctrines, urged with a kindly, warm-hearted sincerity, were eminently successful."

In 1826 her grandmother died, and left her an annual income of between

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ten and twelve pounds. With this she removed from Caister to Yarmouth; and from that time devoted herself with increasing energy to her philanthropic labours. Hitherto the only assistance she had enjoyed had been from a benevolent lady, who gave her what was an equivalent to the produce of one day's dress-making in the week, that she might have some slight relaxation amidst her toil. A few subscriptions to provide Bibles, Testaments, and tracts, formed the whole addition that was made to her stock of pecuniary resources. At length, her occupation as a dress-maker began to fail her: perhaps, she had not been able to keep up with the changes continually making in her art; or she might, possibly, have been deemed by some persons too romantic to attend to her work; or, probably, she could not always make her time suit that of her customers. At any rate, she lost their custom. Her few and simple wants, however, were provided for. In 1841, after she had laboured for upwards of twenty years, the Corporation of Yarmouth, in testimony of their sense of her services, made her a grant of £12 per annum for life.

After she entirely gave up her business, her time was wholly devoted to efforts of faith and love. Beside her labours at the jail, where she usually spent from six to seven hours daily, she used to teach a school at the workhouse, and afterwards a school for factory-girls. She also spent much time in visiting the sick poor, both in the workhouse and through the town generally.

At length her public work was done. She came to die. Her sufferings during her last illness were protracted and severe; but she bore them with meekness and great fortitude. Nor was her mind inactive. Shut up from her accustomed walks of practical exertion, she indulged a talent for poetical composition, which had long lain latent in her breast. Of the poems she composed at this time, several have been published, which, in the judgment of the reviewer, "evidence the existence in her mind of the action of an unquestionable vein of real poetry." They evince also the holy calm, and even joy, with which she bore her sufferings, and the ever-brightening hope with which she anticipated her departure. Hear how she spoke from that bed of pain:—

"I seem to lie
So near the heavenly portals bright,
I catch the streaming rays that fly
From Eternity's own light."

In such strains Sarah Martin sang until her change came; and, when her nurse whispered that her time for going was nigh, the poor racked and wearied sufferer clapped her hands, and exclaimed, "Thank God! thank God!" and laid her down, and fell asleep in Jesus. She died on the 15th of October, 1843; and was buried in the churchyard at Caister, by the side of her grandmother. A tombstone marks the spot where she lies, bearing a simple inscription written by herself: it tells of her age and death, but says not one word of her works of faith and labours of love. Her record is on high.

And now, reader, what lesson have you learnt from such a life? You may be lowly born; you may live in humble life; you may have little learning; you may possess little money; you may seem to have few opportunities. So it was with Sarah Martin. But have you, like her, obtained the pearl of great price? Then, like her, you may find something to do for Him who hath loved you and given Himself for you, and on behalf of the lost He came to seek and save. It is not likely that in God's providence a path will be opened up to you exactly such as that in which Sarah Martin had to walk; but, depend upon it, there are openings even for *you*. The great lesson taught in many

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ways to the young disciple of Him whose meat and drink it was to do His Father's will, is, first, Be good; and then, secondly, Do good; and, if there be in you a right state of heart and an earnest purpose, combined with faith and prayer, an open door of usefulness will be set before you. It may not be a very wide one; a very distinguished one: it may not be one calculated to gratify the cravings of vanity, or that love of notoriety which is found in some: it may be found within the precincts of your own house, or a neighbour's cottage; or it may present to your view and efforts but a single solitary sinner, whom a lifetime of holy example, and Gospel teaching, and earnest prayer, must be devoted to bring into the way of peace. But wherever and whatever it may be, God's providence will point it out to you, and the Spirit's grace will enable you to obey the call; and, at length, if faithful unto death, a loving Saviour will say to you, what you may never say of yourself, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Would you so live, and love, and work, and at length be rewarded? Then listen to that which was the secret of Sarah Martin's singular devotedness, and the potent charm which worked such steadfastness: "The Bible was the great fountain of her knowledge and her power. For many years she read it through four times every year, and had formed a most exact reference-book to its contents. Her intimate familiarity with its striking imagery and lofty diction, impressed a poetical character upon her own style, and filled her mind with exalted thoughts." In a word, under the Spirit's teaching, and by the guidance of such instrumentality as He employed, Bible-truth taught her what she was and what she needed: it brought her to Jesus; and there, when, like Mary, she sat at the Master's feet, that Bible taught her what to do, and how to do it. She made the word of God "the man of her counsel."

HOW TO TREAT PERSONAL ENEMIES.

Two classes of men (says Vinet) may give us ground for wrath and contention. The first are the enemies of our persons, or those who, from interest, envy, or revenge, are opposed to our happiness; and, more generally, all who have done us wrong, or of whose feelings towards us we think we have reason to complain. The others are our enemies from the opposition of their views and opinions to ours, or of their conduct to our principles. Both these classes are for us temptations to wrath and contention. The Gospel requires that both should be occasions of prayer.

With regard to the first class, I mean our personal enemies, it might be enough to say that God does not recognise them as our enemies. God does not enter into our passions, nor espouse our resentments. He sanctions and approves all the relations which He has Himself established,—those of father and child, husband and wife, sovereign and subject; but the impious relation of enemy to enemy is altogether our work, or rather that of the devil: God can know it only to condemn it. Apart from these special relations, men, individually, are in His eyes but men; viewed in relation to each other, but brethren. He has no ears for our presumptuous distinctions, when we say, or seem to say, "This man is my friend, I will pray for him: that other is my enemy, he shall have no part in my prayers." In those you call enemies, God sees only your brethren; and you have no right to see in them anything else. Has He not said, by the mouth of His Apostle, (1 Tim. ii. 1,) that we must make "supplications for all men?" and think you that He has excepted your enemies? Think you not, if the Apostle had more fully expanded his thought,

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and enumerated all the classes of persons for whom you ought to pray, he would have given your enemies one of the first places in the catalogue? Has he not tacitly done so by recommending to the intercession of the early Christians the very persons whom they had the strongest grounds to dread, the strongest reasons to hate? Finally, and this assuredly is sufficient, and worth more than all arguments, has not Jesus Christ Himself enjoined you to pray for those "who despitefully use you and persecute you?" and has He not Himself set you the example? Yet you would make distinctions: you would go on in the ordinary path; forgetting that it is *the extraordinary* which rules in the kingdom of God. You would pray for your friends alone; but such a prayer cannot be accepted, unless it be accompanied by one for your enemies. Were you to persist in excluding them from your prayers, rest assured that God would not accept even those which you address to Him on behalf of persons whom you love. Your supplications would be repulsed; the smoke of your burnt-offering would not ascend; your prayers would fail to reach that paternal heart which opens itself to the prayers of all. Nay, in such a spirit, would prayer be possible? Could the fervent aspirations of which the poet speaks, those aspirations which

"God Himself respects,
Which move in heaven eternal love,"

ascend from a heart hardened and contracted by hatred? No; love alone can hold communion with love: there is no fellowship between enmity and love. Abide in love: thus only will you be able to pray.

But farther, my brethren, we must not only pray for our enemies, *although* they are our enemies; we must also pray for them *because* they are our enemies. No sooner do we place them on the same footing with the rest of mankind, than a fresh distinction arises, a new right is created in their favour. They are mingled for a moment with the mass of our fellow-creatures, only to be immediately singled out again as a privileged class, possessing an especial title to our prayers. An enemy! Is, then, an enemy as nothing to the Christian? Is he at liberty to confound him with the rest of the world, and does he owe him nothing more than to a stranger? What is our enemy, but a man, poor and needy like other men, distinguished from them only by this, that we are better acquainted with his need than with that of any other? Far from judging too favourably of his condition, in all probability we exaggerate its danger. The evil he has done us, and that which he meditates, both aggravate his faults in our eyes. And does not this entitle him, with whose spiritual destitution we are so well acquainted, to be one of the first whom we should recommend to the love of our heavenly Father? The more he has injured us, the more he should appear to us an object of compassion; and the greater, therefore, is the interest he should excite in our hearts, the larger the place he should occupy in our prayers. Consider it well, and you will see that this is no subtle distinction, but the very truth. You allow that the Christian can hate no one; and how, after such an admission, can you fail to see that an enemy is but a brother, whose need has been more fully discovered to him, and who, for that very reason, has an especial right to his help?

SELECTIONS FROM A MINISTER'S MANUSCRIPTS, No. XX.

THE SPECIAL ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

"Ye have not, because ye ask not," was a complaint preferred against some of the members of the primitive church; and it may still be brought

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against many who profess faith in Christ. Indeed it must be confessed that there is a considerable amount of practical infidelity in the professing church in reference to the power of prayer. It would startle many to give expression to the sceptical sentiment that prayer is absurd, that it is an attempt to make the Sovereign of the Universe change His mind, who, nevertheless, by their thinkings, and their practical conduct, countenance opinions very much akin to these. They conclude that prayer on certain subjects is unnecessary; that it would be beneath the greatness of God to notice certain requests, especially in reference to guidance and assistance in the temporal concerns of life. So far as such persons are concerned, it might never have been written, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths;" or, "Casting all your care upon Him." Were it possible for man to have a care lighter and more insignificant than a hair of the head, that care might be deemed unworthy of the Divine regard; but if all the hairs of the head are numbered by our heavenly Father, it must be admitted that nothing which concerns us is too mean for Him to observe, or too insignificant for us to spread out before Him at His throne of grace. The most trifling incidents of life often lead to the most important events. The well once visited for water by the woman of Samaria brought her to a saving knowledge of Christ. Direction in the concerns of life is required for our safety, our comfort, and the maintenance of the Christian character. Into no pursuits should we enter where God cannot be taken with us. While numbers have suffered and greatly erred for not going to God, or taking counsel of Him, many have found it to be of unspeakable advantage, with the servant of Abraham, to cry, "O Lord God, I pray Thee send me good speed this day." Many special answers to prayer have confirmed this conclusion. Two shall be related.

Through the unfaithful conduct of one in whom confidence had been placed, a Christian community was thrown into considerable perplexity, which was likely to involve a long and expensive legal process. It was in the power of an individual, living at a considerable distance, by giving his name to a certain deed, to extricate them from their difficulty, and he only had that power. It was therefore concluded that the Pastor and a Christian friend should visit him without delay, lest the unfaithful contentious person should see him first; for he had great influence over him. Both of them rose early the following morning, and, unknown to each other, made their intended visit the subject of special prayer, that God would interpose and give them favour in the sight of the individual who had it in his power to serve the cause of God. Having thus committed themselves and their project into the hands of God, they set forth on their journey. They arrived about mid-day, and found the gentleman at home. He gave them a kind reception. They placed the object of their visit before him in language as strong and persuasive as they could command. But in vain. He firmly refused, stating as a reason for so doing, "I never allow myself to act in such affairs without consulting a friend who resides at such a place," naming a town situate twenty miles from his own dwelling. The request was repeated again and again, but disregarded. They were preparing to return when a pressing and polite invitation was given to them to stay and dine: to this they consented. During the dinner, to their surprise and joy, the very friend the gentleman had referred to rode up to the door. Having alighted and entered the parlour, he observed, "I know not why I am come here: I had no intention of doing so; nay, I had got five miles beyond on my way to such a city, where I had business to transact; but I could go no further, it was so strongly impressed on my mind I must come here." The Minister and his friend understood the why and the wherefore: they believed that God had sent

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him. The business was named, met with his approbation, the document was signed, and the purposes of the contentious one, who shortly after followed them, were defeated. They returned, confessing and praising the hand of God. The infidel, and even the formal professor, may sneer at this relation, or say, it was a very lucky circumstance; but the true Christian will acknowledge a directing, controlling, and superintending Providence.

Another answer to prayer, in which one of the same parties was concerned, was at least equally special and remarkable.

A pious female was taken ill. For a considerable time the nature of her complaint was unknown. It finally, however, developed itself, and was pronounced to be one certain in its results, and most painful in its progress; subjecting the patient to the most distressing bodily suffering. On hearing the opinion of the medical attendants, the anxious husband retired to his closet, and on his knees fervently besought the Father of mercies, in tender compassion, to exempt his wife from those sufferings which to human discernment seemed inevitable. Prayer was heard and answered. Not a single pang of pain was known through that lengthened affliction, though others in the same neighbourhood were dying of the same disease, and enduring the most agonizing distress. Of one of these sufferers, there is reason to fear that she hastened her own death, in order to escape the agony to which she was subjected. Oftentimes the medical attendants would say to the afflicted one, who had been the subject of such earnest prayer, "What, no pain!" and they received for reply, "None whatever: I have perfect bodily ease, so that sometimes I ask myself, Can I really be out of health?" This not only excited their surprise, but was to them an unaccountable mystery.

These are facts not to be forgotten. They seem to encourage to prayer in every season of need; and they glorify God, by adding to the untold number of cases in which that gracious promise has been fulfilled,—"Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." (Psalm l. 15.)

Chelsea. N.

IS IT RIGHT?

This is a question which, it seems to me, is not asked with sufficient frequency and seriousness. By this question, however, should every course of conduct and case of conscience be tested.

Is it right? "Well, I do not think any special harm can result from it." That is more than you can decide. None but God can foresee consequences. Though it may seem to be but a slight deviation from the rigid law of rectitude, it must do harm to yourself, and may result in injury to others. A little wrong is an "offending in one point." "Little foxes destroy the vines."

Is it right? "Why, everybody does so." "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil." We are not responsible nor accountable in masses, but as individuals. We never lose our personality in a crowd; and every wrong done in association with others is as distinctly marked as though it were done in solitude, and must be answered for alone.

Is it right? "It is popular. I shall be commended and praised for it." But human praise cannot change the inherent character of the action. There is no alchymy in words and smiles to transmute the dross of wrong into the gold of right. Better have the approval of thine own heart than the empty praise of crowds.

Is it right? "It seems expedient." Well, the right will always be found the expedient in the end. But some persons think that strict right may, in some cases, be sacrificed to a present expediency. Expediency in such a

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case is but apology for wrong. It means, Let us do a little evil that good may come. But evil never yet begat good. Good is never the progeny of such evil. It is a universal law, that every seed produces fruit of its own kind; and though God may sometimes, in His wise providence, crush the evil seed that human expediency has planted, and deposit, invisibly to us, good seed in its place, yet the damnation is no less just of those who say, "Let us do evil that good may come."

Is it right? "It is human nature." But human nature is all wrong; and grace is given us for its subduing and sanctification. He who follows the impulses of his carnal nature, is supplying aliment to strengthen "the old man with his deeds." It is a sad proof of our degeneracy, that the right almost always implies self-denial, self-crucifixion.

Is it right? "It is pleasant." Sin makes itself palatable to our depraved nature. But when right and enjoyment present themselves as claimants for our choice, and we must give up the one to gain the other, which shall be sacrificed? Woe to us if we trample upon right in our scramble after pleasure!

Is it right? "If it is not, I cannot help it." Well, nothing is wrong that is forced. If you are literally compelled to do wrong, if it is against the consent of your will, utterly repugnant to your choice, it is no wrong to you. But this you know to be untrue. If you do wrong, it is because you choose to do it; and, all things considered, prefer it.

WISE STEWARDS.

In reading the biography of the most eminently pious and useful in different ages, we have often been struck with the fact, that almost all of them devoted a regular proportion of their income to pious and charitable uses. We will mention a few whose names are familiar, whose writings are venerated, and whose memory is precious. Among those who made a *tenth* the fixed proportion of their almsgiving, were Lord Chief Justice Hale, the Rev. Dr. Hammond, and the Rev. Dr. Annesley. Baxter informs us, that he long adhered to this, until, for himself, he found it too little; and he observes, "I think, however, that it is as likely a proportion as can be prescribed; and that devoting a tenth part ordinarily to God is a matter that we have more than human direction for." Doddridge was another instance of this kind. "I make a solemn dedication of one-tenth of my estate, salary, and income, to charitable uses; and I also devote to such uses an eighth of everything I receive by way of gift or present." Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe says, "I consecrate half of my yearly income to charitable uses; yea, all that I have beyond the bare conveniences and necessities of life, shall surely be the Lord's." Such, too, was the constant practice of the Hon. Robert Boyle, of the Rev. Mr. Brand, and of the Rev. Thomas Gouge. Of the latter, Archbishop Tillotson says, in his funeral sermon, "All things considered, there have not been, since the primitive times of Christianity, many among the sons of men to whom that glorious character of the Son of God might be better applied, that 'he went about doing good.'" The list might be extended to those who have lived since, and to many of our own age; but these examples are sufficient. If Christians generally were to act thus, to fix some due proportion, and keep a separate fund for charitable purposes, with how much more wisdom, prudence, and cheerfulness would they perform this Christian duty! How often would they lift up their hearts to God, in devout thanksgiving, for affording them opportunities of enjoying this privilege, and of showing to themselves and others that "it is more blessed to give than to receive!"

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THEOLOGY.

A WELL WITHOUT WATER.

"The mouth of the righteous is a well of life."—Prov. x. 11.

"These are wells without water."—2 Pet. ii. 17.

A HYPOCRITE is like a well without water. One who maintains the profession, and also lives under the power, of the truth, is a well of water: one who has neither the profession nor the power is not a well at all: one who has the profession, but not the power, is a well, but there is no water in it. Of these three, the last is the worst. A pretence is made, and an appearance kept up. Others, relying on him, are deceived, and perish. They die in their iniquity, but their blood will be required at the hypocrite's hands. The disappointment is very pungent, when travellers, after an exhausting march, and with great expectation, towards the heat of the day come to a well and find it dry. (See Jer. xiv. 1—4.) In some cases, the existence of the well, and the knowledge of its existence, may occasion the death of the traveller. Because of that well, he took this path rather than another; because of it, he supplied himself with a smaller quantity of water in his vessels than otherwise he would have done; because of it, he so timed his journey as to reach that spot as the sun was getting hot, whereas he might have arranged his march so as to have halted earlier, or proceeded further to another and better-provided resting-place. The existence of the well causes the traveller to depend on it; and the emptiness of the well becomes the death of the traveller who depends.

It is thus with counterfeit Christians. They are not simply useless: they are destroyers. We need not here attempt the difficult task of distinguishing unfaithful, defective Christians, from those who are hypocrites from the beginning. It is the most difficult of all things to distinguish them, and that because their conduct and its effects are so very much alike. The very circumstance that makes it difficult to determine to which class one belongs, renders it, for our present object, less necessary to make the *attempt*. The conduct, and its consequences, of a stumbling, backsliding Christian, are so like that of a false Judas, that, for our present design, we need not take the trouble of drawing the line between them. But speaking of the dire effects on a neighbourhood of a profession of Christianity, where the *practice* is that of the world, we class the two together. The same rebuke that is applied to raise hypocrites from their spiritual death, is needed to awaken backsliding Christians out of their spiritual slumber. Of both, and both alike, it may be said, they "are wells without water." The idea is expressed in a similar form in Jude 12, "clouds without water." When one sees a field lying parched and barren, he might be induced to have it watered; but if he sees a dark cloud hovering over it, he may go away and leave it, not returning for a long time to examine its condition, because he thinks it has enjoyed an abundant rain. But if that has been a cloud without water, it has turned out to be not only useless, but destructive, inasmuch as its appearance and promise have prevented another from watering the field.

The Christian church, Christian congregations, Christian Ministers, Christian men and women, would need to see well to it that they are not deceiving and destroying their neighbours. Their profession constitutes them wells: and if these wells be waterless; if these churches, congregations, ministers, men and women, be graceless; if they be of the earth, earthy, destitute of the Spirit of the Lord in their walk and conversation; then are they deceiving the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, soothing them with a fond dream that they have enough to eat and drink, whereas, when they awake, they shall discover that their souls are empty. Let every member of the church strive to be faithful. "Well done," will be the greeting of every faithful servant, whether the talents entrusted to his charge were great or small.

Besides the practical lessons interwoven with the preceding illustration, there are two suggested naturally by the subject, that find a most appropriate place at the conclusion.

1. Some wells are not empty, and yet are as useless as if they were. They are

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filled with bitter water. A professing Christian, with knowledge, and correct principles, and talent, and zeal, and boldness, but of an angry, biting, censorious, malicious, proud, selfish spirit, is a well, indeed, and a well of water, too; but the well might have been dry, for any good it does in the world. The flow of zeal from such a spirit is like a hot, scalding stream, scorching every green thing that it touches. The situation of the city may be pleasant, but the water is naught, and then the surrounding ground will be barren. Whether it be an individual, or a congregation, or a church, overspreading the land, when it is imbued with such a bitterness, nothing will heal it but the word and Spirit of the Lord. Whoever may be the Elisha employed as the messenger, when the renewing does take place, the history of it will be, "Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land." (2 Kings ii. 19—21.) Let him that thinketh he standeth so high as to be a judge and a reformer of others, beware lest he fall himself to a lower level than they. Let Christians imitate the gentleness, as well as the faithfulness, of Christ.

2. Some wells are not empty, and yet are as useless as if they were. They are filled, or nearly filled, with stagnant water. The water is stagnant and filthy, because none has found its way in for a long time by the secret channels, and none has run out at the brim. If the well do not continue to receive fresh supplies by its hidden veins, and people still frequent it for drink or irrigation, the well itself soon becomes a filthy puddle. It is thus with a professing Christian, especially if he has a high place, and if he be much resorted to. When such an one permits those secret channels between his empty soul and a precious Christ to be blocked up; if the secret *getting* be stopped, in the hurry of continually giving to those who come, by and by the supply will become impure; and if restraining grace prevent not, the man will soon become a disgrace to the holy name by which he is called, and give a sad shock to the faith of humbler disciples.

Secret, earnest, constant, greedy getting of the fulness that is hid in Christ, is the only sure way of being blessed yourself, and becoming a blessing to others. It is only if "the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones," that "thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not." (Isai. lviii. 11.)—*Rev. W. Arnot.*

THE COMMON LOT.

"Joseph died, and all his brethren, and that generation."—Exod. i. 6.

Is there no moral in the shadow which this summary and gigantic burial of a whole generation in one single brief text casts upon all these things; on the joys and sorrows, the cares, the toils, the pleasures of time, as the gates of eternity open to shut in from our view, with a single sweep, the millions that once used them, as we are using them now? What are they all, with the tears or smiles they cause, to these millions to whom but now they seemed to be everything? What will they all be to us, when of each one of us, as of Joseph, the simple record shall be, that he died, and all his brethren, and all that generation?

This burial of a whole generation! the individual, the family, and the entire mass of life, mingled in one common tomb! surely it is a solemn thought. It appeals to our natural sensibility: does it not appeal also to our spiritual apprehension? For natural sensibility is but little trustworthy. Easily moved by such musings, it is as easily composed; violent emotion and frivolous apathy being the extremes between which it vacillates and vibrates. To carry and command its sympathies for the moment is an insignificant and unworthy triumph. But faith finds matter of deeper and more lasting impression here. Death is the great divider. It severs families, and cuts friendships asunder; breaking closest ties, and causing the most compact associations to fall in pieces. Coming as it does upon the race of men one by one; singling out individually, one after another, its successive prey; it resolves each hill or mountain into its constituent grains, taking separate account of every one of them as separately it draws them into its own insatiable jaws. But death is the great uniter too. Separating for a time, it brings all together at last. The churchyard opens its graves to part dearest brethren and friends; but soon it opens them again, to mix their kindred ashes in one common dust.

Is the union, however, that death occasions, real, substantial, enduring?

"Joseph died, and all his brethren, and that generation." Death passed upon them all, for they all had sinned. It is

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the common lot, the general history, the universal characteristic.

And there is another common lot, another general history, another universal characteristic: "after death the judgment." Joseph rises again, and all his brethren, and all that generation. And they all stand before the judgment-seat. There is union then. The small and the great are there; the servant and his master, all are brought together. But for what? And for how long? "The wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal."

What a solemn contrast have we here! Death unites after separation: the judgment unites in order to separation. Death, closing the drama of time, lets the ample curtain fall upon its whole scenery and all its actors. The judgment, opening the drama of eternity, discloses scenery and actors once more entire. All die; all are judged: the two events happen alike to all.

And both are near; for the time is short. The Lord is at hand.

But before death, before the judgment, is the Gospel freely preached to all; and a voice is heard, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man open unto me, I will come in unto him and sup with him, and he with me." Let this feast of love be begun in heart after heart, as one by one sinners die with Christ unto sin, and live with Him unto God. And when individuals, families, generations, are separated, and united, to be separated again, may it be our privilege to meet at the marriage-supper of the Lamb, beyond which there is no parting any more for ever.—*Dr. Candlish.*

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE DOCTRINES OF THEOLOGY.

Original and selected, from the Note-Book of a Student.

I.—THE BEING OF A GOD.

First, *This doctrine diffuses light and order over the whole system of creation.*

The Atheist can account for nothing; his creed is embarrassed with inextricable difficulties. He ascribes eternity to beings who must have had a beginning; he speaks of contrivances which had no contriver; he sees many bodies in motion, which observe a constant and regular course, but denies that there is a first Mover. To him the universe is a riddle and a mystery. The being of God explains the phenomena of nature. As soon as He is recognised, we have power which could call the things which are out of nothing; wisdom, capable of arranging and governing them; and goodness, the source of the beauty which charms our eyes, and of the happiness which is felt through all the ranks of animated beings. It is difficult to conceive of an Atheist as experiencing pleasure from the contemplation of objects in which he perceives no marks of intelligence and benevolence, nothing on which an enlightened and feeling mind would delight to dwell. But, to the religious man, nature is a mirror, which reflects the glory of its Maker. It is animated by His presence; it brightens under His smile; it speaks of Him to all nations, and proclaims Him to be wise and good.

Secondly, *This doctrine sets before us a Being, the contemplation of whom is calculated to rouse the noblest energies of the mind, the best affections of the heart.*

The Atheist sees no being in the universe better than himself; and hence selfishness becomes the distinguishing feature in his character. He lives to himself, and regards his own interests as of paramount importance; and nothing but the dread of reaction and retribution restrains him from making inroads upon the happiness of others. To the moral discipline of the mind; to acts of self-denial and disinterested beneficence; to the abhorrence of crime for its own sake; to the maintenance of purity, even when there is no danger of detection, and no fear of any painful result, there is no motive in the system of the Atheist. But the idea of God holds out to view an assemblage of perfections which command love and reverence, and creates the desire of approximating to Him who is the standard of infinite excellence. Whence all the sentiments and emotions of a real piety? Whence the various exercises of virtue, in the mortification of unhallowed passion, the patient endurance of trial, and the practice of that which is right? Whence—but from God? Religion is the parent of every good quality in man: the glory of his nature consists in the impress which it bears of the image of his Maker.

Lastly, *This doctrine brings consolation.*

In the hour of extremity, the Atheist has no resource but reluctant and sullen submission to necessity. He has nothing to reconcile him to the ills of a present life.

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His ultimate prospect is annihilation or unconsciousness. He lives like a beast, and like a beast he shall die. But the man savingly taught by the Holy Ghost, in whatever condition in this changeable world he may be placed, looks up confidingly and lovingly to God, as the Father of his spirit, his Friend, his Guardian, the Home of his soul. To God's merciful disposal he resigns himself: he takes afflictions as from a Father's hand, and is thankful for them, because they are instruments of good; and he feels persuaded, in the most forlorn circumstances, amidst the decays and failure of bodily health, that He will one day bestow upon him another state of being, where sin, and suffering, and sorrow shall all be done away; and infinitely more than all this—when all that is meant by eternal life shall be bestowed.

FAITH'S RESULTS.

I. *It gives believers a real union with Christ.*—Concerning which we must know that, as the union of the soul to the body is the cause of life natural, so the union of Christ to the soul is the cause of life spiritual. Christ being to the soul like armour, He then only defends it when He is close united to it. And that such a nearness to Him will afford such protection from Him, is evident from the nature of those things by which this union between Him and believers is expressed. In John xv. 1, 2, Christ compares Himself to the vine, and believers to the branches; and in Col. i. 18, He is compared to the head, and believers to the members: where we see that, so long as the branch continues united to the vine, it receives both life and sap from it, whereby it is enabled to fructify and to flourish; and so long as the members preserve their conjunction with the head, they derive from thence spirit and motion, whereby they are enabled to preserve themselves: but let there be a separation between either of these, and then presently the branch withers and dies, and the members putrefy and rot, and at length pass into a total corruption. And just so it is with Christ and believers: "through Him strengthening them, they can do all things." (Phil. iv. 13.) And, on the other side, "*without Him* they can do nothing." (John xv. 5.) It is from His fulness that life and strength flow in upon every part of His mystical body. And, as our union to Him is the great conduit by which all this is conveyed to us, so faith is the cause of this union. Faith ties the conjugal knot, and is that uniting principle that, like a great nerve or string, fastens us to our spiritual Head, and so makes us partake of all its enlivening and supporting influences.

Aristotle observes, that union is never perfect between complete natures of a different kind; but now, it is faith alone that denominates and makes us new creatures, and consequently gives us a spiritual cognation with Christ, without which it is no more possible for us to be united to Him, than for the dead to incorporate with the living, for darkness to hold communion with light, or hell with heaven.

In short, the result of all is this: want of a true and lively faith in Christ speaks want of union to Him; and want of union to Him speaks want of influence from Him, without which no sin can be really opposed, much less overcome. It is from Christ, and from Christ alone, that there must issue forth strength for the subduing our corruptions; from Him alone that there must come a healing virtue for the stanching this bloody issue of sin; or, in spite of all our efforts, it will prove incurable. It is from Him that there must come a continual supply of assisting grace, to support and to bear us up in a course of evangelical obedience; and without this, miserable experience will convince us that we are not able to stand.

II. Faith helps believers in the conquest of their spiritual enemies, *by engaging the assistance of the Spirit in their behalf.*—Without His special influence, it is impossible for the soul to do anything in the way of duty effectually, or to oppose any sin with success; for still we find all ascribed to this. *It is through the Spirit that the deeds of the flesh are to be mortified;* (Rom. viii. 13;) and *it is the Spirit that worketh in us.* (Phil. ii. 13.) Nothing but the Spirit of God, living, reigning, and conquering in the heart, can repulse and beat back our great spiritual adversary. The opposition that is from without must be resisted, and kept out, by some living, mighty principle residing within us; but if the heart of man had, of itself, anything to secure it against the assaults of sin and the tempter, Christ would have saved Himself the labour both of purchasing and of sending the Spirit. He well knew our weakness, our exceeding great and deplorable weakness; how unable, naturally,

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we are but to see the false and alluring fruit of sin, and not to desire it; to desire it, and not to taste it: how ready we always are to admit of a temptation, though offered by the devil; to eat the apple, though presented by a serpent. And there are some temptations so strong, contrived with so much subtlety, tendered with such peculiar advantage to the acceptance of a corrupt heart, that nothing but the hand of Omnipotence can keep them off; nothing but the Spirit of God can hinder them from fastening upon, and prevailing over, the soul. From whence it is evident, that the heart must be borne up and acted upon by the Spirit of God, or of necessity fall away. Every man naturally moves that way that the temptation moves; and if he goes a contrary way, he must needs do it, not as he is led by himself, but by another. As in the motion of the celestial orbs, when we see the inferior ones snatched about with a motion contrary to their own proper motion, we collect thence that they are moved by a superior. This is most certain,—that it is not in the power of man that goes to order his goings, but he must have a conduct. It is not in the power of man to foil the tempter; but it is God that must bruise Satan under our feet. It is not in the tender herb to keep itself from withering, and being blasted; but in the careful hand that covers and protects it. When God bade the children of Israel go and possess Canaan, He told them that He would send His angel before them, and drive out their enemies. In like manner we go forth against a temptation; but Christ must send His Spirit before us to subdue it, or we shall certainly fall and perish by it. And as it is the Spirit that must do all this for us, so it is faith alone that realises His assistance, as an effect and consequence of that interest that it first gives us in Christ. It is faith that makes the soul, as well as the body, the temple of the Holy Ghost.

III. Faith helps the believer in the conquest of his spiritual adversaries, *by giving him both a title to, and a power effectually to apply, God's promises.* We all stand engaged in a spiritual warfare, and strength we have none but what we fetch from God. God conveys none but through Christ: whatsoever Christ gives is by the Spirit, and the Spirit works by the promises, putting those weapons into our hands; and faith is, properly, that spiritual hand into which they are put. Every promise is, indeed, a spring of living water; but it is water in a well; and faith is the bucket that must fetch it up, both for our use and comfort. There is enough in every promise, if apprehended by a living faith, to enable any intelligent nature to defy and look all the powers of hell in the face. That one promise, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," (Rev. ii. 10,) is enough to render the strongest assault of the devil vain and ineffectual, and the most alluring temptation flat and insipid, if so be that faith takes in the truth of it by a firm persuasion.....Hence we see, that it is faith that will set us above our enemies, by setting us above our own weaknesses. It is this that will make us "more than conquerors;" and that, by carrying us out of ourselves, and pitching us upon Christ. For, in all spiritual conflicts, it will be found that he who stands upon no other legs but his own, will certainly fall: there being no sure station for poor sinners but in Him who is the Rock of ages, and the great Saviour of mankind; and who is able to save to the uttermost all them that by faith rely upon Him.—*South.*

THE DOWNWARD COURSE OF SIN.

1. MEN enter and initiate themselves in vicious practices by *smaller sins.* Heinous sins are too alarming for the conscience of a young sinner; and therefore he only ventures upon such as are smaller at first. Every particular kind of vice creeps in in this gradual manner.

2. Having once begun in the way of sin, he *ventures upon something greater and more daring.* His courage grows with his experience. Now, sins of a deeper dye do not look so frightful as before. Custom makes everything familiar. No person who once breaks over the limits of a clear conscience, knows where he shall stop.

3. Open sins soon *throw a man into the hands of ungodly companions.* Open sins determine his character, and give him a place with the ungodly. He shuns the society of good men, because their presence is a restraint, and their example a reproof, to him. There are none with whom he can associate but the ungodly.

4. In the next stage, the sinner *begins to feel the force of habit and inveterate custom:* he becomes rooted and settled in an evil way. Those who have been long

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habituated to any sin, how hopeless is their reform! One single act of sin seems nothing; but one after another imperceptibly strengthens the dispositions, and enslaves the unhappy criminal almost beyond the hope of recovery.

5. The next stage in a sinner's course is *to lose the sense of shame, and to sin boldly and openly.* So long as shame remains, it is a great drawback. But it is an evidence of an uncommon height of impiety, when natural shame is gone.

6. Another stage in the sinner's progress is to harden himself so far as to *sin without remorse of conscience.* The frequent repetitions of sin stupefy the conscience. They, as it were, weary it out, and drive it to despair. It ceases all its reproofs, and, like a frequently discouraged friend, suffers the infatuated sinner to take his course. And hence,

7. Hardened sinners often come *to boast and glory in their wickedness.* It is something to be beyond shame; but it is still more to glory in wickedness, and esteem it honourable. Glorious ambition indeed!

8. Not content with their being wicked themselves, they *use all their arts and influence to make others wicked also.* They are zealous in sinning, and industrious in the promotion of the infernal cause. They extinguish the fear of God in others, and laugh down their own conscientious scruples. And now,

9. To close the scene, those who have thus hardened themselves, are *given up of God to judicial blindness of mind, and hardness of heart.* They are marked out as vessels of wrath fitted to destruction. This is the consequence of their obstinacy. They are devoted to the judgment they deserve.

Reader! view it with terror.—*Dr. Witherspoon.*

SATAN'S TEMPTATIONS.

THERE is no deeper distress of mind on earth than is sometimes felt by men who are sorely tempted with thoughts of unbelief, despair, blasphemy, or enormous wickedness. A few words to such may be seasonable.

1. Resist the devil, and he shall flee from you.

2. Do not expect to outwit and outreason him; but, like Christ, quote the word of God against him. The metal of that sword is too high, and its edge too keen, for him.

3. Lay firm hold on the promises made to the tempted, and encourage yourselves in the Lord your God. "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." "He will not suffer you to be tempted above that you are able to bear." These are but specimens of many sweet promises made to the tempted. There is another, sweeter, if possible, than both these. It was made to one of God's tempted people, who greatly desired that the messenger of Satan might buffet him no more. It is in these words: "My grace is sufficient for thee." Is not this enough?

4. Be much on your guard in times of high religious privilege and enjoyment. Pirates let empty vessels pass without molestation, but attack those well freighted.

5. Be on your guard in the day of sadness, whatever makes it so. Satan loves to terrify those already affrighted.

6. When a Christian is about some notable enterprise for God's glory, then will Satan lie like a serpent in the way, or as an adder in the path, to bite the horse's heels, that the rider may fall backward.

7. Beware of attempting to comprehend things beyond your reach, to understand things unintelligible, or to know things not revealed. "There are three lands of straits, wherein Satan aims to entrap the believer: nice questions, obscure scriptures, and dark providences."

8. All temptations are laid in self-righteousness and self-excellency. These must be torn from thee, how unwilling soever thou art. These hinder Christ from coming in.

9. Your adversary is "the lion of the evening." He may assault you even when dying a Christian death. He has thus assaulted many. When John Knox was dying, he had a fearful conflict; but gained a great victory, by the words, "What I am, I am by the grace of God." And, "What hast thou which thou hast not received?"

10. Our great refuge at all times, but especially in times of temptation, is the throne of grace, and the blood of Christ. Christ is our life. Nothing but the blood of Christ can quench the fire of God's wrath, the fire of lust, or the fiery darts of Satan. That blood can be obtained at the throne of grace, and nowhere else.

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CATCHING THE WHALE.

The instruments of general use in the capture of the whale (says Captain Scoresby) are the harpoon and the lance. The harpoon is an instrument of iron, of about three feet in length. It consists of three conjoined parts, called the "socket," "shank," and "mouth," the latter of which includes the barbs or "withers." This instrument, if we except a small addition to the barbs and some enlargement of dimensions, maintains the same form in which it was originally used in the fishery two centuries ago. At that time, the mouth, or barbed extremity, was of a triangular shape, united at the shank in the middle of one of the sides, and this being scooped out on each side of the shank, formed two simple flat barbs. In the course of last century, an improvement was made by adding another small barb, resembling the beard of a fish-hook, within each of the former withers, in a reverse position. The two principal withers in the present improved harpoon measure about eight inches in length and six in breadth; the shank is eighteen inches to two feet in length, and four-tenths of an inch in diameter; and the socket, which is hollow, swells from the size of the shank to near two inches diameter, and is about six inches in length. Now, when the harpoon is forced by a blow into the fat of the whale, and the line is held tight, the principal withers seize the strong ligamentous fibres of the blubber, and prevent it from being withdrawn; and, in the event of its being pulled out so far as to remain entangled by one wither only, which is frequently the case, then the little reversed barb, or "stop-wither," as it is called, collecting a number of the same reticulated sinewy fibres, which are very numerous near the skin, prevents the harpoon from being shaken out by the ordinary motions of the whale. The point and exterior edges of the barbs of the harpoon are sharpened to a rough edge by means of a file. This part of the harpoon is not formed of steel, as it is frequently represented, but of common soft iron, so that when blunted it can be readily sharpened by a file, or even by scraping it with a knife.

The most important part in the construction of this instrument is the shank. As this part is liable to be forcibly and suddenly extended, twisted, and bent, it requires to be made of the softest and most pliable iron. That kind which is of the most approved tenacity is made of old horse-shoe nails, or stubs, which are formed into small rods, and two or three of these welded together, so that should a flaw happen to be in any one of the rods, the strength of the whole might still be depended on. Some manufacturers enclose a quantity of stub-iron in a cylinder of best foreign iron, and form the shank of the harpoon out of a single rod. A test, sometimes used for trying the sufficiency of a harpoon, is to wind its shank round a bolt of inch-iron, in the form of a close spiral, then to unwind it again, and put it into a straight form. If it bears this without injury in the cold state, it is considered as excellent. The breaking of a harpoon is of no less importance than the value of a whale, which is sometimes estimated at more than £1,000 sterling. This consideration has induced many ingenious persons to turn their attention towards improving the construction and security of this instrument; but, though various alterations have been suggested, such as forming the shank of wire, adding one or two lateral barbs, &c., &c., they have all given place to the simplicity of the ancient harpoon.

Next in importance to the harpoon is the lance; which is a spear of iron of the length of six feet. It consists of a hollow socket, six inches long, swelling from half an inch, the size of the shank, to near two inches in diameter, into which is fitted a four-feet stock, or handle, of fir; a shank, five feet long, and half an inch in diameter; and a mouth of steel, which is made very thin, and exceedingly sharp, seven or eight inches in length, and two, or two and a half, in breadth.

Whenever a whale lies on the surface of the water, unconscious of the approach of its enemies, the hardy fisher rows directly upon it; and, an instant before the boat touches it, buries his harpoon in its back; but if, while the boat is at a little distance, the whale should indicate its intention of diving, by lifting its head above its common level, and then plunging it under water, and raising its body till it appears like a large segment of a sphere, the harpoon is thrown from the hand, or fired from a gun, the former of which methods, when skilfully practised, is efficient at the distance of eight or ten yards, and the latter at the distance of thirty yards, or upwards. The wounded whale, in the surprise and agony of the moment, makes a convulsive effort to escape. Then is the moment of danger. The boat is subject to the most violent blows from its head or its fins, but particularly from its ponderous tail, which sometimes sweeps the air with such tremendous fury, that both boat and men are exposed to one common destruction. The first effort of a "fast-fish," or whale that has been struck, is to escape from the boat by sinking under water. After this, it pursues its course

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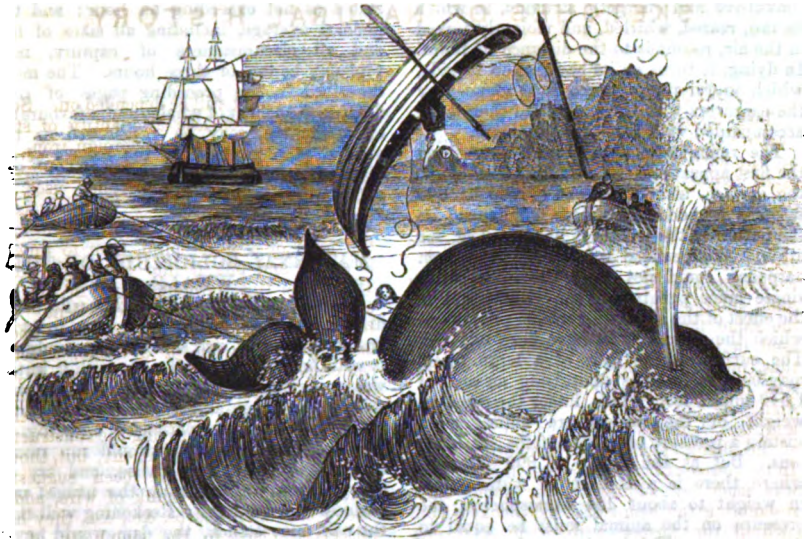

directly downward, or re-appears at a little distance, and swims with great celerity near the surface of the water towards any neighbouring ice among which it may obtain an imaginary shelter; or it returns instantly to the surface, and gives evidence of its agony by the most convulsive throes, in which its fins and tail are alternately displayed in the air and dashed into the water with tremendous violence. The former behaviour, however, that is, to dive towards the bottom of the sea, is so frequent in comparison of any other, that it may be considered as the general conduct of a "fast-fish." A whale, struck near the edge of any large sheet of ice, and passing underneath it, will sometimes run the whole of the line out of one boat in the space of eight or ten minutes of time. To retard, therefore, as much as possible, the flight of the whale, and to secure the lines, it is usual for the harpooner to cast one, two, or more turns of the line round a kind of post, called a *bollard*, which is fixed within ten or twelve inches of the stern of the boat for the purpose. Such is the friction of the line when running round the bollard, that it frequently envelopes the harpooner in smoke; and if the wood were not frequently wetted, would probably set fire to the boat.

When fish have been struck by myself, I have, on different occasions, estimated their rate of descent. For the first three hundred fathoms, the average velocity was usually after the rate of eight or ten miles per hour. In one instance, the third line of one hundred and twenty fathoms was run out in sixty-one seconds; that is, at the rate of nearly twenty-five miles per hour. The average stay under water of a wounded whale, which steadily descends after being struck, according to the most usual conduct of the animal, is about thirty minutes. The longest stay I ever observed was fifty-six minutes; but in shallow water I have been informed it has sometimes been known to remain an hour and a half at the bottom after being struck, and yet has returned to the surface alive. The greater the velocity, the more considerable the distance to which it descends, and the longer the time it remains under water, so much greater in proportion is the extent of exhaustion, and the consequent facility of accomplishing its capture. Immediately that it re-appears, the assisting boats make for the place with their utmost speed, and as they reach it, each harpooner plunges his harpoon into its back, to the amount of three, four, or more, according to the size of the whale and the nature of the situation. Most frequently, however, it descends for a few minutes after receiving the second harpoon, and obliges the other boats to await its return to the surface before any attack can be made. It is afterwards actively plied with lances, which are thrust into its body, aiming at its vitals. At length, when exhausted by numerous wounds and the loss of blood, which flows from the huge animal in copious streams, it indicates the approach of its dissolution by discharging from its "blow-holes" a mixture of blood along with the air and mucus which it usually expires, and finally jets of blood. The sea to a great extent around is dyed with its blood, and the ice-boats and men are sometimes drenched with the same. Its track is likewise marked by a broad pellicle of oil, which exudes from his wounds, and appears on the surface of the sea. Its final capture is sometimes preceded by

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convulsive and energetic struggle, in which its tail, reared, whirled, and violently jerked in the air, resounds to the distance of miles. In dying, it turns on its back, or on its side, which joyful circumstance is announced by the capturers with the striking of their flags, accompanied with three lively huzzas.

The remarkable exhaustion observed on the first appearance of a wounded whale at the surface, after a descent of 700 or 800 fathoms perpendicular, does not depend on the nature of the wound it has received, for a hundred superficial wounds received from harpoons could not have the effect of a single lance penetrating the vitals; but is the effect of the almost incredible pressure to which the animal must have been exposed. The surface of the body of a large whale may be considered as comprising an area of 1,540 square feet. This, under the common weight of the atmosphere alone, must sustain a pressure of 3,104,640 lbs., or 1,386 tons. But at the depth of 800 fathoms, where there is a column of water equal in weight to about 154 atmospheres, the pressure on the animal must be equal to 211,200 tons. This is a degree of pressure of which we can have but an imperfect conception. It may assist our comprehension, however, to be informed, that it exceeds in weight sixty of the largest ships of the British navy, when manned, provisioned, and fitted for a six months' cruise.

With respect to the length of time requisite for capturing a whale, it may be remarked that this greatly depends on the activity of the harpooners, the favourableness of situation and weather, and on the peculiar conduct of the whale attacked. I have myself witnessed the capture of a large whale in twenty-eight minutes; and have also been engaged with another fish, which was lost, after it had been entangled about sixteen hours. Under the most favourable circumstances, the average length of time occupied in the capture of a whale may be stated as not exceeding an hour; and the general average, including all sizes of fish and all circumstances of capture, may probably be two or three hours. The mode described in the preceding pages of conducting the fishery of whales under favourable circumstances, may be considered as the general plan pursued by the fishers of all ports of Britain, as well as of those of other nations who resort to Spitzbergen.

MATERNAL SOLICITUDE OF THE WHALE.

I HAVE heard of a whale with a cub, when driven into shoal water, being seen to swim around its young, and sometimes to embrace it with her fins, and roll over with it in the waves, evincing the tenderest maternal solicitude. Then, as if aware of the impending peril of her inexperienced offspring, as the boat drew near, she would run round her calf in decreasing circles, and try to decoy it seaward, showing the utmost uneasiness and anxiety. Reckoning well that the calf once struck, the dam would never desert it, the only care of the harpooner was to get near enough to bury his tremendous weapon deep in its ribs, which was no sooner done than the poor animal darted away with her anxious dam, taking out a hundred fathoms of line. It was but a little time, however, before, being checked, and the barb lacerating its vitals, it turned on its back, and, displaying its white belly on the surface of the water, it floated a motionless corpse. The huge dam, with an affecting maternal instinct, more powerful than reason, never quitted the body till a cruel harpoon entered her own sides. Then, with a single tap of her tail, she cut in two one of the boats, and took to flight, but returned soon, exhausted with loss of blood, to die by her calf, evidently in her last moments more occupied with the preservation of her young than herself.—*Adventures in the Southern Ocean.*

LETTER-CARRIER.

DIRECTIONS FOR PERSONAL AND FAMILY GODLINESS.

A Letter from Joseph Allein to his Flock at Taunton, 1666.

MOST DEARLY BELOVED,

MY heart's desire and prayer for you is, that you may be saved. This is that which I have been praying, and studying, and preaching for these many years; and this is the end of my venturing, and suffering, and writing at this present time. God that knoweth all things, He knoweth that this is my wish: O, that I could but come at their souls! and that this is the prize and the gain that I run for, that I might win souls. I seek not other gifts: give me your hearts, let me but part between your sins and you; suffer me but to save you; give me leave to carry you over to Jesus Christ, and I will not ask you any more. I will serve you gladly, I will suffer for you thankfully, so I may but save you. Do not wonder why I follow you so pressingly, why I call upon you so frequently; let not my importunity be grievous to you: all this is but to save you. Christ did not bethink His blood, and shall I bethink my breath, or ink, too dear in order to your salvation? What pity is it, that any of you should mis-

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carry at last, under the power of ignorance, or by a profane negligence, or a formal and lifeless profession of strict godliness!

Beloved, I am afraid of you lest, as to many of you, I have run in vain. I cannot but most thankfully acknowledge that, considering the paucity of those that are saved, there are not a few of you who are the joy of your Ministers, and the glory of Christ. But it cannot be dissembled, that far the greater number give little ground to hope that they are in a state of salvation. And must not this be a pinching thought to a compassionate teacher, to think that he cannot for his heart persuade men, but that the most part of them will wilfully throw away themselves? Is it not a woful sight to behold the devils driving a great part of our miserable flocks, as they did once the herd of swine, the keepers themselves amazed, looking on? I say, driving them violently down the hill, till they be choked in the water, and drowned irrecoverably in the gulf of endless perdition? Ah, miserable spectacle! What through the wilful blindness of some, what through the looseness and sensuality of others, what through the halving, and cold, and customary religion of others, how great a number of our poor flocks is Satan like to carry utterly away from us, after all that hath been done to save them!

Yet I cannot but call after them. Hearken unto me, O ye children! How long will ye love vanity, and follow after lies, and trust in lying words? As the Lord liveth, you are lost, except you turn: wherefore, turn yourselves and live. Ah, how mercy wooeth you! how it waiteth to be gracious to you! Hear, O sinners, hear. See you not how the merciful Saviour of the world stretches forth His hands all the day long, and spreadeth forth His wings, and calleth you as a hen doth her chickens? Hear you not the soundings of His bowels? He hath no need of you; yet how do His compassions melt over perishing sinners! His heart is turned within Him; and shall not this turn your hearts? His repentings are kindled together; and shall not this lead you to repentance? Behold, He standeth at the door, and knocketh. O man, wilt thou keep Jesus at the door, and lodge Barabbas in thy bosom? and prefer thy cruel lusts before thy compassionate Lord? O, His melting love to sinners! He calleth after them; (Isai. lv. 1;) He woeseth over them; (Luke xix. 41, 42;) He crieth to them, (Prov. i. 21—23,) "How long, ye simple ones, will you love simplicity?" Will you not be made clean? When shall it once be? Why will you die? "Turn you at my reproof. Behold, I will pour out my Spirit upon you." Sinner, art thou not yet melted? O, come in at His loving calls; come out from thy sins. Touch the sceptre of grace, and live. Why shouldst thou be dashed in pieces by His iron rod? Kiss the Son: why shouldst thou perish in the way? Set up Jesus as thy King, lest He count thee for His enemy, because thou wouldst not that He should reign over thee, and so thou be called forth and slain before Him. O, how dreadful will this case be, to perish under the pitiful eye of His mercy, and to die by the hand of a Saviour! O double hell, to have thy Redeemer become thine executioner! and the hand that was so long stretched forth to save thee, to be now stretched forth to slay thee! and the merciful heart of Christ Himself hardened against thee, so as that He should call thee forth, and with His own hand hew thee in pieces, as Samuel did Agag before the Lord!

But I have been too, too long in prefacing to what I intended forthwith to have fallen upon: indeed I am apt to run out in matters that do so nearly touch upon your greatest concernments.

Beloved, I despair of ever bringing you to salvation, without sanctification; or possessing you with happiness, without persuading you to holiness. God knows I have not the least hope ever to see one of your faces in heaven, except you be converted, and sanctified, and exercise yourselves unto godliness. This is that I drive at. I beseech you to study further *personal godliness* and *family godliness*.

1. *Personal godliness.*—Let it be your first care to set up Christ in your hearts. See that you make all your worldly interests to stoop to Him, that you may be entirely and unreservedly devoted unto Him. If you wilfully, and deliberately, and ordinarily harbour any sin, you are undone. See that you unfeignedly take the laws of Christ as the rule of your words, thoughts, and actions; and subject your whole man, members, and mind, faithfully to Him. If you have a true respect to all God's commandments, you are sound at heart. O, study to get the image and impress of Christ upon you within. Begin with your hearts, else you build without a foundation. Labour to get a saving change within, or else all external performances will be to no purpose. And then study to show forth the power of godliness in the life. Let piety be your first and great business. It is the highest point of justice to give God His due. Beware that none of you be a prayerless person; for that is a most certain discovery of a Christless, and a graceless person, of one that is a very stranger to the fear of God. Suffer not your Bibles to gather dust. See that you converse daily with the word. That man can never lay claim to blessedness whose delight is not in the law of the Lord. Let meditation and self-examination be your daily exercise; else the Papists, yea, the Pagans, will condemn us. That the short questions which I have given you as a help to self-examination may be daily perused by you, is the matter of my passionate request unto you. If ever you come to any growth in holiness, without the constant

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use of this practice, I am grossly deceived. And therefore I beseech, yea, even charge, you by the Lord, that you would daily examine yourselves by these questions, till you have found a better help to this duty.

But piety, without charity, is but the half of Christianity, or rather, impious hypocrisy: we may not divide the tables. See, therefore, that you do justly, and love mercy, and let equity and charity run like an even thread throughout all your dealings. Be you temperate in all things, and let chastity and sobriety be your undivided companions. Let truth and purity, seriousness and modesty, heavenliness and gravity, be the constant ornaments of your speech. Let patience and humility, simplicity and sincerity, shine out in all parts of your conversation. See that you forget and forgive wrongs, and requite them with kindness as you would be found children of the Most High. Be merciful in your censures, and put the most favourable construction upon your brethren's carriage that their actions will reasonably bear. Be slow in promising, punctual in fulfilling. Let meekness and innocency, affableness, yieldingness, and courtesy, commend your conversations to all men. Let none of your relations want that love and loyalty, that reverence and duty, that tenderness, care, and vigilancy, which their several places and capacities call for. This is throughout godliness. I charge you before the Most High God, that none of you be found a swearer or liar, a lover of evil company or a scoffer, or malicious, or covetous, or a drunkard, or a glutton, unrighteous in his dealing, unclean in his living, or a quarreller, or a backbiter, or a railer; for I denounce unto you from the living God, that destruction and damnation is the end of all such. (Prov. xiii. 20; James v. 12; Rev. xxi. 8; 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10; Gal. v. 19—21.)

(*To be continued.*)

THE MONITOR.

THE RESULTS OF UNPRINCIPLED COMPROMISE AND CONCESSION.

JEHOSHAPHAT, when he consented to an alliance with the King of Israel, (says Dr. Candlish,) no doubt contemplated the possibility of doing him some good. He thought that his influence and example would operate as a check on the violence of his ally. He intended to interpose, at fitting seasons and opportunities, his advice, his remonstrances, his authority; and flattered himself that, under his control, the measures of the headstrong Prince would assume a character at least milder and more moderate than was their wont.

Such was his hope. How, in point of fact, was it realised? Do we find the presence of the Jewish King at all restraining the impetuosity of Ahab's counsels? No; but his presence gives to these counsels a weight and plausibility, which, without his countenance and consent, they never would have had. Do we find Jehoshaphat boldly resisting and opposing the ungodliness of his new friend? Ah, no! his voice of rebuke is feeble and unheeded. Hear how he answers Ahab's impious avowal of the hatred which he bore to the true Prophet of the Lord. Is it in the tone of manly and honest indignation which it deserved? No; but with a puny, pitiful, girlish gentleness of expostulation, "Let not the King say so." And when the Prophet is insolently buffeted by one of Ahab's minions, and consigned to unmerited imprisonment by the chafed Monarch himself, what has this godly King to say against such atrocities? What? not a word? No! for not a word from him will now be regarded. He has lost his high prerogative of reproof. He has descended from his footing of unquestioned and uncompromised integrity, and involved himself irretrievably in the very course he should be rebuking. In a word, do we find this pious Prince exerting any salutary influence at all over Ahab's manners, or principles, or pursuits? No; but we see him a tool, a dupe, and well nigh a victim, in the hands of one too crafty and too wily for him to manage.

And so it must ever be. The very first step a good man takes from the eminence on which he stands apart, as the friend of God and the unflinching enemy of all ungodliness in the world, he compromises his authority, his influence, his right and power of high remonstrance and unsparing testimony against the corrupt lusts and the angry passions of men. He gives up the point of principle; and, as to any resistance that he may make in details, men see not what there is left to fight for. If you make concessions to the weak, the wicked, or the worldly, and enter into their plans, and sit down with them in their indulgences, you renounce the advantage which the consciousness of untarnished honour and unimpeached consistency, and that alone, can give you over them; you put yourself on their level; you are at their mercy; you are one of themselves; and it must be with an ill grace and a feeble effect, that you venture timidly to stand forth either as God's witness or as their reprover. Whatever you gain by conciliation, you lose far more by forfeiting the respect and reverence which firm integrity commands. You may consent to mix with them familiarly on terms of friendship and

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companionship; you may thus gain their easy and indolent good-will; but you gain something very like their contempt too; and a sort of feeble paralysis comes over you in the very attempt to be faithful. Your voice of censure loses all its commanding energy; your look of disapprobation loses all its keenness; your presence is no longer felt to be a restraint on folly; your severity cannot awe, your tenderness cannot touch; you can but feebly "hint a doubt, and hesitate dislike." To assume a high tone and take high ground now, would but excite ridicule by its absurdity, or anger by its impertinence. Your right to testify, your influence to persuade, your power of rebuke, are all gone.

Is not this the natural, the necessary, result of such a complaisant course? If you condescend to flatter men in their vanities, will they listen to you when you gravely reprove their sins? No; they will laugh you to scorn. If you countenance them in the beginning of their excess, will they patiently bear your authoritative denunciation of its end? No; they will contemptuously reject it as a fond folly, or indignantly resent it as an insult. If you go with them one mile, may they not almost expect you to go two? At least, you have no right to take it very much amiss if they go the two miles themselves.

Settle it, then, in your minds, as a fixed principle, that if you would preserve unimpaired your privilege of testifying for God, and would not be disqualified for discharging a very sacred trust, and performing a very sacred duty, you must beware of a single step in the way of such conciliation as Jehoshaphat's. If you would have your influence, your example, your character and conduct, to be of any weight in the world on the side of divine truth and holiness, be very careful, by the grace of God, to keep yourselves unspotted from the world.

OUR SERVANTS.

AMY.

A SERVANT'S TEMPTATIONS.

Amy was the child of poor but honest parents, who had trained her well, and given her the best advantages which their situation admitted, in the village where her father was employed as a farm-labourer, and was a thriving man, until a long and severe illness reduced him to poverty. His subsequent death dispersed his little family. Amy was much beloved in the circle of her lowly home, as an artless and obliging girl, and was soon well recommended to the service of a lady, who, finding "London servants so bad," resolved to try some from the country: she had married a man possessed of considerable property, and was the mistress of a large establishment. To poor Amy the situation offered every temptation, and cordially was she congratulated by her village friends: her mother alone expressed something like anxious foreboding, "lest Amy should grow proud and forget her station;" but their circumstances admitted of no choice; and giving her child the best advice in her power, especially entreating her never to forget her religious duties, nor "the Sabbath-day," she parted from her with that aching heart which is perhaps inseparable from the maternal character, when for the first time the tie of a child's dependence on herself is loosened, if not for ever broken. But she was too soon called from such earthly cares; and the orphan Amy was left with no other dowry save her own principles and industry. She entered her new home with the buoyant hopes of sixteen; all around her was splendour and luxury; and even her wages as an under-housemaid far exceeded the expectations to which she had been trained. Her mistress had herself engaged her, during an accidental visit; and there was so much kindness in the lady's manner, that the mother of Amy felt comforted in believing that her child would be under her authority and guidance. But that lady possessed little or no influence over the dependents of her own power.

All authority was consigned to the housekeeper and other upper servants; and it is a remarkable fact, that from the first hour of her engagement to that of her leaving the situation, a period of nearly three years, Amy never but once again saw the mistress by whom she had been hired. The poor girl soon found all was not gold that glittered; that in entering service she had entered a world of wickedness, surrounded by examples such as she had been taught to shun. The account of her first Sabbath there was peculiarly touching, and it was related to me by her own lips on a dying bed. Accustomed at home to regard it as a "day set apart," she, as was her wont, dressed herself in all her best to be in readiness for church, having with great alacrity got through all that she considered was her due portion of work. Meeting the housekeeper, she was asked why she was dressed out at that time of day; and having simply answered that it was time to go to church, the housekeeper exclaimed, "Bless the girl! why, your betters cannot get to church, much less you, who are

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wanted high and low! Don't you know, child, we have more to do here on Sundays than on any other day of the week? So, like a good girl, go, take off these nice clothes again, and do all you can to help us both up stairs and down."

This was not spoken unkindly; far from it: but Amy thought of her mother and her home, and she wept bitterly. Some weeks elapsed, and she made no effort to do what seemed contrary to the general rule of her master's house, but rather became more reconciled to its ungodliness. A letter, however, from her mother, reminded her of duties she was neglecting; and she determined to seek an interview with her mistress, to obtain from her permission to go to church at least once in every Sabbath. Her mistress listened with smiles to her request, but merely replied, "You are a good girl for wishing to go to church, so I cannot be angry with you: but you must ask leave of Mrs. Harding; for perhaps you cannot always be spared; and you know work must not be neglected. When we go to the country, you will, I dare say, have more time; but, Amy, you must not be a little Methodist, or think yourself better than other people." This, too, was said without anger or unkindness: her mistress passed on, and she saw her no more.

From that hour may be dated the ruin of a girl well brought up, and naturally of a docile temper; who, under better guidance, might have been a blessing to herself and others. She rarely went to church; she never read her Bible; nor did the Gospel reach her ears from any individual with whom she was associated. She saw vice countenanced, and religion set at nought, not only among her fellows, but also in the higher ranks of her master's household.

It would neither be profitable nor pleasing to describe circumstantially the scenes of deceit, dishonesty, and disorder, to which Amy was exposed among her fellow-servants; or the routine of company, balls, theatres, &c., which engaged her master's family and guests. Her simple attire gave place to that which was inconsistent with her station; such as her wages, liberal as they might be, were by no means adequate to afford. This led to pilfering, in which she became more and more bold; and at length, discovered by the housekeeper in the very act of a serious theft, she was turned out of doors with only an hour's warning, friendless and dishonoured; without a home, without character, without resources!

Where could she go? Not to her mother, for she was in heaven; not to her friends, for she had disgraced them; and in that hour of dreadful destitution, she was enticed into paths of yet deeper guilt and wretchedness! These, at length, acting upon a sensitive mind, she became deranged; and when I saw her, she was in a state of inoffensive idiocy, confined within the sick ward of her own parish workhouse. She was at all times so gentle and tractable, that she was an object of far greater pity than reproach: she spoke little, but seemed very patient and grateful to all who showed her kindness. She frequently became delirious, and then it was a piteous thing to hear her call for the mistress, "who had taken her away from her own dear mother;" imploring leave to go home again; beseeching her mistress "not to let her perish where all was death around her, both of body and of soul."

She was visited by a Minister who had known her parents, and who, for their sakes, as well as from a higher motive, was kind and liberal in administering both to her temporal wants and spiritual consolation. At length poor Amy died; we humbly believe, a sincere penitent; manifesting simple and entire dependence on Him who had not forsaken this child of "righteous parents," and of "many prayers," though others had drawn her aside from His blessed fold.—*From the Female Prisoners of Australia.*

POPERY.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPERY.

POPERY IN ROME.—The paragraph which follows, illustrates the idolatry of the Romanists. It tends also to explain the fact, that, where the religion of the Pope thoroughly prevails, the Virgin Mary is far more an object of worship than Christ. We quote from "Notes of a Residence at Rome in 1846, by a Protestant Clergyman:" Rev. A. Vicary, B.A.

"Leaving the square of Lucca, which contains the cathedral, built with alternate pieces of black and white marble, I entered a long and narrow street; and when I had traversed it for about half a mile, I suddenly came upon the ancient and massive church of San Martino. The church was undergoing some repairs, so I did not see it to the advantage that I could have wished. It contains some pictures by the old masters, several altars, as usual, and a few monuments. But the object that struck me most, and deeply interested my attention, was a fresco painting on the west end, and on the outside. It so completely represents the effect and intention of the Roman Catholic religion, that I cannot forbear detailing it minutely here. The Virgin is represented inflicting corporal

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punishment upon the youthful Jesus. She holds a rod in her hand; with the other she holds the garments of the child. She is in the act of inflicting punishment. The child is in alarm, and its eyes are eagerly directed to St. Anna, the mother of the Virgin, in the background, entreating her intercession to escape the cruel ordeal. The look of the Virgin is not that of affection, but has the stern and harsh appearance which we might imagine a schoolmistress to have when engaged in a similar occupation. Under the picture is written, in very legible characters, '*Jure matris rege filium*,' that is, 'By the authority of the mother rule the Son.' This picture is better executed than those which are generally to be found at the corners of the streets, or on the outside of the churches. It is the most remarkable, and in its subject one of the most daring, that I have seen; and contains within its compass much of the spirit that is infused into the Roman Catholic Church."

POPERY THE ENEMY OF THE BIBLE.—The following is an extract from a letter of Pope Pius IX. to the Archbishops and Bishops of Italy:—

"NAPLES, FAUBOURG PORTICI,
"*December 8th*, 1849.

"Among the various insidious measures of which the malicious enemies of the Church and of society endeavour to avail themselves for seducing the people, one may be specified as more especially prominent, which they find eminently adapted to their wicked designs; namely, the recent improvements in the art of printing.....At the instigation and with the aid of Bible Societies, which have been denounced again and again by the Holy See, they have the hardihood to carry on the distribution of the sacred Scriptures, translated, contrary to the rules of the Church, in the vulgar tongue, and most wretchedly perverted; and with a wicked and almost incredible effrontery, they scruple not, under the cloak of religion, to recommend them to the careful perusal of the faithful."

POPERY IN NEW-ZEALAND. — From the efforts of the Romish Priests, (says a Protestant Missionary,) the need of continual superintendence is urgent. To the natives of Tunapahore they gave a bell, as an inducement to join them; but the natives cast it into the sea, plainly telling the Priests that they would have nothing to do with them. At Te Kaha similar efforts have been made to gain over the father of the Native Teacher, the principal Chief: although they have not succeeded, the natives are aware of the danger, and entreat that they may be more frequently visited.

At Opotiki there is one, and sometimes there are two, Roman Catholic Priests living, who claim a small number of followers. From this place they travel into the interior, and along the coast, carrying the blighting influence of their tenets wherever they go.

THE GOSPEL AND POPERY IN FEEJEE.—Says the Rev. John Watsford, a Wesleyan Missionary, writing from Lakemba,—

"*July 23d*, 1849.—The King of Lakemba is still a heathen, as are also a few of his people; but the number is becoming very small, and we hope soon to see the day when every knee in this place shall bow to Jesus."

The Rev. Mr. Lyth, writing from Lakemba at a later date, says:—

"*Oct. 19th*, 1849.—We praise God for what our eyes have seen and our ears have heard this day. Tuinayau, the King, has made a public profession of Christianity, and with him five others, including *the only remaining Priest*, and others of his near friends. There has been great joy in the city, and in the whole island."

Writing from the same place, another Wesleyan Missionary (Mr. Malvern) says:—

"*March 23d*, 1850.—During the past few months, we have had much to try us in our work; but, on the other hand, a great deal to cheer and encourage us; abundant evidence that we do not labour in vain. The Romish Priests, busy, indefatigable, and bitter enemies of the true Gospel, have caused us much anxiety and trouble; but the Lord has confounded them, and brought them lower in the estimation of the people than ever.

"Our hearts were gladdened in the midst of our fears, by Tuinayau's (the King of this and many adjacent islands) embracing the profession of Christianity, an event which our brethren before us, as well as ourselves, had long desired to see: but we had thought it almost useless to entertain any hope of him. What may we not expect at the hand of the Lord? But the other day, this man was so confirmed in his Heathenism, that it seemed next to an impossibility to move him; and we had frequently said, that we thought Tuinayau, after all the trouble and prayers bestowed upon him, would die in his sins. Now he delights to hear the word of God read to him, attends the chapel every Sabbath morning, and pays great attention to the preaching: he has family worship regularly conducted in his house, morning and evening.

"The Papists tried every manœuvre to gain the King; but in vain. *They are now using every means in their power to win him over to them, or turn him to Heathenism.* 'The Lord rebuke' them! Glory be to His name, He has done so! Every attempt they make to propagate their system turns against them. Because they cannot succeed, they have tried what effect intimidation would have; but it is all fruitless. They have told the people, that a French man-of-war

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will soon be here, and then they shall be punished for rejecting the Romish religion; and that the whole of their books, including the Bible, (their great enemy,) shall be collected together and burned. They, however, generally find us at hand, to correct any unfavourable impression they may make; and, by the blessing of God, everything they say and do is rendered futile."

POPERY IN GAMBIA, WEST AFRICA.—The "man of sin" has made such an attack upon this colony, as astonishes us and everybody else that I hear speak of the matter. Since the abolition of the system of slavery in the French colonies, (and of course at Goree,) with which Popery seemed to be associated, we have had an inundation of Priests, and a Roman Catholic Bishop. Sometimes there have been six Priests and lay brothers, besides the Bishop, at a time. A few weeks since, three Sisters of Charity arrived with their images, and are now offering their services to everybody. It is reported that two English Sisters of Mercy or Charity will come by and by. Some weeks since they commenced building a large chapel, I suppose about sixty feet by thirty-five. They have allowed them for this, from the Propaganda, £1,000. They could not hold property here, being foreigners; but they have got two Roman Catholics here to be trustees. They are going on rapidly with the building, though very few attend their present place of idolatry, where they have set up a chalk image of the Virgin, and a brazen one of Jesus Christ, and they teach the people to bow to them. They have been distributing amongst the people an abridgment of Christian doctrine, from Dr. Butler's larger Catechism, in which they give *nine* commandments of the decalogue, for the ten commandments of God. Many of the Joliffs were slaves in Goree; and if baptized at all, it was by Roman Catholics; and these poor ignorant people will be easily led astray by them. Now we want to counteract these efforts by spreading scriptural truth. This we are doing to the best of our ability; and even our school-boys can see *why* they have left the second commandment out of "the Commandments."—*Rev. H. Badger, Gambia.*

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. GEORGE BRUMMITT.

HE was born at Tunstall, in the year 1790. His parents were in very humble circumstances, but his mother had a mind superior to her situation. Although she was not a professor of religion, she paid strict attention to her son's morals; and to this early training he was greatly indebted for the formation of his future character. In the year 1796 a Wesleyan Sabbath-school was opened at Tunstall, and George Bummitt was the first boy that presented himself for admission. His attachment to the interests of that school increased with his years, and only ceased when he ceased to breathe. At an early age he was put to work in the pottery, but that did not abate his thirst for knowledge; for most of his evenings were spent at school, where he acquired the art of reading and writing, which he considered not knowledge, but the keys by which knowledge is attained. By dint of application he became acquainted to some extent with the higher branches of the mathematics, general philosophy, architecture, chemistry, astronomy, and navigation. But with all his love for literary pursuits, the Bible was with him the "book of books." From that sacred source of divine knowledge, he learned to know himself a lost sinner; and, directed by the faithful ministry under which he regularly sat, he sought and found redemption through faith in the atoning blood. Having found this invaluable blessing, he now saw it both his duty and privilege to unite himself with the Wesleyan branch of the church of Christ, which he did in the year 1811.

Mr. Brummitt diligently sought the improvement of his senior scholars; and his great usefulness to them will never be known until revealed in the light of eternity. For many years he regularly devoted one evening in the week to the instruction of young men, both in theology and general literature. In the church he held the offices of Class-Leader, and successively those of Circuit, Society, Trustee, and Chapel Steward. Esteemed by the church, he was also looked up to throughout the town and neighbourhood in which he lived. Few men in private life ever attained to a greater share of public confidence; and this was manifested by the numerous cases of arbitration which he was called on to decide, and the temporal affairs of many widows and orphans which were left in his hands, none of whom had cause to regret that such a trust was reposed in him. His own affairs were often chequered with adversities; but he so lived the Gospel that the soundness of his moral principles was never called in question. His general health was delicate, and for several of the later years of his life, he suffered much from asthma, which prevented him from taking so active a part as he otherwise would have done in the public means of grace. He was, however, always alive to the interests and prosperity of the work of God. His last affliction was

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short; but, like the faithful servant, he was found watching. During his affliction I had frequent opportunities of inquiring into the state of his mind; when his general reply was, "I find all is right within." He had followed no cunningly-devised fable. He had fixed his eye of faith on the Sun of Righteousness, under the light of whose beams, he passed without fear through the valley of death, April 13th, 1847, into his Father's house above.

J. B. Holroyd.

ANTIQUITIES.

HELMETS.

The helmet seems to have been at first a martial cap, lined with a thick padding of wool. The Greeks often made their helmets of the skins of beasts; and hence we find them designated, especially in Homer, by terms drawn from the names of animals. The skins were sometimes overlaid with plates of brass.

After the primitive leather caps were superseded by more durable helmets, it was long the practice to surmount the latter with the shaggy skin of some wild beast, the teeth of which were exhibited in terrific prominence. These devices were succeeded by the elegant crest.

It deserves noting, that this piece of armour was often adapted by the ancients to protect both the head and the face. The modern helmet is worn by some of the cavalry to defend the head against the broad-sword.

"As ornaments over the shield or coat of arms, helmets are still used in heraldry. The full-faced helmet, with six bars, all of gold, damasked, is for the Sovereign and Princes of the blood; the full-faced helmet of steel, for Marquesses and Dukes. Earls, Viscounts, and Barons have a profile or side-standing helmet of steel, ornamented with bars. The full-faced helmet of steel, with the visor or bevor open, is for Baronets and Knights; the profile helmet, steel, with the visor closed, for an Esquire."

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POETRY.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

No sickness there,
No weary wasting of the frame away;
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air;
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray!

No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless vision of despair;
No vain petition for a swift relief;
No tearful eyes, no broken hearts, are there.

Care has no home
Within the realm of ceaseless holy song;
Its billows break away and melt in foam,
Far from the mansions of the spirit-throng.

The storm's black wing
Is never spread athwart celestial skies;
Its wailings blend not with the voice of spring,
As some too tender floweret fades and dies.

No night distils
Its chilling dews upon the tender frame;
No moon is needed there! The light which fills
That land of glory, from its Maker came.

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep.
No bed of death enduring love attends,
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep.

No blasted flower,
Or wither'd bud, celestial gardens know.
No scorching blast or fierce-descending shower
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe.

No battle-word
Startles the sacred host with fear and dread.
The song of peace Creation's morning heard,
Is sung wherever angel-minstrels tread.

Let us depart,
If home like this await the weary soul.
Look up, thou stricken one! Thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTES OF THE REV. ROBERT SHIRRA.

In Kirkcaldy, a town in Fife, on the shores of the Firth of Forth, this eminently pious but very eccentric Minister laboured for many years, in the Scottish Secession Church there. A memoir of Mr. Shirra has been recently published by the present Incumbent of the church in which he so long ministered, from which we make the following extracts:—

"Jan. 15th, 1762. I have," says Mr. Shirra, in his journal, "received the heavy tidings of the death of my brother in the ministry, the Rev. Mr. M'Ewen, author of 'The Types.' He was an accurate Preacher, and moderate in his sentiments respecting the differences among professing Christians. He was married on the 4th, and died on the 13th, of the month. How very sudden the transition from the house of mirth to the house of mourning! What is time but a bundle of changes hung up between two eternities?"

"The language of the English Bible was to a great extent at once the medium and vehicle of Mr. Shirra's every-day reflections. In illustration of this, many stories might be told. Walking one day with a lady along the principal street of Kirkcaldy, he passed a fine house which was being erected. The lady called his attention to it, saying, 'That is a fine house, Mr. Shirra, that Mr. F—— is building.' 'O, ay,' replied Mr. Shirra; 'but there's a house prepared for you and me a thousand times better than that; the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' Visiting an aged female member of his congregation, on one occasion, Mr. Shirra lifted a shawl that had fallen from her shoulders, and carefully adjusted it. When she was apologising for putting him to trouble, Mr. Shirra said, 'Whisht, woman: we should aye be respectful and kind to you, *for ye are a King's doohter*.' To a good woman who was labouring under great spiritual depression, and writing very bitter things against herself, he said, 'The oath of God stands between you and damnation; for He has sworn that He will never damn the soul that has fled to Christ for refuge.' The person was immediately relieved, and enabled, with humility and gratitude, to rejoice in God.

"He had considerable facility in laying hold of passing events, and in applying them so as to impress the imagination and feelings of his audience. Preaching one day at Kinghorn in the open air, in a place which commanded a view of the Firth of Forth, his eye was attracted by a large fleet of vessels sailing down the Firth under the protection of some ships of war. He immediately directed the attention of his hearers to the ships, and said, 'You see these vessels

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sailing down the Firth: in an hour or two they will be past the May, and out into the German Ocean. You and I, my hearers, are like them. We are sailing rapidly down the Firth of time, and we shall be in the ocean of eternity ere long. Some of these ships, with their rich cargoes, will probably reach the ports for which they are bound in safety; and some of them will perhaps founder, and be wrecked, when God *commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind which lifteth up the waves.* Ah, we are like them again! Some of us will reach the port of heaven, our souls being guarded by the power and grace of Christ; a far better protection than these frigates: and some, it is to be feared, shall be wrecked, and sink into the bottomless pit of hell.' Though there is nothing very remarkable in the ideas which are here expressed, yet, in the circumstances, the words could scarcely fail to be listened to with attention, and to be long remembered.

The following anecdotes are illustrative of the general eccentricity of his character and ministrations, which cannot certainly be commended, and ought never to be imitated.

"One Sabbath, the Precentor intimated in the church at Kirkcaldy, just as Mr. Shirra was about to commence the morning prayer, that the prayers of the people were solicited in behalf of David ——, a member of the congregation. Mr. Shirra, who had not been informed of the illness of the person named, looked over the side of the pulpit, and deliberately said to the Precentor, 'Henry, is David ill?' Having been answered in the affirmative, he immediately said, 'Weel, weel, let us pray for him;' and forthwith began his address to God, in the words of the first verse of the hundred and thirty-second Psalm, 'Lord, remember David, and all his afflictions.'

"Having had occasion one day to quote the saying of the Psalmist, 'I said in my haste, All men are liars,' he remarked, 'It would seem, David, that in saying this you were hasty or ill-advised, and you seem to think your saying it calls for an apology: had you lived in our day, you might have said it at your leisure, and made no apology about it.' Quoting, on another occasion, these words from the hundred and nineteenth Psalm, 'I will run the way of Thy commandments, when Thou shalt enlarge my heart,' he said, 'Well, David, what is your first resolution? *I will run.* Run away, David: who hinders you? What is your next? *I will run the way of Thy commandments.* Better run yet, David: what is your next? *I will run the way of Thy commandments, when Thou shalt enlarge my heart.* No thanks to you, David: we could all run as well as you, with such help.' At another time, Mr. Shirra, having had occasion to quote Philippians iv. 11, 'I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content,' said, 'Ay, Paul, ye have learned well, ye have got far on; but let us be thankful we're at the schule.'"

"While Mr. Shirra said strange things in the illustration and enforcement of divine truth, at all periods of his ministry, these were much more numerous towards the close of it. Many of these we could mention," judiciously adds his biographer, "but we forbear. They are to be ascribed in a great degree to the failure of his intellectual powers; and the publication of them would answer no good end.

"PAUL JONES.—There are few who have not heard the story which is told of Mr. Shirra, respecting the threatened destruction of the shipping in the port of Leith by the American pirate, Paul Jones, in the year 1779. The story has been variously related. It has been said, that when the inhabitants of Kirkcaldy were in a state of great excitement and consternation at the sight of the freebooter's squadron, Mr. Shirra took an old arm-chair, and sat down in it on the sands, declaring that if God did not listen to his prayer, and send a strong westerly wind to drive the pirate's vessels out of the Firth, he would sit there and be drowned. This version of the story is clumsy and offensive, and, we are glad to say, absolutely false. It was made, and circulated, and believed, by those who did not know Mr. Shirra.

"By others it has been related, that on the morning when Paul Jones was attempting to sail to Leith from the little island of Inchkeith, on the east of which his vessels had been riding at anchor during the preceding night, Mr. Shirra went to the shore of Kirkcaldy, and kneeling on the sands, in the midst of a great and terror-stricken multitude, poured out an earnest prayer for deliverance. It is added, that while he was thus engaged, the wind, which was blowing from the west, increased to a violent gale; in consequence of which, Paul Jones and those under his authority were obliged to sail eastward, and, ere long, were driven out to sea.

"This edition of the story, though more in accordance with Mr. Shirra's known character and habits, is no better authenticated than that which we have given above. The anecdote, as we have it from unquestionable authority, is deprived of much of the air of romance which the imagination of story-tellers has cast around it. It is as follows:—On the morning after the ships had anchored under cover of Inchkeith, Mr Shirra went into the house of one of the members of his congregation, who lived upon the shore, and inquired what vessels these were that were beating up the Firth. The person addressed said, that he had heard from some of his neighbours that they were American privateers. On hearing this, Mr. Shirra looked up to heaven, and said, 'Lord, if they are enemies, put thou a hook in their nose and a bridle in their jaws, and take them back to where they came

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from.' In going along the shore, a little afterwards, Mr. Shirra said to a friend, 'The Lord wi' His wind could easily blow them out of the Firth.' The result is well known. The wind being contrary, and increasing to a gale, the pirate found it impracticable to effect his object, and retired. No one rejoiced more heartily than Mr. Shirra, who was warmly attached to his country and King.

"Mr. Shirra, at the close of a long life, gave utterance to these striking words: 'All the riches of the redeemed in glory are mine; all the promises in this blessed book' (laying his hand on the Bible) 'are mine. It is sixty years since God said to me, *I am thy God;* and all the devils in hell have not been able to shake my faith in so precious a promise. On this I have lived; and on this I confidently depend, when now taking the Jordan of death. I die in the full assurance of faith.'"

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE SWALLOW OF PALESTINE.

PSALM LXXXIV. 3.

As birds are exposed in the East to the least possible molestation from man, those which are naturally disposed to live in or near towns, and to construct their nests among human habitations, do so with more confidence and freedom, and with less curious search for secret and inaccessible positions, than we should be disposed to imagine. Nevertheless, we are not to understand literally that the sparrow and swallow built their nests upon or against the altar itself, where they would have been continually disturbed by the officiating Priests; but the altar is here put as a part for the whole, so that the precincts of the tabernacle are to be understood, within which, among the beams and rafters of the sacred enclosure, or of the offices within it, the sparrows and swallows were allowed to build their nests. David had probably particularly noticed them in his visits to the tabernacle; and now, banished and desolate, he longs for a privilege from which even the birds of smallest account were not excluded. Some, however, remove all consideration on this point by translating, "Even as the sparrow findeth her house, and the swallow her nest, where she hath laid her young; so would I find thine altars, O Lord of Hosts," &c.

The swallow.—The word here is *deror*, which

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the old versions render by "turtle-dove," probably from the resemblance of the name to *tur*, the common name of that bird. The Hebrew interpreters believe it is the swallow, and are followed by our version. The word means "freedom, deliverance," and may be supposed to refer to the free manner in which the swallow flies. It is only mentioned again, at least by this name, in Prov. xxvi. 2; and is there also associated with the *tsippor*, which our version there renders "bird," instead of "sparrow." In both texts the meaning agrees better with the swallow than the turtle-dove. It is not necessary to describe particularly the appearance and habits of so well-known a bird as this.—*Pictorial Bible.*

THE PROTESTANT.

PRETENDED MIRACLES BEFORE THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND; AND THEIR EXPOSURE.

A CERTAIN German merchant here, who is well acquainted with the English language, told me as a certain fact, that all the images, which used to work miracles by the artifices of the devil and his angels,—that is to say, the Monks, Friars, fish-eaters, and others of that stamp,—were conveyed on horseback to London, at the command of the Bishops: that a public sermon was preached from the pulpit of St. Paul's to the congregation assembled in Christ; after which a certain image brought away from Kent, and called in English "The Rood of Grace in Kent," was first exhibited. The Preacher (the Bishop of Rochester) explained all the trickery and imposture in the presence of the people. By means of some person pulling a cord, most artfully contrived and ingeniously inserted at the back, the image rolled about its eyes just like a living creature; and on the pulling of other cords, it gave a nod of assent or dissent, according to the occasion. It never restored health to any sick person, notwithstanding great numbers afflicted with divers diseases were carried to it, and laid prostrate before it, unless some one disguised himself of set purpose, and pretended to be sick; in which case it would give a nod, as though promising the restoration of health, that it might by this means confirm its imposture. Then again, by some other contrivance, unknown to me, it opened and shut its mouth; and, to make an end of my story at once, after all its tricks had been exposed to the people, it was broken into small pieces; and it was a great delight to any one who could obtain a single fragment, either, as I suppose, to put in the fire in their own houses, or else to keep them by way of reproof to such kind of impostors. After this, Bishop Latimer, in the western part of St. Paul's, carried a small image in his hand, which he threw out of the church, though the inhabitants of the country whence it came, constantly affirmed that eight oxen would be unable to remove it from its place. There were, after this, exhibited many other tricks of the same kind, by which the simple were imposed upon by the Priests; so that the ignorant people now call them mere conjurors, and despise their contrivances, objecting the deceits they practised against them, as long as the tower of Babel was safe, which, being now undermined, is daily threatening an overthrow.—*From the Parker Society's Zurich Letters:—John Finch to Conrad Humpard. Written in 1538.*

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

HERE ARE THE MOUTHS, BUT WHERE IS THE MEAT?

I REMEMBER (observes Bishop Hall) a great man coming into my house, at Waltham, and seeing all my children standing in the order of their age and stature, said, "These are they that make rich men poor." But he straight received this answer, "Nay, my lord, these are they that make a poor man rich; for there is not one of these whom we would part with for all your wealth." It is easy to observe that none are so gripple and hard-fisted as the childless; whereas those who, for the maintenance of large families, are inured to frequent disbursements, find such experience of Divine Providence in the faithful management of their affairs, as that they lay out with more cheerfulness those they receive. Wherein their care must be abated when God takes it off from them to Himself; and, if they be not wanting to themselves, their faith gives them ease in casting their burden upon Him, who hath more power and more right to it, since our children are more His than our own. He that feedeth the young ravens, (Psalm cxlvii. 9,) can He fail the best of His creatures? Worthy Master Greenham tells us of a gentlewoman who, coming into the cottage of a poor neighbour, and seeing it furnish-

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with a store of children, could say, "Here are the mouths, but where is the meat?" But not long after she was paid in her own coin; for the poor woman coming to her after the burial of her last and now only child, inverted the question upon her: "Here is the meat, but where are the mouths?"

LOSS AND GAIN.

I REMEMBER (says the Rev. George Burder) reading of a woman whose house was on fire. She was very active in removing her goods, but forgot her child, who was sleeping in the cradle. At length she remembered the babe, and ran with earnest desire to save it. But it was now too late! The flames forbade her entrance. Judge of her agony of mind when she exclaimed, "O, my child! my child!" Just so it will be with many a poor sinner, who was all his life "careful, and troubled about many things," while the "one thing needful" was forgotten. What will it then avail for a man to say, "I got a good place, or a good trade, but lost my soul! I got a large fortune, but lost my soul! I got many friends, but God is my enemy! I lived in pleasure, but now pain is my everlasting portion! I clothed my body gaily, but my soul is naked before God!"

THE REMEMBRANCER.

THE WESLEYAN MISSIONS.

"Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand!
Now it spreads along the skies
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land."

ON Monday, the 6th of May next, the Annual Meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society will be held, if the Lord will, in Exeter-Hall, London. In prospect of that important Meeting, it may not now be inopportune briefly to advert to a few of the interesting reminiscences connected with the history and development of that work which, through the instrumentality of this Society, it has pleased the great Head of the church to accomplish.

The indefatigable zeal which led the venerable Founder of Methodism and his coadjutors to spread the knowledge of the Gospel at home, early led them to take a direct share in the evangelization of the Heathen abroad. John Wesley himself had been a Missionary; and when he returned home again from America, he emphatically said, "The world is my parish." And the people the Lord gave to him were a Missionary people. Obtaining mercy of the Lord, they professed to be a forgiven people. Forgiven much, they loved much. They practically exemplified that expressive motto Mr. Wesley caused to be put on the sacramental tokens in Scotland, "Believe, love, and obey." And amongst the manifestations which their life of evangelical obedience produced, not the least striking was their compliance with that law of Christ,—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

In the year 1763 several members of the Wesleyan-Methodist Society, having emigrated from England and Ireland, settled in various parts of North America; and a few years after, two Local Preachers began to speak for Christ,—the one in New-York, and the other in Frederick county, in Maryland. Their preaching was owned of God; so that, in a very short time, many gave evidence of being turned from darkness to light. About the same time, an officer in the army, by name Mr. Webb, was preaching with great success in New-York and Philadelphia. Encouraged by the tokens of the Divine blessing, he wrote to Mr. Wesley, imploring him to send out Missionaries. In answer to his application, two Missionaries were sent, who, landing at Philadelphia, (1769,) found a Society of about one hundred members, who had been brought to the knowledge of the Saviour through the instrumentality of Mr. Webb and the other brethren. The Missionaries were received with open arms; and their ministry was attended by great numbers, who heard the word gladly. One of them afterwards went to New-York, where he preached to a congregation, it is said, of not less than five thousand souls. So encouraging were the prospects of the Mission, that, in 1771, two other Missionaries were sent from England; and in 1773, two more. These met with the same cordial reception as their predecessors; and by this time there were at the several American stations about a thousand persons united together in Christian fellowship, six or seven of whom had become Preachers. The Lord still continued to bless their labours, and in the course of about four years afterwards, the number of Preachers had increased to forty, and that of members to nearly seven thousand; besides some hundreds of the Negro race, who appear to have received the love of the truth, though, for some cause, they had not been joined to the Society.

The Societies under the care of these Missionaries seem to have enjoyed a continued season of revival. It might truly be said of them, that "the hand of the Lord was with them, and a great number believed and turned to the Lord." "During a

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Quarterly-Meeting," it is stated, "at a place called Maybery chapel, which lasted two days, the congregation being about four thousand, some hundreds were awakened, and it is hoped one hundred and fifty savingly converted. In July, 1777, there was a very remarkable awakening in the town of Petersburgh, in Virginia, and parts contiguous thereto. In Amelia county, in the course of the summer, 800, in Sussex county, 1,600, in the county of Brunswick, 1,800, were converted to God, as appeared evident from their subsequent holy life." These good effects were not transient. Eighteen years afterwards, we find it stated that the number of Preachers employed was 400, besides many hundred Local Preachers; that the number of white persons in the Societies was 51,694; and of blacks, 13,814; amounting in all to 65,508, who walk in close fellowship, exclusive of the many thousands who are regular attendants on their ministry. Such was the origin, and such the early progress, of Methodism in North America. And now it is believed that, including the Church North and South, there are upwards of 1,200,000 members, and 6,000 Ministers, in the Episcopal portion alone. Connecting with this mighty result the small beginning of Methodism in America, in 1763, who can refrain from exclaiming, with joy and gratitude, "What hath God wrought!"

Other fields of labour besides America, however, soon attracted the attention of Mr. Wesley. At a very early period the West India islands were added to his stations of evangelistic labour; and on these also the Lord graciously gathered "a people for Himself." In 1760 Mr. Nathaniel Gilbert, Speaker of the House of Assembly in the island of Antigua, began to assemble a few persons in his own house on the Lord's day, for prayer and exhortation; and, finding that the Divine blessing accompanied his labours, he enlarged his sphere of action by commencing to preach to the Negroes. Amidst much reproach he persevered till the time of his death, when there were two hundred persons who had been gathered into Society through his instrumentality. These now seemed to be left uncared for; but the Chief Shepherd and Bishop of souls was, in a remarkable way, preparing an instrument of good for them.

About the year 1780, "John Baxter, a shipwright in the royal dock at Chatham, and a Local Preacher, went to this island to work for His Majesty in the English harbour; and, being constrained by the love of Christ soon after his arrival, he openly preached the Gospel, by which means he collected the scattered remains of Mr. Gilbert's labours. For seven or eight years, with surprising assiduity, he walked through the evening dews when his daily work was over, to instruct the classes in the plantations. The Sabbath he devoted entirely to this labour of love; and, enduring very great opposition and persecution, he continued in it till he had raised a Society of at least a thousand persons."

And mark how God, in His gracious providence, wrought on behalf of that people. In the earlier part of the year 1787, four Missionaries sailed from England, with the intention of proceeding to Nova-Scotia. After being ten weeks at sea, the Captain of the vessel was forced, by stress of weather, to bear off for the West Indies. The Missionaries landed at Antigua, on Christmas-day; and we can easily conceive how their hearts would be filled with gratitude, when they witnessed the glorious results of the zealous labours of John Baxter; and how they would be constrained to recognise the hand of God in the storm which had driven them to this unsought shore. One of these Missionaries remained in the island, and, under his ministry, the number of the disciples multiplied greatly; between two and three thousand persons being united in Society. The other Missionaries proceeded to St. Vincent's, St. Kitt's, and St. Eustatius', in all of which the Lord gave prosperity to the word of His grace. From the last-mentioned island, however, they were shortly afterwards compelled to withdraw, in consequence of a violent persecution raised against them by the Government. In 1788 several other Missionaries were sent out to the West Indies, who proceeded to occupy Barbadoes, Nevis, Tortola, and, shortly afterwards, Jamaica, Grenada, and St. Domingo. In all of these islands, as well as in others which were afterwards occupied, the Spirit was poured out from on high, so that the word of God grew and increased, and the deserts began to rejoice and blossom as the rose. And this prosperity has continued to the present time in these portions of the great Missionary field of labour.

Up to 1813 the Wesleyan Missions were confined chiefly to British North America and the West Indies. In the December of that year, however, Dr. Coke, in his sixty-seventh year, after having crossed the Atlantic eighteen times, accompanied by a band of young Missionaries, embarked for India, for the purpose of establishing Missions in Ceylon and Java. Now commenced, strictly speaking, those Missions to the Heathen, which have progressed with such rapidity, that, at this time, the Wesleyan Missionaries are preaching the Gospel in no less than twenty different languages and dialects. It has been said of our Queen's dominions, that the sun never sets upon them; and it is equally true, of the posts occupied by this Missionary Society, that as the orb of day sets upon one, he rises upon another of these Missionary stations.

Until the period when the Mission to Ceylon was undertaken, the Methodist Missionary operations had been conducted under the general superintendence of Dr. Coke; and he mainly raised the funds for their

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support, stooping "to the very drudgery of charity," and gratuitously "pleading the cause of a perishing world from door to door." The additional evangelistic enterprise now taken up by Dr. Coke, made new arrangements and exertions necessary. Various plans were suggested, but that which originated with the late Rev. George Morley and the Rev. Dr. Bunting, then stationed in Leeds, and sanctioned by several of the Ministers in that town and neighbourhood, was adopted by the ensuing Conference. By God's blessing upon that scheme, the Wesleyan Missionary Society has attained to its present glorious prosperity. In 1814 the income of the Missionary fund was below £7,000; there were seventy Missionaries, and the number of members under their care was 18,747. Now, there are, according to the returns published in 1850, 105,394 accredited church-members, besides 4,830 on trial for membership, under the care of four hundred and twenty-seven Missionaries; and the income is £111,685. 13*s.* 6*d.*

It would be a most interesting and instructive study to mark the providential circumstances connected with the introduction of the Gospel into each station now occupied by this Society, and to note how the blessing of the Most High has continued progressively to crown the labours of its agents. Our space, however, will not allow of us doing more than briefly to contrast the present numerical statistics of the Missions with what they were twenty years ago, about the time when the distinguished men now at the head of this department entered upon the management of its affairs.

On the continent of Europe, in 1830, there were 8 central or principal stations or Circuits, 11 Missionaries, 234 members, and 250 scholars: in 1850 there were 10 stations, 21 Missionaries, 1,856 members, and 1,779 scholars.

In Ceylon and Continental India, in 1830, there were 13 stations, 29 Missionaries, 1,000 members, 4,920 scholars: in 1850, there were 24 stations, 34 Missionaries, 1,943 members, and 6,085 scholars.

In Australasia and Polynesia, in 1830, there were 9 Circuits, 13 Missionaries, 341 members, and 1,024 scholars: in 1850, there were 51 Circuits, 65 Missionaries, 17,453 members, and 22,952 scholars.

In Africa, in 1830, there were 17 Circuits, 19 Missionaries, 867 members, and 1,032 scholars: in 1850, there were 54 Circuits, 55 Missionaries, 10,362 members, and 13,005 scholars.

In the West Indies, in 1830, there were 38 Circuits, 60 Missionaries, 32,858 members, and 10,796 scholars: in 1850, there were 50 Circuits, 85 Missionaries, 50,587 members, and 18,090 scholars.

In British North America, in 1830, there were 50 Circuits, 57 Missionaries, 5,906 members, and 4,218 scholars: in 1850, there were 117 Circuits, 131 Missionaries, 20,708 members, and 12,950 scholars.

While in 1830 the income was £50,017 18*s.* 8*d.*, and the expenditure £51,299 18*s.* 3*d.*; the income reported in 1850, reached the sum of £111,685 13*s.* 6*d.*, and the expenditure was £109,168 10*s.* 7*d.* To God be all the praise!

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

[All notices for this department, if not sent by one of the Ministers of the Circuit, must be authenticated by his signature, in addition to that of the sender.]

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age	Date of Death.
Bailey, Sarah Ann,	Crowdhill,	Southampton,	28	June 4th, 1850.
Chesters, Mary,	Norbury,	Whitchurch, Salop,	49	Dec. 10th, 1850.
Day, James Henry,	Pawlett,	Bridgewater,	17	Dec. 30th, 1850.
Day, Mrs. Mary,	Pawlett,	Bridgewater,	95	Oct. 25th, 1850.
Gledhill, Mrs. Martha,	Brighouse,	Cleckheaton,	73	March 20th, 1849.
Gledhill, Miss Martha T.,	Brighouse,	Cleckheaton,	30	July 8th, 1846.
Hayes, Elizabeth,	Dods-Green,	Whitchurch, Salop,	87	Nov. 14th, 1850.
Hope, Wilfred,	Darey-Lever,	Bolton,	21	Oct. 5th, 1850.
King, Mrs. Ann,	Bridgewater,	Bridgewater,	43	Nov. 7th, 1850.
Mitcheson, Mr.,	Foley,	Longton,	55	Dec. 24th, 1850.
Peake, Sarah,	Whitchurch,	Whitchurch, Salop,	36	Dec. 23d, 1850.
Poole, Mr. Joseph,	Whitchurch,	Whitchurch, Salop,	30	Dec. 17th, 1850.
Shaw, Maria,	Sound,	Whitchurch, Salop,	65	Jan. 8th, 1851.
Slocombe, Mr. John,	Bradney,	Bridgewater,	41	Jan. 13th, 1851.
Spurway, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Bridgewater,	Bridgewater,	95	Nov. 8th, 1850.
Stephenson, Mary Ann,	Allendale-Town,	Allendale-Town,	17	Sept. 10th, 1850.
Stephenson, Jane,	Allendale-Town,	Allendale-Town,	21	Oct. 30th, 1850.
Swale, Mrs. Benjamin,	Marton cum Grafton,	Ripon,	44	Oct. 6th, 1850.
Taylor, Mrs.,	Runcorn,	Runcorn,	40	Oct. 18th, 1850.
Williams, Mr.,	Frodsham,	Runcorn,	67	Feb. 5th, 1851.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

MAY, 1851.

"WHO HATH DESPISED THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS?"

(ZECH. IV. 10.)

IT appears that the Prophets Haggai and Zechariah were born during the captivity. "The first care of Heaven," it is impressively said by one of the ancients, "is the church;" and for its benefit God raises up, even in the most unpromising circumstances, a suitable agency. Removing to Judæa in their youth, these men of God were destined to important service. According to the sure word of prophecy, spoken two hundred years before, royal Cyrus, the "shepherd" of God, had said "to Jerusalem, Thou shalt be built; and to the temple, Thy foundation shall be laid." (Isai. xliv. 28.) Thousands of the exiles had availed themselves of the freedom offered, and had gone, under the conduct of Zerubbabel, to the land ever dear and hallowed in their esteem. According to Ezra's narrative, the second temple was founded with little delay. Trumpets and cymbals announced the glad occasion. The Priests, in sacred and beautiful robes, with the Levites, the sons of Asaph, chanted, in response to each other, the ancient song unto the LORD, "because He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever toward Israel;"—and the people shouted for joy. But this work, so zealously and patriotically begun, was soon suspended. The Samaritans, and other enemies of the Jews, harassed them with vexatious opposition. Sixteen years rolled away. With the loss of favourable opportunity, the newborn zeal of the builders languished; and, in course of time, it became needful to rouse them from their slumber. The ministry of Prophets was accordingly employed. The word of the LORD came by Haggai, saying, "Is it time for you, O ye, to dwell in your ceiled houses, and this house lie waste?" (Hag. i. 4.) Zechariah was also commissioned to challenge the people, setting before them the vanity of life, and the brevity of all favouring seasons, in contrast to the unchanging word of God: "Your fathers, where are they? and the Prophets, do they live for ever?" (Zech. i. 5.) *One* of these inspired men recounts the calamities which already descend on the loiterers for their guilty inactivity; and the *other* sketches various prophetic scenery, full of encouragement for all who will gird themselves for fresh duty; while *both* announce the coming of "THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS," whose visits shall assuredly confer on the second temple an excelling glory.

The imagery described in Zech. iv. 2, 3, is rich in instruction. "I have looked, and behold a candlestick all of gold, with a bowl upon the top of it, and his seven lamps thereon, and seven pipes to the seven lamps, which are upon the top thereof: and two olive-trees by it, one upon the right side of

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the bowl, and the other upon the left side thereof." Let no plain reader think that he cannot understand this visionary scene. Many learned men seem to have erred by resolving to find a distinct meaning in every particular. It is doubtless better to look at the general truth which the whole contains. We are favoured, indeed, with an angelic interpreter of the symbols. But does *he* go into the minutenesses of certain human expositors? Hear him: "This is the word of the LORD unto Zerubbabel, saying, Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the LORD of Hosts. Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain: and he shall bring forth the head-stone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it. Moreover the word of the LORD came unto me, saying, The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house; his hands also shall finish it; and thou shalt know that the LORD of Hosts hath sent me unto you." (Zech. iv. 6—9.) As God's power silently and mysteriously enriches the olive-trees for the feeding of the lamps, so His Spirit prospers the instrumentality employed in rebuilding the temple, and reviving the Jewish state. And, when the anxious Prophet again inquires more precisely respecting the olive-trees, it is remarkable that he has to ask twice; and even then he learns, simply, that they represent the called and anointed agents "standing by the LORD," receiving succours from Him, and made strong in His might. Perhaps the first application of such a scripture is designedly obscure, in order that *all* whose hands hang down may share the encouragement which it conveys.

In the midst of this remarkable passage we read, "Who hath despised the day of small things?" "The plummet" is "in the hand of Zerubbabel;" and all is under the guidance of all-wise Providence,—"the eyes of the LORD, which run to and fro through the whole earth." But, in the just estimation of the universal church, the words are not to be limited to their first occasion. We, too, are called to build the city and the temple of our God. As in pursuing each effort of Christian zeal we draw animation from the words, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the LORD of Hosts;" so, when oppressed by a sense of our weakness, and of the greatness of our work,—while the insignificant beginning is like the faintest beams of morning in the eastern sky,—we may still ask, "Who hath despised the day of small things?" And these words may be taken as containing a description of our own times; as suggesting the sentiments with which the state of the church is to be regarded; and as tending to impress on our forgetful minds sundry reflections of high practical value.

Eighteen hundred years ago, Christianity was set up by means of the ministry of Apostles. Many and signal were its early triumphs. Kings and mighty ones soon embraced it; and, at the present day, it is the established religion of the greatest nations of the earth. Nor can it be denied that we now witness unexampled activity in the Christian church. Yet, in the light of various considerations, our own boasted age must be viewed as the day of feebleness, and, to unanointed eyes, of discouragement. The builders of the temple are comparatively few. A survey of the globe shows a small proportion of even nominal Christians. Rival systems maintain their long-continued sway. Vast realms of darkness are yet unpierced. The light itself has become darkness. Ask for the once flourishing churches of Africa and Asia; and where are they? How many professing Christians, moreover, much nearer home, are like those among the Jews who were unwilling to toil at the sacred structure! How little vital religion! How little zeal for the LORD of Hosts! What indifference to the claims and interests of His truth! What ominous attempts to serve God and Mammon! Nay, more: the

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builders are at variance. They are divided by endless disputes about the scaffolding. It is, indeed, a "day of small things."

Like Zerubbabel and his compatriots, these builders nevertheless endure a most vigorous and malignant opposition. Sanballat and his fellows may be regarded as the types of all hell, and of the perverted energies of this world. Our foes are many, yet united in purpose. Ignorance and crime, infidelity and superstition, atheism and paganism, are all embattled, with strange unanimity, against the servants of Christ. The agency employed in raising His church is, to all appearance, utterly powerless; and that holy cause finds an enemy in every man that comes into the world. Captives, wasted by the sorrows of a protracted exile, were called, in the days of Zerubbabel, to build the temple and the wall of Jerusalem; and though Christian nations boast victorious fleets and armies, as well as varied genius and science, these are not the means of accomplishing a spiritual result. By "the foolishness of preaching," God is pleased to "save them that believe." "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble," are enlisted in this service. The Minister at home, or the Missionary of the Cross abroad, may be commended by no gigantic stature, no natural prowess, no statesmanship, no tongue of eloquent wisdom. The world claims credit for sober judgment in pronouncing his hopes madness.

Such are the means applied for the conversion of a world; *and we expect none else*. Truly, ours is the day of feeble things. If we can find encouragement, it is by looking away from all that is apparent; by remembering that ancient believers "endured, as seeing Him who is invisible," "out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

"I will lift up mine eyes," then, (says the lover of Sion,) "unto the hills." I will regard the cause of Christ on earth with warm interest, with assured hope, and with that eager anxiety which prompts me to do all I can in its behalf. Some may "despise the day of small things," and treat the subject with cool indifference. *I find nothing on earth so great and glorious.* Friendship and patriotism fade before a passion that shall survive the sinking of this "flesh and heart," and rise into immortal ardours when this dull scene is followed by the bright realities of heaven. Others may "despise the day of small things," by imagining that the project of Zerubbabel will never be realised, and that the resources of the enemy will never be exhausted. I will stay myself on the word of Him who cannot lie. From His own oracles I will draw illustration of the way in which His designs are wrought out. There I will trace His reasons for the use of a feeble instrumentality, and the secret of its wondrous success. If this work is dear to me, it is infinitely dearer to Him; and "no weapon that is formed against" Him "shall prosper." My hopes are sustained by all church-history, and by the experience of every believer. Remembering my own faint beginnings, I can despair no more. The mercy which did not pass by me, will pass by none. Let me think, moreover, of the infant church at Jerusalem; of the opening of the door to the Gentiles; and of the stupendous design of spreading the truth to the ends of the known world, which was well-nigh accomplished by the energies of twelve men! To come to later days, let me reflect how communities, now large and flourishing, have risen, as it were, from nothing; how the Protestant Reformation, and the rise of Methodism, exemplify (what John Milton has impressively called) "the unresistible might of weakness;" and how, in many a modern revival, "a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains" has yielded harvests that still "shake like Lebanon."

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"Who hath despised the day of small things?" Are not *they* in a serious degree implicated, who fail as to the practical duty of building the temple of the Lord? Let us be prompted to renew our toil, to pray in faith, to deny ourselves, and to cultivate the unity of love. "Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain: and he shall bring forth the head-stone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it." (Zech. iv. 7.) But may we not rest satisfied with the assurance that this consummation *will* be gained? Far otherwise. Here is the matchless motive to activity. Zerubbabel did not rest in passive expectation. Daniel, when he "understood by books" the length of the captivity, "set" his "face unto the Lord God, to seek" the accomplishment of the sure prophecy "by prayer and supplications, with fasting, and sackcloth, and ashes." (Dan. ix. 2, 3.) I am weak; but there is a frame of mind which prepares the feeblest disciple to take part in building the temple of God. Let the humility that studies the magnitude of the work, and wonders that such an instrumentality is admitted at all, be combined with obedience to the call of the adorable Architect, and with trust in His changeless promises. Then I shall be ready to brave the scorn of the world, and the still more painful instances of failure and discouragement among the lovers of Sion. Let me resolve, in the strength of grace, never to rest until "the head-stone" shall be brought forth with "shoutings, Grace, grace unto it." The danger is now, as of old, lest difficulty and opposition cause the zeal of the builders to abate. *So far as I am responsible, shall the work cease?* Shall Sanballat triumph? Shall hell rejoice? God forbid! Let me account nothing yet achieved; but let faith bring distant things nigh. The mountain shall become a plain, for THE LORD HATH SPOKEN. L.

THE TWO BEREAVEMENTS.

I HAD gone one day to visit a poor woman who had been rather ailing for some time; and, while sitting with her, I saw a small vessel glide smoothly past on the untroubled sea, to which her window looked. She immediately rose, and having opened the window made a signal, which was answered by some one on board.

Her husband, I knew, was a sailor; and I asked if this was his vessel. She said it was; that this was to be his last trip that season; at which she expressed much thankfulness, having had constant anxiety of late on account of the stormy weather to which he had been exposed.

"He bids fair," I said, "to have a pleasant voyage to-night, and I hope you may soon see him back safe and well." "God grant it!" she replied; "for I fear his being away far worse than I used to do; and I think it 's partly fear about him that has made me ill."

Three days after I walked out in the same direction in which her cottage lay; and, on my way home, met a man walking very hurriedly, I should rather say, almost running, and evidently under some strong excitement; so much so, that I stopped to inquire what was wrong.

"Did you not hear," he said, "that Geordie ——— was drowned?" "No," I replied: "when and how did it happen?" "Indeed, I scarcely know," he said; "for when I met his brother, he just told me this was the case, and that he wished to carry the body home to be buried in his native place; and he asked me if I would bring this word to his wife, and, if possible, get her put on board the boat with them, which will pass down in about three hours: so I am wanting to get the Minister to see if he will tell this ill news to the poor creature."

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I could not, of course, detain him; and I walked sadly on, reflecting on the bereaved wife's condition when this messenger of evil tidings should have reached her.

Soon after reaching home, I saw this man, with the Clergyman, passing hurriedly along; and, sooner than I could have supposed possible, both returned, accompanied by the desolate widow, who just reached the pier in time to accomplish the object they had in view.

The week following, I learned that she had returned, and went without delay to see her. On entering, I found her sitting up in bed, her eyes closed, and her body rocking back and forwards, with a painfully restless and disquieted motion. I inquired for her health. She said she was not ill, but very weary, which occasioned her being in bed. "And little wonder," she added; "for I have walked many a long mile since I saw you, with that bairn on my back; and that wasna easy, wi' the other burden I hae to carry."

I remarked, that I had been grieved to hear of the occasion of the journey, and feared she would be little able for it, after receiving such sad tidings. "O!" she said, "I was able for anything. I never kent that I was walking. But I can do naething now;" and again she began to move as before. I asked some questions about her children; to which she replied, "I canna care for them now: I can care for nothing: the heaven above me is as brass, and the earth beneath me as iron, and there is no rest or comfort for me anywhere." I said it was natural she should so feel stunned and overwhelmed by such a sudden bereavement; but that she must not yield too much to these feelings, and should seek grace to do what God yet required of her as a mother.

She made no answer, but by a deep groan; and then, clasping her hands, she threw herself about more wildly than ever. I felt at a loss what to say, and was about to leave, when she exclaimed, "O! if I kent that Geordie's soul was weel, I could bear it a'. I could easy bear it. What 's grief or toil to me, if he were weel?"

This was too sacred a sorrow, I felt, for me to meddle with. I feared to say anything, lest I should wound her on the one hand, or deceive her on the other. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" was all I could utter, while inwardly beseeching God to soothe her troubled mind. I came away.

Some time after, I visited her again. She was then going about her ordinary work; but her mind seemed still fully engrossed with this one awful and unremovable anxiety. I listened for a time to the outpourings of her grief, and then read to her some soothing passages of holy writ; but she seemed little able to attend to them. Before leaving, I asked her if she had made preparation for her confinement, which I saw was fast approaching. "No, no," she said: "I expect to need nothing but a coffin for mysel' and my babe. I have made no preparation."

I tried to point out to her the evil of so speaking and acting; but it was quite without effect. Everything was answered by some declaration about what she herself felt; from which she gathered, as a certain conclusion, that she could not survive the time of suffering to which she looked forward. Seeing this, I set to work myself to provide what was absolutely needful; but had not accomplished nearly what I intended, when I learned that she had been safely delivered of a fine boy, and that both were doing well. I lost no time in hurrying to her cottage, carrying with me what things I had got ready.

I had often witnessed strange and sudden revulsions of feeling; and in such minds as that of this poor woman they are especially to be expected. But I had never met with anything that could prepare me to anticipate what I now

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witnessed. Her look, when I entered, was expressive not of calm satisfaction only; her face beamed with joy as she told me of the birth of her son, supposing I had not heard, and hastily raised herself to let me look at him. She was already the mother of four children; but all had been girls, and the birth of a son seemed to have turned the whole current of her feeling into a new channel. "She remembered no more her anguish, for joy that a man-child was born into the world."

Of all events which the varying condition of man presents, none seems so fitted to call forth solemn and affecting emotions as the birth of a posthumous child; and to me the absence in her mind of anything approaching to this seemed so strangely unnatural, that I was inclined to attribute to feverish excitement her present state of feeling, and therefore made a very short stay, entreating her attendant, on leaving, to let no one see her, and in any possible way to keep her quiet.

Day after day, however, I heard good accounts of her recovery; and at length, learning that she had been out, I thought there could be no risk in going once more to see her. I found her apparently well, and very active; all things tidy and orderly about her, and her sweet baby beautifully neat and clean. She spoke only of it; and at each successive visit, as I marked how wholly it had become the joy of her life, I felt urged sometimes to remind her that she held it by a very frail tenure. Alas! the poor creature liked not such warning! She would not see that this prized joy might link her soul to future bitter sorrow; and her ear was shut against every voice that entreated her to beware, lest she gave to the creature such homage of her heart as is only due to the Creator. My so speaking had made my visits distasteful to her, and she cared not to conceal this; but I still went occasionally, that I might add something to her little store.

Her boy had now reached his second birthday, and ran stoutly about. His infant troubles seemed nearly past, and he looked likely for health and long life; but this was not laid up for him. A severe cold brought on croup, of which, within two days, he died. Those who have seen this complaint need not to be told of the convulsed and fearful suffering in which it often terminates.

I saw it then for the first time, and cannot think yet, without anguish, of the scene which presented itself: the poor child writhing in agony, the mother wildly screaming, while she averted her face, that she might not behold the awful contortions of that lovely form she had so delighted to gaze upon. I believe even she gave thanks when these sufferings ceased; and I shall never forget the thankfulness I felt when the impression made by them was wholly removed, as I looked, the day after, at the lovely peaceful smile which sat on the lifeless infant's face, and seemed to say it had indeed entered into rest. I found her hanging over it bathed in tears, which I had never seen her shed before. Her first grief seemed to dry up and harden; this was melting and humbling her inmost soul.

She was bereaved; but her child, she doubted not, was blessed; and, while she wept, her grief was mingled with fear.

Many years after, when God had taught her to trace His hand, and acknowledge His fatherly tenderness, in all she had been called to pass through, she told me that the belief that her child had been received into His blessed presence first led her to desire that she too might find a place there.

I sat by her often in her last illness, and she spoke freely of all God's dealings with her; but I never heard her again allude to her anxieties regarding her husband's eternal condition. She had evidently found, in knowledge of God, rest from all distracting fears.

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On one occasion, speaking of some worldly loss, she said, "I cannot mourn about it: the possession of that, and far more, could never make me happy without God; and since I have Him as the portion of my soul, its loss but little troubles me. Have what we may, we can only be happy in so far as we see God in it, and use it to His glory. How well David knew this," she added, looking up with a sweet smile, "when, though surrounded with all the grandeur of a King, he said, 'I shall be satisfied when I awake up with Thy likeness!'"

I believe these were the last words I ever heard her distinctly utter, though I saw her often again. Latterly she could speak little; but her meek, placid face told much that it was very cheering to know concerning one whom I had seen so sorely tossed and afflicted.

"BE NOT CONFORMED TO THIS WORLD."

THERE is great danger that you may be. There cling to our natures elements of depravity, even after our introduction into the kingdom of Christ, by which this world may draw us into affinity with itself too close for eminent spirituality. So peculiar and intimate are our relations to the world, that a too complaisant disposition, a desire of pleasing, a fear of offending, a dread of ridicule, a shrinking from singularity, may influence us to a hurtful affiliation with its spirit and manners.

When I notice that a professed follower of Jesus Christ manifests a more absorbing desire for temporal than for spiritual prosperity, for the accumulation of wealth than for promoting the glory of God, and is more earnest to procure for his children a coffer of gold than a crown of life, I want affectionately to say to him, "*Be not conformed to this world.*"

When I hear a professor of religion conversing with animation and interest about crops, markets, politics, news, and fashions, and then notice that he is silent and indifferent when religious subjects are themes of conversation, I want to remind him of the exhortation of Paul, "*Be not conformed to this world.*"

When I observe a professor of religion seeking and enjoying the society of ungodly men more than that of the saints, more punctual and cheerful in his attendance at the social and convivial party than at the prayer-meeting and the sanctuary, I should like kindly to whisper in his ear, "*Be not conformed to this world.*"

When I behold a professor of religion panting and grasping after the plaudits and honours of earth, eager to bind about his temples a fading wreath, climbing upon a crumbling pedestal of earthly fame, I want to direct his eye to the exhortation, "*Be not conformed to this world.*"

When I see a female Christian professor decorated with the gaudy trappings of fashion, eager to catch the gaze and admiration of the vain and thoughtless, imitating the glitter of the dissolute, and exciting the envy of the poor, I want to thunder in her ear, so loudly as to startle and awaken her conscience, "*Be not conformed to this world.*"

When I observe a mother, professing to be a Christian, sending her children to the ball-room, the fashionable assembly, and the festive party, among the profligate and the licentious, to perfect their education, and polish their manners, whilst I weep for her children, I want to repeat to the misguided parent the charge of Paul, "*Be not conformed to this world.*"

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TALKING AND DOING.

When Dr. Chalmers was executing his plan of establishing parochial schools in connexion with St. John's parish, in Glasgow, a site, which belonged to the College, was selected for the first school to be erected. Dr. Chalmers called on Dr. Taylor, the head of the College, in order to purchase this site. He expressed his hope of obtaining it on reasonable terms, in consequence of the novelty and importance of the undertaking.

"The undertaking," said Dr. Taylor, "is an important one; but it is not a new one. We have been talking for twenty years of establishing parochial schools in Glasgow."

"Yes," said Dr. Chalmers; "but how many more years do you intend to talk about it? Now, we are going to do the thing, and not to talk about it; and so you must even let the price be as moderate as possible, seeing we are going to take the labour of talking and projecting entirely off your hands."

There is a great difference between talking and doing, though all men do not seem to be aware of it. In the case above alluded to, more was accomplished by the latter in six months than by the former in twenty years.

There are many persons who would be greatly profited by exchanging talking for doing. For example, the student who talks of the attainments he is going to make, the Minister who talks of the good sermons he is going to prepare, the man who talks of the efforts for the conversion of others which he is going to put forth, the unconverted sinner who talks of one day repenting and trusting in Christ.

PLEASURE OF DOING GOOD.

As Henry Martyn was on his way to India, he was watchful, day and night, for opportunities of doing good to those on board the ship in which he sailed. He was especially attentive to the sick. One day, when the hatches were shut down in consequence of a gale, he went below to visit a sick sailor. As there was perfect darkness below, he was obliged to feel his way. He found the man swinging in his hammock, in darkness, and heat, and damp, without a creature to speak to him, and in a burning fever. "I gave him," says Martyn, "a few grapes which had been given to me, to allay his thirst. How great the pleasure of doing good even to the bodies of men!"

Martyn had large experience of the pleasure of doing good. His efforts to do good were unceasing; and they were made at the expense of self-sacrifice. They were thus of a kind to yield him the largest amount of pleasure.

Reader, have you had experience of the pleasure of doing good? especially of doing good to the souls of men? There is no pleasure like it. He who labours in simplicity and in godly sincerity to do good, has his reward in a calm and enduring pleasure, which no earthly prosperity, no wealth nor honours, can bestow.

How many seek for happiness from afar, when it can be had, in its purest form, by doing good to their neighbours! "To do good, and to communicate, forget not," if you would be happy, if you would enjoy the Saviour's smile.

The manner in which Mr. Martyn became possessed of the grapes which he gave to the sick man, is interesting and instructive.

The ship, after touching at the Cape of Good Hope, sailed thence on the Sabbath. On that day, a boat came alongside with fruit; but, says

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Martyn, "I did not think it right to buy any, though I longed to have some to carry to sea." On the day on which he visited the sick man, a passenger who came on board at the Cape, and to whom he had scarcely ever spoken, sent him a plate of fruit, by which he was greatly refreshed, and enabled to relieve the sick man.

It is somewhat remarkable, that this seasonable present came on the very day on which Martyn entered in his commonplace-book the following sentiment, taken from an author he was reading:—"If, from regard to God's Sabbath, I deny myself, He will more than make it up to me." In keeping God's statutes there is great reward.

OUR OWN CONSEQUENCE.

We think of our own consequence; our talents; our attainments. We think what a breach will be made when we die. We think of the mourners who will gather around us with broken hearts. We think of the solemn, sad procession that will go with us to the tomb; forgetting how seldom it is that the hearts of any considerable proportion in a funeral procession are serious and solemn at all, or care anything about the dead. We look at our own affairs, and press them forward, as if everything else should give way to them, and as if the world had no interests so great that they may not be required to yield to our convenience.

Now, how contrary all this is to truth and reality, it is hardly necessary to attempt to show. Few will care about it at all when we die; and the world at large will care nothing, and know nothing, about it. A very little circle of friends will be affected; as a little circle of water is agitated when a drop of rain falls into the ocean. At the centre of that small circle of friends, there will be some deep emotion, and some tears of genuine grief will be shed; at a very little distance, the emotion will be fainter and feebler; at a point but a little more remote there will be none; and soon, very soon, all the agitation there was will have died away, as when the little drops of rain fall into the ocean.

"The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will share
His favourite phantom."—BRYANT.

A few friends will go and bury us; and then they will turn away to their own concerns, forgetful that we are sleeping in the grave. Affection will rear a stone, and plant a few flowers, over our grave: but the hand that reared the stone or planted the flowers will soon become unable to cut the letters deeper as they become obliterated, or to cultivate the flowers; and, in a brief period, the little hillock will be smoothed down, and the stone will fall, and neither friend nor stranger will be concerned to ask which one of the forgotten millions of the earth was buried there. No antiquarian will go to cut again those effaced words which told our name, and the time of our birth and of our death. Every vestige of our existence upon the earth will have vanished away. All the little memorials of us — the lock of hair encased in gold, or the portrait that hung in our dwellings—will cease to have the slightest value to any living being; nor will even momentary curiosity be excited to know who wore that hair, or whose countenance is delineated there.

"On my grassy grave
The men of future times will careless tread,
And read my name upon the sculptured stone;
Nor will the sound familiar to their ears
Recall my vanish'd memory."—H. KIRKE WHITE.

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THEOLOGY.

IMMEDIATELY EMBRACE AN OFFERED SAVIOUR.

An extract from a Sermon preached in Tolbooth church, Edinburgh, by the Rev. James Webster, July 16th, 1710. (Transcribed from the original MS. preserved in the Archives of the city of Edinburgh.)

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief."—1 Tim. i. 15.

We concluded, last day, with a word of exhortation: we now proceed to again reinforce the plain offer, begging you, in God's stead, in Christ's stead, to accept of this Christ incarnate. Embrace God that came to save. "I came not to destroy the world,"—that was not my errand,—but that the world by me might be saved. And when He comes, the angels proclaim the good news, and God's good-will toward men. Here an incarnate God is offered to you. What say ye? Will ye come and accept?—will ye come and receive? which is all the same thing. Godless sinner, graceless sinner, hopeless sinner, accept of my Lord, accept of salvation offered to you. Ignorant sinner, come, and He will give you wisdom: presumptuous sinner, lay aside your false faith, and get a faith of His working: despairing sinner, give over your harsh thoughts, your jealousies of God, your misconstructions of Him. Here is the plank after shipwreck. God the Father has but one Son, and He hath dropped Him out of heaven, a plank to drowning souls, when every billow was presenting a grave, and every grave a winding-sheet. Here is salvation offered. Come, weary sinner, accept of rest. Your duties will give you no rest. Ye may run an eternal round of praying, hearing, meditating, communicating, mourning, and whatever else ye can suppose; but, do what you will, there is no rest for the sole of the foot of your soul, in the way of rest, till ye first come to Christ, and accept of Him. "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." If burdens upon burdens, hills upon hills, were upon your back, if ye will come and accept of Christ, that came to save, ye shall have rest. What say ye? Will ye accept of Him? Will ye do it? I press your consciences. Will ye accept of Christ, or will ye say ye will have none of Him; ye will rather be damned than take Him; ye will rather die than take a remission out of His hands? Backsliding souls, that contradict the light, that contradict vows, contradict repeated engagements, have turned aside from God and His way, to vanities, to lusts, to idols; return, backsliding sinners, and accept of Him for a husband, and He will betroth you, that ye shall never, never go back again: "I will heal your backsliding." Black sinner, black like a devil, black as Ethiopian, black as hell itself, come and wash. Accept of Him. He is the true cleanser. He will wash you till ye be whiter than the drifted snow. Debtor that owest millions of talents of vengeance to provoked justice, accept of Him, and He is thy surety that thy debt is paid for ever. Ye owe not a farthing that any can exact of you. Disconsolate soul, that no man, no Minister, no, not even an angel from heaven, can comfort, come and receive Him; for He is the consolation of Israel. He is the God and Father of all consolation. Accept of Him, and ye shall never have a bad day again. Ye shall never have a sad day again, compared with what ye have now.

I would enforce this with some motives to urge you to accept of Christ.

1. I consider this is the design of all ordinances. Why do we preach, or why do you hear, but to bring you to accept of Christ? Will ye come to sermon, and not come to Christ? Will ye go to prayer, and not go to Christ? Will you go to a communion-table, (as some of you have been lately,) and not go to Christ? It is the design of all means to make you meet with Him and accept of Him. "These things were written," says the beloved disciple, "that ye might believe, and believing might have life through His name." If ye do not accept of Him, all the means of grace are to little purpose,—are to no purpose—to bad purpose.

2. Will ye come to Him, accept of Him? for He is beforehand with you: He is come to you. He came in the flesh a long journey from heaven. "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost." He came to the world to save sinners. He could have been happy in His own kingdom, upon His

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own throne, encircled with His angels, and by the choirs of heaven; but He would not remain there, and see the sinner perish, without an effort being made to save him. He came down from heaven to save you. He still comes to you by His word, by His providence, by the sacrament, and by His Spirit. And now, since He has done all this beforehand, will ye not come forth and meet Him? Will ye not give Him a hearty reception?—But He is also coming to you by national judgments, by wrath and judgment. And will ye not meet Him in peace, before you see Him covered with the frowns of His indignation? Remember that, whenever you are in earnest to come to Him, He is prepared to receive you. "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." I will not cast him out upon his first approach. I will not objurgate him. I will not chide him. Notwithstanding all the evils he has done to me, I will make him truly welcome. I will take him into my very heart, and will not cast him out. The word means, "I will never, no, never, cast him out." I will not cast him out of my bosom upon earth, nor out of my kingdom and glory in heaven.

3. Further, to enforce this great duty, consider what divines say of the ills of unbelief, or of rejecting Christ. Unbelief rejects Christ, refuses Him that came to save sinners. It does an injury to all the Persons of the Godhead. It flings dust upon the great contrivance of the Father; it does what it can to rob Christ of His purchase, and to make Him die in vain; it robs the Holy Ghost of a temple. Ye thus wrong all the Persons of the Godhead by your unbelief. Each one of them may say, "O, that wretch heard me, this day, offered to him; but he would have none of me." "O," says the Father, "he has wounded my heart." "O," says Christ, "he has trampled on my blood." "O," says the Holy Ghost, "he has despised my warning, and deforced my means and institutions." Thus ye do wrong all the Persons of the Godhead. Ye make the three glorious Persons your most terrible enemies, by not accepting Christ.—Then divines also compare rejecting Christ to the worst sins that ever were committed. I remember a divine (well known to some) who compares it to the four greatest sins that ever were committed, except that against the Holy Ghost, for which there is no forgiveness.

(1.) To Adam's sin, when he murdered a whole world. Truly Adam should have been more cautious, when he had the whole stock of mankind in his hand. He should have been a very cautious merchant, and not played the bankrupt so soon. But he murdered the whole race of mankind in a moment. The serpent presented him with a cup of poison, and he, conceiving a little pleasure in it, drunk it out; and he and all his posterity fell down dead. This was a great and horrible sin. It was a sin against all the ten commandments; which, if I had time, I could demonstrate to you. But still the sin of Adam was not equal to yours, committed this day in the Tolbooth kirk. For all that Adam did, however aggravated, was only a sin against a Lord Creator, and bountiful Benefactor; but you sin against a Lord Redeemer, who buys you with His blood. God made a world with words; but Christ spent thirty-three years in redeeming the world. You offend against a Lord Redeemer. You affront a Lord Redeemer. You are stabbing His very heart while it is beating with love towards you. You are heaving down the throne of grace. Consider it, you that will not take Christ and acquiesce in His fulness and righteousness. You are worse than Adam, who murdered the whole world.

(2.) Your sin is worse than the sin of Sodom. Christ says, "Woe to thee, Chorazin! woe to thee, Bethsaida! if the mighty works of God had been done in Tyre, in Sodom and Gomorrah, that were done in you, they had repented long ago." "Verily I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for you." Yet, I say, even these inhabitants of Chorazin and Capernaum were less guilty than some of you. They committed an unnatural villany; but you commit a devilish villany. Ye take the body of Christ, and fling it among your feet, and trample His blood under foot. Sodom and Gomorrah, and even Chorazin and Capernaum, will have a much colder place in hell than the professors in the Tolbooth kirk will have, who would not receive the Lord Jesus Christ.

(3.) Again, the non-accepting of Him is as great a sin as making a compact with the devil. You will say, This is hard. Yea, but it is Scripture. When Saul is commanded to cut off Agag, his flocks and people, it was but a trifle, you would have thought, of which he was accused, when he preserved many of the beasts alive. You might have supposed that disobedience in such a case was almost a duty.

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What a cruel thing did it appear to destroy so many people, and even so many innocent beasts! What had they done to call for such awful judgments upon them? But since it was the express command of God, and Saul had dared to disobey Him, the Prophet attacks him, saying, What is this you have done? He replies, I have done nothing but saved some of the flocks to be sacrifices to God. The Prophet continues, Will God regard your sacrifices rather than your obedience to His commands? Behold, your rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft. You think nothing of obedience to the Divine command; but I tell you that those women who make a compact with the devil in witchcraft, do not commit a more heinous crime than you have done in not obeying God.—But now, if disobedience in such a small matter as the sparing of some beasts for sacrifice be reckoned as the sin of witchcraft, what must be the character of the disobedience of those who will not obey God in accepting Jesus Christ? Has not God said, "This is my commandment, That ye believe on my Son, whom I have sent into the world?" What rebellious traitors against heaven, who have made a compact with the devil, must you be who still refuse to obey the Divine command! Your rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft. For Christ's sake, think upon it. O the dreadful wrath that hangs over you who will not accept of Christ! "He that believeth not is condemned already, and the wrath of God abideth in him." He is condemned already. The law has condemned him, the Gospel condemns him, and the vengeance of eternity lights upon him. The worst of vengeance, the weightiest vengeance, will overtake him for ever and ever.

(4.) The man who will not accept of Christ is more guilty than they who put Christ to death. The Jews murdered Him when He was in disguise, and they knew Him not. When His Godhead was veiled with human flesh, and clothed with all its sinless infirmities, they murdered Him, because they knew Him not. "For had they known Him," says the Apostle, "they would not have crucified the Lord of glory." I will not say he is speaking there of the Priests; for they did know; and, therefore, they were guilty of an unparalleled sin. But the poor people, being misled by the Priests, took Him not for the Messiah. "I know ye ignorantly did it," says Paul. But now, ye who hear me this day know that He is exalted. Ye know well that He is in His glorified state, at the right hand of God. Will ye still refuse Him, and shut your hearts against the King of glory? Will not all your powers be opened and enlarged to give Him a triumphal entry into your souls? I say that your rejection of Him is a worse sin than that of the Jews who murdered Christ at Jerusalem. I warrant ye, some of you have said, when at the communion-table, "O, those corrupt wretches who murdered the Son of God!" But I tell you that you are doing the same thing every day. They committed this deed but once, while every day that you have an offer of Christ and yet refuse Him, you are guilty of the same wicked act. Every day that you reject Him, you crucify Him afresh, and put Him to an open shame. I beseech you, for Christ's sake, be no longer chargeable with this hateful crime. O, cry unto Him that He may loose your bands, discover your lost estate, and, by His powerful grace, conquer and subdue your souls unto the faith and obedience of the Gospel. Many are ready to object; I say, many are very ready to object; for the heart is fruitful of objections against this duty, more almost than any other. If I were to bid you pray twice a day in your families, perhaps you would have some reluctancy. But if you were convinced that you must do this or be damned, it is likely you would commence the work. If I were to bid you read the Bible, you would perhaps do it. If I were to bid you forbear drinking, swearing, and wantonness, or else you must be damned, you would perhaps comply with my request. But say what I can about accepting Christ, you will not receive Him. How strange it is that the enmity of the heart should be so powerful against the only Redeemer! "Well," say some of you, "why bid us do this strange and hard service, when you tell us that nothing less than a Divine power will enable us to do it? What! have I power?" Though you cannot, you are obliged to do it, because your inability is nothing more than a *will not*. In common affairs, a man may forfeit a power to perform a certain work, by his own misconduct; but this does not take away the right of his master to hold him liable for that work. A man may lend another a sum of money which is squandered by the borrower. He can cast him into prison, and keep him there, as a punishment for his inability to refund the money. And, to apply this to the case in hand, your inability to obey God is the

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result of your own desperate love of sin, which will never take away His right to command you to obey, nor relieve you from the punishment due to your disobedience. But you are also to remember, that while you have completely disabled yourselves by sin from complying with God's message of salvation, yet He graciously promises you all the aid you require to do His will. You know Christ said to the man with the withered hand, "Put forth thy hand." Had this man been like some persons, he might have said, "Lord, why mock me? for thou knowest that my hand is completely withered and powerless. I cannot move it in the least." But the poor man aimed to do as he was commanded, and strength was given to him in making the attempt. So will God deal with you poor, withered, ruined sinners. Come with your withered head, and say, "Lord, I have no right thoughts, just conceptions, spiritual desires; but do Thou enlighten, purify, and save me." Come with all your spiritual infirmities, with your heart hard as the devil's heart, and say, "Lord, make it soft, and susceptible of heavenly impressions." Come with your withered hands, and say, "Lord, I cannot accept of Thee, but I stretch them forth in the best way I am able." You do not know but Christ will convey the power you need at the time of putting forth your withered hand. Never give up trying to come to Him. A man drowning, when the rope is near to him, will always make an effort to lay hold of it till the very last. I say to you, Do what you can to accept of Christ; and it may be, that the set time to favour your endeavours will come when you least expect it. Perhaps you may have already appointed many days for believing and receiving Christ, but as yet you have not succeeded. You must commence over again, and continue your efforts, even though you should die at the foot of the cross, crying, "Lord, if I go to hell, I will make my grave under Thy mercy-seat, and there I shall be buried. Through Thy help I will pray as well as I can, will love Thee, and be exercised for Thee; will do justly, love mercy, walk humbly, and do everything for Thy glory. And I will remember all my own works as filthy rags, and trust alone in my blessed Saviour." I tell you, that to go to hell in this way, if you must, after all, go there, is better than to go there in the devil's highway of sin and wickedness.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD BRINGING BACK THE WANDERER TO HIMSELF.

"I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away." —Ezek. xxxiv. 16.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." —Matt. xi. 28.

Why, O man, hast thou left Me?

Why hast thou turned from Him that loved thee?

Why hast thou again joined thyself to thy enemy?

Remember that for thy sake I became flesh.

Remember that for thy sake I was brought low.

Remember that for thy sake I became poor.

Remember that for thy sake I lived on the earth.

Remember that for thy sake I was persecuted.

Remember that for thy sake I bore evil-speaking, reproaches, angry words, dishonour, wounds, spitting, blows, mockings, and bitter sufferings.

Remember that for thy sake I was numbered among the transgressors.

Remember that for thy sake I suffered a cruel death.

Remember that for thy sake I was buried.

I came down from heaven to raise thee to heaven.

I was made low to exalt thee.

I was made poor to enrich thee.

I was dishonoured to bring glory upon thee.

I was wounded to heal thee. I died that thou mightest have life.

Thou didst sin, and I took thy sin upon Myself.

Thou wast guilty, and I bore thy punishment.

Thou wast a debtor, and I paid thy debt.

Thou wast condemned to death, and I died for thee.

Dost thou despise My love? Instead of love, thou givest Me hatred. Thou lovest sin, and not Me.

Thou labourest for thy passions, and not for Me.

Now what dost thou find in Me deserving of thy dislike?

Why dost thou not wish to come unto Me?

Dost thou desire good for thyself? Every good is with Me.

Dost thou desire happiness? Every blessing is with Me.

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Dost thou desire dignity? Who is more noble than the Son of God?

Dost thou seek exaltation? Who is higher than the King of heaven?

Dost thou desire wealth? I have all riches.

Dost thou desire wisdom? I am wisdom.

Dost thou desire friendship? Who is more worthy of love, and more loving, than I? for I laid down My life for all.

Dost thou seek help? Who can help except Me?

Dost thou seek a physician? Who can heal except Me?

Dost thou seek joy? Who can give joy except Me?

Dost thou seek consolation in grief? Who can console except Me?

Dost thou seek rest? Come unto Me, and I will give thee rest.

Dost thou seek peace? I am the peace of the soul.

Dost thou seek life? I am the fountain of life.

Dost thou seek light? I am the light of the world.

Dost thou seek truth? I am the truth.

Dost thou seek the way? I am the way.

Dost thou seek a guide to heaven? I am the guide.

Why dost thou not wish to come unto Me?

Dost thou not dare to come? To whom is there an easier access?

Art thou fearful of asking? Whom coming unto Me with faith, have I refused? Do thy sins hinder thee? I died for sinners. Does the multitude of thy sins distress thee? In Me is abundant mercy.

See Matthew xi. 28—30. — *Bishop Tehon.*

MINISTERIAL EARNESTNESS.

I KNOW not what others think, but, for my own part, I am ashamed of my stupidity, and wonder at myself, that I deal not with my own and others' souls as one that looks for the great day of the Lord; and that I can have room for almost any other thoughts or words; and that such astonishing matters do not wholly absorb my mind. I marvel how I can preach of them slightly and coldly; and how I can let men alone in their sins; and that I do not go to them, and beseech them, for the Lord's sake, to repent, however they may take it, and whatever pains and trouble it should cost me. I seldom come out of the pulpit, but my conscience smiteth me, that I have been no more serious and fervent in such a case. It accuseth me not so much for want of ornaments and elegancy, nor for letting fall an unhandsome word; but it asketh me, "How couldst thou speak of life and death with such a heart? How couldst thou preach of heaven and hell in such a careless, sleepy manner? Dost thou believe what thou sayest? Art thou in earnest, or in jest? How canst thou tell people that sin is such a thing, and that so much misery is upon them, and before them, and be no more affected with it? Shouldst thou not weep over such a people, and should not thy tears interrupt thy words? Shouldst thou not cry aloud, and show them their transgressions, and entreat and beseech them, as for life and death?" Truly, this is the peal that conscience doth ring in my ears, and yet my drowsy soul will not be awakened. O, what a thing is a senseless, hardened heart! O Lord, save us from the plague of infidelity and hard-heartedness ourselves, or else how shall we be fit instruments of saving others from it? O, do that on our own souls, which Thou wouldst use us to do on the souls of others!

The God of mercy pardon me, and awaken me, with the rest of His servants that have been thus sinfully negligent! I confess, to my shame, that I seldom hear the bell toll for one that is dead, but conscience asketh me, "What hast thou done for the saving of that soul, before it left the body?" There is one more gone to judgment: what didst thou to prepare him for that judgment? And yet I have been slothful and backward to help them that survive.—*Baxter.*

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

Is there not something sweet, refreshing, and soothing in the very sound of these words? The very word "sleep," by itself, like many other words of our mother Saxon, has a character of its own, answering to the idea it expresses: it breathes of sweetness and quiet. And asleep *in Jesus!* This, to a Christian, completes and perfects the image; so that the phrase together expresses a state of blessedness, inferior only to that which it precedes and introduces,—the full vision and enjoyment of the presence of Jesus, after the resurrection, when the soul shall have rejoined its incorruptible and glorified body.

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It is in the light of the resurrection only that death can properly be called a sleep.

"One great miracle in the new creation of God," says one of our late writers, "is this, that death is changed to sleep; and therefore, in the New Testament, we do not read of the *death* of the saints." "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go that I may awake him out of sleep." "The bodies of saints which slept, arose." "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed." "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell asleep." Even in the pelting of the bloody storm, the holy Stephen "fell asleep." "And now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."

O, happy state! O blessed indemnity from sin and sorrow, from care and repining, from want and woe! For them who sleep, the last trial has been borne, the last temptation resisted, the last foe conquered! there remains to them henceforth no change or fear of change, but a blessed, everlasting security. O, why do we not more earnestly *look for, and haste unto*, the day that will make us one of them?

THE REMOVAL OF IDOLS.

The command to keep ourselves from idols has a much wider signification than is commonly attached to it. It forbids much more than the bowing down to graven images. There is a natural tendency of the heart towards idolatry. Where there is too much light in the understanding to permit the worship of material objects, a more refined idolatry is practised, to which the objects of our purest affections sometimes become subservient.

No sin has so frequently provoked the direct interposition of an avenging God; and, as God is unchangeable, it is reasonable to expect similar interpositions now. The days of miraculous intervention have indeed passed. God's usual method now is to remove the idol. On this subject the following excellent remarks of a pious writer of a former generation will not be read without profit:—

"When have we ever put the creature in God's place, given it that room in our soul which He ought to occupy, but God has either removed it, or embittered it, or put an end to it? Many of our blessings we have lost by loving them too well. We have slain them by setting too great a value on them, and taking our rest in them. There is not a single earthly good that will bear man's hand, when man firmly grasps it. His touch withers and destroys everything. And, O, what a mercy for man that it is so! It is in this way that a forgotten God recalls our wandering affections to Himself. He lays waste the enthroned creature, that He may once again enthrone Himself: He breaks the cistern, not that we may be left parched and fainting in the wilderness of life, but that we may go and satisfy our thirsting souls once again from the everlasting spring: He crushes the reed, but He substitutes for it a rock: He puts far away from us 'lover and friend,' with all the unutterable sweetness of their affection, and the tenderness of their love; but what does He substitute? Himself; the intense, unfathomable love of His own infinite mind, the presence of Christ, and the communion of heaven."

ILLUSTRATION OF TITUS I. 15.

"Unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure."

An ungodly heart sucks poison out of the sweetest and holiest enjoyments. Even the grace of God is abused to their own perdition. They taint everything they touch. Their best services are "abomination to the Lord." Their "prayers are turned into sin." The word of God is to them the savour of death. The sacraments are poison and damnation. Christ is a stumbling-stone. Their table snares them; their "prosperity destroys them." Whatever we possess, till Christ be ours, cannot be enjoyed profitably: the guilt of the person must be removed before the comfort of the gift can be enjoyed. Out of Christ, all comforts are but like a funeral banquet; or the prison-provisions of him who is fed against his execution. The same promise which purifies a saint, by being perverted, pollutes a sinner. The same breath which warms one, cools the other; the one being near the other far from, Him that breathes. O sinner, till thou art saved by grace, thou art but a wanton under grace.—*Rev. W. Jenkyn*, 1656.

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THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD ILLUSTRATED.

THE DELIVERANCE OUT OF TROUBLE.

W. S. was a master-manufacturer in the neighbourhood of a country town. His character for integrity stood very high in the public esteem. He was truly one of whom it might be said, his enemies could find nothing against him but what concerned the law of his God. In all benevolent societies he took the lead; of Sabbath-schools, and prayer-meetings, in the town and its vicinity, he was the zealous promoter. "Zealous in every good work" seemed the motto of W. S., and was his general character. While he was going on with untiring diligence in his Master's service, esteemed by all the friends of Jesus in the neighbourhood, and respected for his unimpeachable consistency even by those who disliked his religion, there happened one of those disastrous convulsions in trade which have produced so much distress in this commercial country. Failures became fearfully frequent: the banks, alarmed, refused pecuniary assistance, or doled it out sparingly and distrustfully to many never doubted before; the produce of the honest industry of years the losses of a week swept away; and so wide-spreading was the wreck, that I have heard a rich and pious commercial friend remark, that he was accustomed to thank God, when the usual time for delivering letters passed by, and he had received no intimation of fresh disasters. During that appalling crisis, a large commercial company, in the city of ——, became embarrassed. It was known in the town where W. S. resided, that he had extensive dealings with the firm; hence his solvency became suspected, and, with all the shrinking of one who prized a good name at the prospect of bankruptcy, our friend had to anticipate its probability. One forenoon he visited Mr. R., his intimate acquaintance and fellow office-bearer in the church, and with a heavy heart announced, that the branch of the bank in the town had refused to discount a bill; and, as most of his funds were locked up by the state of the affairs of his correspondents in ——, he saw no help for it, but that he must become insolvent. He added, that nothing affected him more than the injury religion might sustain by his failure; for those who sought occasion to scoff would not consider his embarrassments had arisen through the conduct of others, but would hint dishonesty, and exclaim, "All are hypocrites, and those who make the loudest profession are the worst." He took leave of his friend, observing, his only resource was in his God, who (he knew) was able to prevent the catastrophe he feared was inevitable. He had not been gone many minutes, when Mr. R., standing at the door of his shop, was accosted by Dr. H., a medical gentleman, who had acquired a large fortune abroad, and had lately returned to reside in his native place. That man was an avowed deist. He would even sometimes intimate, by sarcastic objections, doubts of the existence of a God, and disbelief of a future state. He manifested violent hostility to religion, stigmatised all professors of religion as designing hypocrites or imbecile dupes, and delighted to hold up those who were decidedly godly as objects of public scorn and contempt. He was also a selfish, close-fisted, hard-hearted miser, who sternly repelled every application for assistance to the poor and needy. When that notorious scoffer stopped to address Mr. R. in his usual jeering manner, he said, "You have an uncommonly long face today: your aspect is peculiarly sour and doleful. Has your vaunted religious consolation failed? Has your God been unpropitious? What is the matter with you?" By an impulse for which he could not very well account at the time, Mr. R. plainly told this enemy, who might have been expected to gloat over the information, that the cause of the mental distress visible in his countenance was, that the bank that forenoon had refused to discount Mr. S.'s bills, and his friend must therefore become bankrupt. "That must not be allowed," suddenly exclaimed Dr. H.: "with all his fuss about religion, all his wild and ill-directed zeal, S. is a sincere enthusiast, and strictly honest man: he must not be crushed in this manner." He hurried away, soon after called at Mr. S.'s house, and inquired if he were at home. Mrs. S. told him her husband, she supposed, had gone to a neighbouring town, to request the assistance of their relations. "When he returns," said the Doctor, "give him this letter, and my best wishes." But instead of applying to human friends, Mr. S. had determined first to apply to his heavenly Father for help in his emergency, and appeal to his all-sufficient, prayer-hearing God. He had procured the keys of the chapel, and locked himself in, to be excluded from all interruption; and there, alone with his God, he had been engaged about an hour in earnest supplication, wrestling with the Lord of providence, who had all hearts under His control, and innumerable resources at His command, to interpose for his relief, and prevent the Redeemer's cause from suffering through his calamity. After having tried the efficacy of believing prayer, he came home, and his wife gave him the letter from Dr. H. With surprise and apprehension, he opened the packet, and there was an order from the Doctor on his funds in the bank to the amount that Mr. S.

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required, and had been refused. Along with this, there was a note, encouraging him to keep up his spirits, for the writer engaged to bring him securely through all his temporal difficulties. This timely yet most unexpected aid was amply sufficient to avert the threatened and dreadful catastrophe. Was not the hand of an overruling Providence visible in this? Was not assistance from such a quarter somewhat like Elijah's being fed by ravens? Was not that well-authenticated fact a very striking demonstration of the efficacy of "the prayer of faith?"

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE HARPY EAGLE.

This bird, which is considered the most splendid of the eagle tribe, has short wings, robust legs, and more than ordinary curvature of the beak and talons. It is adapted to prey near the surface of the ground, on gallinaceous birds and on quadrupeds; and it can carry off a prey of great magnitude to its solitary retreat.

The usual length of the adult harpy, from beak to tail, is at least three feet and a half. A grey plumage, thick and downy, covers the head. The crest is composed of numerous broad feathers, and is capable of remarkable elevation when the bird is excited. In this case, the physiognomy of the harpy resembles that of certain owls. The under surface, from the breast backwards, is pure white.

The harpy is so bold, say some of our zoologists, that it will attack the most ferocious beasts, and even man himself. Yet, it is added, it may be tamed and trained, though always inclined to be sullen and quarrelsome. In captivity, it is not very strikingly distinguished by its habits from other birds of the same tribe.

SAGACITY AND STRENGTH OF THE SPIDER.

The intelligence and power evinced by the spider in securing its prey, have often attracted attention; but we have seldom heard of so remarkable a display of these faculties as we witnessed a short time since. A small-sized spider had made his web on the under side of a table. Early one morning, a cockroach was noticed on the

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floor, directly under the web; and, on approaching to take it away, it was found that the spider had thrown a line around one of its legs, and, while the observer was looking at it, the spider came down, and *lassoed* the opposite leg of the cockroach. The spider then went up to his web, but instantly came down, and fastened a line to another leg, and continued for several minutes darting down and fastening lines to different parts of the body of his victim. The struggles of the cockroach (though a full-grown one) were unavailing to effect his escape; he could not break his bonds; and his efforts seemed only to entangle him the more. As his struggles became more and more feeble, the spider threw his lines more thickly around him; and, when he had become nearly exhausted, the spider proceeded to raise him from the floor. This he did by *raising one end at a time*. He at first raised the head and forward part of his body, nearly half an inch; then raised the other end; and so continued to work, till the cockroach was elevated five or six inches from the floor. Thus "hung in chains," the victim was left to die. The spider was, as before remarked, a small one, and could not have been more than a *tenth* the weight of his prey.—*Albany Cultivator*.

OUR SERVANTS.

A SERVANT'S TREASURE.

BY THE REV. DAVID HAY.

"A SERVANT'S treasure," says one of those or whom I write; "and pray what is that? and will you tell us how to gain it?" I will gladly inform you, if you will attend. No doubt, when the above words first caught your eye, you thought only of money, and the readiest way to get it. I wish you to save of that what you can. Do not indulge in useless expenses, which serve only to gratify your vanity and pride. The draper's shop-window, tastefully and enticingly set out, is almost an irresistible temptation to many servants. Its fashions and finery bewitch them. Their wages are scarcely earned, ere they are spent. Such persons will not often visit a savings'-bank. They will not have much in reserve for a time of sickness or peculiar need. They cannot help a parent in age or want. All is expended upon *themselves*. But there are servants who contrive to lay aside, while in service, an amount of savings that is very useful to them in time to come. And I have known some of these manage to dress as neatly, and to keep as good a stock of clothes, as those who were continually spending their last shilling on a bunch of artificial flowers, or a showy new ribbon.

This, however, is not the treasure I now refer to. I have my eye upon that which is within the reach of every domestic: I mean the treasure of an *irreproachable character*. It would be well if all servants were alive to the worth and importance of this. It is of very high value to every one of you. And I would have you to aim high. Do not be satisfied with a reputation which is just sufficient to pass you on from one situation to another. Many of your class have no anxiety beyond this. So long as it cannot be said of them that they are positively dishonest, untruthful, and altogether unworthy of being admitted into a respectable family, they are content. I hope my readers have fixed before them a much higher standard of character. This question is of vital importance both to your employers and yourselves. A servant who violates the laws of truth, uprightness, and purity, is not only an enemy to her own peace, but also an active element of corruption in the family in which she resides, a blight upon domestic happiness, and an offence in the sight of God. You should endeavour so to act, in every respect, that your employer shall be constrained to speak well of you, not merely as a favour, but as a duty. And if you are already so happy as not only to be counted clever in your station, but also to have gained the confidence of your master and mistress, never betray it. However great the temptation, resist it, and by this means your treasure will be enriched, and your services daily increase in value. If, in any instance, the confidence placed in a servant is abused, mischief will follow, and especially in the case of a nursemaid. She exercises daily more influence, either for good or evil, over the children under her care. She is heard and observed by the ready ear and eye of those who hear all that is spoken, and see all that is done, in their presence, whether intended for them or not. An impure thought may be suggested, a sinful principle imbibed, or a pernicious habit formed, which may work to the future injury, and perhaps ruin, of her charge. If children are to love and practise truth, they must not be taught to deceive; and if their minds are to be pure, and their conversation chaste, amorous tales and immodest behaviour must be carefully avoided. A polluted nursery is a fearful calamity to a family. And what must be the feelings of a mother, when she discovers that her children's minds have been secretly corrupted, and her confidence abused? None but a mother can know how great the anguish of her heart, or the bitterness of her grief, while she mourns over the

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infused and fostered evil, which now so often displays itself. And if in any other department of service there be unfaithfulness, the sin will be followed with its necessary consequences. If masters, therefore, have a proper regard for their own interests, and those of their families, they will be careful on the subject of character, ever regarding this as an essential qualification in those whom they take into their service. The purity, peace, and welfare of every family are by this vitally affected. David, of old, felt its importance, when he said, "He that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight."

This question also deeply affects your *own* respectability and comfort. Poor, miserably poor, is that servant who has never gained the treasure of a good character, or has outlived it. With what confusion is she covered when she is discovered to have been indulging in deception, falsehood, &c.! She may probably escape the punishment of the law; but what is her condition? I will suppose that she is suddenly dismissed from her place, perhaps without wages, and certainly without character. She returns to her parents' dwelling, where her unexpected arrival not only creates surprise in her father's house, but excites inquiry in the whole neighbourhood. All are eager to know why she has left her situation. To prevent disgrace, she probably lies to conceal her fault, and, as the easiest method of escape from her present difficulty, brings an evil report on the injured family in which she has been living. She thus adds to her first fault falsehood, and an unfounded calumny. But this is only a temporary expedient. The real state of the case soon becomes known. Or, in consequence of the remorse from which her weary mind has since suffered, she confesses her lie, and proclaims her folly and her sin to all around. Her reputation is gone, her treasure is lost, and with it, perhaps, her bread.

Or, a servant leaving a situation under such circumstances, probably does not dare to return to her paternal home. She has the image before her of the integrity and uprightness of her parents, and calls to recollection the cautions, advices, and warnings they used to give her. How can she meet them, and encounter their reproof and grief? They may be poor, but they have ever rejoiced in a stainless reputation, and they had hoped the same for their children. But the family is now dishonoured by the conduct of an unworthy child. What does she do in this case? She seeks out a lodging, which strangely contrasts with the cleanliness and comfort of the apartment she has left, and there takes up her miserable abode. The society with which she now mingles is not likely to improve her morals. On the contrary, they rapidly deteriorate; for temptations are multiplied, and those restraints removed which had hitherto operated beneficially. She cannot long support herself in idleness. Her resources are soon exhausted. When this is the case, having lost all self-respect, and being obliged to do something for a livelihood, she plunges into vice, and from it is never recovered. Uncared for, and unpitied, she dies, and is buried, without a mourner to follow her to the tomb. And how is it that she has come to such an end? She cared not for *character*: she first trifled with it, then sacrificed it; and having lost her respectability, she lost the means of obtaining an honest and honourable living.

And do not suppose that this is an imaginary case; or that, if such cases ever occur, they are but very rare. Alas! that they should be so numerous. They do not, it is true, reach this fearful point at once. The first wrong step was followed by a second, and that by a third. This pollution was not acquired in a day. Their first contact with defilement was so slight, that it produced no apprehension of danger. The plague-spot, on its first appearance, was so insignificant, that it caused no alarm. But O, how rapidly it spread, and speedy death ensued! Who, that knew the whole history of such a case, would have thought that consequences so disastrous would have followed from that *first trifling* act? It was *only a word*, but it was a *lying* word; it was *only a momentary act*, but it was a *deceitful* act; it was only a single *half-hour* too late, but it was a half-hour of *disobedience*, and destroyed all future confidence; it was only an *insolent* reply, but it was insolence that was not followed by any expression of sorrow or regret. In this lies its seriousness and significance: it was a violation of the covenant made when the engagement took place, and a transgression of the law of God. These things are sufficient to account for all the evil that ensued. Nothing is trifling that is wrong or sinful; sooner or later, if not repented of and forsaken, disaster and ruin will follow. The writer can call many instances to his recollection, of which the above is only a faithful representation, both of causes and consequences; and character once lost is not easily regained.

But how different is it with those who have obtained a character that will bear inspection, and a reputation that is not easily overturned! It may have cost them something to secure it; great care, self-denial, and toil. They have rejected many evil counsellors, resisted many and great temptations, and persevered in what was right, against the influence of a bad example. They have avoided evil ways and evil company, and kept straight on in the paths of truth and virtue. And what advantages do they possess! How great the peace of mind which they enjoy! And is not that a treasure? They fear not discovery; they are not tormented with remorse. They respect themselves, and are in turn respected. They know that they enjoy the confidence of those who are above them in station,

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Their word is regarded. Their conduct is not suspected. Their integrity is transparent. Their conscientiousness, though not paraded, is evident. They are taught of God. They have aimed at pleasing Him. They have endeavoured to act consistently with His directions. They have proved the value of His precepts, as it respects this life. They have not been restless lovers of change. They have generally remained for a long time under the same roof, or with the same family. In the best situation which they have ever had, they did not find it free from cares and troubles. Nor do they ever expect to meet with one, in which they will find everything according to their mind. It has often struck them, that if they were the mistress, instead of the servant, they would not have everything in unison with their desire. Every one has something to put up with. There is a drawback connected with every situation and station in life. And when, in the course of events, a change of place is found to be necessary or desirable, the master and servant part with mutual respect, while the servant's character readily secures another place of equal worth and respectability.

Many of the difficulties which domestic servants meet with in life arise from indifference to character, or their ignorance of its advantages. They should set before themselves a high standard of excellence. Whatever they gain, they should gain a good reputation. Then, while faithfully serving others, they would be effectually serving themselves.

Reader, have you thought seriously on this subject? Is your character all that it ought to be? May you not easily improve it? Labour to secure a name for all that is excellent, in your providential station. If your reputation has suffered, strive to recover what you have lost. Do not think the case is hopeless. You will yet succeed, if you are *resolved*.

LETTER-CARRIER.

DIRECTIONS FOR PERSONAL AND FAMILY GODLINESS.

A Letter from Joseph Allein to his Flock at Taunton, 1666.

(*Continued from page* 116.)

2. *Family godliness.*—He that hath set up Christ in his heart, will be sure to study to set Him up in his house. Let every family with you be a Christian church; every house, a house of prayer, every household, a household of faith. Let every householder say, with Joshua, "I and my house will serve the Lord;" and resolve, with David, (Psal. ci. 2,) "I will walk within my house with a perfect heart." Let me press upon you a few duties, which I have been long harping upon, but, alas! (I speak it to your shame,) with many, too, too many of you, to little purpose in general.

First, Let religion be in your families, not as a matter by the by, to be minded at leisure, when the world will give you leave, but the standing business of the house. Let them have your prayers as duly as their meals. Is there any of your families but have time for their taking food? Wretched man! canst thou find time to eat in, and not time to pray in?

Secondly, Settle it upon your hearts that your souls are bound up in the souls of your family. They are committed unto you, and, if they be lost through your neglect, will be required at your hands. Sirs, if you do not, you shall know that the charge of souls is a heavy charge, and that the blood of souls is a heavy guilt. O man, hast thou a charge of souls to answer for, and dost thou not yet thyself for them, that their blood be not found in thy skirts? Wilt thou do no more for immortal souls, than thou wilt do for thy beasts that perish? What doest thou for thy children and servants? Thou providest meat and drink for them, agreeable to their natures; and doest thou not the same for thy beasts? Thou givest them medicines, and cherishest them when they are sick; and doest thou not so much for thy swine? More particularly,

(1.) Let the solemn reading of the word, (Isai. xxxiv. 16; John v. 39,) and singing of psalms, be your family exercises. (Psal. cxviii. 15,) See Christ singing with his family, namely, his disciples. (Matt. xxvi. 30, Luke ix. 18.)

(2.) Let every person in your families be duly called to an account of their profiting by the word heard or read, as they be about doing your own businesses. This is a duty of consequence unspeakable, and would be a means to bring those under your charge to remember and profit by what they receive. See Christ's example in calling his family to an account. (Matt. xvi. 11, 13, 15.)

(3.) Often take an account of the souls under your care, concerning their spiritual estate. Herein you must be followers of Christ. (Matt. xiii. 10, 36, 51; Mark iv. 10, 11.) Make inquiry into their conditions; insist much upon the sinfulness and misery of their natural estate, and upon the necessity of regeneration and conversion, in order to their salvation. Admonish them gravely of their sins; encourage beginnings. Follow them earnestly, and let them have no quiet for you, till you see in them a saving change.

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This is a duty of high consequence, but, I am afraid, dreadfully neglected by some that are godly. Doth not conscience say, Thou art the man?

(4.) Look to the strict sanctifying of the Sabbath by all of your house. (Exod. xx. 10; Lev. xxiii. 3.) Many poor families have little time else. O improve both your Sabbath-days as diligently in labouring for knowledge, and doing your Maker's work, as you do the other days in doing your own work; and I doubt not but you may come to some proficiency.

(5.) Let the morning and evening sacrifice of solemn prayer be daily offered up in all your families. (Psal. xcii. 1, 2; Exod. xxx. 7, 8; Luke i. 9, 10.) Beware they be not found among the families that call not upon God's name; for why should there be wrath from the Lord upon your families? (Jer. x. 25.) O miserable families without God in the world, that are without family prayer! What! have you so many family-sins, family-wants, family-mercies; what, and yet no family-prayers? How do you pray with all prayer and supplication, if you do not with family-prayer? Say not, I have no time. What, hast thou all thy time on purpose to serve God, and save thy soul, and is this that for which thou canst find no time? Find but a heart, and I will find time. Pinch out of your meals and sleep, rather than want for prayer. Say not, My business will not give leave. This is thy greatest business; to save thyself, and the souls committed to thee. Besides, a whet will be no let. In a word, the blessing of all is to be got by prayer. (Jer. xxix. 11, 12; 2 Sam. vii. 29.) And what is thy business without God's blessing? Say not, I am not able. Use thy one talent, and God will increase it. (Matt. xxv. 24, &c.) Helps are to be had, till thou art better able. But if there be no other remedy, thou mayest join with thine abler neighbour. God hath special regard to joint prayer; (James v. 14—19; Acts xii. 5—12; 2 Cor. i. 11;) and therefore you must improve family advantages for the performing of it.

(6.) Put every one in your families upon private prayer. Observe whether they do perform it. Get them the help of a form, if they need it, till they are able to go without it. Direct them how to pray, by minding them of their sins, wants, and mercies, the materials of prayer. This was the practice of John, and of Jesus. (Luke xi. 1, 2.)

(7.) Set up catechising in your families, at least on Sabbath-day. It was my parting, dying request that you would set up and maintain this duty in your families. Have you done it all accordingly? Cannot your consciences witness, cannot your families witness, you have not? Well, I thought my parting words would have done something with you: I hoped the fervent request of a dying Minister would have prevailed for such a small matter with you. What, to this day without solemn catechising in your houses? Ah, what a discouragement to your teacher is this! Brethren, shall I yet prevail with you? Will ye reject me now also? O, let me persuade you, before you take off your eyes from these lines, to resolve to set upon the constant exercise of this duty. Surely I have done and suffered more for you than this comes to: will you deny me? I beseech you, let me find, if ever God do bring me again to visit your houses, that the words of a suffering Minister have some power with you. I have sent you an help on purpose. What, shall all my persuasions be but speaking in the wind? and all my pains but labouring in the fire? Beloved, you have no dread of the Almighty's charge, that you should "teach these things diligently to your children, and talk of them as you sit in your houses," &c.; (Deut. vi. 6—9; iv. 9, 10; xi. 18—20;) and "train them up in the way they should go." (Prov. xxii. 6, the margin.) Hath God so commanded Abraham, that he should teach "his children and household," (Gen. xviii. 19,) and that he had so many "instructed servants," (Gen. xiv. 14, the margin,) and given such a promise to him thereupon, and will not you put in for a share, neither in the praise, nor the promise? Hath Christ honoured catechising with his presence, (Luke ii. 46,) and will not you own it with your practice? Say not, They are careless, and will not learn. What have you your authority for, if not to use it for God, and the good of their souls? You will call them up, and force them to do your work; and should you not at least be as zealous in putting them upon God's work? Say not, They are dull, and are not capable. If they be dull, God requires of you the more pains and patience: but so dull as they are, you will make them learn how to work; and can they not learn as well how to live? Are they capable of the mysteries of your trade, and are they not capable of the plain principles of religion? Well, as ever you would see the growth of religion, the cure of ignorance, the remedy of profaneness, the downfal of error, fulfil you my joy in going through with this duty.

I have been too long already, and yet I am afraid my letter will be ended before my work be done. How loth am I to leave you, before I have prevailed with you to set to the work to which you are here directed! Will you pass your promise? will you give me your hands? O, that you would! you cannot do me a greater pleasure. Ask what you will of me: see if I will not do as much for you. O, that your families might be a joy to me, as that twice noble lady's to John, who professes he had no greater joy than to find her children walking in the truth! Beloved, why should you not give the hand one to another, and mutually engage each to other, for more vigorous and diligent endeavours in pro

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moting family godliness? I must tell you, God looks for more than ordinary from you in such a day as this. He expects that you should do, both in your hearts and in your houses, somewhat more than ever, under these His extraordinary dispensations. My most dearly beloved, mine own bowels in the Lord, will you satisfy the longings of a travailing Minister? Will you answer the calls of Divine Providence? Would you remove the incumbent, or prevent the impending, calamities? Would you plant nurseries for the church of God? Would you that God should build your houses, and bless your substance? Would you that your children should bless you? that your Father should bless you? O, then, set up piety in your families, as ever you would be blessed or be a blessing: let your hearts and your houses be the temples of the living God, in which His worship (according to all the forementioned directions) may be with constancy reverently performed. Pardon my prolixity and importunity, in so earnestly pursuing of you: I am yet afraid I have done too soon, and shall end without my errand. The Lord God persuade you! To Him I turn; for I am well assured He can prevail with you.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS ADDRESSED BY DR. CHALMERS TO HIS SISTER.

I.

THE SUBJECTS OF PRAYER.

"It will give me the utmost pleasure to understand that the agitations of uncertainty respecting this world's riches have led you to draw closer to the living God, who giveth us all things richly to enjoy. It is delightful to think, that whatsoever we ask in prayer, *believing*, we shall receive. The condition upon which you get it is, that you believe you shall get it. (Mark xi. 24.) Now, you will observe that this qualifying clause restricts the prayer to certain objects. You cannot pray, believingly, for riches; you cannot pray, believingly, for a continuance in your present situation; you cannot fasten on another situation, and pray, believingly, that God would translate you there: and why? Because you know not if those things be agreeable to the will of God. This want of knowledge prevents an absolute belief; and hence, though you do pray for the things above specified, you may not get them. You may pray for them in the following terms: 'Lord, if it be thy will,' &c. But there are certain other objects which you have a full warrant to pray, believingly, for, and which, believing, you may pray absolutely for, and obtain them. You may rest assured that He will hear, if you ask according to His will. (1 John v. 14.) Now, there are many such objects made known to us in the Bible, and forming the promises which are yea and amen in Christ Jesus. The Holy Spirit is one of these; (Gal. iii. 14; Luke xi. 13;) wisdom is another; (James i. 5;) the general object of salvation is a third. (1 Tim. ii. 4.) Now, what I would like to press upon all who are beset with anxieties about the future days they are to live in this world is, that daily bread is one of these objects. It is agreeable to the will of God that you ask for it; for it is the very petition which the Son of God taught His disciples. You have a full warrant for believing that you shall get it; and according to the faith of your prayer so will it be done unto you. This harmonises with the precept, 'Take no thought,' or, as it should have been rendered, 'Be not thoughtful,' be not anxious, about the things of to-morrow. I shall only add, that if the most anxious and unhappy men in the world were examined as to the ground of their disquietude, it would be found, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of the thousand, that the provision of this day was not the ground of it. They carry forward their imaginations to a distant futurity, and fill it up with the spectres of melancholy and despair. What a world of unhappiness would be saved if the things of to-day were to occupy all our hearts; the duties, the employments, the services of the day! And as to the morrow, how delightful it is to think that we have the same warrant of God for believing that by committing its issue in quietness to Him, when the future day comes, the provision of that day will come along with it! Feel yourself to be in the hand of God, and you will not be afraid of evil tidings. (Psalm cxii. 7.)"

POETRY.

FOR THE AFFLICTED.

PROVERBS XXV. 4.

Sickness is a school-house,
Where the soul, (in childhood here,)
Wayward 'neath a milder sway,
Learns to think, and learns to pray.

Blest and wise its discipline,
There the teacher is Divine.

Wert thou thoughtless, led away
By each folly of the day?
Cleaving to the things of earth,
Mindless of thy heavenly birth?—

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Bless the hour which broke their spell,
Made thee sick to make thee well.
Wert thou selfish, thinking not
On the starving sufferers' lot?
Fed with dainties, gaily dress'd,
Wert thou by the poor unbless'd?
Now for sufferers thou wilt feel,
God has wounded but to heal.
Wert thou fretful, harsh, unkind,
Finding nothing to thy mind?
Though with countless mercies blest,
Never thankful, ne'er at rest?
Sickness comes to purge thy dross,
Prove thy gain, and not thy loss.
Wert thou proud, exalted high
By affluence, station, ancestry?
Oft with supercilious ken
Flouncing at thy fellow-men?
God now strips thee, lays thee low,
All thy nothingness to show.
Dwelt thy soul at ease, assured
All was well, and heaven secured?
Didst thou need no better dress
Than thy fancied righteousness?
Sickness comes to probe thy heart,
Comes to show thee what thou art.
Is the one thing needed most
That which scarce thy mind has cross'd?
Hast thou earthly science prized,
But the themes of heaven despised?
God now warns thee; thus He saith,—
"Soul, awake! thy sleep is death."

THE MONITOR.

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

Go to it regularly! Now is the time when many will neglect it, and be absent: see to it that you are not one of them. If self-indulgence pleads for rest at home, bring up the counter-plea of your covenant engagements, and your own spirituality, and the influence of a good example. Endeavour so to arrange your business, and your family cares, that, as the general rule, you may always be at the weekly prayer-meeting.

Go for your own sake. You may always be benefited by it; you may join in some prayer profitably; have some omission or neglect reproved; or receive fresh impressions of the importance of faithfulness in duty. By regular attendance, the power of good habit will be confirmed, and your spirituality be increased. By waiting steadily on the Lord when many things combine to disincline you from doing it, you will, in a double sense, renew your strength.

Go for your Pastor's sake. If you would strengthen his hands, and encourage his heart, let him see that you are always there. Do not give him reason from your conduct to suppose that your piety is *burnt* out by the heat of summer, or *frozen* out by the cold of winter. Let him see that you value communion with God and His truth, more than politics, or rest, or even business. Let him feel that he can *rely* on you, and know that however few may be present, you will be one of them. Every member of the church who is regularly at the weekly prayer-meeting, especially in summer, is doing much more than he supposes to make his friends both encouraged and successful in the work.

Go for the church's sake. Never is the church revived, but as the spirit of prayer is quickened. It was when they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, communed with God and His truth, and each other, as faithful disciples ever should do, that the Lord hearkened and heard it. It was when the two held converse with Jesus, and heard His teachings, that their hearts burned within them; and often, in modern times, the Spirit of God descends, and the revival commences, where His people are gathered in the place of prayer, and to hear what God, by His truth, will speak unto them. If you would see the church revived and spiritual, and the impenitent awakened, be faithful to the prayer-meeting.

Go for the world's sake. Let them see that at all times you are faithful to the means of grace, and to your privileges and duties; that you think there is something more important to attend to than the world, and that you are *always* of this opinion. If, now and then, a non-professor of religion should enter your place of prayer, do not let him have it to think or say, that "but *very few* of the *church-members*, especially the *male* members of the church, were there!" This is a sad testimony for the world to hear respecting the church. See to it that you do not give occasion for it. The church is appointed as God's witness to the world: let it not be *your* fault, if it is found, *by a majority of members, bearing false witness as to the importance of prayer, and the value of divine truth, and the blessedness of communion with heaven.*

Go, then, to the prayer-meeting, for your own sake, for your Pastor's sake, for the sake alike of the church and the world. Go with a prepared and serious heart, with an earnest desire to be profited; go regularly, punctually, and without fail, unless when detained by the providence of God. Go to get good, and do good; to be instructed yourself, and to set an example to others. Go to be impressed with truth, and quickened in duty, and to ask the reviving influence of the Holy Spirit on the church and on the

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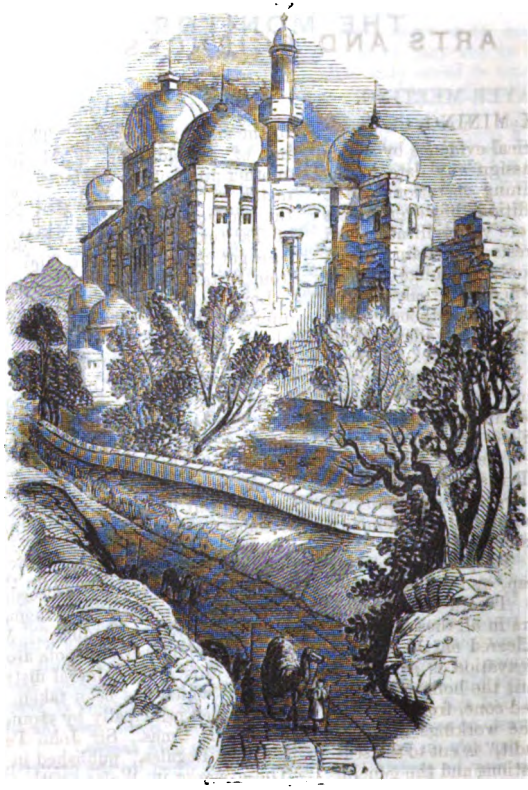
world. Go with a faithful, humble, prepared, waiting heart, and you shall not come away without a blessing.—*Puritan Recorder.*

TESTIMONY IN FAVOUR OF WEEK-DAY PRAYER-MEETINGS.

The late eminent philanthropist and wealthy banker, Joseph John Gurney, says, "I have reason to be thankful that I was trained, *from very early years*, in the habit of uniting with my friends in public worship in the middle part of the week, as well as on the Sabbath-day. Thus to break away from the cares and pursuits of business, at a time when the world around us is full of them, I have found to be peculiarly salutary; and can now acknowledge, with truth, that the many hours so spent have formed one of the happiest as well as the most edifying portions of my life."

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.



THE MOSQUE OF DAVID.

Mount Zion is nearly excluded from the walls of the present city. That part which is within it is occupied by an Armenian convent, with its church and gardens.

On passing from the city, by the Zion gate, the first object that meets the eye is a large, dingy-looking Turkish mosque, situated in the middle of Mount Zion, and called the Mosque of David, and believed to have been built over his tomb, which is still exhibited in the interior, and is held in the highest veneration by the Moslems as well as by the Jews. The Santons belonging to this mosque are the

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most powerful in Jerusalem. Part of this building was anciently the church of the Cœnaculum, where it is said that our Saviour ate the Last Supper with His disciples.....To the right of this mosque, and between it and the city-gate, there is a small Armenian chapel, said to be built on the spot where once stood the palace of Caiaphas.

Dr. Richardson thus concludes his account of Mount Zion:—"At the time when I visited this sacred ground, one part of it supported a crop of barley; another was undergoing the labour of the plough, and the soil turned up consisted of stone and lime, mixed with earth, such as is usually met with in the foundations of ruined cities. It is nearly a mile in circumference, is highest on the west side, and towards the east falls down in broad terraces on the upper part of the mountain, and narrow ones on the side, as it slopes down towards the brook Kidron. Each terrace is divided from the one above it by a low wall, built of the ruins of this celebrated spot. The terraces near the bottom of the hill are still used as gardens, and are watered from the pool of Siloam....We have here another remarkable instance of the special fulfilment of prophecy: 'Therefore shall Zion for your sake be ploughed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps, and the mountain of the house as the high places of the forest.'" (Micah iii. 12.)—*Pictorial Bible.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

BRITISH MINING.

We have no historical evidence by which we are enabled to assign any date to the commencement of mining operations in the British islands. Tradition, however, refers it back into a period ere yet civilisation had dawned upon the forests of Britain; when her hills, now covered only with huge boulders of granite, were crowned with oaks, sacred to the rites of a Druidic priesthood. The Welsh Triads celebrate Caswallan, Manawydan, and Llew Llawgyfes, as three Chiefs distinguished by the possession of golden cars, the produce of Welsh mines; and some early historians state that the Romans were incited to the invasion of Britain by the reputed wealth, in gold and silver, of the ancient British Princes.

In Cornwall there are many remains of old mine-workings, in all probability Roman; the most striking examples being "The Land's-End Hole," at Tol-pedden-penwith, "The Pit," in Gwennap, and "The Devil's Frying-pan," at the Lizard-Point. The same peculiarity appears in all these: a very large spot being first cleared on the surface of the ground, the excavation is continued by a series of steps until the hollow has the character of an inverted cone, from the bottom of which, when the workings are near the cliff, a tunnel, or "adit," is cut to the seashore. From the situations and the general conditions of these excavations, there is every reason to believe they were worked for tin. The mine of Gogofau, in Caermarthenshire, is evidently a Roman work. Roman pottery, a bath, and ornaments, have been found near it; and a beautifully-wrought golden necklace also discovered, was in all probability made from the gold produced at this mine. That gold was found at Gogofau has received confirmation by the recent discovery of some of that metal in the quartz rock still adhering to the side of the levels. The recent working of a gold-mine in Merionethshire is another proof of the existence of this precious metal in the Principality. We have also the additional evidence afforded by the words of Tacitus, in his "Life of Agricola," that "he got gold, and silver, and other metals from Britain as the reward of his victory."

Long before the Roman invasion we are informed that the Phœnicians traded to these islands for tin, and it is not improbable that the bronzes of the ancients contain the tin of Cornwall. Everything, as far as traditionary evidence, supported by existing facts, can be brought in proof, gives an early date to the discovery of this metal in Cornwall. The ancient name of the Scilly Islands was the Cassiterides, or Tin Islands, although but little of that metal is now found in them. Athelstane, having defeated the Britons in a battle on a spot near the Land's-End, still known as *Bolloit*, a Cornish word for "the Field of Blood," proceeded to Scilly, desiring to gain possession of them, on account of the tin they then produced. Many of the names by which certain spots are still designated in this great mineral district confirm the view which has been taken, that mines were worked principally by strangers, before the historic times. Sir John Peters, in his "Fordinæ Regales," published in 1670, says, "These works in Wales, with some others in Devonshire, Somersetshire, and Cornwall, as far as tradition can assure us, were anciently wrought by the Romans, by the Danmonii in Devonshire and Cornwall, by the Belgæ in Somersetshire, and by the Dimetæ in Cardiganshire."

To trace the history of British mining would necessarily occupy much more space than we can afford to this subject: we may, however, add a few facts, of a curious character, in connexion with the discovery of

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our mineral wealth. The Cornish mines, during the reign of John, appear to have passed into the hands of the Jews; and occasionally, in the wastes near old tin deposits, blocks of that metal are found, which are known as "Jews' tin," and remains of old furnaces, of a very rude construction, still termed "Jews' houses." John granted a charter to the tinners of Cornwall, and Edward I. extended their privileges. The antiquity of many mines which are still producing metal is proved by the circumstance of the records of early grants, &c., still existing. Henry IV. granted to Henry and John Darby the lead-mines holding silver in Devonshire. In the reign of Henry VI., John Bottwright complains that Roger Champernown stole one hundred and forty-five bowls of glance ore from Beerferrers, valued £15. 6s. 8d., and made profit of the same without anything being allowed to the King. The mines of the "Mynedeeps" (the Mendip-hills) were very early the subject of grants; as were also those of the Forest of Dean. A curious practice prevailed in these districts. Any man having applied for leave to "mine," dug a pit, and, standing in it, threw his axe or adze towards the four cardinal points, and he obtained liberty to work within "*his axe's throw.*" One of the laws for the punishment of theft was curious. If detected stealing lead from another mine, the thief was placed in his cottage, and all his mine-tools and goods piled about him, and the whole set on fire: from this pyre he was allowed to escape as best he might, and he was "never more to be seen within the limits of the Myne-deeps."

One of the most curious histories of British mining is connected with the lead-district of Cardiganshire, which we shall briefly relate. Queen Elizabeth granted to two Germans, Houghsetter and Thurland, the right of working the mines of Cardiganshire and those in eight other counties in England, for four years, and gave them extraordinary powers. An action at law, in a case of disputed right, gave rise to the "Society of Mines Royal," and of "Mineral and Battery Works;" and these two companies long managed the mining interests of the kingdom.

Hugh Middleton, a London goldsmith, in the seventeenth century, farmed the principal lead and silver mines in Cardiganshire, from the Company of Mines Royal, for £400 per annum. Sir Hugh Middleton realised a large fortune; a clear profit of £2,000 a month being, it is stated, derived from Cwmsymlog alone. In 1604, about three thousand ounces of Welsh bullion were minted at one time at the Tower. To Sir Hugh Middleton and his Welsh mines, the inhabitants of London are indebted for that water-supply which they obtain from the New River. Upon the great plan of bringing the New River from Ware to London, he expended his fortune, and applied to Government for money to finish the work. With James I., the Lord Mayor and Corporation, Hugh Middleton witnessed "the first issue of the water from the head at Islington;" but by a series of misfortunes he was reduced to the necessity of working as a surveyor. From the mines of Goginan, Cwmervin, Tal-y-bont, and Darran, Mf. Bushel subsequently obtained much wealth. He established a mint at Aberystwith, and devoted his silver coinage to the royalist cause; clothing, it is said, "King Charles the First's whole army from the profit of this work." These mines were abandoned during the civil wars, and eventually they became the property of Sir Humphry Mackworth; and with his sanction Mr. Waller announced "The Mine Adventure," one of the grandest of mining bubbles, of which the earth hath many. "This adventure," says a prospectus of it, preserved in the British Museum, "is recommended to the world as an undertaking whereby His Majesty's customs and the trade and wealth of England will be advanced by the lead and copper being commodities and manufactures of our own country, and thereby the exportation of our coin and bullion, obtained with so great difficulty from the Spanish Indies, in great measure prevented." The scheme assumed the form of a lottery: those who drew blanks were only creditors to the mines, and were to receive 6 per cent for their money. Those who drew prizes were shareholders. Out of the surplus profits, schools were to be endowed, poor curacies enriched, and widows supported. It all, however, ended in a quarrel between Sir Humphry Mackworth and Mr. Waller, who unscrupulously charged Sir Humphry with fraud and deception: the matter was brought before the House of Commons, but the 650 shareholders gained nothing by their inquiry.

Such was the character of British mining; and such, unfortunately, is still, in too many instances, a distinguishing feature of the schemes which are laid before the moneyed public,—exaggerated statements of facts and conditions, giving rise to the most unfounded hopes, ending most frequently in disappointment.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

STOICISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

Your true stoic man is all conscience, but singularly oblivious of the fact that other men may also have consciences. He is generally very cold-blooded. He knows nothing of gratitude, nothing of friendship, nothing of

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natural affection, where the shadowy power which his imagination has set up demands that such feelings should be offered in sacrifice. The many things the man hates become more and more clear continually, but what he really loves is hard to discover. He accounts himself virtuous, less because of the strength of his attachments, than because of the strength of his antipathies. In all men, and in all the doings of men, he is in danger of fixing upon the unsound rather than the sound, and of finding his chosen occupation in rubbing for ever at the raw places of the world. Rectitude is a good, but this comes of isolating it from all other good. In fact, rectitude, separated from goodness in general, ceases to be rectitude: it is truth which has become error by excess, as the consequence of its being taken alone, and in this state it bears the fruit natural to error. What we want is not the sway of stoicism, but the power rather of that true Christianism which embraces all the good of stoicism, and which, in the place of its evil, gives us something much better. We do not want the sharpness or sternness that can do the right thing, without the mellowness and kindliness that can do the good thing. We do not want the eye that is ever open to the faults of the church and of the world, and rarely open to anything beside. We want principle, and a readiness to do and suffer for it; but we want piety also, if our manner of doing and suffering, even in the cause of Christian principle, is to be Christian. In Christ, and in Christianity, *force* is nowhere more conspicuous than *tenderness;* the claims of *principle* are nowhere more imperative than the claims of *charity*. —*British Quarterly Review.*

USE THE WORLD AS NOT ABUSING IT.

It is quite right for a believer to use the things of this world, and to rejoice in them. None has such a right as the believer has to rejoice and be happy. He has a right to use the bodily comforts of this world; to eat his meat "with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God." He has a right to all the joys of home, and kindred, and friendship. It is highly proper that he should enjoy these things. He has a right to all the pure pleasures of mind, of intellect, and imagination; for God has given him all things richly to enjoy. Still, he should "rejoice as though he rejoiced not, and use this world as not abusing it;" for "the time is short." In a little while you will be at your Father's table above, drinking the wine new with Christ. You will meet with all your brothers and sisters in Christ; you will have pure joy with God through ceaseless ages. Do not be much taken with the joys that are here. I have noticed children, when they were going out to a feast, they would eat but sparingly, that they might have a keener appetite for the coming dainties: so, dear friends, you are going to a feast above; do not dull your appetite with earthly joys; sit loosely to them all; look upon them as fading. As you walk through a flower-garden you never think of lying down, to make your home among its roses: so pass through the garden of this world's best joys. Smell the flowers in passing, but do not tarry. Jesus calls you to His banqueting-house: there you will feed upon the lilies on the mountains of spices. O! it ill becomes a child of God to be fond of an earthly banquet, when you are looking to sitting down so soon with Jesus; it ill becomes you to be much taken with dresses and show, when you are so soon to see the face that was crowned with thorns. Brethren, if you are ever so much taken up with any enjoyment, that it takes away your love for prayer or for your Bible, or that it would frighten you to hear the cry, "The Bridegroom cometh;" and you would say, Is He come already? then you are abusing this world. O! sit loose to this world's joy: "The time is short."—*M'Cheyne.*

THE LAW OF CONSCIENCE ILLUSTRATED.

It is of the utmost consequence that every one should understand this important law of conscience; that obedience augments, while disobedience lessens, its moral power. If you would make it worthless, stifle its voice as far as you can. For this end you will usually need only to neglect its gentle monitions.

This law of conscience is well illustrated by the following incident:—

THE ALARM-WATCH.

A lady, who found it difficult to wake as early as she wished in the morning, purchased an alarm-watch. These watches are so contrived as to strike with a loud whirring noise at any hour the owner pleases to set them.

The lady placed her watch at the head of the bed; and, at the appointed time, she found herself effectually roused by the long, rattling sound. She immediately obeyed the summons, and felt better all the day for her early rising. The alarm-watch faithfully performed its office, and was distinctly heard so long as it was promptly obeyed. But, after a time, the lady grew tired of early rising; and when she was awakened by the noisy monitor, she merely turned herself, and slept again. In a few days, the watch ceased to arouse her from her slumber. It spoke just as loudly as ever; but she did not *hear* it, because she had acquired the habit of *disobeying* it. Finding that she might just as well be without an alarm-watch, she formed the wise resolution, that if she

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should ever hear the sound again, she never would allow herself to disobey the warning.

Just so it is with conscience. If we disobey its dictates, even in the most trifling particulars, or allow ourselves to do what we have some fears may not be quite right, we shall grow more and more sleepy, until the voice of conscience has no longer any power to awaken us.

THE SABBATH AND ITS EFFECTS.

It is no rash assertion, that from that holy institution, the Sabbath, have accrued to man more knowledge of his God, more instruction in righteousness, more guidance of his affections, and more consolation of his spirit, than from all other means which have been devised in the world to make him wise and virtuous. We cannot fully estimate the effects of the Sabbath, unless we were once deprived of it. Imagination cannot picture the depravity which would gradually ensue, if time were thrown into one promiscuous field without those heaven-described beacons to rest and direct the passing pilgrim. Man would then plod through a wilderness of being, and one of the avenues that now admit the light which illuminates his spirit would be perpetually closed.—*Bishop Dehon.*

BIOGRAPHY.

MRS. MARGARET BRIGGS,
OF CLITHEROE.

She was born in the latter end of October, 1777, at Boathouse, not far from Clitheroe. When approaching to thirty years of age, she was mercifully awakened from the sleep of sin, and led to seek the Lord with many tears and prayers; and by penitent trust in Christ, she soon found pardon, and rejoiced with "joy unspeakable and full of glory." That she was soundly converted to God, she cheerfully testified among His saints, and sustained that good profession by a long life of uniform imitation of her Saviour. At all times it was easily perceived that she had been with Jesus, had tasted of His love, and enjoyed His favour.

After her marriage, she had to remove to several different places; but her love to the ordinances of God's house, and to the people among whom she was brought to God, was manifested by the unbroken membership with the Wesleyan Society which she was careful to maintain. To the funds of Methodism she was a cheerful contributor, until old age and poverty compelled her to become a pensioner on its liberality.

She had for many years to endure much affliction; but the grace of God was so largely given that she murmured not, but in patience possessed her soul. One who knew her well, and who frequently wondered that she could bear so much suffering with quietness, once ventured to express his surprise, when she meekly replied, "I am well off." As she had very humbling views of herself, her language was generally very guarded. Her general statements were, "I am endeavouring to trust in the Lord. I have a hope through the atonement of Christ. I can rest on no other foundation."

In her last affliction, her Ministers and friends had the joy to find that her last enemy was under her feet, that Christ was in her "the hope of glory," and that to die would be endless gain. Two nights before the final struggle, a Christian neighbour was called in, who found her almost incapable of speaking; but at length she exclaimed, "The foundation laid in Zion—Jesus—the precious blood of Christ! I will fear no evil!" And when no longer able to speak, she was evidently engaged in prayer and in praise. When one said, "It will soon be over; the victory will be gained;" she clapped her hands in token of final triumph. She afterwards became unconscious of surrounding objects; and fell asleep in Jesus, January 29th, 1848, in the seventy-first year of her age.

R. Tabraham.

ANTIQUITIES.

MOLTEN "LOOKING-GLASSES."

The word "mirror" (says Dr. Kitto) should have been used in the place of "looking-glass," in the various texts where it occurs, which are all incompatible with the idea of *glass*. A metallic mirror is obviously intended.

Artificial mirrors seem to have been made

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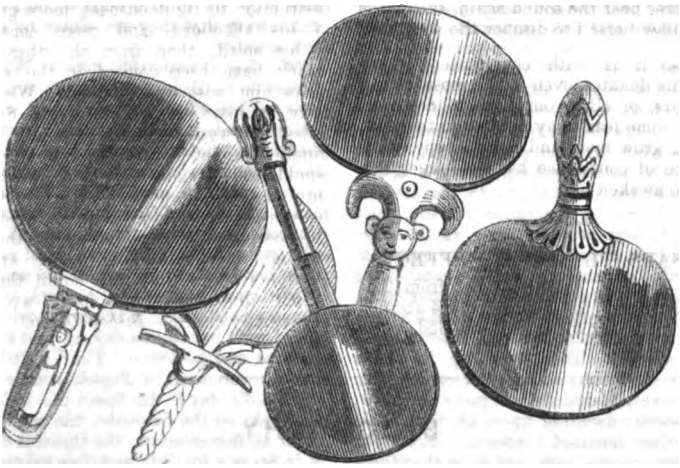

as soon as men began to exercise their ingenuity on metals and stones. When men began to work metals, it must soon have been discovered that the hardest white metals reflected more distinct images, when polished, than any other. Of all the metals known to the ancients, steel was the best calculated for the purpose: but Beckmann says that he can discover no indications that steel mirrors were in use among them; and he thinks that its liability to contract rust, and to become tarnished, prevented this otherwise desirable metal from being thus employed. We differ from him in this particular. In fact, steel mirrors, although in some degree superseded by looking-glasses, continue to be extensively used in the East. After steel, in eligibility for mirrors, comes silver; and we find that silver mirrors are those most commonly mentioned among the Greeks and Romans. There was also in use for the same purpose a mixture of copper and tin, producing a white metal which would seem to have been better adapted for mirrors than silver, although, on some account or other, it was not so much esteemed for the purpose... Mirrors of copper, brass, and gold do not appear to have been much in use after the superior fitness of silver was discovered; yet there is no question that copper and brass were soonest applied to this purpose, and doubtless continued to be used by those who could not afford silver or silvered mirrors. The use of metallic mirrors is now, in Europe, almost entirely confined to reflecting telescopes. The mode of compounding the metals of which these mirrors are made, and of polishing them of a proper form, is an art of great nicety.

There is some difficulty in determining when glass mirrors were invented. With a slight exception in Pliny, (which seems to refer to an unsuccessful attempt made at Sidon,) there is no trace of glass mirrors till the thirteenth century, after which they are spoken of in the clearest manner, and continue to be mentioned in every century, and at last mirrors of metal passed entirely out of notice.

To understand the force of the beautiful allusion in 2 Cor. iii. 18, it should be recollected that, as the ancient mirrors were made of highly-polished metal, a person who looked on his image in them would have his face strongly illuminated by the reflected rays.

POPERY.

THE SPIRIT OF ROMANISM.

THERE is not a more astounding and awful study in the world than the rise, progress, and perfection of Popery. To find its commencement, we must return even into the brilliance of the apostolic age; and there, in the midst of the very labours of the Apostles, do we find the enemy laying amongst the living stones of Christ's temple, the foundation of another temple, out of which, in due time, the living stones were to be cast and ground to powder. We find him laying hold of some tendencies even in the aspirations after holiness, and making out of these the strongest sinews, bands, and support of

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his system. Forbidding to marry:—you find it in the apostolic age; you find it advocated by holy considerations; it appears difficult to mark where it passes from a virtue into a sin; and yet there it stands, one of the strongest buttresses of Romanism, and one of the mightiest sources of Rome's iniquity. Praying to the Virgin and to the saints:—when the first witnesses for Christ ended their testimony by a martyr's death, then began the watchful foe to pervert the natural feeling of veneration for the great and good; and even so early as the days of Augustine, the custom of worshipping at the tombs of martyrs was an established one; nay, it was considered a greater crime to neglect the commemoration of the saints, than to return drunk from the observance of their festivals! Then grew up in men's hearts, relic-adoration, an error which, like saint-worship, originated in piety and love; in the fondly dwelling upon all that could memorialise departed brethren! From our Saxon records we learn, not only that there were processions of dead men's bones, but that miracles were believed to be wrought by them. Good old Bede, venerable truly for his piety and sincerity, makes us smile at the credulous simplicity with which he records these performances. He tells us of them with full confidence in their righteousness and truth. But who can trace the progress of this sin? taking its rise, perhaps unconsciously, in the first admiration of the coffin of St. Thomas, or the skull of Polycarp, till their bones are placed upon the altar, sacred things to catch the eye in prayer, to attract faith as amulets against evils, to deepen the awfulness of oath-taking!

And was not all this part of that strange and false consummation which St. Paul detected in the Galatian church; was it not *beginning in the spirit*, and being *made perfect in the flesh?* We cannot more truly describe Popery than by asserting it to be, *the destruction of that which is good, by the gradual change of it into that which is evil.*

It is much easier to follow the history of the evil, than it is to watch and indicate the progress of the change. So subtle, so imperceptible, so seemingly natural and unavoidable are the gradations, that we wonder not at the success of Satan's masterpiece; we wonder not that men of strong intellect and profound erudition come at last to "believe a lie."

Let us see what Romanism takes away from Christianity and from its believers; and what it proffers as a substitute. First, *it takes away*, audaciously, impiously, cruelly. Then it *gives back*, and mark! gives back the things it stole, but not as it stole them. No; it changes, weakens, sullies, deprives them of their power for good, yet makes them gigantic in strength for evil. It despoils truth of her smiles, her garb, her voice; that, arrayed in them, imposture may pass under her name! It takes away the soul, but leaves the body, that men may bow to it in superstitious worship, unknowing that they are slaves to sacrilege and idolatry.

We begin with the *Bible*. What does Rome do? Hides, imprisons, refuses the book of life when she can; and when she cannot, sends it forth a prisoner, guarded by traditions, notes, comments; and makes these the interpreters through whom alone it may speak to men. The Bible with her is not the voice of God, but the voice of the Church; and what the Church chooses to add to the Bible, must have equal reverence from her votaries, on pain of her anathema.

We speak next of the *Sabbath*. What is Rome's Sabbath? A nonentity when compared with her saint's day, at best a holiday for vice and pleasure. The Virgin's day is more reverenced in Popish countries than the Lord's day! In Spain the bull-fighter contends on the Sabbath; the mob chooses it for an insurrection; the theatres desecrate it in Satan's jubilee; and if an extraordinary display of fireworks is to entertain the people, it is generally given in the evening of the sacred day!

Thirdly, look at the *Christian ministry*. How has Rome changed this? A priesthood of ordinances, a despotism over consciences, no longer the ministry of the word. The people are no longer brothers; they are slaves, crouching before the arbiters of their fate; and the Priest, a sort of Jupiter, grasping the Church's thunders, moulds, terrifies, rules the enslaved multitude after the instincts of his own will. It must be so whilst he possesses the conscience: he must possess also the man.

Our fourth point respects the *atonement*. Rome is Antichrist, because she practically denies Christ. We need no formal decree to assure us of this. Alms, masses, penances, pilgrimages, are considered to *merit* salvation; the intercession of Mary supplants that of Jesus Christ; absolution is purchasable; purgatory obliterates sin, and masses expedite the process. There is no faith in Christ, no obedience deriving its motives from a Saviour's love. The Romanist's deity, is it not the image of a woman dressed oftentimes in a robe of spangled white satin, and called Madonna? Yes. Yet stay; they have another deity: for, as we have said, Rome not only takes away, but changes what she restores. They have taken away our Lord, and we know not where they have laid Him. But they inform us. They point us to a wafer made of flour. This is Jesus! this is the Saviour! Kneel down and worship this: it will deliver you from your sins! Impossible! Yet, alas! the Romanist must believe it, or he has no Jesus.

Shall we mention *prayer?* Surely Romanism is full of prayer. Full of *prayers*, you should say. It has no *prayer*; that is, no prayer such as God requires. "*Ave Maria, ora pro nobis:*" do you call that

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prayer? The very conception of prayer, the idea of heart-communion with God, is banished from the idolatrous system. Ah! you may have seen a Romish congregation apparently in the perfection of devoutness; and you might have seen, equally absorbed and reverential, that group of savages who were once discovered worshipping, in their ignorance, an old hat! It is devotion only in the sense which allows us to call ignorance its mother.

What has Rome done with *repentance?* Changed medicine into poison! Instead of "repent," it translates, "do penance." It prescribes a variety of penances, and makes each one a step towards heaven. We were talking one day to a poor Romanist, and pointing out to her her sinful state. She allowed it. We then asked her, "How are you to obtain pardon for your sins and get to heaven?" "I must do penance," was her reply. She knew no other way; and she wanted to know no other way, for, as she said, her Priest was to her the same as God. And thus is the soul separated from true contrition, that godly sorrow which leads to Christ, and made to depend on its own self-righteous acts, expiating its sins by its own sufferings.

Shall we speak of *regeneration, faith, sacraments?* There is no justifying faith in Romanism. It is annihilated. How could it exist when ceremonies, superstitions, works, are made the soul's life? Regeneration is no longer a principle, but a rite; not a work of grace effected by the Spirit, but a work of magic performed by a Priest. The Lord's supper is regarded, not as a means of grace, but as an infallible instrument of salvation. And so these sacraments, made the very substance of salvation, and depending for their validity upon the Priest, confirm the spiritual despotism, and destroy its benighted subjects.

Rome professes to be unchangeable; and we believe that her system, as we have portrayed it, has scarcely sustained alteration in any point named. Its influence over the minds of its adherents is of the same character that it was five hundred years ago. It obscures, deludes, dwarfs, enslaves, and destroys. "It is a tremendous MYSTERY OF INIQUITY; a system which reveals the hand and guidance of a mighty, sagacious, far-seeing master-spirit of evil, from beginning to end. From the time that it first rises in the horizon, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, to the time when it spreads over the whole heaven, it discloses a dreadful unity in the purpose and the accomplishment. Nor can any power less than an omnipotent divine agency be relied upon for its overthrow. The church might despair in the presence of such an enemy, if she had not such a reliance; a fact which may suggest a reason for the express and repeated assurance of such an interposition, in the sacred records. The evil we believe is not a disease to be cured, but a system to be destroyed utterly: whether with violence and supernatural judgments, we cannot, beforehand, from the nature of the predictions, affirm. There is much contained in the grand expressions of the unfulfilled prediction: 'Whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His mouth, and destroy with the brightness of His coming.' Amidst the reigning darkness of Popery, this text burns before us like a talisman of hope and glory. We believe that its fulfilment is near, even at the doors; and that in its fulfilment there is to be unveiled a scene of the glory of God, brighter, if possible, than even the blaze of the Gospel illuminating every corner of Heathenism. The conflict with this power will be keener than that with the spirit of Grecian idolatry; and the victory over this power will be greater than when the banner of the Cross floated over the palace of the Cæsars."

ANECDOTES.

A RIVER FROM A SMALL RILL.

A WELSH Clergyman asked a little girl for the text of his last sermon. The child gave no answer: she only wept. He ascertained that she had no Bible in which to look for the text. And this led him to inquire whether her parents and neighbours had a Bible: and this led to that meeting in London, in 1804, of a few devoted Christians, to devise means to supply the poor in Wales with the Bible, the grand issue of which was the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society; a Society which has already distributed more than 15,000,000 copies of the Bible, its issues now reaching nearly a million and a half annually. And this, in turn, led to the formation of the American Bible Society, and to the whole beautiful cluster of sister institutions throughout the world, which are so many trees of life, scattering the golden fruits of immortality among all the nations of the earth. This mighty river, so deep, so broad, so far-reaching in its many branches, we may trace back to the tears of that little girl.

ADVANTAGE OF BENEVOLENCE.

A PIEDMONTESE nobleman into whose company I fell at Turin, (says Mr. Rogers,

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in his "Italy,") told me his story without reserve, as follows:—"I was weary of life, and, after a day such as few have known, and none would wish to remember, was lounging along the street to the river, when I felt a sudden check. I turned, and beheld a little boy, who had caught the skirt of my cloak in his anxiety to solicit my notice. His look and manner were irresistible. Not less so was the lesson he had learnt. 'There are six of us; and we are dying for want of food.' 'Why should I not,' said I to myself, 'relieve this wretched family? I have the means; and it will not delay me many minutes. But what if it does?' The scene of misery he conducted me to I cannot describe. I threw them my purse, and their burst of gratitude overcame me. It filled my eyes. It went as a cordial to my heart. 'I will call again to-morrow,' I said. 'Fool that I was, to think of leaving a world where such pleasure was to be had, and so cheaply.'"

A DRUNKARD'S TEACHER.

A PIOUS and kind-hearted lady, who employed a decent widow to wash in her house, was in the habit of giving her not a bowl of tea or coffee, but a tumbler of negus or toddy, when she was wet and weary with her work. Time wore on, and at length the lady found, to her distress, that the poor widow had fallen into habits of drinking. At length she cast her off; but learning some years afterwards that she was dying, she felt called on to visit her, and, while doing her all kindness, to set her sin before her. She did so; and the wretched woman closed the confession of her guilt by asking, "And do you know, Ma'am, who taught me to drink?" "No," replied her visiter, "but it was cruelly done;" and, in saying so, she had sharpened an arrow for her own heart. Reminding her of her mistaken kindness, "*It was you,*" said the dying woman; "and it was thus I learnt a habit which has been my ruin—which has ruined my poor children, perhaps my poor soul, for ever!"—*Dr. Guthrie.*

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

[All notices for this department, if not sent by one of the Ministers of the Circuit, must be authenticated by his signature, in addition to that of the sender.]

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age	Date of Death.
Adamson, Mr. James,	Halam,	Mansfield,	66	Jan. 16th, 1851.
Avery, Mrs. Eleanor,	Mousehole,	Penzance,	34	Feb. 26th, 1851.
Badcock, Mrs. Martha,	Mousehole,	Penzance,	63	Feb. 5th, 1851.
Beaden, Mrs. Caroline,	Mousehole,	Penzance,	42	Feb. 18th, 1851.
Blewett, Mr. Michael,	Mousehole,	Penzance,	57	Nov. 17th, 1850.
Buckingham, Mrs. Mary,	Freeland,	Witney,	82	Jan. 26th, 1851.
Chirgwin, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Newlyn,	Penzance,	92	Nov. 6th, 1850.
Curnow, Mr. Benjamin,	St. Ives,	St. Ives,	59	Oct. 17th, 1850.
Davey, Mr. James,	Mousehole,	Penzance,	74	Feb. 7th, 1851.
Dobson, James P.,	Kirby-Moorside,	Pickering,	13	Jan. 31st, 1851.
Glasson, Mrs. Constance,	Halwyn,	Penzance,	82	Jan. 7th, 1851.
Hardcastle, Mr. Edward,	Witney,	Witney,	54	Oct. 18th, 1850.
Hawkswell, Ann,	Skipton,	Skipton,	61	Jan. 2d, 1851.
Hawkswell, Dorothy H.,	Skipton,	Skipton,	25	March 22d, 1850.
Hindley, Sarah,	Newark,	Newark,	80	Jan. 11th, 1851.
Holmes, Mr. Joseph,	Skigby,	Mansfield,	48	Feb. 17th, 1851.
Huntington, Elizabeth,	Maryport,	Workington,	73	Feb. 15th, 1851.
Jago, Miss Mary Ann,	Penzance,	Penzance,	33	Feb. 20th, 1851.
James, Mr. James,	Newlyn,	Penzance,	71	Dec. 6th, 1850.
Jarman, Philip,	St. Lawrence,	Margate,	45	March 13th, 1851.
Kent, Mr. John,	Belper,	Belper,	24	Feb. 13th, 1851.
Ladd, Mr. Thomas,	Ramsgate,	Margate,	70	Feb. 18th, 1851.
Lawson, William,	Coddington,	Newark,	62	Jan. 31st, 1851.
Matthews, Mr. Thomas,	Penolva,	Penzance,	60	Jan. 3d, 1851.
Rowbottom, Elizabeth,	Newark,	Newark,	87	Jan. 11th, 1851.
Sheppard, Elizabeth,	Brecon,	Brecon,	23	Feb. 11th, 1851.
Surman, Mrs. Caroline,	Great-Milton,	Watlington,	20	June 22d, 1850.
Taylor, John Wesley,	Low-Moor,	Bradford, West,	21	Dec. 4th, 1850.
Wearne, Mr. John,	St. Ives,	St. Ives,	73	Feb. 15th, 1851.
Yeamon, Mr. John,	Mousehole,	Penzance,	28	Dec. 23d, 1850.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

JUNE, 1851.

THE WEAVER'S DEATH-BED.

JOHN HASTIE, a portion of whose history it is intended to relate, was the only son of a pious mother, who became a widow when he was quite young. As it was necessary for him to work with his own hands in order to obtain a livelihood, he was apprenticed to a weaver. The master to whom he was apprenticed was an infidel. Doubtless, this fact was unknown to his pious mother. And yet, it would seem that due inquiry would have revealed it. No parent should place a child under the influence and control of one whose principles and character are not fully known. If the mother was negligent in this matter, as she probably was, a fearful visitation was the consequence. The master was not only an infidel himself, but he sought most earnestly to propagate his principles. He lost no opportunity of bringing forward objections to the Bible, and of sowing and watering the seeds of unbelief. He was very successful in his efforts. He had about twenty men under him, all of whom adopted his principles.

Among this unhappy number was John Hastie, the pious widow's son. Ere long he married his master's daughter, who, shocking to relate, was as bold an infidel as her father. The influences to which Hastie was now subject, led him rapidly along in the path of wickedness. He soon lost all regard for the feelings of his mother, and would, in her presence, blaspheme the holy name of Him in whom was all her trust. She did not remain long in conscious agony. Her reason gave way under the fearful visitation, and she died in the lunatic asylum. Such were among the first-fruits of the infidelity of the son.

The cruel son went on in his reckless course, till his eldest child had approached the years of manhood. Then his own health began to fail, and soon it appeared that consumption had fastened its grasp upon him. He was convinced that he must die. Eternity was before him. His infidel principles failed to support him in view of the appalling prospect. The recollections of other days, of a mother's affectionate instructions and fervent prayers, filled him with remorse. He no longer attempted to find relief in the heartless, soul-destroying creed he had cherished through life. He sent for a Minister of that religion which had for so many years been the object of his ridicule and scorn.

The Minister who was called in did not prove to be one skilled in ministering to a mind so diseased as was that of the poor weaver. He attempted to reason him out of his infidelity; but the sophistry which had been so long cherished was not to be removed by any logical processes. His soul was burdened by

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a sense of guilt. There needed to be an address to his conscience, and not to his reason. The infidelity of the mind is most frequently overcome by subduing the infidelity of the heart.

It happened that the miserable man lived in a district of the town of Glasgow which was assigned to one of Dr. Chalmers's most valued Elders. That Elder, in his visits, discovered the dying infidel, and found that his case was one that required the most skilful management. He accordingly brought Dr. Chalmers to his humble dwelling. The Doctor, by his sympathy and his simple-hearted piety, so similar to that of the mother's, whose reason her son's abandonment of God had overthrown, soon won the confidence of the dying man, and drew from him a history of his life, and especially a history of his unbelief. The Doctor presented the truth as it is in Jesus to the acceptance of the wretched sinner. Once each week, for three months, did he visit him, and labour most assiduously to adapt the presentation of the truth to the perverted, disordered, guilty, and almost despairing mind of the weaver. The blessing of God manifestly rested on those efforts. As the man drew nearer the grave, Dr. Chalmers became more and more satisfied that his soul had been renewed by the grace of God, and that he was rapidly preparing for heaven.

The interview which both felt would be the last on earth came. "Doctor," said he, lifting his Bible off the bed, on which it lay, "will you take this book from me as a token of my inexpressible gratitude?"

"No, Sir," said Dr. Chalmers, after a moment's hesitation, "no Sir; that is far too precious a legacy to be put past your own son: give it to your boy."

It was not likely that the Doctor's advice would be disregarded. "Give me a pen," said the dying man. His request was complied with. Gathering up his remaining strength of mind and body, he wrote, on a blank leaf of that Bible, the following homely, but, from the circumstances in which they were written, most interesting lines:—

"To thee, my son, I give this book,
In hopes thou wilt from it find
A Father and a Comforter
When I do leave thee here behind.

"I hope that thou wilt firm believe
That Jesus Christ alone can save,—
He bled and suffer'd in our stead;
To save from death, Himself he gave.

"A strong desire I now do crave
Of them to whom thy charge is given,
To bring thee up to fear the Lord,
That we may meet at last in heaven."

Having written those lines, he laid his head back on his pillow and expired.

Through the wonderful grace of God, that soul was, we trust, saved from death at the eleventh hour. He had spent a life in infidelity and sin; and what an unhappy life it must have been! A life of toil, without any of the sweet consolations and encouraging hopes which Christianity inspires. Would any one wish to lead such a life, even if it were certain he could find pardon on a dying bed? Would any one wish to feel that he had been the murderer of his mother? No one surely will feel himself encouraged, by such a narrative as this, to delay repentance to a dying hour: all ought rather to be warned by it to repent without delay. Suppose this man had sought the Lord in his youth, and, instead of marrying an infidel, had married one with whom he could have walked to the house of God in company,

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and who could have aided him in ministering to the wants, and soothing the last days, of his pious mother; would not his life have been a far happier one?

In regard to death-bed repentances, the following is the testimony of Dr. Chalmers:—"I never met with one decisive evidence of a saving change in a malefactor's cell; and, out of many hundred, I can quote exceedingly few in the chamber of a last and fatal disease."

THE RESULT OF INVESTIGATION.

MUCH of the infidelity that abounds is the result of wilful, sinful ignorance. An infidel will usually read everything against the truth: generally he reads nothing which has been written in its support. Were it otherwise, examples such as the one about to be related would not be uncommon.

A young lawyer, in conversation with Bishop Chase, related the following fact respecting General Hamilton, which had occurred but a short time before. The young lawyer had been an infidel, but his mind was now changed; and this narration was given in answer to Bishop Chase's inquiry how the change was brought about.

"In pursuit of his professional duties, General Hamilton passed from New-York to Albany, to attend the highest courts, and Poughkeepsie was his stopping-place for rest and social converse. We young lawyers were delighted to meet him at Hendrickson's tavern, and there indulge together in wit and satire. Not long since, he passed by: we gathered round him, and he greeted us with his usual cordiality. But there was an alteration in his mode of speech: it was solemn, and more affectionate. At length, to break the spell, I ventured to tell a story, the edge of which was ridicule against Christians and their creed. As I finished the anecdote, instead of the loud laugh, and responsive story, the General gravely asked me if I knew what I had been talking of. Confusion is the best name I can give my feelings and behaviour before the great man at such a question from his lips. Seeing my embarrassment, he said he did not design to give me pain, but, by his question, to call my attention to his own case.

"'Not many months ago,' said he, 'I was, as you are, doubtful of the truths of Christianity; but some circumstances turned my thoughts to the investigation of the subject, and I now think differently. I had been in company with some friends of a similar sentiment in New-York. I had indulged in remarks much to the disadvantage of Christians, and disparagement of their religion. I had gone further than ever before I had done in this way. Coming home, I stood, late at night, on the door-steps, waiting for my servant. In this moment of stillness, my thoughts returned to what had just passed at my friends', and on what I had said there. And what if the Christian religion be true, after all? The thought certainly was natural, and it produced in my bosom the most alarming feelings. I was conscious that I had never examined it,—not even with that attention which a small retaining-fee would have secured in a trifling civil case. In such a case I should have held myself bound to have made up my mind according to the laws of evidence; and shall nothing be done of this sort, in a question that involves the fate of man's immortal being? Where everything is at stake, shall I venture all without inquiry? Wilfully blinding my own eyes, shall I laugh at that which, if true, will laugh me to scorn in the day of judgment? These questions did not allow me to sleep quietly. In the morning I sent to my friends the Clergy for such books as treated on the evidence of Christianity. I read them; and the result is, I believe the religion of Christians to be the truth.'"

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SCRIPTURE TRUTH CONFIRMED BY EXAMPLE.

Example XVIII.

PARTICIPATION IN THE SINS OF OTHERS PROHIBITED.—1 TIM. v. 22.

"Sins of others!" some are ready to exclaim: "what have we to do with the sins of others? It is a sufficient responsibility to be held accountable for our own; for, alas! they are aggravated and numerous." The inspired Apostle, however, was commissioned authoritatively to say, "Be not a partaker of other men's sins." This injunction refers to a duty which a man owes to himself; a duty seldom thought of, and too frequently neglected. That neglect is sin; and it is often committed. No doubt the prohibition has a special application to the election and ordination of Ministers; but it must also be regarded as the general prohibition of a general evil. In what way, then, is it possible to partake of the sins of others? Those who would confine the act to the actual commission of a similar sin, are in dangerous error. There is no necessity for a man to be drunk in order to share the guilt of the drunkard: he may lead another into the sin of drunkenness in many different ways, and thus he may have made that sin his own. Of old it was declared, "Woe unto him who giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth the bottle to him, and maketh him drunken!" A man may not have stolen his neighbour's property, but he may have instructed others to do so, or he may have received goods illegally acquired; and thus, if not the principal, he is a partaker of the dishonest deeds, and open to the charge implied in the declaration, "When thou sawest a thief, then thou consentedst with him." A man may not personally take the life of a fellow-being, and yet be stained with blood-guiltiness in having contrived, and excited to, the commission of murder. David was the murderer of Uriah, though he was slain by the sword of the children of Ammon. Saul was a blasphemer, yet his tongue had never uttered blasphemy; but he had compelled many of the saints to blaspheme, and thus was the father of the sin in others, and, in a certain sense, more guilty than they were in the sight of God. Indeed, in a variety of ways man may partake of the guilt of sin which he does not personally commit. He may induce others to sin by provocation; draw into sin by the influence of example; allow it when he could have prevented it; connive at it after it has taken place. He may, moreover, neglect to reprove it when opportunity is afforded; silently pass it over, when it ought audibly to be condemned. To do so is to violate the enjoined duty, "Thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbour, and not suffer sin upon him." (Lev. xix. 17.) Willingly to remain in the presence of the sinner a spectator of his criminal conduct, when by withdrawing disapprobation of it might be manifested, (1 Cor. v. 11,) is another form of this evil. In all these ways there may be a participation in other men's sins.

With this conduct, Ministers of the Gospel may be charged when they know that their hearers are addicted to certain vices, yet are silent on such subjects in their ministrations, instead of crying aloud against them; or when they address their congregations as Christian, and are aware that many of them are sinners; and keep back Bible-truth, which might trouble the consciences of private transgressors. Conduct so offensive in the sight of God will subject the unfaithful Minister to awful condemnation. "When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand." (Ezek. xxxiii. 8.) So also are Ministers chargeable with this offence when they continue unholy members in the church. They are, to a considerable extent, accountable to the great Head of the Church for its purity. Read what the Spirit says to

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the angel of the church in Pergamos. (Rev. ii. 14—16.) Church sins allowed by Ministers become the sins of Ministers.

Magistrates are participators in the sins of others when crimes are perpetrated which they might have prevented by the exercise of that authority with which they are invested. They are called to sustain the character of being a terror to the evil, and the executioners of judgment on offenders. But should any one "bear the sword" of office "in vain," and so sanction the commission of sins he might by the power of his office have restrained or punished, he partakes of the guilt of those sins. Parents, also, may be guilty of those sins of their children which, in the exercise of parental authority, they might have prohibited and prevented. That child "left to himself" on the Sabbath, to neglect the house of God and the word of God, and to wander in the ways of wickedness, accumulates tremendous guilt on the parent's head. Nor are masters free from responsibility in reference to their apprentices and servants. The morals and conduct of these are committed to the master's care; and while they are directed to forbear threatening, it is their duty to discountenance, and withhold from, sin. The regulations in their families should be restrictive and condemnatory of the wickedness to which servants may be prone.

It may also be observed that there is a possibility of sinning *in* others as well as *with* others. The inventor of a new form of sin, whether in word or work, sins as long as the sin invented continues to exist among men, and there is an account accumulating against him age after age. As for the sin of drunkenness, with its fruitful course of crime, it not only rests on the head of its slave, but it "lieth at the door" of the unprincipled vendor of the intoxicating cup. The family of the drunkard suffer hunger and nakedness; the laws of society are violated; perhaps the more than degraded drunkard takes away, in the madness of his folly, the life of a fellow-creature, and he becomes a murderer. But is there not another guilty in such a case? What of the man whose hand supplied the exciting draughts? He hears that the wretched man, inflamed by the poison which he improperly gave, is transported to a foreign land, or closes his wretched life on the gallows: he may not think that he also is a felon, a murderer; yet, awful thought! such he is by participation. Well would it be if such were aware of this truth, and would reflect on, and forsake, the sin, and cease to "destroy souls to get dishonest gain." (Ezek. xxii. 27.) Such, with many more, are violators of the prohibition, "Neither be a partaker of other men's sins."

Many, however, are the examples to be met with of obedience to the Divine injunction. Such a noble example was Moses when he came from the mount, and saw the Israelites bowing down to the golden calves Aaron had made. Aaron had been a partaker of their sin, but Moses was faithful: he burned their god in the fire, ground it to powder, and rebuked Aaron and the people. Such an example was David, when he would not allow the deceitful worker to dwell in his house, nor the liar to tarry in his sight. Thus he resolved that they should have no sanction from him; nay, he commanded them to depart out of his presence. Such, also, was the admirable conduct of the Hebrew youths, when they refused to join in the worship of the golden idol erected in the plains of Dura, though by so doing they jeopardised their lives. Such examples have been found in the Christian church of modern days, when its Ministers, rather than be partakers of the sins of others, have sacrificed lucrative situations, overcome the feelings of natural affection, and subjected themselves to painful persecution. A father who had resolved with Joshua that the members of his family should, in the observance of certain duties, serve the Lord, had a beloved son who refused to comply with the regulations required. Entreaty, reproof, and command were employed in vain. From a stern sense of duty, and against the pleadings of

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nature, the father had to place the alternative before his son, "You must cease from sin, or depart from my house." Sin was loved more than the parental abode; the foolish youth went on frowardly in his own way, and in a distant land had to seek for bread. There are few duties belonging to Christian conduct which have been more neglected than the apostolic prohibition. Few have seriously thought on the subject; yet it is of solemn interest. So St. Austin deemed it; for he frequently prayed, "Lord, forgive me the sins of other men." Many have need to adopt the same prayer, and to secure, by grace, the power to avoid sinning by proxy, as well as by personal practice.

Chelsea. N.

THE PIETY OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

NEANDER, in his memoirs of the early Christians, commends their piety as a striking illustration of the Christian graces in all the relations of life. They interfered with no ordinances of man which were consistent with religion, but carefully conformed to them; manifesting, at the same time, a heavenly walk and conversation under circumstances the most unfavourable. They held forth the word of life in living characters; and, by the silent influence of their piety, compelled their enemies to honour the Christian's faith.

The effacing hand of time has spared one venerable document, which carries us back almost to the age of the Apostles, and reveals the piety of those early saints who survived the first disciples of Christ, in a light so clear and impressive, that it deserves to be held in perpetual remembrance for our own admiration. We refer to the epistle from Justin Martyr to Diognetus, about A.D. 150, from which the following extract is taken:—

"Christians are not distinguished from other men, either in habitation, speech, or manners. Though inhabiting the cities of Greeks and barbarians, and conforming to the customs of either, they wonderfully exhibit everywhere their own peculiar manner of life, they live in their native land as foreigners; they participate in all its interests as citizens, and yet endure everything as strangers; they rear up children like others, without exposing them, like their idolatrous neighbours; they live in the flesh, but not after the flesh; they dwell on the earth, but their conversation is in heaven; they submit themselves to the laws, but in their lives they rise superior to all law; they love all men, and are hated by all; they die, and behold they live for ever; they are poor, yet making many rich; they are destitute of everything, and still have need of nothing. When reviled, they bless; doing good to all, they are punished as evil-doers; they are disowned by the Jews and persecuted by the Greeks, and yet neither can assign a reason for their hatred of these Christians."

A STONE REMOVED.

I SAW a labourer returning weary from his work. I saw him stoop and take a stone, that lay in the pathway of passing wheels, and cast it out of the road. That sight did me good. That stone might be struck by a passing wheel, to the discomfort, perhaps, of the traveller, and possibly the injury of the vehicle. It was kind in the man to remove it.

"What a trifling paragraph!" says a captious one. Not so, my friend. The act was small, but the motive noble; the act small, the principle on which it was based is of unspeakable value to the human race.

I love to trace things, especially such things, to their fountain. That man

had emotion in his soul when he stooped to remove that stone. He *felt*, or he would not have acted. He felt aright. It was kind in him. I am inclined to think that that act was but one of the links of a chain,—and never was a chain made of a better material,—love for the welfare of others. Such a chain is all gold. The man had done just such things before, I could not doubt. He would do such things again. It cost him something to do this; for there was a pelting storm of sleet, and he carried an umbrella, and he must pause in his rapid walk to do it.

Well done, my humble friend. If every other man would stop and pick out of the path of his fellow-travellers through life the things that vex and annoy them, how many sunny faces there would be in place of scowling ones! Drops make a shower, give us enough of them. Such acts as this man's, give us enough of them, and how great the shower of blessings! How much misery would be prevented!

I shall not stop here. The man that will do such a thing, will do greater things. That act showed what the fountain was. He has a kind heart. He will remove a larger stone than that from the pathway of human life. Give me that man for my adversity. He who has honoured the small draft will honour the greater. His good-will was not all exhausted by that effort.

It was a trifle, was it? Please then think, my friend, it can be but a trifle for you to do just such a thing. Do every such kind of thing; anything that will remove obstructions out of the path of human happiness. Give your neighbour a hint to do so too. Perhaps he will pass the thought along, and we shall shake some of the selfishness out of the human heart.

THE DISCIPLE IS AS HIS MASTER.

Do you think your condition in life a humble one? So was Christ's. He was the reputed son of a carpenter. He was the inmate of no costly dwelling. He laboured with His own hands. The proud doubtless looked down upon Him. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master.

Do you suffer from a lack of the comforts, conveniences, and even the necessaries of life? So did Christ. He travelled on foot, and was wearied by His journey; He was hungry when He had not the means of procuring food; was weary when He had not where to lay His head. In all these respects you are as well off as was Christ. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master.

Do you meet sorrows which weigh down the soul, causing days of heaviness and nights of weeping? So did Christ. He was a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. Sorrow and weeping were the characteristics of His life. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master.

Do you meet with unkindness where you have a right to expect love? are your motives misinterpreted and your efforts to do good rendered abortive? and do you not meet with deception and treachery? So did Christ. He was despised and rejected of those whom He came to save. Many went back and walked no more with Him; and one of the chosen twelve lifted up his heel against Him. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master. Ought not this to remove every cause of discontent and repining?

ABOUNDING IN PRAYER.

Earthly benefactors do not like excessive importunity. They soon weary of an applicant who makes the reception of one favour the ground of application for another and a greater one. But not so with our heavenly Benefactor. He would have us importunate in prayer. He would have

us pray without ceasing. He would have us continually coming to Him for larger and larger blessings.

One of the persecuted Puritans had two children lying dangerously ill. After wrestling with God in prayer for them, he wrote thus in his diary: "If the Lord will be pleased to grant me my request this time concerning my children, I will not say, as beggars at our door used to do, 'I will never ask anything of Him again,' but, on the contrary, He shall hear oftener from me than ever; and I will love God the better, and love prayer the better, as long as I live."

Such is the spirit which God approves. Since, then, we are dependent upon God for everything; since even the commonest blessing cannot be secured without His aid, and the greatest ones are freely bestowed on application to Him, is it not passing strange that there is so little prayer in the world? As it is the great instrument by which all our blessings are received, it should be the great object of pursuit.

Some professing Christians spend much or little time in prayer, according to the state of their feelings. They often pray many times in a day, and then again they neglect even their stated seasons. Now it is no doubt proper that we should often yield to feelings prompting to prayer at other than our stated seasons, yet no state of feeling should prevent the faithful discharge of that duty when our appointed hour arrives.

The account of the exercises of one who had become mighty in prayer, may prove useful to the reader. "When I was converted," said he, "I found it was all owing to the grace of God. I saw that if I ever brought my heart into conformity to God's law, it would be only through the assistance of Divine grace; and I found from the Bible, and from experience, that that grace was bestowed in answer to prayer. The first thing I have to do, said I to myself, is to pray. For a time it was easy work; but by and by, when the world pressed its claims, prayer was not quite so easy. I was led to pray less frequently, and that led me to pray less fervently. I found that would never do; that my heart would throb strongly or feebly just as I was faithful or unfaithful in prayer. I then fixed upon certain hours for prayer. When the hour came, if I did not feel a desire to pray, I sought by reflection to awaken the desire before I attempted to pray. By perseverance in so doing, by never contenting myself with a mere form, I found that I gained strength in prayer. As I gained strength in prayer, I made progress in the Divine life."

We see that in order to become strong and abounding in prayer, effort must be put forth. It must be set before one as a definite object of pursuit, and must be pursued systematically and perseveringly.

TELLING JESUS.

"THINGS always go smoothly with you," said a complaining disciple to Mr. F. "I never hear you make any complaints."

"I have found out an effectual way of guarding against that fault," said Mr. F.

"I did not know that you ever had any reason to complain."

"I don't know that I ever had; but I used to find myself doing it, until one day, in reading the Bible, I came across this passage, 'The Apostles gathered themselves unto Jesus, and *told Him all things*, both what they had done, and what they had taught.' It occurred to me, that, when I had any trouble, before I told any one, I should first tell Jesus. And I found, on trial, that if I told Him first, I seldom had any occasion to tell anybody else. I often d the burden entirely removed while I am in the act of telling Him about and trouble which has its burden removed is no longer trouble."

"We ought to pray for deliverance from our trials; but Jesus needs no information respecting them. He is omnipotent, and has no need that anything be told Him."

"That is true, and yet He listened with complacency and kindness while His disciples told Him all things. In His sympathising condescension, He permits us to repeat to Him our troubles, cares, and joys, though He knows them all. He listens to them with interest; just as the tender father listens to the narrative of his child, though it conveys no information. And He has connected great blessings with this exercise of filial confidence. It lessens one's sorrows and doubles joys, and increases faith and love. The more assiduously we cultivate this intimate intercourse with the Saviour, the greater will be our happiness, and the more rapid our progress towards heaven.—If we should make it a rule to go to Jesus every night, and tell Him all the events of the day, all that we have purposed, and felt, and said, and done, and suffered, would it not have a great influence on our conduct during the day? It certainly would. The thought that we should have to tell Jesus about it, would restrain us from many an unholy act. We could not wilfully indulge in that which caused the agonies of the garden and the cross, if we were to make it the subject of conversation with Him before committing ourselves to slumber."

"It seems to me, that for me to tell Him all my experience, would be occupying His attention with trifles: I should have nothing but sin and folly to tell Him."

"Sin and folly are no trifles; and the way to get a right view of the evil of sin is, to speak it out before Him in our confidential intercourse with Him. You may depend upon it, my brother, that if you will go to Jesus every night, and tell Him all things that have occurred during the day, it will speedily lift you up above the world. It will do much towards making the will of Christ your guiding, governing principle. It will enable you to bear your crosses without repining. It will make you in mind and temper like Him with whom you hold this most intimate communion. O, that all Christians were in the habit of closing the day by going to Jesus, and telling Him all the things that they have done, and omitted to do, during the day!"

DEADNESS OF HEART.

An intelligent and excellent Minister was once called to visit a man, then on his death-bed, who had been for many years engaged in the African slave-trade. He had been Commander of a swift and successful ship, but had been often compelled to throw his poor captives to the sharks and the sea, to save his vessel from the cruisers, or to lighten it in the storm; and had passed through the various terrible scenes incident to the prosecution of that infamous traffic. And now he was dying, in the full maturity of his powers, and in the midst, if we remember rightly, of pecuniary prosperity and social comfort. The Minister spoke to him of repentance. "Repentance!" was his reply: "I *cannot* repent! You have seen many sorts of men, Sir; and perhaps you think you have seen the most wicked and desperate among them. But I tell you that you don't know anything about an African slave-dealer. His heart is *dead*. Why, Sir, I know perfectly well,—I understand it fully,—that I shall die in spite of everything; and I know that I shall go to hell. There is no possible salvation for me. It is *perfectly impossible* but that I shall be damned. And yet it don't move me in the least.

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I am just as indifferent to it as ever I was in my life." And so he died; with despair perfected into insensibility and DEATH; the very fires of Divine wrath, as they flashed upon his face, not starting a sigh, or a pulse of emotion. His heart *was* "DEAD!"

It is fearful to think, that in all sin lies the tendency to just such spiritual death. When it is ripened and finished, it brings it forth; one sin leading to another, and that to another, and these to others, and moral insensibility coming in upon the soul, and all crimes becoming possible to it, and perfect despair and the deadness of all affection and hope at last engulfing it,—a deadness to be terribly consummated and rewarded hereafter, amid the gloom of the future, and beneath the punishments of God. There is an old fable of a man who fell asleep in a Grecian cavern; and the drops from above, continually falling upon him, turned him, particle by particle, into coldness and rock; and though the soul still lived, it could not use or move the body. And so the influences of little sins, dropping on us continually,—the influences even of the mere worldliness that is all about and over us, except they be resisted,—will at last petrify the spirit. They harden it to all but the consciousness of loss, and the agony of remorse. They may leave it sensible of duty, aware of doom, but *unable* to flee from it.

THE SINNER'S WARRANT TO PRAY.

WHEN Christ says, "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened," does He tantalise the sinner, and put him upon praying without a warrant? We know, as a matter of fact and experience, that it has been by prayer that every sinner, finding mercy, has knocked and called at the gate of Divine mercy. But the sinner, having no Spirit of adoption, and no intimacy at the throne of grace, doubts of his warrant to come and expect an answer. He has read, that "the prayer of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord;" and whenever he has tried to pray, he has found himself repelled from the throne.

Yet it is an undoubted truth, that God, in all sincerity, invites a world of ruined sinners to confide in His mercy, and come to Him for salvation; and if the sinner may not look upon himself as pardoned, and found among God's children, he may come to God as a creature, dying of his wounds, and open those wounds before a compassionate God, and let them plead for him; and though he has no warrant to ask of God any gift, for a selfish and therefore rebellious end, he is required to let his repentance flow forth in channels of prayer and confession of sin. He is required to turn to God; and the first act of turning to Him will very naturally take the form of prayer. That casting of the soul on the work of the Redeemer; that surrender of all to Him; that committing of the soul to Him to be washed in His blood, new created by His Spirit, and ruled by His laws; that entering into covenant with Him, which conversion involves, is a proper work for prayer; and for a prayer of this kind, to be offered by the most guilty and hardened sinners, there is a full warrant.

Though God cannot be pleased with the prayers uttered by one still determined to continue in rebellion, nothing hinders the success of the prayer of the publican, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." Indeed, the whole plan of Gospel-teaching goes to bring the sinner to pray such a prayer; and rarely, if ever, does renewing grace come upon the sinner until the solicitudes of the soul are sufficiently awake to engage it to intense earnestness in prayer.

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THEOLOGY.

THE BELIEVING WIFE AND UNBELIEVING HUSBAND.

"Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands; that, if any obey not the word, they also may without the word be won by the conversation of the wives; while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear."—1 Pet. iii. 1, 2.

These verses contain an example of one of the grand characteristic features of true and faithful preaching. Whatever the subject of which, for a time, any one of Christ's servants is led to speak, he must strive all the while if, by *any means*, he may save some. So it was with St. Peter. Here the Apostle had occasion, for a moment, to direct attention to a common duty,—"Wives, be in subjection to your own husbands;" but in another moment he turns again to winning souls. Immediately he tells why he was so anxious on the point adverted to: it was that hereby unbelieving husbands might be won to the faith of the Gospel. The general rule for a believer's life is, to do all to the glory of God; and this is one of the ways in which it may be reduced to practice.

The command evidently involves the supposition of a believing wife being united to an unbelieving husband; but it gives no countenance to those who venture, with their eyes open, to form such a relation, in defiance of the positive law of Christ. The case contemplated by the Apostle, and which was of frequent occurrence among the Jews of his day, is, that of one of the parties being converted after the union has taken place. When such a case occurs, it is the duty of the wife to seek to win her husband to the faith. If she is herself a sincere disciple, that desire will be uppermost in her mind. It is her duty by all means to try it; there is no dispute about that: the only thing that admits of deliberation is the selection of means to be employed. As to the duty, the necessity lying upon her to make the attempt, on that point there is no question; but there is room for the exercise of Christian prudence in making choice of the times and instruments. The general rule which every Christian acknowledges is, "Be all things to all men, that ye may save some;" but, under the influence of that general principle, there is need of much practical wisdom, in judging what we must become to this man, and what to that man, in order to bring our influence to bear upon them with the greatest possible effect. The believing wife, under the general desire to win her husband, will study all the peculiarities of his character, and all the circumstances of his position, and so accommodate her efforts to the necessities of the case.

But, in speaking about selecting the means to be employed for the conversion of sinners, we must remember that there is only one divinely-appointed means,—the Gospel. We are not at liberty to set aside that instrument, and employ another in its stead. There is room for the exercise of our discretion only in contriving how that Gospel may be best brought to bear on the understanding and the heart. It is not that any one is at liberty to sit down and consider whether the Gospel revelation or some other means will be found best adapted to win a wanderer back to God; but, knowing this, we may sit down and consider by what means, in each case, that instrument may best be brought into contact with its object. We are not at liberty to invent a new image; we must, in every case, abide by that which is reflected from the glass of God's word; but we may invent plans, varying according to circumstances, whereby that image may be carried through opposing obstacles, and imprinted on a sinner's heart.

Now, it will never surely be argued, that this text precludes the wife (or husband, or brother, or sister, as the case may be, for the same rule applies to all the other intimate relationships of life) from seeking to win her husband by reading or speaking the Gospel to him, if she has reason to believe that he will in this way receive it. Nay, the text implies that she may do that, that she must do that; and proceeds to give instructions as to her future procedure, in case that method should fail. It is, "*if any obey not the word*," the written, the spoken word, that the wife is bound to take other methods of having it applied. It is to be done by "a chaste conversation;" that is, a holy life. This holy example, and the preaching of the Gospel, however, are not two rival ways of winning a sinful soul. The chaste conversation prescribed is just another way of preaching the Gospel. The Gospel of our Lord and Saviour is the grand

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instrument in saving a sinner; but the god of this world strives to exclude the Gospel from the soul over whom he holds dominion. He blocks up one entrance: then it is our duty to get the same thing introduced some other way. If the ear is shut against the word spoken, we must have the same word embodied in a meek, holy, consistent life.

We must overcome the moral obstacle much in the same way that we overcome the physical. When you wish to communicate an idea to the understanding of another, or to impress a belief on his heart, a natural impediment sometimes intervenes. The man is deaf: in that case, you cannot *tell* him your mind; you must write it out, and let him read it in these artificial signs. Again, the man is blind: in that case, you cannot communicate by writing; you must speak. Or the man may be both deaf and blind: in that case, you have recourse to signs addressed neither to the sense of sight nor the sense of hearing, but to the sense of touch; by the channel of feeling you contrive to let ideas into his mind. Some such course as this we must follow in the spiritual matter too. It is the same light of the word that, in all cases, we must strive to get into the darkened mind; but the method and the means of doing this may vary with the position of the parties, and the obstacles that are to be overcome. Get the quickening word spoken by the lips of another; but if the man have a prejudice against this, and refuse to hear, let him be advised to read it in secret by himself. If his aversion to the truth prevail, and keep him from opening his Bible, let the same word be held up to him, written in the character of one who has already felt its renewing power.

There is an ingenious contrivance, which many of our readers must have seen, by which books are printed for the use of the blind. They can be read easily and accurately by a person who neither sees nor hears. The invention may be best described by calling it embossed printing. The letters are not coloured at all, but raised upon thick, stiff paper. They stand out from the surface with a sharp outline, so that the form of each letter can be detected by the finger. The invention has already come into extensive operation, and has proved a signal blessing. When the sense of hearing is gone, we cannot teach by speaking; if the same person is destitute of the sense of sight, we cannot make up the want through that channel; but if the sense of touch remains, we may approach by that avenue to the understanding: the child deaf and blind *feels* the letters, when printed in relief.

Now, there is such a thing as a soul spiritually deaf and blind; and yet such a one must not be given up as hopeless. When a wife is convinced, regarding her husband, (and the same thing holds good of other relations,) that the eyes of his understanding are darkened, and his ears heavy, so that he will neither read the word for himself, nor hear it from the lips of others, let her not despair. Let her know that he still possesses the feelings and susceptibilities of nature. Let her approach him by them; not to try a new instrument, but to apply effectually the old. It is not to be doubted but that some blind children have, through means of the embossed printing, been won to Christ. But it is not the new kind of printing that converted them: it is the *Gospel printed;* printed in that particular way, in order that it may reach their understandings. It is the same word that we read and hear, printed in relief for the use of the blind. So, let a believing wife raise in her own life an exhibition of what the Gospel is; and in this way she may bring it into contact with an unbelieving husband's soul. When the god of this world has so blinded his mind that he cannot see, and so shut his ears that he will not hear, the *word*, let that same word *be imprinted in relief in her character:* if so, he may *feel* it. Thus, "without the word," without the use of spoken language, or when it proves of no effect, the wife, by a holy conversation, may win her husband. The reward is great:—"Save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins."

GOD IN NATURE AND IN GRACE.

PSALM XIX.

"The testaments are *three*, which show
What thy God is, O man;
But if the *first* thou well wouldst know,
The *second* learn to scan.
Nor wilt thou in the *second* speed,
Until the *third* thou rightly read."

Verse 1.—"THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth His handiwork."

The cry is all for Preachers; but would it not be wiser were men to seek a true ear; for look where you will, and every object on which the eye can light is preaching. There are Preachers in the

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heavens above, Preachers on the earth below, Preachers within us, and Preachers without. O, what a sermon it is which is preached by the firmament of heaven; by the sky, whether azure and serene, or overcast with stormy clouds! With all the splendour of day, and all the magnificence of night, the heavens declare the glory of God.

But do many listen? Ah! no. For unless God first speak to his heart, man is insensible to the discourse which resounds from all above, below, and around him. How beautifully does Tauler say, "As he whose eyes have long been fixed upon the sun, afterwards beholds a sun impressed on all at which he looks, even so it is with him whose mind contemplates God!" There are seasons, indeed, when, as we stand in its bosom, all nature seems a church; and in the lofty anthem which gushes fresh from the breast of every worshipper, we cannot choose but take a part, carried away by the general flood of praise. But at other seasons, too, how dumb and speechless the whole creation appears! as if every object pursued its way alone, and there were no hand in heaven to guide it. The difference depends on whether or not God is speaking within *ourselves*.

"For open thy heart to God, and thou shalt see,
That all the world a book of prayer shall be."

Verse 2.—"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

The heavens above us are the same to which the Saviour, when He prayed, lifted up His eyes; the same on which the Patriarch Abraham gazed, when as yet he had no child, and, amidst the silence of night heard the mysterious promise, "Look, now, toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them: so shall thy seed be." The heavens are the same which our first parents beheld while they sojourned in paradise, and were still the good and guiltless children of God. Six thousand years have since elapsed, and here below, on the soil of earth, all is changed, and, most of all, man himself. But there has been no change above. Through that long period, day has still been uttering unto day, and one night repeating to another, the same incessant discourse of Him by whom the heavens and the earth were made. How sublime and elevating the thought of this unalterable constancy of nature for a succession of ages so vast! And yet, at no moment does nature ever cease to present to the beholder the charm of novelty; because in her wide dominion nothing *is*, but all is *to be*. Who can refuse to exclaim, with the poet,—

"O nature, what in thy fair face we see,
Not *sameness* is, but *similarity*;
For all is *old*, and all is *young* again
In thy perpetual domain?"

Surely, he who has learned to feel his own inconstancy and changeableness, compared with nature's inalterable order and stability, cannot but long, with all intensity of desire, for that inward steadfastness, over which the vicissitudes of light and shadow, of day and night, lose all their power. This, this it is which gives to the material universe its edifying and medicinal influence upon the mind of man.

Verse 3.—"There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard."

How true a sentiment! The voice of nature is truly of a kind which can be heard in every speech and language. It addresses man like the look of a friend, or the pressure of an affectionate hand, which, without the aid of words, are understood in every clime. In fact, is it not the very eye of God—the most affectionate of friends—which does look out upon us from the face of nature? In some degree, too, the nations of the earth have not been quite insensible to this voice. But they cannot have fully understood it, at least in their hearts. They must have wanted the interpreter within; for otherwise never would they have worshipped the creature instead of the Creator; never imagined that the hymn of praise, chanted by all created things in heaven and earth, was chanted merely in the *creature's* praise. No, it is *the glory of God* who made them, which all the creatures declare. Even among ourselves, how many are there who do not understand the voice aright! Even among ourselves, when I hear the outbursts of rapture at the beauty of the material world, it often gives me pain to see, that it is the creature's glory which is alone admired, and that rarely does the admirer's mind rise from that which is made to Him who is the Maker. Often do I feel inclined to accost the enthusiast, and whisper in his ear, "Friend, you do not comprehend the burden of the hymn." It celebrates the glory of *God*, of Him who gave their beauty to His works:—

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"Sweet lily of the field, array'd
In all thy pomp of dress,
Thou wert to be my pattern made,
And gentle monitress."

"O! come, let us worship, and bow down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker; for He is our God, and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand."

Verses 4—6.—"Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."

In the firmament of heaven, every object declares the glory of God; every object makes the impression, that "all is old and all new in that perpetual domain." But more than from the rest do we take in this impression from the *sun*. As every morning we behold it ascend the horizon, beautiful and fresh, as if just emerged from its ocean-bath, we are apt to imagine, that in the opposite hemisphere it has been recruiting its strength, as we, the children of men, have ourselves been doing during the silent night; and yet its setting *here* has only been its rising *there*. How it extinguishes with its beams all that attempts to shine beside it, and in solitary majesty pursues its way! How, like a Monarch, without respect of persons, it pours its rays on hill and valley, on the lofty and the mean! O, can we wonder that they who possessed but one of the testaments of God, the book of nature, and wanted the second to expound the first, should have prostrated themselves in its presence, and adored the sun as their *Lord*? And yet, what is it but the servant of Him who has the right to call it mine, and of whom it is written, "He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good?" Nay, the sun is but the servant of His servants; for does it not minister again to other suns, which all at last circle around Him whose name is the *Father of Lights*? It is true, as the holy Apostle asserts, that the invisible things of God, even His eternal power and Godhead, are clearly seen from the creation of the world: "therefore the Gentiles are without excuse." But only we Christians perceive that so it is; for until the lamp of re-led truth illuminates the believer's t, the mirror of creation continues also dark and dim. When we say that the three revelations of God—nature, the Old Testament, and the New—constitute one book, in three parts, the book is one which can be understood only when read *backwards*. Once learn, however, to comprehend the other two, and open the first once more, and sermons, glorious beyond all conception, will sound from its every page. Only the disciple of Christ, when he stands amidst the glories of nature, and exclaims, "Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground!" knows the meaning of the words. Only the Christian is aware why the earth is called holy ground. It is because the Holy One, the only-begotten Son of God, with sinless foot, once trode its soil; because He there poured forth the oblation of His sacred blood; because there, when it is sanctified once more, "the tabernacle of God shall be with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people." This is to look into the very heart of the grace of God; and he to whom the sight has been once vouchsafed, will thenceforth see the world full of nothing else but miracles of grace. O, with what new eyes we read the book of nature, when in every page we read of that God who so loved the world, that He did not spare His only-begotten Son, but tore the Well-beloved from His heart, and gave Him as a sacrifice for the world's redemption!

It is true, that not even when beheld with an eye like this, will nature, all lovely though she be, *satisfy* the beholder's heart. Such a beholder it will satisfy even less than others. But, at least, it will fill his heart with *presentiments*,—presentiments of the *imperishable* beauty of a *new* earth, where, possessed at last of the glorious liberty secured to them by promise, the children of God shall dwell for ever and ever. Then, indeed, does the heart overflow with exultation, and sings,—

"If so divine the splendours be
Which on His earthly footstool rest,
O, what the blaze and ecstasy
That wait us in His breast!"

Or thus, perhaps,—

"Fair art thou, earth, clad in thy bright array,
And, when our eyes thy loveliness survey,
Forth bursts the cry of rapture, Thou art fair!

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"So fair thou art even now, when on thy plains
Walk fallen creatures, whose foul tread profanes
Thy soil, of which they vaunt themselves the lords.

"O earth! what wilt thou be, when o'er thy fields
The hand of ransom'd saints the sceptre wields?
For that bright day thou keep'st thy wedding-robes."

Father in heaven! I know, and at times have felt, that in Thy glorious kingdom every object may be made a preacher; and that if nature ever fails, either in her loveliness or her terrors, to preach to us, the fault is all in the insensibility of our ears. The whole creation discourses to us of Thy glory. Day utters it to day, and one night repeats it to another. O, give me a truly child-like heart, that I may comprehend creation's great discourse! Compose my mind, that in the voice of the creatures I may discern the voice of the uncreated God, my Father and my Lord. In the study of Thy revealed word, I will exercise my faculties, that I may better comprehend what Thou wilt say to me in the book of nature.—*Translated from the German of Dr. Tholuck.*

THE WORLD'S VERDICT.

It is a fact undeniably established by the past experience of the world, that a life of piety and usefulness is the only life that is spontaneously and permanently honoured. The word of God declares that the name of the wicked shall rot, while the memory of the just is blessed. This sentiment has been tested for some thousands of years, and all experience proves its truth. Bad men, though flattered and caressed in life, are forgotten or loathed when dead. Good men, who live for others and for God, scorned though they may be while living, are reverenced when they sleep in their graves. The names now freshest in men's memories, and that attract the homage even of the wicked, are those who have stood highest among the useful and the good. Bad as human nature is, it is not bad enough to honour permanently and sincerely the memory of the wicked. Who thinks of reverencing Pharaoh, or Ahab, or Herod, or Pilate, or Nero, or Caligula? Who thinks of despising the memory of Joseph, or Daniel, or Isaiah, or Paul?

A late traveller in the East mentions having seen a peasant ploughing the spot supposed to have been the site of a palace of Herod, while near by a guard was reverentially protecting the supposed tomb of John the Baptist. This is ever the world's way: it demolishes the palace of the tyrant, and rears monuments to the memory of his victim. It will always be the world's way. Satan, with all his influence, cannot make even a wicked world canonise a dead sinner, unless he deceives them by throwing over that sinner's character the garb and the charm of apparent goodness.

We profess to have no light which our readers have not by which to read the future; but we will say, in unwavering confidence, that what has been in this respect will ever be. None will find abiding, heartfelt honour given as the reward of a life of sin. The friends who gather around our coffin and bear us to the grave, will not wish to speak amid their tears of our sins. Their cherished recollections will not be how we cast off fear, and restrained prayer, and worshipped the world, and died in impenitence. But if we were of the number of those who, in humble imitation of the Man of Sorrows, went about doing good, they will remember and speak of that. If in the last struggle our hope was bright, and our faith triumphant over the last enemy, these things they will remember; and as they commit our dust to the grave, they will exclaim, "Let us die the death of the righteous, and let our last end be like his."

THE DESIGN OF ALL EXTERNAL INSTITUTIONS.

We ought to be very careful, neither, on the one hand, to slight or neglect the EXTERNAL INSTITUTIONS of our religion, nor, on the other hand, to depend upon our compliance with them, unless we at the same time answer their END and DESIGN.

This, therefore, should be our care, to reverence all the institutions of our Lord, and to use them faithfully and diligently; but, at the same time, never to content ourselves till we find the Spirit of God and of Christ dwelling in us, and becoming a settled principle of piety and virtue to us throughout the course of our lives.—*John Bradford.*

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PARENTAL MONITOR.

PARENTAL AUTHORITY.

To maintain union in the house, it is necessary that fathers should preserve their authority inviolate. No State prospers where the Sovereign ceases to act as President of the commonwealth. In primitive ages, when Kings were governed by favourites, or allowed their authority to become vested in Queen-mothers, Queen-consorts, or even in Princes of the blood-royal, their subjects always felt the change. Tyranny became rampant; the seal of the empire was abused; the members usurped the dignity of the head; the haughtiness of menials and subordinates was intolerable; and the incubus under which the nation groaned was finally thrown off, by putting to death either the favourite or the too-indulgent master.

Households are empires on a minor scale. The same rules govern both; the same constitution Divine Providence has given to both; and it is equally a law of nature and religion, that every man should bear rule in his own house. Sturdy, imperious sons, we are aware, are difficult to master: like Eli's, they are too many for their facile parent. Besides, he cannot be always struggling with them. If advice will not prevail, authority is disregarded. Begin betimes. It is easier bending the sapling than the full-grown tree. Much of that stubborn resistance of which you complain is of your own creating. You have given your sons, in every instance, their will, and so has this evil betided you. Slacken your rein upon a wild colt, let him slip from under your management, and see if you will be able to restrain his impetuous career.

There is nothing that fathers should be so jealous about as the maintenance of their prerogative. The idea of yielding it into other hands, however capable, is foreign to the Divine decree, and calculated to establish anarchy and promote confusion. The power ought always be lodged in the head, and the head should retain its power. The hands are not designed to plan, but simply to execute. The cornice presses down the stones underneath, and thus maintains the solidity of the building. Remove the key-stone out of its place, and the finest arch will totter to pieces.

We do not advocate the doctrine of despotism. While every father is to act as ruler, none should degenerate into a tyrant. Constitutional liberty is found to be essential to civil government; the associating of responsible advisers with the Sovereign, as a restraint upon arbitrary power. In families, this limitation is not needed. Familiar intercourse, common interests, and deep-seated love, are supposed to be sufficient restraints to bridle undue authority; and hence, the governor stands alone. This is no reason, however, why these important checks should be disregarded, or why the slave-driver and the father should be convertible terms.

Notwithstanding these precautionary statements, we believe that parents too largely err on the side of leniency. Their orders should be strictly enforced. No child should ever be suffered to step into their shoes, unless for very substantial reasons. The usurpation is degrading. The interests of all demand a concentration of power; and let this be rigidly maintained.—*Rev. W. Oliver.*

PARENTAL EXAMPLE.

The development of the moral sentiments in the human heart, in early life,—and everything, in fact, which relates to the formation of character,—is determined in a far greater degree by sympathy, and by the influence of example, than by formal precepts and didactic instruction. If a boy hears his father speaking kindly to a robin in the spring,—welcoming its coming, and offering it food,—there arises at once in his own mind a feeling of kindness toward the bird, and toward all the animal creation, which is produced by a sort of sympathetic action, a power somewhat similar to what in physical philosophy is called *induction*. On the other hand, if the father, instead of feeding the bird, goes eagerly for a gun, in order that he may shoot it, the boy will sympathise in that desire, and, growing up under such an influence, there will be gradually formed within him, through the mysterious tendency of the youthful heart to vibrate in unison with hearts that are near, a disposition to kill and destroy all helpless beings that come within his power. There is no need of any formal instruction in either case. Of a thousand children brought up under the former of the above-described influences, nearly every one, when he sees a bird, will wish to go and get crumbs to feed it; while in the latter case, nearly every one will just as certainly look for a stone. Thus the growing up in the right atmosphere, rather than the receiving of the right instruction, is the condition which it is most important to secure. in plans for forming the characters of children.—*Abbott's Franconia.*

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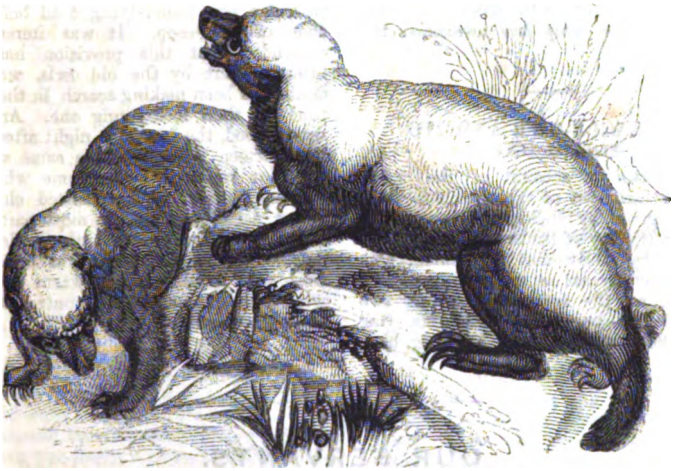
SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.



THE RATEL.

It has been said that this curious animal subsists on the petty rapine of the beehive, and the sweet produce of the comb. But, in the absence of full information, it is but fair to refer to the number and disposition of its teeth as raising considerable doubt on this point.

The ratel was first clearly described by La Caille, in his "Voyage to the Cape;" subsequently, by Sparrman. In size it is about equal to the badger, to which its form exhibits some resemblance. The upper surface of its body is remarkably broad and flat; of a dull ash-grey, strongly contrasting with the under parts, which are quite black. The hair is very stiff and wiry; the hide beneath it, tough and singularly loose. The claws of the fore-feet are long, and adapted for digging up the earth. The entire length of the animal is about three feet, the tail forming little more than a sixth. Its height does not exceed ten or twelve inches.

Singular stories of the ratel are told by the Hottentots. It is said that the bees are accustomed to take up their abode in holes in the earth formed by various burrowing quadrupeds; and that the ratel is most sagacious at discovering their nests, as well as in undermining them with its powerful claws. According to the same testimony, it is occasionally guided, in this search, by the honey-cuckoo. The hide of the ratel, it is certain, would be an excellent defence from an angry swarm. But a very different account, drawn from observation of the Indian variety, has been given. The animal has been found in the high banks bordering the Ganges and the Jumna, from which it rarely issues by day, but prowls at night around the habitations of the Mohammedan natives, scratching up the newly buried bodies of the dead, unless their graves are protected by thorny bushes. It burrows with such celerity, that it will work itself under cover in the hardest ground in ten minutes. Its general food is flesh in any state. One specimen, in the Zoological Gardens, has been observed to be playful and good-humoured with regard to man, though it displays no such mildness toward animals.

TIME OF THE MORNING SONG OF BIRDS.

Probably one of the most curious examples of the apparently trifling pursuits of scientific men has been exhibited by one of the most esteemed members of the Academy of Science of Paris,—M. Dareau de la Malle. He was anxious to ascertain at what hour different birds began their morning song. He therefore, from the 1st of May to the 6th of July, made observations, which he regularly published. It appears that for thirty years this vigilant naturalist went to bed at seven o'clock in the evening and rose at midnight, during spring and summer; and that this eccentric habit was for scientific purposes. It seems that the concert is opened about one o'clock by the chaffinch; and that the sparrow is the laziest bird, not leaving his nest till five o'clock. In the

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intermediate hours, at marked intervals, which M. de la Malle has carefully noted down, other birds commence their natural melody. He has shown on more than one occasion, that the different birds have mistaken artificial light for the dawning of day, and that a solar lamp has awakened the little choristers.

THE EAGLE-OWL AND ITS YOUNG ONE.

A REMARKABLE account of the extraordinary attachment of these birds to their young is given by Bishop Stanley, in his "Familar History of Birds." The case was witnessed by a Swedish gentleman, who resided several years on a farm near a steep mountain, on the summit of which two eagle-owls had constructed their nests. One day, in the month of July, a young bird, having quitted the nest, was caught by the servants. Considering the season of the year, it was well feathered. Having been shut up in a large hen-coop, to his surprise, on the following morning, a fine young partridge was found lying dead before the door of the coop. It was immediately concluded that this provision had been brought there by the old owls, which no doubt had been making search in the night-time for their lost young one. And such was, indeed, the fact; for night after night, for fourteen days, was the same mark of attention repeated. The game which the old ones carried to it consisted chiefly of young partridges, for the most part newly killed, but sometimes a little spoiled. On one occasion, a moor-fowl was brought, so fresh that it was actually warm under the wings; and at another time a putrid, stinking lamb was deposited.

OUR SERVANTS.

THE SERVANT'S HAPPINESS.

BY THE REV. DAVID HAY.

I TRUST that you are deeply convinced that a good character is a great treasure. The richest are poor without it, while to the poorest it is great gain. Its advantages are many, and they are all more or less practically useful. A correct moral deportment, and fidelity in the discharge of duty, will always yield a measure of peace and satisfaction to the mind, while they serve the temporal interests of the individual. But something more is required, if *happiness* is to be secured. I will suppose that, in the ordinary sense, you possess a good character; and that you are justly esteemed for your rectitude and diligence: yet, for *you*, "one thing is needful," before you can be happy. It is described in one word,—RELIGION. You are related to God, you are His creature; He has made you, preserved you, and redeemed you; and whatever commendation you may receive from others, if you do not possess His favour, your spirit will taste neither repose nor joy. If it be so, this subject deserves your most earnest consideration.

I know you desire *happiness:* then you must seek *religion*. All men need it. You, like the rest of the race, are naturally *helpless* and *unhappy*. You cannot, as a guilty sinner, either enjoy God, or serve Him. What peace of mind can he have who daily lives under a sense of God's wrath, and subject to the yoke and bondage of sin? And if you have not religion, this is your case. Your guilt is not pardoned, the curse and condemnation of a broken law remain; you are the servant of sin, and "the wages of sin is death." What a weight must be removed, and what a change must take place in the relation of such a one to God, before the soul can have rest! And religion is farther needed, to enable you to perform the *duties* of your station. St. Paul has told you what these are, and how you are to discharge them. May I ask you seriously to consider what the Divine requirement is, in this respect? The first particular enjoined upon you is that of *obedience*. "Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh." The Apostle does not, of course, enjoin upon you an obedience to commands which are inconsistent with the laws of God, but those which relate generally to the way in which a master would have you serve him, and which he has a right to prescribe. In all such things, his will is to be your rule of action. In the next place, you are to regard his interests as much in his absence as in his presence: "not with eye-service as men-pleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God." You are to seek the Divine approval, in the way in which you fulfil your daily calling; and, while honouring your earthly master, to honour the great Master who is in heaven. Another point which you are to observe, is, "not answering again;" not objecting to what is commanded, or pertly and insolently replying to reproof. And I wish most distinctly to remind you, that this outline of duties is not drawn up by a selfish master, but is given you by the Spirit of Truth. These

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are the words of God. You must, then, serve, in order to glorify, Him. From His word there is no appeal. You are to cherish a supreme regard for His testimonies. And may I not ask, Can you do all these things in your own strength? I will reply for you: *you cannot*. Will your naturally rebellious will be always ready to obey; your corrupt heart be always sincere; and your temper in such subjection that, even under provocation, you shall be calm and self-possessed? "One thing is needful" for all this, and that is religion: you need it for your personal happiness; you need it to fit you for the performance of your every-day duties.

In religion there is *peace*, and there is *power*. Its great principle is love to God. But can a guilty sinner love an angry God? No; and you must obtain the forgiveness of sins, and a new heart. He who gave His only-begotten Son to die for you, is ready to pardon your transgressions, and to renew your soul by His Spirit. You have, as a sinner, turned to your own way, and He waits for your return to Him. Come to Him, and He will receive you graciously, and love you freely. Come to Him, sorrowing for sin, confessing it and forsaking it, and breathing forth the heartfelt prayer, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." Come to the cross of Christ, and look upon your Saviour as He hangs upon the tree, shedding for you that precious blood which cleanses from all sin. "Behold the Lamb of God." He is the propitiation for your sins. He died, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God. "Behold, for *thee* the victim bleeds." He takes away sin. But how shall you realise His grace and mercy? Believe, *only* believe. Yes, this is all that is required of the guilty, polluted, and miserable sinner. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "To them that believe He is precious." Believe in His redeeming love, and He will pardon, purify, and save you. This is religion, this is happiness; the pardon and the peace of God. Your Saviour offers it now. Abandon the world, abandon the service of Satan, and cast yourself upon Christ, and this blessing is yours.

"See there my Lord upon the tree,
I hear, I feel, He died for me."

Are you the offspring of the righteous? Perhaps a pious parent has, this day, added to the countless number of former petitions a special prayer for your salvation. A Christian mother has again wept before the cross, and asked for the immediate salvation of her child. If you have not yet decided on the service of God, resolve at once on being blest. Why should you delay, when, by so doing, you are deferring the hour of your peace? This moment be happy; this moment be free. Can you now say, "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed?" Can you rest on your redeeming Lord? If so, the burden of guilt is removed, the power of sin is broken, and pride, passion, love of the world and self, are subdued by the pure love of God. You will henceforth find pleasure in duty, and feel that happiness does not consist in mere circumstances, such as finery in dress, a situation in a worldly and fashionable family, high wages, frequent holidays, or in attending places of amusement; but in the favour of God, and a good conscience. Satisfied with your providential lot in life, you will delightfully prove that "godliness with contentment is great gain."

And, further, I remind you that religion is a great *safeguard against temptation*. You need its defence, for nothing else can effectually preserve you. You are exposed to great peril from your own deceitful heart, an alluring world, the enticements of sin, and the devices of Satan. How many are by these daily ensnared and ruined! The Lord is not their light and salvation: therefore do they stumble and fall. They have no understanding or discretion to preserve them. They walk in the counsel of the ungodly, and not in the way of the Lord. But if you are the servant of Christ, you shall not walk in darkness. He will guide you with His counsel, He will keep you in all your ways, He will lead you to a city of habitation, and give you rest. He will preserve you from sin, and consequently from all its bitterness, remorse, and degradation. Your person, your character, your interests, both for time and eternity, will be secure in His hands.

Without religion there is no safety. Not long ago, I called upon a friend, where I found a poor woman almost distracted with grief and trouble. And what think you was the cause? You shall hear. She had a daughter in service; and, though she had some anxieties respecting her, she was glad to know that Mary was comfortably situated. She lived but a short distance from her mother's dwelling. One day a messenger arrived from the daughter's mistress, to know whether Mary was at home, as her mistress knew not what had become of her. Several days had passed when I saw the afflicted parent, and she had heard nothing of her lost child. Think of the agony of that mother's heart, as she thought of the possible course her child was pursuing. And this was not relieved by the fact that Mary had only too often given her occasion to fear that one day the seducer would prevail. Religious advice had often been given, but it was generally slighted and refused. Yet the anxious mother was wishful to know the worst, and longed to find her child, though it should be with blighted prospects, and a ruined reputation. Whether the parent and the child have yet met, I know not.

Mary had no religion. She knew nothing of its peace, tranquillity, and contentment.

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Her mind was restless, her sinful appetite craving after licence and pleasure, while her passions were wild and ungovernable. Sin triumphed, and she was ruined. Miserable wanderer! Sin pierces her heart with many sorrows; the beauty of innocence is faded; and who can tell whether she will ever be recovered? And who shall extract the arrow from that mother's heart, and heal the rankling wound?

In contrast with such a case, how beautiful and attractive does religion appear in its humble and happy possessors! It is their joy and their defence. "It is more to be desired than gold, yea, even than fine gold; it is sweeter than honey and the honeycomb." Of religion we may truly say,—

> "To purest joys she all invites,
> Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
> Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
> And all her flowery paths are peace."

When conversion takes place in any one, a real change is produced in the heart. The subject of it is a new creature. There are new affections, dispositions, and desires planted in the soul. The "Dairyman's Daughter" thus describes the effects of this change on herself. Before she heard the sermon which was the means of her salvation, she says, "I was a proud, thoughtless girl, fond of dress and finery. I loved the world, and the things of the world. I lived in service among worldly people, and never had the happiness of being in a family where worship was regarded, and the souls of the servants cared for. I went once on a Sunday to church, more to see and be seen, than to pray, and hear the word of God. I thought I was quite good enough to be saved; and disliked, and often laughed at, religious people. I was in great darkness, and knew nothing of the way of salvation: I never prayed, nor was sensible of the awful danger of a prayerless state. I wished to maintain the character of a good servant, and was much lifted up when I met with applause; but I was a stranger to God and Christ, and had I died in that state, hell must and would justly have been my portion. But I was led to see my lost estate as a sinner, and the great mercy of God through Jesus Christ. And, O! what a Saviour I have found! He is more than I could ask or desire. In His fulness I have found all that my poverty could need; in His bosom I have found a resting-place from all sin and sorrow; in His word I have found strength against doubt and unbelief. The world appeared all vanity and vexation of spirit. I found it necessary for my peace of mind to come out from among them, and be separate. I gave myself to prayer, and many a happy hour of secret delight I enjoyed in communion with God." Truly sin is misery, but religion is happiness. Reader, may this happiness be yours! Amen.

LETTER-CARRIER.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS ADDRESSED BY DR. CHALMERS TO HIS SISTER.

II.—THE CHRISTIAN'S DIFFICULTY IN CONVERSATION.

"FEBRUARY 5th, 1810.—I know not a more serious drawback to mixed society than the exclusion of all conversation about 'the one thing needful;' and it comes to be a serious question, How are you to get the better of it? This zeal would prompt, but we are also called to walk in *wisdom* towards those that are without. There must be a way of introducing the topic, so as to make a useful impression, so as to conciliate prejudice, so as to win, if possible, rather than repel. I confess it is to me a thing beset with difficulties, and I fear that an unmanly shame may have some share in it. It is certainly wrong to disguise it from others that you look upon eternity as your uppermost concern. Disguise this, and you add the sanction of your example to their exclusive indulgence in the frivolities of time; you add to the multitude of stumbling-blocks or offences which lie in the way of others. It is delightful that there is a promise annexed to the prayer for wisdom; and I know not a more delicate subject for the application of wisdom than the one I am insisting on."

III.—THE HOLY SPIRIT, THE ENLIGHTENER.

"May 24th, 1815.—My thoughts have often been directed of late to the office of God's Spirit as an enlightener. There is a natural darkness which cannot be done away but by God's shining on our hearts; and it is right that we should feel our dependence on Him, not merely for the truths of Scripture, but also for our spiritual discernment of these truths. But it deserves to be well kept in mind, that though the Spirit is a revealer, it reveals nothing to us additional to what we learn in the written record. It does not make us wise above that which is written, but it makes us wise up to that which is written. The word of God is called the sword of the Spirit: it is the instrument by which the Spirit worketh. He does not meet with us on any other ground than on that of the written revelation; and hence our security, on the one hand, against the visionary pretences of those who talk of their revelations additional to

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that which is written; and our duty, on the other, to go diligently and sober-mindedly to our Bibles, but to go with the attitude of dependence on Him, who can alone open our understandings to understand them, and show us wondrous things out of the law; and, without carrying us beyond the field of the written record, can throw a clearness and a spiritual light over every object within that field."

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

QUEEN ADELAIDE AND HER CORRESPONDENTS.

The pile of letters which each day's post brought to the widowed Queen was of no common bulk. Letters from all parts of England, on all charitable projects, from clergy, from laity, from widows, from orphans, from parties in every grade of society, assailed her benevolent sympathies. Every county, and almost every town in England, furnished her with a correspondent. Not one sustained a harsh or contemptuous rejection. The Queen read all her letters. Patiently, perseveringly, and systematically would she sit down, morning after morning, and, despite of bad writing, wretched grammar, interminable periods, and endless repetitions, master their meaning. Her own impression was recorded, in her own hand, on the back of each application: this done, the letter passed into the hands of Lieutenant Bedford, her Secretary for charities, for the purpose of further investigation; or, if this were deemed needless, to be replied to in the affirmative forthwith.

Some of her annotations ran thus:—

"This appears incredible." "Plausible; but has too much the air of an imposture." "An extraordinary, and it is to be feared exaggerated, statement." "This case deserves immediate investigation." "To be relieved at once." "Needs no confirmation." And then followed the sum of £5, £10, or £20, which, in the Queen's judgment, would meet the necessities of the case, and which was at once forwarded to the petitioner. Her discrimination was rarely at fault; so rarely, that when equivocal cases were inquired into by members of her household, by the Queen's command, the results of such inquiry bore out, with scarcely an exception, the view which their royal mistress had originally taken. Her tact in sifting truth from falsehood, and a case of real suffering from amidst a mass of plausible representations, was remarkable. One of these applications, with the Queen's autograph comment on the back, I have seen. A curious document it is. The writer, from his own admissions, had previously participated in the Queen's bounty. Now he addresses her in dying circumstances. He alleges that his physician had recommended to him "jellies, and other expensive articles of nutriment," which his own means would not admit of his procuring; and very adroitly suggests to the Queen the propriety of her supplying this pecuniary deficiency. But he writes *in articulo mortis:* he is dying; absolutely dying; he has but a few hours to live; but still his thoughts run on no other subject but the Queen Dowager and "jellies." The letter is long, written in large characters, with a profusion of flourishes. The Queen's autograph comment, endorsed on the fourth side, runs thus: "An odd epistle! written in a good, strong, steady hand for a dying man."—*The Earthly Resting-Places of the Just.*

HEATHEN BRITISH INDIA.

What is India? The region which, of all upon earth, has most affected the history and the habits of every other....The region whence sprang the creeds which even now command the largest number of souls.... The region that embraces in her arms a host of human hearts, comprising at least one out of every six that beat, and that, holding them up to the eye of Christian pity, tells her they are all open to her approach, and susceptible of her action.

O that God would give His church a heart large enough to feel this call! Think, Christians, think on the state of the world. Dream not of the Gospel as already known everywhere. Feel, O feel, when you pray, that one-half of your brethren never heard of your Redeemer. Bone are they of your bone, flesh of your flesh, conflicting, sighing, bending to the grave, like you; but crown for their conflicts, comforter in their sighs, hope in their grave, they see none. Think of every land where Satan has his seat, and give to them all a part in your prayers. But, O, think long on the land where the Queen whose sway you love has heathen subjects outnumbering sevenfold the Christians of the British isles! Think long, long on the fact, "I belong to an empire where seven to one name not the Name that is life to me!" Think that yonder, under the rule of your own Queen, a full sixth of Adam's children dwell! Take a little leisure, and say, Of every six infants, one first sees the light there: to what instruction is it born? Of every six brides, one offers her vows there: to what affection is she destined? Of every six families, one spreads its table there:

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what loves unite their circle? Of every six widows, one is lamenting there: what consolations will soothe her? Of every six orphan girls, one is wandering there: what charities will protect her? Of every six wounded consciences, one is trembling there: what balm, what physician, does it know? Of every six men that die, one is departing there: what shore is in his eye?—*Arthur's Mission to the Mysore.*

THE EVIL INFLUENCE OF FALSE DOCTRINE.

An interesting passage in religious biography may be found in the correspondence of the American Ministers, the Messrs. Buckminsters, father and son, after the son had disappointed his father's hopes by embracing Unitarianism. Honesty of purpose, touching other subjects than religion, was as characteristic of the son as of the father. But how the adoption of Unitarianism destroys that frankness and honesty in the declaration of one's sentiments, which is characteristic of true evangelical religion, and which is so desirable in a Minister, may be seen in the following extracts. The father, in a letter to his son, dated June 25th, 1804, said:

"If the Committee of Brattle-street, or of any other church, should apply to you with a view of hearing you in order to settlement, I advise you, as an honest man, (and this you seem desirous to be,) to tell them plainly that you do not believe in the proper deity and divinity of Christ, nor in His vicarious satisfaction and atonement for the sins of men; and I presume they will trouble you no more. Or, if they should nevertheless urge you to preach, I advise you in your first sermon to be explicit on those points, and not make use of any concealments or expressions that may mean anything or nothing. This will decide the matter with you. You will be able easily to relinquish your profession. For I cannot believe that the churches of Christ are so removed from the foundation of the Apostles, and have so lost the principles of the Reformation, that they would settle Ministers who deny the divinity of the Head of the Church."

But this advice was not at all according to the views of one imbued with Unitarian doctrine. The son replied:

"You must permit me to differ from you on the propriety of declaring my views from the pulpit. I shall always be ready to give an answer to private inquiries; but I conceive that it would be only an arrogant assumption for me, the youngest of Preachers, to intrude on a mixed audience views that might be startling, perhaps not yet matured. And though I see no expectation of my ever becoming a Trinitarian, further investigation may modify what is now the subject of incessant thought and prayer."

THE BIBLE-DISTRIBUTER AMONG ROBBERS.

During the revolutionary troubles of the year 1848, a band of robbers had established themselves in the great manufacturing town of Lyons, in the south of France. They were rough fellows, with faces that looked fit only for the gallows, and hearts hard as the street-paving of the town. To judge from their appearance, they would think no more of taking away a man's life, than of blowing out a rushlight. But nothing prospers in this world without some sort of government, and these robbers knew it: so they chose one of their number for a Captain; and in this case it was the one most accomplished in all kinds of robbery and murder. And then they raised their hands to heaven, and swore that none of them would ever leave or betray the band; and that if any should, nevertheless, break the oath, the rest would pursue and kill him. And now they went forth to plunder and murder; and all the people of the neighbourhood who, besides their heads, had temporal goods to lose, were full of terror and dismay.

At this time there was assembled in Lyons another band, which, like these robbers in the forest, sent out their messengers in every direction, and so hunted after all sorts of people. And where these messengers appeared, many a one has trembled. It is true they were not armed, like the robbers, with pistols, and such murderous weapons; but out of their wallets peeped large and small books; and when the messengers read out of them, it was to many a listener as if a two-edged sword pierced through his soul. For in the books was much written about the holy God, who brings sinners before His tribunal; and about the Saviour Jesus Christ, who so mercifully takes upon Himself the sins of those who heartily repent and seek forgiveness from Him.

One of the Missionaries of this Society resolved one day to go into the forest to the robbers; not, indeed, that he might become one of them, but, with the help of God, to put an end to their unrighteous profession. It was truly a dangerous thing to do, and I really begin to tremble when I think how the lawless fellows in the forest yonder will handle the poor man. He might well think about it, too; but God had given him a brave heart, so that he did not trouble himself about it further than to say to himself that at most they could only destroy his body, but were not able to kill his soul. "If I fall," he thought, "I shall go straight to heaven; and there it is far better than in this poor world, and especially in France. And would not my life be amply repaid if, by the word of God, the soul of one of these robbers should be saved?" So he filled his wallet with Bibles, and stepped away bravely into the wood. Soon he was lost

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in the thicket, and, after a few miles, he came upon the outposts of the camp.

"Who goes there?" cried a rough voice, which seemed to pierce our Bible-Distributer through bone and marrow. Soon several horrible-looking forms came out of the thicket, surrounded the adventurous intruder, and scrutinised him with curious looks. He had, meanwhile, recovered courage to meet their wild, scornful faces.

"What brings you here, fellow?" cried the robbers.

"I come," replied he, with a firm voice, "to bring you the word of God, and to warn you from the path of ruin, before the judgment of God breaks over you."

A wild, fiendish laugh interrupted the address. "Ha! ha! ha!" cried the comrades, "this is a capital fellow, and a good roast for our Captain! There you can finish your sermon. It's just what he likes, and he'll reward you for it. Pack up your books: over yonder you'll do more business! March! On with you!"

With these words they thrust him forward, and brought him to their Captain. At the sight of such a body of ruffians, playing with their muskets as if they were toy-guns, the stoutest heart might have quailed; but our man of God stood calm.

"What do you want, fellow?" asked the Captain, haughtily.

"I come to bring you the word of God," replied the Missionary, firmly.

"Do you know who we are? Do you know us?" he asked again.

"Certainly, I know you," was the answer. "You are the wickedest of the wicked; the most daring of sinners. You are the terror of the neighbourhood; but the anger of God will burst over you, and destroy you before you think it. He is a righteous God, and will not leave the wicked unpunished."

As before, the fearless speaker was now interrupted by a burst of laughter. A flood of sneers and curses was poured on him; but he did not allow himself to be disturbed, and only raised his voice the louder.

"Repent!" he cried: "even for you there is mercy and forgiveness; even for you is the Saviour, the Son of God, come, if you repent, and be converted. Now is the time. His love has sent me here: the arms of His love are opened to you." The wild laughter was stilled, but instead of it a low murmur was heard. The wild eyes glared with rage; involuntarily they pointed their muskets at the daring Missionary; but a glance from the Captain, and he would have paid for his boldness with his life. But the eye of God watched over him, and his courage was undisturbed.

"Do you know," shouted the Captain, "that your life is in our hands?"

"Without God's permission you cannot touch a hair of my head," replied the Missionary, raising his warning and exhorting voice still louder, and distributing his Bibles right and left. By degrees the murmur was hushed. The robbers began even to show respect to the courageous man. Many a heart might have trembled at that moment; but the devil had bound their chains too firmly. They had taken that fearful oath, never to leave the band. It could be broken only by death. Presently the Captain exclaimed, "Take the man away, but do him no harm!" He was obeyed; and, with oaths and curses, they led him out of the wood; and he, praising God in his heart, made the best of his way back to Lyons.

Now, many of my readers may think the Bible-Distributer might have spared himself his troublesome journey; for the robbers will be robbers still. Have patience! The word of God never returns "void," but will accomplish that which He pleases. But to proceed.

The Captain had himself received a New Testament; and, as he was one day strolling through the wood, he took the book out of his pocket and read it, to pass away the time. He was astonished at what he saw there, and he read on and on. He had never heard such things before. His conscience was awakened, and the life he had led appeared darker and darker to his mind. He became uneasy. Every day he separated from his comrades, and wandered about the wood. To them such conduct appeared somewhat suspicious, and they began to whisper among themselves. But he became every day more alive to the misery of his sins; the judgment of God was to him fearful, and the love of Christ burned in his hard heart: he could no longer belong to the band. But how could he leave it? Should he run away? Now we should not think it wrong; but our Captain would not break his oath, even with robbers. For a long time he struggled thus with himself; but at last he assembled the band. They hastened together, in the hope that he was going to lead them out again on some profitable expedition. But they were not a little astonished when the Captain addressed them as follows:—

"Comrades!" he cried, "hitherto I have been your leader: henceforth I am so no more. This book here has shown me that we are on the way to ruin. A fearful oath bound me to you; but my resolution is taken. I am in your hands. If you wish to kill me, you can do it; but never again can I bring myself to lead the cursed life of a robber!"

In mute astonishment the comrades listened to their leader. A murmur of rage ran through the company; but soon anger gave place to sympathy. After long consultation, they came to the determination of letting the Captain go quietly away. Once more he raised his warning voice to his old companions, reminded them of the wrath of

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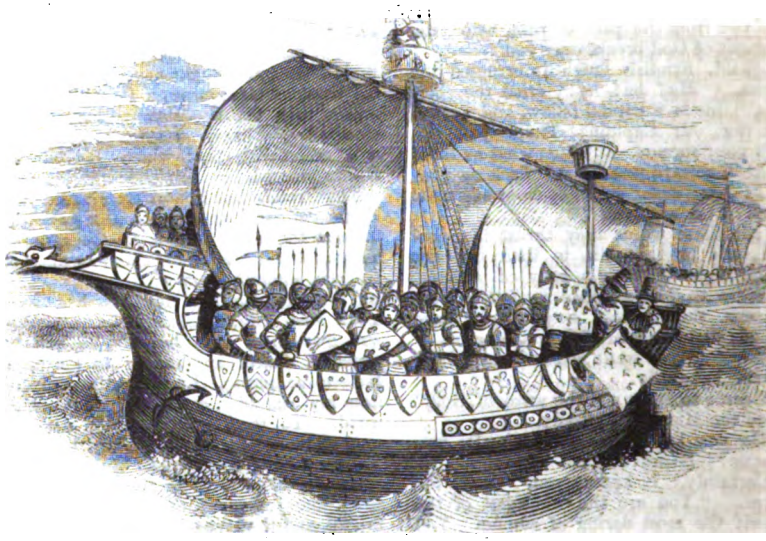
God, whose commandments they had broken, and of the great love of the Redeemer if they repented, and urged them earnestly to quit with him their life of sin. The leaven worked. Soon afterwards the band broke up. Many of its members followed their Captain, and were converted; and the Society which first sent their Missionary into the wood has received several of them as companions of its labours.—*Berlin Paper.*

SKETCHES OF OLDEN TIME.



ENGLISH SHIPS OF WAR IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Henry V. built some dromons, or large ships of war, at Southampton; such, according to the author of the "Libel of English Policy," as were never seen in the world before, to match those which his enemies the French had obtained from the Genoese and Castilians.... Another contemporary writer mentions two ships belonging to the fleet with which this King made his second invasion of France, one called "The King's Chamber," the other "The King's Hall," both of which were fitted up with extraordinary sumptuousness. That called "The King's Chamber," in which Henry himself embarked, is said to have carried a sail of purple silk, with the arms of England and France embroidered on it.—*Pictorial History of England.*

THE MONITOR.

COMMON FAULTS AT PRAYER-MEETINGS.

The social prayer-meeting is a source of great spiritual profit to a church, without the influences of which, in ordinary cases, it can hardly be expected to grow in grace. These Christians are generally the most eminent and distinguished for piety, whose habits and feelings lead them to embrace every opportunity of attending the prayer-meeting. Of such great value, it is of the last importance that these meetings should be made much more attractive than in many cases they are. Very much depends on the Pastor, or the conductor of the meeting. But much also depends on the brethren who are called upon to participate in its service. Very frequently much of the interest is destroyed by in-

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judicious prayers. Perhaps a notice of some of the ways in which mistakes are made by those who take part in the prayers of the social meeting, may not be without benefit.

A very common complaint is, That the prayers are *too long*. Some brethren, whatever other gifts they may lack, have a remarkable gift of fluency, and can pray by the hour. They are at no loss for topics, and know how to enlarge upon every one of them. If these are exhausted, they can fall back upon themes already introduced, and present continued varieties of the same thought. Some seem to think that they must pray for everything that comes to mind, whether appropriate to the occasion or not; and that it is time enough to stop when nothing else remains to be prayed for. If two persons are to pray in succession, the first will sometimes leave nothing for the second to do but to utter the same petitions. At times a brother will appear to be drawing his exercise to a close, and be almost ready to say, "Amen," when a new thought will seem to strike his mind, and he will branch out again into a second prayer, longer than the first, and each of them too long for profit. We have known a request to be made for prayer in relation to a particular person, or class, or benevolent object; and scarcely any notice taken of it until everything else almost had been remembered, and no time left for a remembrance of the particular object, until every one had become wearied by the service. Some have a favourite topic, and can never engage in social prayer without introducing it, however irrelevant to the occasion.

Prayers are very apt to partake more of the nature of preaching than of praying. There may be didactic prayers, doctrinal prayers, argumentative prayers, controversial or polemic prayers, and even hortatory prayers. But these distinctions are unprofitable and wearisome. Every one who engages in social prayer should understand that there is no need of going through a system of theology in a single prayer, nor of praying for everything that comes to mind, nor of enlarging upon every particular, nor of going over the same ground again and again, nor of praying as long as he can. That is ordinarily the most acceptable and profitable prayer, which is mainly the breathing of intense desire for some one thing. Such is nature's language. Attention to this matter would greatly reduce the quantity, and vastly improve the quality, of each prayer offered in the social meeting.

The interest of the people in some prayers is greatly marred by the frequent recurrence of a favourite form of expression. Sometimes a particular name of the Deity is so often introduced as to become even painful to a devout mind. If not taken in vain, or irreverently, it is used as a mere expletive, and should be omitted.

There are some who seem to forget altogether the capacity of the room in which they are assembled. Large or small, they always pray with the same quantity of voice. Some pray *loud* enough in family worship for a cathedral; others, again, especially in the commencement of the prayer, speak so very *low* that not one in ten can hear what they say. Every one who leads in prayer should speak, ordinarily, just loud enough to be heard by all who are in the room. A low tone of voice is very suitable for the closet, but not for the social meeting; and a loud vociferation may answer in the open air, but it is very much out of place in a room or parlour. It is a fault of other good brethren, whose voice and manner are very acceptable in personal conversation, that they put on an entirely different tone, or fall into some disagreeable habit or other, by which the comfort of those who unite with them is sadly impaired.

We might prolong this long list of faults and inadvertencies of good men in prayer; for it is always easy to find fault. But when the great importance of social prayer, and the sweet comfort which might be derived from it, if properly engaged in, are considered, the censure of habits which impair and destroy its effect will be fully justified. A kindly word of admonition may sometimes correct a grievous fault; and there are few if any sensible men who have not on detecting in themselves some unsuspected foible or deformity, been thankful for the discovery, and taken pains, if possible, to correct it.

PRIVATE FASTING.

THE devoting of a day periodically or occasionally to private fasting, has been much practised by eminent Christians in other times. And if it is now more out of use, the reason may be, that the piety of the present day is less earnest and deep than that of former days. There is, certainly, more occasion for such special means to keep the heart in vigorous communion with God, by reason of the greater activity in outward things of the present age. And wherever it has been practised, the best results have followed. Take the case of Brainerd. He was very earnest in recommending the practice to others, because he had received such great advantages from it himself. His diary gives an account of the many days which he spent in it; and there is scarcely an instance of one that was not either attended, or soon followed, with a manifest blessing, in special incomes and consolations of the Spirit, and very often before the day was ended. But when he set about this duty, he did it in good earnest, stirring up himself to take hold of God, and continuing instant in prayer, with much of the spirit of Jacob, who said, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me."

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SABBATH RAIN.

"It *is* very bad for the health to sit in a place of worship with wet clothes and damp feet."

Well, it is. At the same time, Sabbath rain is not worse than week-day rain, although there is apparently a much greater terror of it. The following considerations may suit the case of some "fair-weather" church-goers.

1. *It is as bad for the Minister as for the people;* and yet *he* must be there. Through rain, and snow, and cold he must go; dry, if he can; but if not, *he must go.* His health is no better than that of the male members of his congregation generally; usually not so good. And if the rain furnishes no excuse for *his* absence, it furnishes none for *theirs.* If you say it is *his business* to go, *so it is theirs:* there is one law for both. And,

2. *A wedding, a concert, a party, a fair, seldom wait for the weather.* They are never put off on account of the storm. You may have noticed that when people are *excited,* they rarely suffer from exposure. If there were a little more *interest* in church-going, a little more unction in the worshippers, would it not prove favourable to health?

3. *Bad weather reduces a congregation quite out of proportion to almost every other gathering of people.* Why, the other evening, (says one,) a Thursday meeting was given up on account of the weather, no one but the Minister and one lady coming, (which was hardly enough to plead the promise and secure the blessing,) and yet the Minister met some twenty-five people that same evening assembled in a parlour, who seemed to be quite unconscious that it was *raining!* And how they ever got there on foot, without soiling their dresses or getting damp feet, has been a mystery to him ever since. Here was a religious meeting broken up, and a social party reduced only about *twenty per cent.*, and all by the same storm. How is it that the rain is so much more terrible "hard by the synagogue," than it is about town? It is quite true that many "women and children" are precluded from attending God's house in storms. But verily ninety-nine per cent. is *too much to allow for necessary absences* in a common congregation. We should be made of sterner stuff. We should be less the sport of circumstances. Satan waits not for fair weather. He does his work in "thunder, lightning, and in rain;" and we ought to be as busy as he. God has never said, "Ye shall keep my Sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary, *except when it storms.*"

THE HABIT OF PRAYER.

Felix Neff, in speaking on the subject of prayer, has strikingly remarked, "When a pump is frequently used, but little pains are necessary to obtain water: it flows out at the first stroke, because the water is high. But if the pump has not been used for a long time, the water gets low, and when it is wanted, you must pump a great while, and the stream comes only after great efforts. And so it is with prayer: if we are instant in it and faithful to it, every little circumstance awakens the disposition to pray, and desires and words are always ready. But if we neglect prayer, it is difficult for us to pray; for the water in the well gets low."

BIOGRAPHY.

MRS. ELIZABETH TYTHE PEARSE

Was born in Tavistock, January 29th, 1816. She was the child of many prayers. Her parents were descended from the Puritans, and were, with her grand-parents, devoted to God. From childhood she was deeply conscious of her sinful state, and of her need of a Saviour; and early in life was enabled to trust in Him for acceptance with God. She then united herself with the Independent church at Tavistock.

On her marriage, in 1839, she came to reside at Sticklepath. She then became a member of the Wesleyan Society; and, during the eight years of her residence there, exemplified the character of the meek and lowly Christian. She was beloved by all who knew her for her truthful sincerity, and frank, open-hearted kindness of disposition. As a wife and mother she was most exemplary.

When God, in His infinite wisdom, bereaved her of three lovely children, she sought to recognise in these severe strokes a Father's hand. And when, at length, her only remaining child was taken, she remarked to a friend, "I submitted before: now I can acquiesce."

Being in an indifferent state of health for many months, the worst fears of her friends were confirmed, by their ascertaining that she was the subject of pulmonary disease in an advanced stage. On being informed of the utter unlikelihood of recovery, reference being made, at the same time, to her husband and infant, then a few weeks old, she said, "I can give them up." During the protracted illness which ensued, she was re-

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markably patient: not a murmur escaped her lips. So debilitated was she, that she could converse but little, and only in a whisper. But it was her delight amidst this weakness and weariness to realise that Christ was indeed her refuge, where she had sought and found safety and shelter.

Greatly was Mrs. Pearse beloved by all who knew her for the unsophisticated moral beauty disclosed in her spirit, temper, and conversation; for truly "her adorning was not that of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."

When the writer last visited Mrs. Pearse, she conversed with difficulty, and deep humility, yet with charming sweetness, respecting her experience and prospects. No self-righteous confidence was ever evinced by her. She expressed regret that she had been of so little service in the Lord's vineyard. When, however, her attention was directed to the atonement and advocacy of her Saviour, her intelligent but pallid countenance was immediately lit up with more than usual brightness, as an expression of continued and assured trust in that atonement fell from her lips. She peacefully slept in Jesus on the morning of February 4th, 1847. J. H.

POETRY.

THE STREAM OF DEATH.

BY E. W. CANNING.

THERE is a stream whose narrow tide
The known and unknown doth divide;
Where all must go:
Its waveless waters, dark and deep,
Mid sullen silence downward sweep,
With moanless flow.

I saw where, at that dreary flood,
A smiling infant prattling stood,
Whose hour had come:
Untaught of ill, it near'd the tide,
Sunk, as to cradled rest, and died,
Like going home.

Follow'd, with languid eye, anon,
A youth, diseased, and pale, and wan;
And there alone
He gazed upon the leaden stream,
And fear'd to plunge—I heard a scream,
And he was gone.

And then a form, in manhood's strength,
Came bustling on, till there, at length,
He saw life's bound.
He shrunk, and raised the bitter prayer;
Too late! his shriek of wild despair
The waters drown'd.

Next stood upon that surgeless shore
A being bow'd with many a score
Of toilsome years.
Earth-bound and sad he left the bank,
Back turn'd his dimming eye, and sank;
Ah! full of fears.

How bitter must thy waters be,
O death! how hard a thing, ah, me!
It is to die!
I mused; when to that stream again
Another child of mortal men
With smiles drew nigh!

"'Tis the last pang," he calmly said:
"To me, O death! thou hast no dread;
Saviour, I come!
Spread but Thine arms on yonder shore
I see! ye waters, bear me o'er!
There is my home!"

POPERY.

QUEEN ADELAIDE AND POPERY.

IN his volume, "The Earthly Resting-places of the Just," the Rev. Erskine Neale thus describes the feelings and opinions of the late Queen Dowager:—"Romanism, in every form, she abhorred; and always characterized Puseyism as the 'nurse and precursor of Popery.' From Miss Sellon's 'Orphans' Home,' at Plymouth, after due and careful inquiry, she advisedly withdrew her patronage, because there were semi-Popish practices in that institution to which she could never be a consenting party. Her views on the Romish question were clear and decided. She said, some five months before her death, to a noble lady for whom she had great regard, 'I have watched Popery, not from a distance, but close at hand in my native land. I understand it well. It never can be a quiescent religion. Pray be under no error on this point. It is with us a religion ostensibly dormant; but in reality always on the aggressive, and always aiming to be dominant. Honest Romanists, if you pre-

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them, will own to you that they have an ulterior object. And those who, like myself, have watched their intrigues in other lands, are well aware that they will never be content till they have a Roman Catholic King, Roman Catholic Bishops, and a Roman Catholic government. Yes, yes. Popery is an exclusive religion: it must control all. If you will read my favourite Bridges,' (an author greatly valued and often referred to by Her Majesty,) 'you will gather readily from him how Popery enslaves body and soul.'"

MOHAMMEDAN TOLERATION AND POPISH INTOLERANCE.

The Sultan has granted to the Protestants (in Turkey) a *firman* for ever, confirming to them the privilege of building Protestant churches. In contrast to this are the following recent occurrences:—1. The Pope has ordered the American Protestant Episcopal chapel at Rome to be closed. 2. At Florence, the sister of the Grand Duke is doing all she can to put down the Protestant movement, and declares that she will never rest till the Italian service in a Protestant chapel is closed. The chapel is usually crowded with converts. 3. In the constitution of Venetian Lombardy, which has been only a few weeks ago settled and promulgated by Austria, it is enacted that Popery shall be the religion of the State, and that "dissenting religions shall not be permitted the liberty of public worship." "It is very remarkable," says Mr. Disraeli, "that tolerant Romanists are nowhere to be discovered except in Protestant countries."—*Free-Church Magazine.*

PAPERS ON BOTANY.

THE ASH.

The ash (observes Lady Callcott, in her "Scripture Herbal") is among the trees enumerated by the sublimest of the Prophets, in that marvellous passage where, with such noble irony, he describes the worshipper of a carved image, who hath not "knowledge nor understanding to say,—I have burned part of it in the fire; yea, also I have baked bread upon the coals thereof;

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I have roasted flesh and eaten it; and shall I make the residue thereof an abomination? shall I fall down to the stock of a tree?"

The timber of the ash, from its toughness and lightness, is fit for carvers' and turners' purposes, and is much used for the tools of husbandmen. The oars of light boats are also made of ash. It is a tall, handsome tree; very graceful when young, with its delicate winged leaves, and drooping branches of flowers, succeeded by the light-brown keys; and yielding to few trees in picturesque beauty in old age. It loves the neighbourhood of the sea, and does not appear to suffer from the washing of the salt spray.

In the south of Europe, and in the Levant, manna exudes from the *fraxinus excelsior*, as well as from the *fraxinus ornus*, or flowering ash; but, in our colder climate, that valuable medicine is not secreted by the ash.

ANECDOTES.

FLORA MACDONALD'S HUSBAND.

The following anecdote, relating to the husband of Flora Macdonald, shows that he was possessed of qualities no less heroic than those ascribed by Scott to Flora.

After the failure of the attempt of Prince Charles Edward, Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh, who zealously supported his cause, was taken prisoner. As he had been prominent among the rebels, he was heavily ironed, and carefully guarded. It was determined to make him atone for his rebellion on the scaffold.

President Forbes wrote to the Duke of Cumberland, urging the impolicy of executing a man so generally beloved, and who had taken up arms solely in obedience to a mistaken though conscientious loyalty. It was even feared, such was his popularity, that his execution would excite a new rebellion.

He had, however, engaged so zealously in the outbreak, and was so deeply involved in the escape of the Pretender, that his destruction was resolved upon. He was brought to Fort Augustus, where he was kept a close prisoner.

At length an order came to the officer in charge to release certain prisoners in the fort. Among others, the officer called the name of Alexander Macdonald.

"I am here," answered Macdonald.

"You are discharged from further confinement," said the officer.

"I suspect there is some mistake in the matter," said Macdonald.

"What mistake can there be? Is not your name Alexander Macdonald?"

"That is my name; but I cannot think that it was designed that I should be released. You had better be sure about it."

"I know my duty: there is no mistake. Take your liberty."

A friend advised Macdonald instantly to leave the fort, and repair to a place of security.

"No" said he, "I must wait at the opposite ale-house, till I see whether the officer gets into a scrape."

He waited about two hours, when an officer came with a party of soldiers, and arrested the officer on guard for having set at large so dangerous a rebel. Macdonald, learning what had taken place, ran across the street, and surrendered himself, saying to the officer, "I told you there was a mistake."

This heroic act probably aided Forbes in his efforts to save his life. It is a matter of joy to know that they were ultimately successful.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

A lady was one evening sitting in her drawing-room alone, when the only other inmate of the house, a brother, who for a time had been betraying a tendency to unsoundness of mind, entered with a carving-knife in his hand, and, shutting the door, came up to her and said, "Margaret, an odd idea has occurred to me. I wish to paint the head of John the Baptist, and I think yours might make an excellent study for it. So, if you please, I will cut off your head." The lady looked at her brother's eye, and seeing in it no token of a jest, concluded that he meant to do as he said. There was an open window and a balcony by her side, with a street in front; but a moment satisfied her that safety did not lie that way. So putting on a smiling countenance, she said with the greatest apparent cordiality, "That is a strange idea, George; but would it not be a pity to spoil this pretty new lace tippet I have got? I'll just step to my room to put it off, and be with you again in half a minute." Without waiting to give him time to consider, she stepped lightly across the floor, and passed out. In another moment she was safe in her room, whence she easily gave alarm, and returned when the madman was secured.

A COMMON ERROR ILLUSTRATED BY A SIMPLE STORY.

About one hundred years ago, there lived, in Massachusetts, a Clergyman, who had a respectable neighbour belonging to his

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pariah, who was notoriously addicted to lying; not from any malicious or pecuniary purposes, but from a perverse habit. The Minister was every day grieved by the evil example of his neighbour. The person was Captain Clark, a friend of the Clergyman's in all temporal matters, and a man useful in the parish. But his example was a source of much inquietude to the Minister. He was determined to preach a sermon on the occasion. Accordingly he took for his text, "Lie not one to another." He expatiated on the folly, wickedness, and evil example of lying, in such a pointed manner, that nearly every person present thought he was aiming at the Captain. After service, some one said to the Captain, "What did you think of the sermon?" "Excellent, excellent," he replied: "but I could not, for my life, keep my eyes off old Mother Symington, thinking how she must feel; for the Parson certainly meant her." This story was told the writer (E. Burritt) by his mother, who was a daughter of the Clergyman, and heard the sermon; to which she added, "My son, when you hear any vice or folly exhibited from the pulpit, before you look out for a Mother Symington, look within yourself, and see if Captain Clark is not there." Her advice had some effect; and may have again.

HOW MEN DIE WITHOUT THE BIBLE.

The Rev. Dr. Cox, of Brooklyn, at the late anniversary of the American Bible Society, stated, with thrilling interest, a private conversation he had with a gentleman of renown, (whose name he would not mention,) just before going to his account. "As for the Bible," said the sage, "it may be true: I do not know." "What then," it was asked, "are your prospects?" He replied in whispers, which, indeed, were thunders, "Very dark; very dark!"

"But have you no light from the Sun of Righteousness? Have you done justice to the Bible!"

"Perhaps not," he replied; "but it is no too late—too late!"

MEMORIALS OF THE GOOD AND GREAT.

JOHN HOWARD,

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

PART I.

It is singular how few there are who know anything of the details of Howard's life. Though his name is in every one's mouth; though he is known not in England only, but throughout Europe, and, indeed, throughout the civilised world, not as *a* philanthropist merely, but pre-eminently as THE philanthropist; we question if there are many who know more about him than that he was an earnest and zealous good man, who made the reformation of prisons and of prisoners the business of his life. As to the particulars of his life, and of his journeys, regarding the motives that animated him in his self-devoted career, few entertain anything but the vaguest notions.

We avail ourselves of a recent publication* to give a brief sketch of those labours that earned for John Howard the title of a benefactor of the human race.

Strange to say, both the date and the place of Howard's birth are somewhat uncertain. His biographer thinks that he was born at Clapton, in Middlesex, in 1726. His father was a merchant in London, and the architect of his own fortunes. His mother died when he was an infant, so that he was not privileged to enjoy the inestimable blessing of a mother's teaching. Of his early years almost nothing is known. Being, from his birth, of a sickly and delicate constitution, his life seems to have been preserved only by the greatest care. Indeed, he never altogether got rid of this delicacy of constitution. To the end of his days he was subject to a weakness of the chest, and to attacks of fever, that frequently brought him to the brink of the grave. As a child he was altogether unnoticed. At school he gave no symptoms of that indomitable energy which, in after-life, prompted him to combat single-handed with abuses the growth of centuries. Destined by his father for a commercial life, he was apprenticed to a grocer in the city; but before the period of his apprenticeship had expired, the elder Howard died, leaving a very considerable property to be divided between his son and daughter. Having engaged in business simply in obedience to the wishes of his father, Howard no sooner found himself his own master, than he made arrangements for terminating his apprenticeship. This done, he determined to inform his mind, and to restore his health, by foreign travel. For several years he was thus occupied; and we may well believe that the experience then acquired was of signal service to him in his subsequent journeys. Soon after his return, we arrive at a very curious and characteristic incident in his life. While suffering under a severe ill-

* "John Howard and the Prison-World of Europe." By Hepworth Dixon.

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ness, he was lodging with a Mrs. Loidore, who, by the care and devotion with which she nursed him—a stranger in her house—made a profound impression upon him; so much so, indeed, that upon his recovery he considered it his duty to make her an offer of his hand and fortune. At this time he was twenty-five, while Mrs. Loidore is described as an ordinary-looking woman of fifty-two, and so great an invalid, that for twenty years she had not known what health was. At first she refused him—a piece of magnanimity which his biographer places far above Cæsar's refusal of the Roman crown; but at length she yielded to the indomitable will of her suitor, and they were married. The union, however, was but of short duration. At the end of three years she died, sincerely lamented by her husband. The blank occasioned by her death again awakened in Howard's mind the desire for action. From his earliest years, labour had been with him a habit; idleness was intolerable: he could not dream away his energies. And as he had not then discovered the great work given unto him to do, his restless instinct, and his desire to benefit his fellow-men, again drove him forth to the world. This time he resolved to visit Lisbon, which had just been almost destroyed by the frightful earthquake of 1755, and to stretch out a helping-hand to its miserable inhabitants. But God had otherwise ordained. The vessel in which he sailed was captured by a French privateer, and he was carried a prisoner of war into Brest. There he and the crew of the vessel were treated with the utmost barbarity. Before they reached Brest, "they were kept for forty hours without food or water; and when they were landed, they were kept for several additional hours without nourishment, in a dungeon, dark, damp, and filthy beyond description. At last, a leg of mutton was brought, and thrown into the cell, as horseflesh is thrown into the den of wild beasts, for the starving captives to scramble for, tear with their teeth, and devour as they best could; while they were compelled to sleep upon the cold floor, with nothing but a handful of straw to protect them from the noxious damps and noisome fever of their overcrowded room." Here it was, we doubt not, that the seed was sown which afterwards brought forth a harvest so plenteous and so glorious. Here Howard learned from bitter experience the frightful state in which the prisons of Europe then were. As he himself says, in the preface to his first report on the "State of Prisons," "What I suffered on this occasion, increased my sympathies with the unhappy people whose case is the subject of this book." The seed, it is true, lay dormant for many years. Perhaps even Howard himself had almost forgotten his captivity at Brest. But the seed, though dormant, was not dead. In future years it sprang into healthy and vigorous life, and engaged him in that "circumnavigation of charity" which won for him an imperishable name.

After a time, and after suffering many hardships, he was permitted to return to England, on giving a pledge that if he did not succeed in procuring a suitable exchange for himself, he would return to his captivity. This exchange, however, he effected. No sooner had he done so, than he set about relieving the more pressing wants of his fellow-prisoners whom he had left in bondage, and of endeavouring to effect their deliverance. This, at last, he had the satisfaction of accomplishing after considerable exertion. Having succeeded in these his first efforts in the cause of philanthropy, he settled down at Cardington, his estate near Bedford, where for many years he lived in the quiet, unostentatious discharge of the duties of a country gentleman. Unfortunately, we do not possess, in either letters or diaries, the materials for forming a trustworthy estimate of his character, and of the course of his mind's development, during either these or the previous years of his life. It is easy to see, however, (indeed, it must be evident from the bald outline we have given of the events of his life,) that his ruling principle was a deep sense of duty, and a conscientious discharge of what he believed to be laid upon him. From his earliest years, Howard seems to have lived under a deep sense of religion. Having imbibed from his father the strict tenets of Protestant Dissent, he adhered to them through life. Knowing his relation to God, his anxiety was to obey His laws, and to walk in accordance with His will. We may, perhaps, doubt whether, on occasions such as that of his marriage, he did not stretch the feeling of duty to too great an extent. But this we may be sure of, that in this, as in every other matter, he followed what he conscientiously believed to be the path of duty. As to his peculiar doctrinal views at this period of his life, we have no evidence in the volume before us. Were it not for some extracts quoted from letters and diaries written by Howard during his travels, we should have but little to guide us in forming a true estimate of his character in this respect. These, however, show that his anxious discharge of duty was not a mere attempt to pacify his conscience. They prove that he felt his sinfulness and his need of a Saviour, and that all his hopes were built upon "the righteousness which is of God by faith." We find him, for example, in 1770, "recording God's goodness to the unworthiest of His creatures, solemnly surrendering himself to Him, and begging the conduct of His Holy Spirit." We find him "hoping for a more tender conscience by greater fear of offending God, a temper more abstracted from the world, more resigned to death or life, a thirsting for union or communion with God." "

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he adds, "the wonders of redeeming love! free, sovereign, rich, and unbounded grace! Not I, not I, an ill-deserving, hell-deserving creature; but where sin abounds, I trust grace superabounds; even I have still some hope—what joy is that hope!—that nothing shall separate my soul from the love of God in Jesus Christ."

Such passages as these tell us what was the key-note of Howard's character. They show, that in the discharge of his duties, to which he attended so carefully and so unshrinkingly, "the honour of God and the spread of the Redeemer's name and Gospel" were his constant aim. Feeling himself vile, seeing "sin, folly, and imperfection in every action," he yet felt that "duty was his, though the power was God's." Bearing in mind, then, this, let us follow him in his course, and let us mark the life of one animated by such a spirit.

Upon sitting down on his Cardington estate, he immediately set to work to improve it, and to carry out his plan for ameliorating the condition of his poorer tenantry. In these endeavours he was encouraged and aided by his second wife, to whom he was united in 1758, and who seems to have been in every way worthy to be the helpmate of such a man. The houses of the labourers on his estate were—as, alas! the houses of too many of the labouring class in the United Kingdom still are—dirty, ill-built, ill-drained, and ill-ventilated, utterly unfit to be the residence of human beings. Howard at once saw that so long as they were compelled to reside in such miserable huts, it was utterly impossible that they could be elevated in the scale of civilisation; that so long as their houses were uncomfortable and uncleanly, it was impossible to make them active, industrious, and domestic. Knowing that "cleanliness is next to godliness," he saw that, before any improvement in their habits could be expected, it was essential that their physical condition should be improved. He therefore built a number of comfortable cottages, to which he transferred his labourers, absolutely requiring from all of them "habits of industry, temperance, and observance of the Sabbath." He also established schools, engaging and paying the teachers, and exercising over the scholars, as he did over his cottars, a sort of patriarchal authority.

Howard held, and every Christian must hold, that the duties of landlords and masters do not end with the erection of comfortable houses for their dependants. This they must do; but they must do more. They must not merely provide for their physical well-being, but they must also attend to their moral and religious instruction. Of course there are limits to this obligation. But surely those who originate large public works, incur a most serious responsibility, and are called upon not merely to take care that the means of education and religious instruction be accessible to all, but also to insist, as Howard did, on "habits of industry, temperance, and observance of the Sabbath."

For several years Howard lived quietly on his estate at Cardington, acting the part of an enlightened and benevolent country gentleman, surrounded by a prosperous and contented tenantry, and devoted in his attention to the duties of his station, and with no wish, no desire, beyond it. But a blow came that rent his heart, and sent him forth to the world to seek for some work that might employ his latent energies. His wife, to whom he had been most tenderly attached, and who seems to have been a woman in every way worthy the love of such a man, died in giving birth to a son,—their first and only child. To Howard the blow was an awful one; and though, from his calm and well-governed temperament, it is not likely that he evinced his grief by any violent demonstration, there can be no doubt that her death left a void in his heart that was never filled up, and that to her loss were due his public labours. How dear her memory was, may be gathered from the following passage:—

"No tongue," says the biographer, "can tell, no pen can describe, the awful misery of the bereaved husband.....By temperament Howard was calm and undemonstrative; but there were depths in his nature not easily fathomed. His love for his wife had been an illimitable passion. The day of her death was held sacred in his calendar; kept for evermore as a day of fasting and meditation. Everything connected with her memory, how distantly soever, was hallowed in his mind by the association. Many years after her demise, on the eve of his departure on one of his long and perilous journeys across the continent of Europe, he was walking in the gardens with the son whose birth had cost the precious life, examining some plantations which they had recently been making, and arranging a plan for future improvements. On coming to the planted walk, he stood still; there was a pause in the conversation: the old man's thoughts were busy with the past. At length he broke silence: 'Jack,' said he, in a tender and solemn tone, 'in case I should not come back, you will pursue this work, or not, as you may think proper; but remember, this walk was planted by your mother, and if you ever touch a twig of it, may my blessing never rest upon you.'"

With the death of his wife, Howard's private life may be said to end. In our next Number, we propose to give a sketch of his public life and of his public labours.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

JULY, 1851.

THE POETRY OF RICHARD BAXTER.

MULTITUDES have heard of Richard Baxter as the author of the "Saints' Everlasting Rest;" but few, comparatively, have any just idea as to what sort of a man that Richard Baxter was. He had no training in the Universities. In youth he was privileged with but few advantages for the acquisition of knowledge. He entered the ministry with what, in the present day, would be properly pronounced a very inadequate training. He became the laborious Minister of an ignorant and uncultivated parish. All his life long he was subject to complicated diseases and sufferings. But notwithstanding all these disadvantages, in an age of learned men, he became eminent in several departments of learning; embarked with earnestness in the agitations and conflicts of his times; and became one of the most voluminous religious writers in the English language.

Among many of the writers of his day, a vitiated taste had introduced into their works conceits of style and expression which render them now almost unreadable. But Baxter used his mother-tongue with a simplicity, an unconscious beauty, an unaffected force of expression, which never can grow obsolete. In an age which produced the "Paradise Lost," and the "Pilgrim's Progress," he was the author of works which were read in his own lifetime wherever the English language was spoken; and which at this day, so far from having lost their life or power by two hundred years of antiquity, seem likely to find utterance in all the languages in which the Bible itself may be translated.

When the learned and industrious Anthony Wood was compiling his "Athenæ Oxonienses," he addressed a letter to Baxter, inquiring whether he had ever studied at Oxford. His reply was as instructive in respect to the sources of his energy and usefulness, as it is dignified in manner and beautiful in expression. "As to myself," said he, "my faults are no disgrace to any University; for I was of none. I have little but what I had out of books, and inconsiderable helps of country tutors. Weakness and pain helped me to study how to die; that set me on studying how to live; and that on studying the doctrine from which I must fetch my motives and comforts. Beginning with necessities, I proceeded by degrees; and now I am going to see that for which I have lived and studied." It is easy to see that the man who thus wrote might have been a poet if he had had leisure for the culture of his powers in that department of letters.

Baxter's sermons and devotional writings are full of the same indications. The closing paragraphs of his "Saints' Rest" are poetry, lacking only the

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versification. How exquisitely beautiful are such images as these! "As Daniel in his captivity did three times a day open his window towards Jerusalem, though far out of sight, when he went to God in his devotions; so may the believing soul, in this captivity in the flesh, look towards Jerusalem which is above." "As the pretty lark doth sing most sweetly, and never ceaseth her pleasant ditty while she hovereth aloft, as if she were gazing into the glory of the sun, but is suddenly silenced when she falleth to the earth; so is the frame of the soul most delectable and divine, while it keepeth in the views of God by contemplation. But, alas! we make there too short a stay, but down again we fall, and lay by our music."

In another strain, yet no less poetical, is the close of the beautiful dedication of one of his controversial works to his old military friend, Edmund Whalley, the brother-in-law of Cromwell, and who commanded the regiment of horse to which Baxter served as Chaplain. To him, when in his highest prosperity, Baxter addressed such sentences as these:—"Your great warfare is not yet accomplished.... Your conquest of yourself is yet imperfect. To fight with yourself you will find the hardest but most necessary conflict that ever you were engaged in; and to overcome yourself the most honourable and gainful victory. Think not that your greatest trials are all over. Prosperity hath its peculiar temptations, by which it hath foiled many that stood unshaken in the storms of adversity. The tempter who hath had you on the waves, will now assault you in the calm: he hath his last game to play upon the mountain, till nature cause you to descend. Stand this charge, and you win the day."

It is easy to perceive that the author of prose like this might have attained celebrity as a poet had the circumstances of his life given such a direction to his powers. More properly, he might have been a poet had not God given him some other work to do. Like Luther, he was a lover of music and of psalmody. His friend, Matthew Sylvester, who was his executor, and the editor of his posthumous works, says of him, "When his sleep was intermitted or removed in the night, he then sang much; and on the Lord's days he thought the service very defective without some considerable time were spent in singing; nay, he expected that his angelical convoy would conduct him through all the intermediate regions to his appointed mansion in his heavenly Father's house, with most melodious hallelujahs, or with something equally delightful."

Some of our readers may be surprised to learn that three of the numerous volumes of Baxter's writings are poetical. The earliest was published in 1681, when the author was sixty-six years old. It is entitled, "Poetical Fragments. Heart employment with God and itself. The concordant discord of a broken, healed heart, sorrowing, rejoicing, fearing, hoping, living, dying." Two years later he published "Additions to the Poetical Fragments: written for himself, and communicated to such as are more for serious verse than smooth." And after his death his executor gave to the public "A Paraphrase of the Psalms of David, with other Hymns," which he had left prepared for the press.

In the preface to the earliest of these works the author says, "These poetical fragments, except those heretofore printed, were so far from being intended for the press, that they were not allowed the sight of many private friends, nor thought worthy of it. But as they were written in various passions, so passion hath now thrust them out into the world. God having taken away the dear companion of the last nineteen years of my life; as her sorrows and sufferings, long ago, gave being to some of these poems, (for reasons which the world is not concerned to know,) so my grief for her removal, and the

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revived sense of former things, have prevailed with me to be passionate in the open sight of all." He does not profess to have been compelled to publish by request of friends: on the contrary, he says, "I will do my wise friends, whose counsels I have much followed, that right to acquit them from all guilt in the publication of these fragments. Some of them say that such work is below me; and those that I think speak more wisely, say I am below such work. These I unfeignedly believe. I have long thought that a painter, a musician, and a poet are contemptible if they be not excellent; and that I am not excellent I am satisfied; but I am more patient of contempt than many are. Common painters may serve for poor men's works; and a fiddle may serve at a country wedding. Such cannot aspire to the attainments of the higher sort, and the vulgar are the greater number."

It will be seen from these expressions that Richard Baxter thought as meanly of his own poetical powers and performances as a severe critic would be likely to think of them. Our readers will find one or two pieces in the poetical department of the present Number of the "Miscellany," in which materials may be found for forming a judgment as to the merits of Baxter as a poet.

"CHRIST PLEASED NOT HIMSELF."

(Romans xv. 3.)

The Apostle sets before us Jesus Christ, as the great example of self-sacrificing love, when he says, "Even Christ pleased not Himself." Even Christ! He who is "the first-born of every creature, heir of all things," "in whom dwelt the fulness of the Godhead," "who is God over all, blessed for ever:" even *He* "pleased not Himself," but sacrificed Himself for the good of others. By this glorious example does the Apostle, in writing to the Philippians, exhort Christians to consider the well-being of others. "Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves. Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others. Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus: who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

"Even Christ pleased not Himself." These words describe His character. For the sake of others, He came into the world; for others He lived; for others He prayed; for others He wept; for others He died; for others He intercedes; and for others He will come again! The works and words of every day He spent upon earth, are a comment upon this beautiful picture, "He pleased not Himself."

That you may realise to yourselves the unselfishness—if one may so speak—of our blessed Master's character, let us glance at that portion of His history which is embraced in the last week of His life; and see how, in the most overwhelmingly trying circumstances, He ever forgot Himself in seeking the good of others.

A few days before His death He entered Jerusalem as a King; multitudes met Him by the way, and welcomed Him with loud hosannas; never before had He been so honoured or received. It was the only day of triumph He had in His life. He reached the brow of the hill which overlooked Jerusalem. "He beheld the city!" the city so long highly-favoured by God, and

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now about to perish for its impenitence; and that sight absorbs His whole thoughts. He thinks not of Himself, nor is He attracted by the applauses of the people. His heart is with His eye; and both rest upon desolate Zion. He weeps bitter tears; and His wailing cry is, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! O! that thou, even thou, hadst known the things of thy peace!" In the beautiful language of Jeremy Taylor, "He wet the palms with His tears, sweeter than the drops of manna, or the little pearls that descended on Mount Hermon; weeping, in the midst of His triumph, over obstinate, perishing, malicious Jerusalem. For this Jesus was like the rainbow; He was half made of the glories of the light, and half of the moisture of a cloud: in His best days He was but half triumph, and half sorrow!" Behold Him again, the evening before His death, seated at the paschal supper with His disciples! What an utter forgetfulness of Himself, what a seeking of the good of others, does He manifest in all he said, and in all He did! He does not ask His disciples to comfort *Him*, to sympathise with *Him*, though *He* was to be the sufferer. His whole time is occupied in "pleasing them for their good to edification." "Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid." There is not a thought about Himself expressed. He warns, He exhorts, He instructs, He cheers, His disciples; and prepares them for coming trial, and for temptation. He is indeed troubled in spirit; but it is when making the sad announcement that one whom He had always trusted as His friend, is about to betray Him.

The supper is over: "His hour was come that He should depart out of this world to His father." Yet, "having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them to the end." That love, like all true love, will stoop to do the humblest acts, in order to do good to the beloved object. We read, accordingly, that "Jesus, knowing that the Father had given all things into His hands, and that He was come from God, and went to God,"—what then? With the full knowledge of the glory which He had left, and to which He was about to return, and of the universal dominion which the Father had given,—yet O! marvellous love, which seeketh not her own,—"He riseth from supper, and laid aside His garments, and girded himself, and poureth water into a basin, *and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded.*" How true is it, that "*Christ* pleased not Himself!"

Our Lord is in the garden of Gethsemane. He is about to pass through unheard-of agony, as our atoning Saviour,—agony immeasurable, incomprehensible! But He thinks of the good of His disciples, while "the chastisement of our peace was upon Him." He leaves them, in order to be alone in His sorrow. The sight was too trying for their weak faith. "Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder." When He finds them asleep, there are no reproaches for their want of sympathy with Him. How tender the slight rebuke! How mingled with it is the comfort! "What, could ye not watch with me one hour? The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak!" Even Peter's special danger, from overweening confidence, is not overlooked by Him. He would quicken him to watch and pray against temptation by the question, "Simon, sleepest *thou?*" In all this He was mindful of the good of others.

The cruel band of soldiers, led by the traitor, approach: they surround Jesus. His first thoughts are for the safety of His disciples: "Let these," He says, "go away." Peter wounds Malchus. Jesus attends to the sufferer, though an enemy, and heals him! But He is at last alone, and in the presence of His tormentors: all His disciples have forsaken Him. He is standing before the High-Priest, at early dawn, after His night of toil and

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horror. He is buffeted, insulted, blasphemed. Yet even then He thinks of others. He is yearning over the fallen disciple. He hears him curse and swear that he knew Him not. "The Lord turned, and looked upon Peter;" a look of pity, reproach, and love, which broke his heart with godly sorrow, and saved his soul. Jesus is carrying His cross; the women of Jerusalem alone feel for Him, and they accompany Him on His way with bitter lamentations. But He "will seek the good of Zion," rather than the comfort offered by "Zion's daughters." "Women of Jerusalem," He says, "weep not for Me; but weep for yourselves!" and He warns them of the coming destruction of their city!

Jesus is hanging upon the cross! Never was there such an hour as this in the history of the universe. Who but God can measure the greatness of our Saviour's sufferings when nailed to the accursed tree? "There was no sorrow like His sorrow." Can He think of others then? Yes. The infinite love which brought Him into the world in order to live and die for others; which enabled Him, for the salvation of guilty men, to drink the cup in Gethsemane, and to endure the cross and despise the shame on Calvary; that self-sacrificing love was displayed to all around Him, while "wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities." He thinks of His weeping agonised mother, and commends her to His beloved disciple, saying, "Woman, behold thy son: son, behold thy mother!" He thinks of a dying thief, who cries, "Remember me!" and gives peace to his troubled soul by the blessed assurance, "This day thou shalt be with Me in paradise." And before He resigned His spirit into His Father's hands, He thinks of His cruel murderers, and cries, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" Such is Jesus. Well might the Apostle say, "He pleased not Himself." And such is the "mind" that must be in us, if we are "in Him." "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves. Let every one of us please his neighbour for his good to edification. For even Christ pleased not Himself." "Now the God of patience and consolation grant you to be like-minded one toward another, according to" (that is, after the example of) "Christ Jesus."

Let the enmity to the living God which is in our natural hearts, be slain by faith in His love to us through Christ, and then shall all enmity to our fellow-men be slain also. Let God's love to us be shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, and then shall these hearts be shut no longer by wicked selfishness against our neighbour. Let us carry our Lord's cross, and then we shall carry our brother's burden. "Hereby," says the Apostle John, "perceive we the love, because He laid down His life for us, and we ought to lay down our life for the brethren." "This is my commandment," says our Lord, "That ye love another, *as I have loved you!*"

WESLEYAN-METHODIST SOCIETY QUARTERLY TICKET, FOR JUNE, 1851.

About six years ago, I attended, in the county of Somerset, the ordination of an Independent Minister. One of the speakers, venerable for age, and highly respected for the excellence of his Christian and ministerial character, freely remarked, "for the first time on such an occasion," on what he regarded as the defects of Independency. He told us he did it with much reluctance, and "after forty years' close inspection" of the order and working of that church-system. With an authority and fidelity which only few

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men could use, after dwelling on several points, he came to what he regarded as the grand defect,—*the want of organization and centralization.* "I do not admire," said he, "everything I see in the Wesleyan Methodists; but I must admit, that, among all the church-governments I know, their system of organization and centralization comes nearest to what I mean, and what I wish for on this head."

It is freely admitted, that peril is not all on one side. There may be diseased action of the heart. Hence, in case of obvious disorder somewhere, the wholesome inquiry should resound throughout the entire body: "Lord, is it I?" The high command of Heaven runs thus: "Likewise, ye younger, submit yourselves unto the elder. Yea, all of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility: for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace unto the humble. Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God." If the foot cannot say to the head, "I have no need of thee," neither can the head say to the feet, "I have no need of you." There is a mutual dependence existing, and a mutual service must be rendered. In the healthy action of the system, the heart freely administers to the extremities, the extremities to the heart.

The question now is, "In receiving this Ticket, and the privileges connected therewith, what am I, as a member of the body, to render unto Christ, and His church, for the benefits conferred?" On the answer to this question some light may be cast by glancing at the holy example of practical godliness presented in an early Christian church, of whom it is said, in the words of the text on the June Ticket, "YOUR OBEDIENCE IS COME ABROAD UNTO ALL MEN." (Romans xvi. 19.)

The wickedness of Rome is described in the last dozen verses of the first chapter of the Epistle. Here that Gospel had been preached which is "the power of God unto salvation." Many believed the report. Truth had penetrated the heart. The bright beams of the Sun of righteousness had risen on transgressors, and given them "the knowledge of sin." "Every mouth was stopped," and all stood "guilty before God." Now, the righteousness of faith was revealed; and the penitents, led by the Spirit to the propitiation, "received the atonement." Being justified by faith, they were no longer under condemnation. They had peace with God. The Spirit bore witness to their personal adoption, and shed abroad the love of God in their hearts. They became new creatures, temples of the Holy Ghost, and walked not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

Here is the prime element of Christian obedience,—obedience to the Spirit of Truth. Truth itself is in the inward parts. Self-will is crucified, and enmity destroyed. Simplicity and godly sincerity prevail in the mind. There is a lamb-like innocency; a child-like docility and teachableness; a perfect willingness to obey from the heart the form of doctrine delivered from above. Single in their eye, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, following hard after God, these believers are ready to every good word and work. Happy the people who are in such a case! They have the Spirit of Christ in them, and their obedience must needs "come abroad unto all men." This is the holy eminence on which the blessed Jesus sought to place all His followers. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

But this sweet and heaven-born disposition is liable to imposition and deception. The innocent sheep and lovely lambs of the flock need a shepherd's care to watch over them, lest, by any means, the serpent which beguiled Eve should beguile them. Their passive virtues expose them to peril. This danger is referred to in the text: "Now I beseech you, brethren, mark them

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which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned; and avoid them. For they that are such serve not our Lord Jesus Christ, but their own belly; and by good words and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple. For your obedience is come abroad unto all men. I am glad therefore on your behalf: but yet I would have you wise unto that which is good, and simple concerning evil. And the God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly."

The believers at Rome were now beset by disturbers of the peace, who pertinaciously taught things "contrary to the doctrine they had learned" from the Apostles. They were men of some ability; but their motives were not Christian. They could use "good words," and make "fair speeches," to "deceive the hearts of the simple." They artfully practised on the innocent and well-disposed in the church of Christ, and grossly "deceived" them. The unsuspecting charities of their artless, pure, affectionate hearts exposed them to the snares laid by fair-speaking men of sinister designs, who could artfully make the worse appear the better cause. At this point of spiritual danger, the Apostle interposes, to put them on their guard. "I would have you clear-sighted and well-informed on every duty, and innocent and blameless concerning sin and error. Remember the words of the Lord Jesus: 'Be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.' If you mark and observe this, the divisive plans of Satan will be quickly exposed; and God, who is the Author of peace, and Lover of concord, will shortly bruise the wily adversary under your feet."

But, notwithstanding the incidental danger attending a warm, obedient, child-like heart, we may well congratulate those who possess such a treasure. "Your obedience is come abroad unto all men. I am glad, therefore, on your behalf." In this primitive Christian temper, the Apostles rejoiced to see obedience to the Bible, to the written word. At this time the rulers of the Romish church feared not to say, with their Master, "Search the Scriptures." They were required, not to test the Scriptures by what they heard, but, on the contrary, to test what they heard by the Scriptures. "What saith the Scripture?" was the watch-word. "To the law, and to the testimony: if they speak not according to these, there is no light in them." The primitive Christian, "from a child," was taught to look on the Bible as "given by inspiration of God, and profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, throughly furnished unto all good works." He obeyed from the heart the plain requirements of God, as contained in the pure page of Divine revelation.

Conscience enlightened in this knowledge must be sacredly regarded. Every man has his own duties—is personally responsible—"must give account of himself to God." A good conscience is an authoritative voice to me. The holy men of old lived in all good conscience before God. Defending themselves and their conduct against their bitterest accusers, and before all tribunals, they could say, "Herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men."

Another feature in the "obedience" of the Roman Christians that had "come abroad unto all men" was submission to church-authorities. This is clearly enjoined by the Head of the church Himself, while He adds the solemn and perpetual reason: "Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves; for they watch for your souls as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief." "Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God." Ministers of the Gospel are called of God to their sacred office; they are made shepherds and overseers of the flock, and are held responsible

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for its order and direction. They are over the flock in the Lord; and believers are required to obey them as their spiritual guides. In this duty the amiable members of the Roman church were not unfaithful. "All men" saw and acknowledged their cheerful and happy "obedience."

Another branch of their Christian obedience was subjection to the civil Magistrate. This was clearly a part of the doctrine they had learned. "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God." "Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey Magistrates." "Submit to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake; whether it be to the King, as supreme, or unto governors, as unto them which are sent for the punishment of evil doers, and for the praise of them that do well." This was the teaching the ancient Christians received from their religious instructers; and their obedience thereto came abroad unto all men.

This fourfold obedience is none other than the obedience of love;—love begotten by the Gospel, love to God and love to man. Something of this is found in the large community which bears the name of Methodism. Candid neighbours behold it with wonder, and exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel! As valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river-side, which the Lord hath planted." With occasional exceptions, happy subjection to holy order has reigned from the beginning. The younger have submitted to the elder; yea, all have been subject one to another. The beautiful harmony of Christian obedience has appeared throughout the Connexion. "There are many members, yet one body." Each has felt that he has been the servant of the whole. The eye, the hand, the foot, each has kept its sphere, and done its own work; and all in their turn have been instruments of service, and profit, and honour. Willing obedience to Christ, the living Head, and to all men for His sake, has been the secret of its greatness and goodness. In some blessed measure it has glorified God, and served the best interests of the human family. It has had a place for every man. It has manifested ceaseless activity, and enjoyed the benefit of wise direction. It has employed the untalented to accomplish mighty deeds, and used talent to unparalleled advantage. It has grappled with the mighty moral necessities of its fatherland, and stretched out its beneficent hand to many scattered nations. It has set itself in good earnest to serve the great principles of TRUTH, and RIGHTEOUSNESS, and CHARITY; and its "obedience is come abroad unto all men."

B. C.

FEAR OF DEATH.

IT is not wonderful that death should be feared. The love of life is natural to all sentient beings; and, in consequence, there is a dread of everything that destroys life. The brute creation do not appear to suffer from any apprehension of death until danger is apparent: then they exert themselves to the utmost to escape from an evil which they instinctively wish to shun. But man has a certain knowledge that he must die, although at the present no danger should threaten. He has many proofs of his mortality presented to him daily, in the decease of his fellow-creatures, and even of his near relatives. And although men generally lose sight of this event the greater part of their time, yet the painful certainty will occasionally intrude and disturb their ill-founded peace. The aged man and the child are alike afraid of this King of terrors. Some persons have death almost constantly before their eyes, so

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that all their lives they are subject to bondage through fear of death; and this is the fact in regard to some who appear to be godly persons. It may be that, even with a good hope through grace, death may, in some aspects, appal. Life commonly is terminated with pains, groans, and an apparent struggle, which has an intimidating effect on those who witness it. The difficult breathing, the restless, glassy eye, the cold and clammy sweat, the deep-fetched sighs and groans, all seem to indicate much suffering. But perhaps the actual sensibility is far less than we would suppose. Of this, however, no certain information can be obtained, as none who die return to testify what they have endured in passing through the dark and silent valley. Doubtless more pain is often endured by the living, from excruciating disease, than is experienced by the dying. We have reason to think that in different cases there is a great difference in the painfulness of death. Some appear gently to fall asleep, while others appear to die in great bodily suffering.

When, however, man is considered as an immortal being, and as immediately entering into bliss or woe, the momentary pangs of death are scarcely worth a thought. If the departing spirit, the moment after death, enjoys a happiness not conceived of while here, the pains of death will soon be forgotten, or only remembered to heighten the bliss; and, on the contrary, if despair and all the horrors of guilt seize upon the soul immediately after death, the pangs of dissolution will appear but as a drop in this boundless ocean of misery. But this thought is so painful that few are willing to entertain it, and most men try to shut their eyes against every view of this kind, and to think as little as possible of the condition of the soul after death. But is this wise? If, instead of a certainty, there was only a possibility, that there might be a miserable hereafter for such as have led wicked lives, and died without repentance and reconciliation, it would be the part of wisdom to act as though this possibility were a reality.

But, O the blindness of sinful men! Thoughtlessness, or a secret unbelief in regard to future misery, not only leads multitudes to neglect all serious preparation for death, but leads some, when they meet with disgrace or misfortune, to put an end to their own lives,—a most shocking and unnatural crime. The murder of a fellow-creature has more malignity, but suicide has in it more folly and madness; for the murderer may repent and be saved, but the person guilty of self-murder shuts for ever the door of mercy against himself. He rushes, presumptuously and uncalled, into the presence of his Judge. Who can describe the first impressions of the wretched suicide the moment after death? We may not here attempt to harrow up any one's feelings by a description of what none now can properly imagine. But let the tempted remember and lay to heart the awful truth, that there can be no ground to hope for the salvation of one who, undeprived of reason, is guilty of this horrid crime.

But is there no remedy against the fear of death? There is. We read in holy Scripture that Christ assumed our nature, "that He might deliver them who through fear of death were all their life-time subject to bondage." (Heb. ii. 15.) Death may be so disarmed of its natural terrors, that it shall assume the aspect of a friend. To the believer in Christ, death is a sleep, a sleep in Jesus. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." The righteous have hope in their end. For them to die is gain; for they have a mansion prepared for them in their Father's house. They enter into rest. And often they desire to depart and be with Christ. To them death has no sting; over them the grave can boast no victory. O "let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

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THEOLOGY.

SOWING AND WEEPING: TEARS AND SHEAVES.

THERE are great promises connected with personal effort to win souls to Christ. First of all, for its combination of place and grace, is that precious passage in the Psalms, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." How full of sweet encouragement is this! Whole sheaves of souls shall the man bring with him, to present before the Saviour in glory, whose life has been a faithful sowing of this precious seed. Sheaves and tears! This kind of spiritual husbandry is exceedingly profitable: there is no kind of labour on earth that yields so rich a return. Nor is it subject to any of the uncertainties of an ordinary harvest. The season itself may be unfavourable or unfruitful; there may be severe frosts or parching droughts; there may be high winds and desolating tempests; yet the final profitable result is not to be doubted.

He "shall *doubtless* come again with rejoicing." There is no *perhaps* about the matter: he shall *doubtless* come; and he shall come with *rejoicing*. He *would* come with rejoicing, even if no sheaves were gathered; for all labour done for Christ is infinitely precious, and shall have a rejoicing reward. So said the Prophet Isaiah, when sadly he was bemoaning that he had laboured in vain, and spent his strength for nought: he said suddenly, by the impulse of the Divine Spirit, "Though Israel be not gathered, yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of the Lord, and my God shall be my strength." And to this answers the Apostle, "We are unto God a sweet savour of Christ," whether the sheaves be gathered or not. He shall be glorified, and we shall rejoice. Yea, there is joy in this very business of weeping and sowing; there is great joy; and when a Christian returns from it, though he bring not a single ear of corn, nor a single grain of wheat with him, and much less sheaves, yet in his own spirit he shall rejoice. If the seed sown does not bring forth fruit in others, yet doubtless it shall in his own soul: it shall cause him to rejoice in the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

This is fruit for Christ, and a source of joy to the Christian, though never a seed that he has sown should sprout or take root, or come up into a harvest in the souls where he has sought to sow it. It is such labours that keep the soul alive, that keep the fountain of love and joy unchecked and open, fresh and sparkling, in the soul. Such labours are necessary to preserve the spiritual from stagnation, from palsy, from death. Therefore, this personal effort for Christ would make the soul of the Christian rejoice, though he should see in other souls no result whatever from his labours.

But the promise not only has a *doubtless* and a *rejoicing* in it, but the mention of *sheaves*, a bringing of sheaves. It cannot fail: such labours shall not be undertaken in vain. There shall be fruit in the souls of others; souls shall be brought to Christ; and he that enters on these faithful labours, and perseveres in them, shall *doubtless* be the honoured instrument in bringing *many* souls to Christ. He shall bring his sheaves, whole sheaves. As in the time of harvest, men, women, and children follow the produce home, laughing, and shouting, and singing, so there shall be singing in his soul, when the harvest is gathered in. Then, he that reapeth and he that soweth shall rejoice together. "Here, Lord, am *I*, and the children whom thou hast given me! Lord, thy pound hath gained ten pounds! Lord, I sowed but ears of wheat, and here are sheaves of glory!" It was Paul that planted, and Apollos that watered, but God only that gave, or could give, the increase.

As to the matter of promise and encouragement, then, there is plenty of it. But it is worthy of special remark, that it is made only to labours conducted in a certain way: a certain *kind* of sowing is requisite, as well as the right kind of seed. The seed, it is very clear, must be the word of God: thence alone springs up the harvest of salvation, holiness, and eternal blessedness. The seed is the word; the field is the world. But a man may sow other things besides the word; and if he does, then the sheaves will not follow. Just as a man may build, even on the foundation of Christ, wood, hay, and stubble, or gold, silver, and precious stones; but when the day of trial comes, all this stubble-work will be burned, and if he himself is saved, yet it shall be so as

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by fire. And so, a man may sow other seed beside the word of God; he may sow seed that shall produce cockles and darnel, instead of sheaves of wheat; but this stubble shall be burned, and well for the sower if he escape burning with it. Let him see that he takes good seed; that, by and by, if he see the tares, he may be able to say, "Lord, did not I sow good seed in Thy field? From whence then hath it tares? Ah! an enemy hath done this!" Well, then, see that *you* do not do it. See that you sow *good* seed; and let the enemy have all the sowing of the tares to himself, and he shall reap the consequences.

Besides this, take care that you not only sow good seed, but that you sow that seed aright. You have different soils to encounter. When God's preparatory work, like an inundation of the Nile, has been softening the souls of men, and preparing their hearts for the seed, you may sow broad-cast, and it will take root; you have just to scatter your seed, and it is done. The sun will ripen it; for the ground is soft, and rich, and moist.

But where the soil is harder, it will never do for you to throw your seed in a careless manner, and then hasten on. You must stop to see that it is in the earth; you must sow it at a proper depth, taking time, if need be, to open the furrow and put in the seed, and carefully cover it over; otherwise, the moment you turn to go, the fowls of the air come and devour it. Some sow the word, if at all, very superficially. They sow it merely in the dust of the streets, as it were, and do not put it into the soil; and so the wind blows it away. We love to see one sowing *heartily, thoroughly, patiently,* thinking not so much of the extent of ground he goes over, as of the thoroughness of his work. We love to see him put the seed deep, and see that it has a resting-place, so that when he turns to go, he may say to himself, "There; that is safe: neither the fowls can get it, nor the wind take it, nor the devil find it." There is great blessedness in sowing seed in this manner.

But there is a more important point still. The sowing must be done with *weeping.* "He that goeth forth and *weepeth,* bearing precious seed." Ah, this is a great point indeed! a great matter. Is it not here that Christians are deficient? The want of this weeping is the reason for so little reaping; the reason why there seems to be so much sowing without any sheaves. Almost all the failures of a harvest are owing to this; not owing so much to bad seed, or stony ground, or the fowls of the air, or the devil himself, as this want of weeping on the part of the sower. Satan does not need to weep when he sows *his* seed; for there will be tears enough when it grows, and tears *on account* of its growing. Yea, there will be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. But Satan's seed will spring and grow *without* weeping: it will grow, too, in *any* soil, in hard hearts, in stony places, in ground all covered with weeds, in the midst of nettles and poisons; nay, if he sows it in the midst of corn and wheat, it will grow. No weeping is needed to make it sprout.

But the *good* seed needs *weeping.* Satan's weeping comes *after* his sowing; but the Christian's weeping must go *before* his, and must go *with* his good seed into the furrows. If with every seed he sows a tear is dropped, that seed will grow. Yea, if he is so full of weeping as he goes, that his tears almost blind him, so that he can scarcely see where he sows, so much the better: his seed will take root and spring forth, and bear fruit, some thirty fold, some sixty, some an hundred. There will be great sheaves from such weeping and sowing, sowing and weeping.

"I saw in seed-time," says quaint old Thomas Fuller, "a husbandman at plough in a very rainy day. Asking him the reason why he would not rather leave off than labour in such foul weather, his answer was returned me in their country rhyme:—

> 'Sow beans in the mud
> And they'll come up like a wood.'"

This reminded him of David's expression, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy;" and also of the sheaves and the weeping, whereon it is a good comment. The importance of having a rainy time in the heart of the sower as well as in the soil where the sower is dropping his seed, cannot be over estimated. God has promised the early and the latter rain, if His children will, on their part, go forth weeping, bearing precious seed. Where there is weeping in the sower, God will rain upon the fields.

This weeping spirit is in the sight of God of great price. He tells the house of Jacob, when He is going greatly to bless them, that they shall come with weeping, and with supplications will He lead them. "The children of Israel shall

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come, they and the children of Judah together, going and weeping; they shall go, and seek the Lord their God." "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Let the Christians in our churches set themselves to this blessed personal labour.

Let the connexion between weeping and praying be remembered. Weeping leads the heart to prayer; for what a man feels interested enough in to weep concerning, he feels interest enough to pray concerning. Besides, this weeping spirit is the fruit of praying, of praying much, and with great importunity. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, is a man of prayer. Of Jacob's prevalence it is said, "He *wept*, and made supplication." There never was, nor can be, this weeping in such a cause without prayer; and fervent prayer, at any time, is very apt to be attended with weeping. So much the better if it is. "It may be," said David, "that God will look upon my tears." And God said to Hezekiah, "I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears." Above all, there is the great example of our Lord, whose prayers and supplications were with strong crying and tears.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE DOCTRINES OF THEOLOGY.

II.—THE IMMENSITY OF GOD.

Some theologians have drawn a distinction between the immensity and the omnipresence of God. They have considered the former to be an absolute, the latter a relative, attribute; or, in other words, the immensity of God is deemed a perfection which may be considered without the supposition of any being or thing, while His omnipresence supposes the existence of other beings to whom it has a respect. But it might be more correct to say, if any distinction be admitted, that immensity and omnipresence are the same perfection viewed under different aspects. God is present wherever His creatures are; He is therefore omnipresent. But He is also present where no creatures are; His essence is not to be bounded by creation; and, therefore, His immensity. From this stupendous doctrine we may derive,

First, *a motive to restrain from sin.*—Wherever we are, by day, by night, at home, abroad, we are in the presence of God. When men are about to commit crime, they retire into their closets, and shut the door, or seek out some other solitary place where there is no spectator. They look this way and that way, that there may be no witness of their unlawful deeds; and having thus secured themselves, they dismiss all fear. But let them stop and look again. One is near who has escaped their observation, because He appears only to the eye of the mind. And He is more to be dreaded than ten thousand human witnesses. Man, read everywhere, "Thou, God, seest me!" Think! God menaces with death—the second death—every soul of man that doeth evil. And where shall the sinner find a refuge from His vengeance? "Though they dig into hell, thence shall mine hand take them; though they climb up to heaven, thence will I bring them down." (Amos. ix. 2.)

Secondly, *an argument for sincerity.*—God is not only around us, to take notice of our actions; He is within us, to observe our thoughts. Man may mistake our motives; God cannot. His judgment will be necessarily unerring, because the whole case is before Him. He approves, and will graciously reward, the upright, whatever construction an uncandid world may put upon their conduct. He utterly abhors, and will expose to an assembled universe, the hypocrite who gained applause in a present world by his studied and successful counterfeits of piety. God is the Searcher of hearts. Hypocrite! can you, dare you, put up that most solemn of all prayers, "Lord, search my heart, try my reins?" Remember, at another day, that un-prayed petition God Himself, without thy permission, will answer; for He will bring into judgment every secret thing.

Thirdly, *a source of abundant consolation to the godly.*—In every place the forgiven, loving, holy man meets in God a Friend, a Protector, a Father. Does the rain and thunder, or the raging of the ocean, or the fury of the tempest, announce God's presence? The good man has nothing to fear; for love to Him presides over the commotions of the elements. Is God beheld in the more tranquil scenes of nature, in the progress of vegetation, the smiles of the heavens, the regular supplies for returning wants? The child of God delights to realise the thought that He in whom he puts confidence is so near, that he may always assure himself of a ready and effectual aid. God's child cannot be where his heavenly Father is

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not. He may be bereaved of reputation, liberty, an earthly all; but the deadly hatred of his enemies can never so far succeed as to draw from him the mournful complaint, "Ye have taken away my God, and what have I more?" With whatever afflictions his faith and patience are tried, whatever change of circumstances he may undergo, although there should be no human heart to sympathise, and no kind hand to perform the offices of friendship, he can express his faith and joy in the very words of the ancient saint: "Nevertheless I am continually with Thee: Thou hast holden me by my right hand. Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory." (Psalm lxxiii. 23, 24.)

READINGS FROM ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

WANDERING IN PRAYER.

A STRANGE thing! that the mind, even the renewed mind, should be so ready, not only at other times, but in the exercise of prayer, wherein we peculiarly come so near to God, yet even then to slip out and leave Him, and follow some poor vanity or other instead of Him. Surely the godly man, when he thinks on this, is exceedingly ashamed of himself, cannot tell what to think of it: "God, his exceeding joy," whom in his right thoughts he esteems so much above the world and all things in it, yet to use Him thus; when he is speaking to Him, to break off from that, and hold discourse, or change a word, with some base thought that steps in, and whispers to him; or at the best, not to be steadfastly minding the Lord to whom he speaks, and possessed with the regard of His presence, and of his business and errand with Him. This is no small piece of our misery here: these wanderings are evidence to us that we are not at home. But though we should be humbled for this, and still labouring against it, yet should we not be so discouraged as to be driven from the work. Satan would desire no better than that: it were to help him to his wish. And sometimes a Christian may be driven to think, "What! shall I still do thus, abusing my Lord's name, and the privilege He hath given me? I had better leave off." No: not so, by any means. Strive against the miserable evil in thee, but cast not away thy happiness. Be doing still. It is a froward childish humour, when anything agrees not to our mind to throw all away. Thou mayest come off as Jacob, with "halting" from thy "wrestlings," and yet obtain the "blessing" for which thou wrestled.

HOW TO PROFIT BY THE MINISTRY.

He is the fittest to preach who is himself most like his message, and comes forth not only with a handful of this seed in his hand, but with store of it in his heart, the word "dwelling richly in him;" yet howsoever, the seed he sows being this word of life, depends not on his qualifications in any kind, either of common gifts or special grace. People mistake this much, and it is a carnal conceit to hang on the advantages of the Minister, or to eye that much. The sure way is to look up to God, and to look into thine own heart. An unchanged, unsoftened heart, as an evil soil, disappoints the fruit. What though sown by a weak hand, yet, if received in a clean and honest heart, it will fructify much. There is in the world a needless and prejudicial differencing of men, out of which people will not come for all we can say.

The working or not working of faith does not depend upon the difference of the external ministry and gifts of men: for what greater difference can there be that way, than betwixt the Master and the servants, betwixt the great Prophet Himself, and His poor, weak messengers? And yet many of those that saw and heard Him in person, were not converted, believed not in Him; and thousands that never saw Him, were converted by His Apostles, and, as it seems, even some of those who were some way accessory to His death, yet were brought to repentance by the Apostle Peter's sermon. (See Acts ii.) Learn then to look above the outward ministry, and any difference that in God's dispensation can be there, and know, that if Jesus Christ Himself were on earth, and now preaching amongst us, yet might His incomparable words be unprofitable to us, not being mixed with faith in the hearers. But where that is, the meanest and most despicable conveyance of His message, received with humility and affection, will work blessed effects.

SINCERITY IN THE USE OF THE MEANS OF GRACE.

Art imitates nature; and the nearer it comes to nature in its effects, it is the more excellent. Grace is the new nature of a Christian, and hypocrisy that art which counterfeits it; and the more exquisite it is in imitation, it is the more plausible to men, but the more abominable to God. It may frame a spiritual

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man in image so to the life, that not only others, but even the hypocrite himself, may admire it, and, favouring his own artifice, may be deceived so far, as to say and to think it lives, and fall in love with it; but he is no less abhorred by the Searcher of hearts, than pleasing to himself. Surely this mischief of hypocrisy can never be enough inveighed against. When religion is in request, it is the chief malady of the church, and numbers die of it; though, because it is a subtle and inward evil, it be little perceived. It is to be feared there are many sick of it who look well and comely in God's outward worship, and they may pass well in good weather, in times of peace; but days of adversity are days of trial. The prosperous estate of the church makes hypocrites, and her distress discovers them; but if they escape such trials, there is one inevitable day coming, wherein all secret things shall be made manifest. Men shall be turned inside out; and amongst all sinners that shall then be brought before that judgment-seat, the most deformed sight shall be an unmasked hypocrite, and the heaviest sentence shall be his portion.

O that the consideration of this would scare us out of that false disguise in time, and set us all upon the study of sincerity! Precious is that grace in God's esteem: a little of it will weigh down mountains of formal religion, in the balance of the sanctuary. Which of us have not now brought hypocrisy, more or less, into the house of God? O, that it were not with intention to nourish it, but with desire to be here cured of it; for He alone that hates it so much can cure it; He alone can confer upon us that sincerity wherein He mainly delights. If we have a mind, indeed, to be endued with it, it is nowhere else to be had, we must entreat it of God by humble prayer, in the name of His well-beloved Son, by the assistance of His Holy Spirit.

THE SUITABLENESS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

THE Scripture is suited to every capacity.

It is, as it is commonly expressed, a ford, wherein a lamb may wade and an elephant swim. And herein is the infinite wisdom of God seen, in wreathing together plain truths with obscure, that He might gain the more credit to His word: by the one, instructing the ignor- n of the weakest; by the other, puzzling and confounding the understanding of the wisest. This also adds a beauty and ornament to the Scripture. As the beauty of the world is set off by a graceful variety of hills and valleys, so is it in the Scripture: there are sublime truths which the most aspiring reason of man cannot overtop; and there are more plain and easy truths, in which the weakest capacity may converse with delight and satisfaction. No man is offended with his garden for having a shady thicket in it: no more should we be offended with the word of God that, among so many fair and open walks, we here and there meet with a thicket, which the eye of human reason cannot look through.

Scripture itself is the best interpreter of its own meaning: usually, if it speak more darkly in one place, it speaks the same truth more clearly in another. Compare Scripture with Scripture, and you will find it holds a light unto itself: the oftener you read, and the more you ponder on those passages that are abstruse, the more you will find them clear up to your understanding.—*Hopkins.*

PREPARE FOR DEATH.

WHAT is your care, and what do you chiefly busy yourselves about? Death is approaching you, armed with ten thousand woes and plagues; and is it time for you to trifle away your precious moments, moments on which depends your eternity, in sports, in compliments, or impertinent employments? Is it time for you to muse what garb you will wear; what visit you will make, whether at this house or the next; what recreation shall pass away to-morrow, whether the hawk or the hound; when, all this while, death hath you in full chase? While you are contriving your profits and pleasures, your recreations and employments, and sharing out your lives among them, a sudden, unseen, and unthought hand of God snatcheth you from them all, and all these vain thoughts perish with you. Is this providing for eternity? Is this improving your short time and few minutes for heaven? Pity it is that ever a precious and immortal soul should be entrusted to the care and management of such brutes; who, by minding nothing but their sensual ease and delights, their food and fodder, degrade it in this world, and destroy it in the next.

Now, to provide for eternity, I know no better rule than to do nothing but

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what thou mightest be contented to be found doing when Christ shall come to judge thee; to live so as if every day were thy last, and the very next to eternity. If it be not so, it is more than you or I know. Since we have no assurance of a day or hour longer, it is but reason and wisdom to look upon every one as the last.

Suppose, now, your chambers darkened, your friends standing round your beds mourning over you; a sad silence filling all the place; nothing heard but your groans, or theirs to answer yours; when your souls, sitting on your lips, shall look over into eternity and flutter to be gone? when they shall, like the flame of an expiring lamp, vibrate and catch at the exhausted body; how would you then spend that small scantling of remaining time? Would you be laying up for years? would you be contriving for your vain pleasures? Or would you send for your idle and debauched companions, to laugh and jest away that last hour, as well as the rest? No: these designs and this mirth are now dashed: now, the necessities of the soul begin to crowd hard upon you; the sight of a severe Judge and dreadful tribunal, the worryings of an accusing conscience, the fearful review of past sins, and expectation of attending torments, now shake out all such, once so delightful and contenting thoughts; and now, when your souls are departing out of your bodies, they begin to come into your remembrance.

Night is hastening, and spreading its wings over us; the grave expects us, and bids its other corpses make room. Death is grasping us in its cold arms, and ready to carry us to the dreadful tribunal: and yet how little of our great work is done! We burn away our precious days, and miserably waste our light and our life: we exhaust our strength, and lavish out our affections, upon toys and fond nothings: and that life of ours, which the Psalmist calls a "tale," for its shortness, we make a tale for its vanity. We spend it most frivolously till the days of darkness (which are many) come upon us; and then think to prepare for eternity, when we are fit for nothing else, and least of all for that.

Why should our precious souls be so vile in our eyes as to lose them for very sloth and carelessness? Why should we hearken to the suggestions of the flesh, or the allurements of the world? Stand off! we are working for eternity: an eternity that is but a few days hence; a boundless, a bottomless, and endless state, into which we know not how soon we may enter. This is a motive which cannot but prove effectual with all who have their right understandings about them. But many are so strangely besotted by the devil, that, though they hear these truths,—truths which they cannot deny, which they cannot doubt of,—yet they live at such a rate of sin and security, as if their eternity were to be expected here, or none to be expected hereafter.

Well may a Christian count death among his gains, since it is the hand of death which draws the curtain of the great tabernacle, and lets us in to see God face to face in that palace of inestimable majesty, where we shall have the strong rays of His glory beat full upon us, and be ourselves made strong enough to bear them. Yea, these bodies of ours, which are the only part that can suffer damage, shall have it abundantly recompensed at the resurrection: they are "sown in weakness," but shall be "raised in power:" they are "sown in dishonour," but "raised in glory." (1 Cor. xv. 43.) These frail and dull clods shall then become impassible as angels, subtle as a ray of light, bright as the sun, and nimble as the wings of lightning.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

Thousands of men breathe, move, and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the instruments of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled; and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year; and you will never be forgotten. No: your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. They will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

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DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

I was standing by the side of my mother, under the spacious porch of Dr. Beattie's church, Glasgow, awaiting the hour for afternoon service, when I observed two young men turn a corner, and walk towards the church. They were dressed in their working clothes, unshaven and dirty, and slightly intoxicated. As they passed the church-door, they assumed a swaggering, irreverent gait, laughed, and finally commenced singing a profane song. My mother turned to me, and said, "Follow those two men, and invite them to a seat in our pew."

I soon overtook them, and delivered my mother's message. One laughed scornfully, and began to swear: the other paused and pondered; he was evidently struck with the nature of the invitation. His companion again swore, and was about to drag him away; but he still paused. I repeated the invitation, and in a few seconds he looked in my face, and said, "When I was a boy like you, I went to church every Sunday. I have not been inside of a church for three years. *I do not feel right.* I believe I will go with you." I seized his hand, and led him back to the house of God, in spite of the remonstrances and oaths of his companion. An excellent sermon was preached, from Eccles. xi. 1: "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." The young man was attentive, but seemed abashed and downcast.

At the conclusion of the service, my mother kindly said to him, "Have you a Bible, young man?" "No ma'am; but I can get one," was his reply. "You can read, of course?" she said. "Yes, ma'am." "Well, take my son's Bible until you procure one of your own, and come to church again next Lord's day. I shall always be happy to accommodate you with a seat."

He put the Bible in his pocket, and hurried away. At family worship that evening my mother prayed fervently for the conversion of that young man.

Next Sunday came, and the next, but the stranger did not appear. My mother frequently spoke of him, and appeared grieved at his absence. He had doubtless been the subject of her closet devotions. On the third Sabbath morning, while the congregation were singing the first psalm, the young man again entered our pew. He was now dressed genteelly, and appeared thin and pale, as if from recent sickness. Immediately after the benediction, the stranger laid my Bible on the desk, and left the church, without giving my mother an opportunity she much desired of conversing with him. On one of the blank leaves of the Bible we found some writing, in pencil, signed, "W. C." He asked to be remembered in my mother's prayers.

Years rolled on: my mother passed to her heavenly rest; I grew up to manhood; and the stranger was forgotten.

In the autumn of 18—, the ship "St. George," of which I was the medical officer, anchored in Table-Bay.

Next day, being Sabbath, I attended morning service at the Wesleyan chapel. At the conclusion of worship, a gentleman, seated behind me, asked to look at my Bible. In a few minutes he returned it, and I walked into the street. I had arranged to dine at the "George," and was mounting the steps in front of that hotel, when the gentleman who had examined my Bible laid his hand on my shoulder, and begged to have a few minutes' conversation. We were shown into a private apartment. As soon as we were seated, he examined my countenance with great attention, and then began to sob; tears rolled down his cheeks; he was evidently labouring under some intense emotion. He asked me several questions; my name, age, occupation, birthplace, &c. He then inquired if I had not, when a boy, many years ago, invited a drunken Sabbath-breaker to a seat in Dr. Beattie's church? I was astonished: the subject of my mother's anxiety and prayers was before me. Mutual explanations and congratulations followed, after which Mr. C. gave me a short history of his life.

He was born in the town of Leeds, of highly respectable and religious parents, who gave him a good education, and trained him up in the way of righteousness. When about fifteen years of age, his father died; and his mother's straitened circumstances obliged her to take him from school, and put him to learn a trade. In his new situation he imbibed all manner of evil, became incorrigibly vicious, and broke his mother's heart. Freed now from all parental restraint, he left his employers, and travelled to Scotland. In the city of Glasgow he had lived and sinned for two years, when he was arrested in his career through my mother's instrumentality. On the first Sabbath of our strange interview, he confessed that after he left church he was seized with pangs of unutterable remorse. The sight of a mother and a son worshipping God together, recalled the happy days of his own boyhood, when he went to church and Sunday-school, and when he also had a mother,—a mother whose latter days he had embittered, and whose grey hairs he had brought with sorrow to the grave. His mental suffering threw him on a bed of sickness, from which he arose a changed man. He returned to England, cast himself

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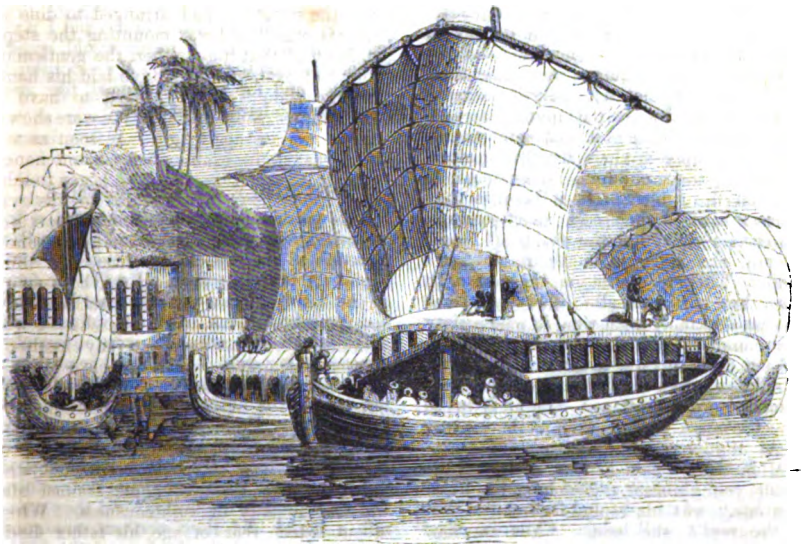
at the feet of his maternal uncle, and asked and obtained forgiveness. With his uncle's consent he studied for the ministry; and, on being ordained, he entered the Missionary field, and had been labouring for several years in Southern Africa.

"The moment I saw your Bible this morning," he said, "I recognised it. And now, do you know who was my companion on the memorable Sabbath you invited me to church? He was the notorious Jack Hill, who was hanged about a year afterwards for highway robbery. I was dragged from the very brink of infamy and destruction, and saved as a brand from the burning. You remember Dr. Beattie's text, on the day of my salvation: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.'"—*Inglis's Sabbath-School.*

ANTIQUITIES.



HINDOO VESSELS ON THE GANGES.

Large Egyptian vessels (says Dr. Kitto) had generally one, and small boats two, rudders at the stern. The former traversed upon a beam between two projecting heads, a short pillar or mast supporting it, and acting by the centre upon which it moved. The latter were nearly the same in principle, except that they turned on a bar, or in a ring, by which they were suspended to the gunwale at either side; and in both instances the steersman directed them by means of a rope fastened to the upper extremity. The rudder consisted of a long, broad blade, and still longer handle, made in imitation of the oars by which they originally steered their boats, before they had so far improved them as to adopt a fixed rudder. The oars were a long round wooden shaft, to which a flat board, of oval or circular form, was fastened; and it is remarkable that the same oar is used to this day on the Ganges and in the Arabian Gulf. They turned either on toll-pins or in rings, fastened to the gunwale of the boat; and the rowers sat on the deck, on benches, or on low seats, or stood or knelt to the oar, sometimes pushing it forward, sometimes (and indeed more generally) pulling it, as is the modern custom in Egypt and most other countries. That some of the ancient Egyptian vessels were built with ribs, like those of the present day, is shown by the rude models discovered in the tombs at Thebes. It is probable that they had very little keel, in order to enable them to avoid the sandbanks, and to facilitate their removal when they struck; and indeed the models seem to show that they were generally flat-bottomed. The boats now used on the Nile have a very small keel, particularly at the centre, where it is concave; so that when the head strikes they put to the helm, and the hollow part clears

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the bank. And here it may be observed that the difference between the maritime navigation and that of large rivers was much less considerable in ancient times than at present; for the sea-going vessels crept along shore in such a manner as exposed the vessels in both to nearly the same incidents, and therefore a greater similarity of build than now exists prevailed.

PARENTAL MONITOR.

PARENTAL SOLICITUDE.

EVERY Christian parent must have it in his heart to say to his child, as did a venerable Minister, "I long to see you housed in the ark before the gathering tempest shall arise, and sweep away all that are without." But comparatively few parents do say it, either by word or deed. They find it difficult to speak to their children respecting their eternal interests, but not difficult to speak to them respecting their temporal interests. Why is it so? Why is it that many parents who feel deeply anxious for the spiritual welfare of their children, never speak to them on the subject? Is it because they are conscious of their own short-comings, and remain silent lest the charge of inconsistency should arise in their children's minds? This, no doubt, is the case with some, but not with all. There are some who walk humbly with God, in whose piety their children have the utmost confidence, and yet their lips are sealed on the subject of religion when in the presence of their children. Why is it so? Ought it to be so? Christian parent, shall it be so any longer in your case?

O, if there be a subject upon which parents and children should have the freest interchange of thought and feeling, it is that of the soul's well-being. Children often desire to be spoken to on this subject. It weighs upon their minds, and they would fain have parental counsel and parental sympathy. "My mother," said one, now in the ministry, "was a good woman; but she could not talk to her children on the subject of religion. When I was about fourteen years old, my mind was deeply impressed by religious truth. I longed to tell my feelings to my mother. I at length gathered courage to speak to her on the subject; but she said little to me, and I was led to resolve that I never would speak to her again on the subject. My seriousness left me, and for years I seemed like one given over to hardness of heart."

THE BIBLE IN THE FAMILY.

THE mother of a family was married to an infidel, who made a jest of religion in the presence of his own children; yet she succeeded in bringing them all up in the fear of the Lord. I one day asked her how she had preserved them from the influence of a father whose sentiments were so openly opposed to her own. This was her answer: "Because to the authority of a father I did not oppose the authority of a mother, but that of God. From their earliest years, my children have always seen the Bible upon my table. This holy book has constituted the whole of their religious instruction. Did they propose a question? did they commit a fault? did they perform any good action? I opened the Bible, and the Bible answered, reproved, or encouraged them. The constant reading of the Scriptures has alone wrought the prodigy which surprises you."

OUR SERVANTS.

THE SERVANT'S CHOICE OF A SITUATION.

BY THE REV. DAVID HAY.

I HAVE endeavoured to impress your mind with the importance of religion. I trust you are no longer to be numbered with the many who neglect it, and who sometimes boast that they make no pretension to piety. But in this they are not justified. This is their sin. Herein lies their guilt. God has a claim upon their service. To them He says, "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." They cannot dispose of themselves as they like. The Divine requirement from them is, "My son, give me thy heart."

Surely you have already complied with this gracious demand. May I not hope that you have given *your* heart to God, your Saviour? Yes, you have sought and found the pearl of great price. You are divinely blessed. The love of God fills your heart.

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Your peace flows like a river. You are deeply anxious to *retain* these blessings. You would not forfeit them on any account. Then, in all your future movements be solicitous to secure the guidance of Divine Providence. This you must not overlook in your *choice of a situation*. It is of great moment to you that you find your providential place. In order to this, I advise you to pray earnestly and sincerely that God may guide you with His counsel. You are permitted to make known your requests to Him, by prayer and supplication. If several openings present themselves, do not let your decision be influenced by mere feeling, or taste, or opinion, but by common sense, and the fear of God. Do not fix upon having a place merely for its worldly respectability, or its promise of indulgence, or its rate of wages; for there are higher considerations than any of these. And if you sincerely desire to please God, if your will be in submission to His, be assured that "the meek He will guide in judgment, the meek will He teach his way."

I would recommend you to seek a situation in a *religious family*. To the mind of a pious servant, there is something fearful in the thought of becoming an inmate of a house where God is not acknowledged, nor the voice of prayer and praise ever heard; where Sabbaths are desecrated, and religion is despised. A curse is in the house of the wicked: and upon the families that call not on the name of God, He will pour out His fury. How dark is that habitation in which the light of religion does not shine! There is no heavenly peace, no satisfying pleasure, in that family from which the Author of happiness is excluded. Not only is such a family not to be desired, because of the absence of all the services and influences of religion, but shunned, in consequence of the various evils and dangers to which it would necessarily expose you. To serve God in such a situation might not, indeed, be impossible to one whom God has placed there as a light to shine for their instruction and reproof; but any one professing piety, choosing it for the sake of a worldly consideration, would prove at once they were fallen from grace. You could not, in these circumstances, expect the blessing and protection of God. And remember, danger is never to be courted, but avoided. Never expose yourself to temptation, lest you should be overcome. Never put your salvation in peril. Never esteem things temporal above things eternal; for this will involve you in vexation, disappointment, and final loss.

And, in addition to other dangers, could you expect among such to escape persecution? And are you sure that you would meekly bear the scoffs and derisions of those about you? If before the unregenerate you act a consistent part, your conduct would be a perpetual reproof to their carelessness, prayerlessness, and folly. And would you have courage to persevere in your religious duties, amid daily opposition, and to maintain the Christian spirit and life, in an atmosphere so uncongenial? All this, and much more, may be borne by God's help, when He calls to the endurance of such trials; but the case is very different when the exposure results from mere personal wilfulness. "What concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel," or unbeliever?

On the other hand, let me point out to you some of the privileges and advantages which a member of a religious family enjoys. There is daily worship, at which the whole household is assembled, to listen to the solemn reading of the word of God, and to join in praise and prayer to Him who heareth prayer. Here there is an opportunity for receiving Divine instruction, and for unburdening the heart by confessing the sin which makes it mourn, for praying for pardon, and uniting in thanksgiving and praise to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. Religion, in its enlightening and quickening power, is thus brought down from heaven upon the soul, and the sincere worshipper is renewed in strength by waiting upon the Lord. And where these domestic services of religion may be had, you should highly prize them, and duly improve them; and if at any time they interrupt the business of the house, they never really hinder it. I have before urged you daily to read your Bible, and observe private prayer, but I know in many instances your opportunities will be limited: how doubly welcome, then, should be the season of social devotion! This advantage, like all other gifts of Divine love, may be lightly esteemed, made fruitless, or abused, yet to a sincere soul it is a privilege to be a member of a "church in the house," where the presence and blessing of the Saviour are felt and realised. How interesting is the record of domestic piety in the history of the Patriarchs, and particularly in the case of Abraham! He was the friend of God. He was distinguished for his faith; but that for which he is especially commended by God, was his conduct as the head of a family. "I know him," said the Lord, "that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment." And if it was right for him to command his children and his household or servants after him, it was required of them that they should obey. While he taught, they were to hearken; while he interceded, they were to pray: and so is it to be with you; it is a service in which you are heartily and believingly to join, and then it will not be in vain.

I admit that there are cases in which religious servants do not profit by a residence even in a pious family. And no wonder that they are disappointed, and in conse-

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quence often suffer loss in their souls. They go with unreasonable expectations of favour and indulgence, which it would not be right for their employer to grant, nor beneficial to them to receive. They forget that the work of the house of a religious family must be performed, as well as that of an ungodly one, and in the same way too. And they sometimes overlook the fact, that if their employers are people of piety, they are not less their master and mistress on that account. It is often a temptation on the part of servants professing religion, to respect less a believing master than they would an unbelieving one. St. Paul, by the Spirit, knew that this was an error into which you were likely to fall. Hence the warning he has given, 1 Tim. vi. 1, 2: "Let as many servants as are under the yoke count their own masters worthy of all honour, that the name of God and His doctrine be not blasphemed. And they that have believing masters, let them not despise them, because they are brethren; but rather do them service, because they are faithful and beloved, partakers of the benefit." Let no servant honour her master less because he is a Christian. And probably there is often the same unreasonable expectation by masters, from religious servants, and a less disposition to bear with their faults, than with those of others; but I am not now concerned with them.

And on another point I would affectionately warn you. Do not absurdly suppose that in a religious family you will meet with no trials, or that you can live safely and prosperously without watchfulness and prayer. If you neglect these exercises, however favourably you may be situated, your piety will decline. Wherever you may dwell, you will carry with you an evil heart of unbelief, in which, though changed, there is a tendency to evil tempers, dispositions, and affections. "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." "Keep yourselves in the love of God." "Give diligence, that ye may make your calling and election sure." And beside your evil heart, the great adversary will follow you into your retreat, and will harass, perplex, and trouble you. And the world will allure and entice you, and suggest that the restraints of religion are oppressive, and that you would be happier if you had a little more licence to roam. Sorrows, also, will arise in the family itself; (for what family is free from them?) and patience, and humility, and self-denial will be required. But do not, in such a case, attribute the evil to the family: it is a merciful chastisement from the Lord for your good. It is the discipline of your heavenly Father; and how know you, but it may have been sent for your sake?

Strongly as I would urge you to use your best endeavours to place yourself in a situation most favourable to your spiritual welfare, I do not say that you should not, under any circumstances, enter an irreligious family. But if the Lord send you to such a one, it is not to gratify yourself, but to please Him; not to indulge some whim or passion, but to bring honour to His name, by being a faithful witness for Him. He will not call you to reside where you would be required to cease from the public worship of God, to renounce your church-membership, or to violate the sanctity of the Sabbath. On the one hand, while it does not become you to be unreasonable in your demand for religious privileges; on the other, you ought not to surrender, or barter away, what are necessary for the salvation of your soul. A proper share of these secured, Providence may direct the steps of a God-fearing servant to a house in which the light of true piety does not shine; and the humble domestic may become, by a careful, consistent, Christian deportment, the instrument, like the Israelitish maid of old, of bringing the family to a knowledge of the truth. Wherever your lot may be cast, honour your Saviour by a faithful, humble, and holy profession of His religion. Feel how great your responsibility to Christ, though your position in life be lowly. "Adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things;" remembering, in the midst of all your provocations, the words of your Lord, "Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth."

And should these lines meet the eye of the unconverted servant, I would entreat her to consider the path of her feet, and make haste, and delay not to keep the commandments of God. How forlorn and wretched is that poor soul who attempts to live without the love of Christ, and the guardian care of God! In this world, to such, all is vanity and vexation of spirit; and in the future world, it will be darkness and woe. Arise, and go to thy Father.

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A GENTLE BOY.

"Be very gentle with her, my son," said Mrs. B—, as she tied on her little girl's bonnet, and sent her out to play with her elder brother.

They had not been out very long before a cry was heard, and presently J. came in and threw down his hat, saying,

"I hate playing with girls! There's no fun with them: they cry in a minute."

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"What have you been doing to your sister? I see her lying there on the gravel-walk: you have torn her frock, and pushed her down. I am afraid you forgot my caution to be gentle."

"Gentle! Boys can't be gentle, mother: it is their nature to be rough, and hardy, and boisterous. They are the stuff soldiers and sailors are made of. It is very well to talk of a gentle girl; but a gentle boy—it sounds ridiculous! I should be ready to knock a fellow down for calling me so!"

"And yet, J., a few years hence, you would be very angry if any one were to say you were not a gentle-man."

"A gentle-man! I had never thought of dividing the word that way before. Being gentle always seems to me like being weak and womanish."

"This is so far from being the case, my son, that you will always find the bravest men are the most gentle. The spirit of chivalry that you so much admire, was a spirit of the noblest courage and the utmost gentleness combined. Still, I dare say, you would rather be called a manly than a gentle boy?"

"Yes, indeed, mother."

"Well, then, my son, it is my great wish that you should endeavour to unite the two. Show yourself manly when you are exposed to danger, or see others in peril; be manly when called on to speak the truth, though the speaking of it may bring reproach upon you; be manly when you are in sickness and pain. At the same time be gentle, whether you are with females or with men; be gentle towards all men. By putting the two spirits together, you will deserve a name which, perhaps you will not so greatly object to."

"I see what you mean, dear mother; and I will endeavour to be what you wish,—a gentle-manly boy."

THE TREE THAT NEVER FADES.

"MARY," said George, "next summer I will not have a garden. Our pretty tree is dying, and I won't love another tree as long as I live. I will have a bird next summer, and that will stay all winter."

"George, don't you remember my beautiful canary-bird? It died in the middle of the summer, and we planted bright flowers in the ground where we buried it. My bird did not live as long as the tree."

"Well, I don't see we can love anything. Dear little brother died before the bird; and I loved him better than any bird, or tree, or flower. O, I wish we could have something to love which wouldn't die!"

The day passed. During the school-hours, George and Mary had almost forgotten that their tree was dying; but at evening, as they drew their chairs to the table at which their mother was sitting, and began to arrange the seeds they had been gathering, the remembrance of the tree came upon them.

"Mother," said Mary, "you may give these seeds to cousin John: I never want another garden."

"Yes," added George, pushing the papers in which he had carefully folded them towards his mother, "you may give them all away. If I could find some seeds of a tree that would never fade, I should like then to have a garden. I wonder, mother, if there ever was such a garden?"

"Yes, George: I have read of a garden where the trees never die."

"A *real* garden, mother?"

"Yes, my son. In the middle of the garden, I have been told, there runs a pure river of water, clear as crystal, and on each side of the river is *the tree of life*, a tree that never fades. That garden is *heaven*. There you may love, and live for ever. There will be no death, no fading there. Let your treasure be in the tree of life, and you will have something to which your young hearts can cling, without fear and without disappointment. Love the Saviour here, and He will prepare you to dwell in those green pastures, and beside those still waters."

POETRY.

BY RICHARD BAXTER.

I.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

As for my friends, they are not lost:
The several vessels of the fleet,
Though parted now, by tempests tost,
Shall safely in the haven meet.

Still we are centred all in Thee;
Members, though distant, of one Head,
In the same family we be,
By the same faith and Spirit led.

Before Thy throne we daily meet,
As joint petitioners to Thee;
In spirit we each other greet,
And shall again each other see.

The heavenly hosts, world without end,
Shall be my company above;
And Thou, my best, my surest Friend,
Who shall divide me from Thy love?

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II.

PSALM CXLVIII.

Ye holy angels bright,
Who stand before God's throne,
And live in glorious light,
Make ye His praises known.

Ye spirits of the blest,
Who near the Saviour dwell,
And share His blissful rest,
Join ye the praise to swell.

Ye nations of the earth,
Extol the world's great King;
With melody and mirth
His glorious praises sing.

Sing forth Jehovah's praise,
Ye saints that on Him call;
O magnify His grace,
His holy chambers, all.

My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love.

III.

RESIGNATION.

Lord, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live:
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before:
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth is sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days;
And join with the triumphant saints,
That sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all;
And I shall be with Him.

BIOGRAPHY.

MARY ANN SHAW.

Mary Ann, the daughter of Joseph and Lydia Shaw, of Bosley, near Macclesfield, was born August 10th, 1835. She was carefully brought up by her parents in the fear of the Lord, and at a suitable age was sent to the Bosley-Works Wesleyan Sunday-school, two miles distant from her residence. There she received much spiritual good, and, by attention and diligence, made her profiting appear to all. She often repeated to the family, on her return home from school, the substance of the instruction she had received on religious subjects.

The Lord early drew her heart to Himself; and, as she grew in years, she improved in the knowledge of things spiritual and heavenly. The holy Scriptures were her delight; and she was greatly benefited by the biography of pious children.

It shortly became evident, however, to her parents and friends, that these early blossoms of piety were soon to open in a better world. Disease began to undermine her health, and to prepare her for an early tomb. Medical aid was found unavailing; but she contemplated death without fear. She was cheerfully resigned to the will of God. For the benefit of medical advice and change of air, it was deemed proper to remove her to a distance from home; and for some time she resided with a family where [illegible]ver was not offered. On her return to [illegible]ther's house, she stated how much she had been grieved at this neglect, and rejoiced much in the opportunity again afforded of kneeling with those she loved around the family altar.

As her affliction progressed, she felt much for unsaved sinners. She grieved over the hardness of heart that kept them from coming to the Saviour, who was so willing to save them, and had redeemed them by His blood. Once and again she desired her parents not to weep for her, because she should be so much better off in heaven; telling them, that their heavenly Father's will must be done; and adding, that she should wait their arrival above.

She spoke to her brothers and sisters, and charged them to meet her in heaven. Her happy and resigned state of mind, and the conversation which she held, deeply affected those that came to see her. One said that to witness such grace in so young a person was enough to convince even an infidel that there was a reality in religion.

Her trust and confidence in Jesus were unhesitating, unbounded to the end. "I am as sure," she said, "of heaven, as if I was there already, because my soul is cleansed from sin through the blood of Jesus Christ my Saviour."

She breathed her soul into the hands of her Redeemer on the 1st of May, 1847, before having quite completed her twelfth year.

J. S.

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POPERY.

MIRACLE SOLVED.

In the month of June, 1824, in a small village called Artes, near Hostalrich, about twelve leagues from Barcelona, a Constitutionalist being at the point of death, his brother called on the Curate, requesting him to come and administer the sacrament. The Curate refused, saying, "Your brother is a Constitutionalist; that is to say, a villain, an impious wretch, an enemy to God and man: he is damned without mercy; and it is, therefore, useless for me to confess him." "But who told you that my brother was damned?" "God Himself told me, during the sacrifice of the mass, that your brother is damned to all the devils." It was in vain that the brother reiterated his entreaties: the Curate was inexorable. A few days after, the individual died: when his brother demanded for the body the rites of sepulture, the Curate refused, alleging, "The soul of your brother is now burning in hell, as I told you before. It would be in vain for me to take any trouble about interring his body; for during the night the devils will come and carry it away; and in forty days you yourself will meet the same fate." The Spaniard, not giving implicit credit to this diabolical visit, watched during the night by the body of his brother, and with his pistols loaded. Between twelve and one o'clock, a knock was heard at the door; and a voice exclaimed, "I command you to open, in the name of the living God! Open! if not, your instant ruin is at hand." The Spaniard refused to open. Shortly after he saw enter by the window three able-bodied persons, covered with skins of wild beasts, having the usual quantity of horns, claws, and spiked tails, who set about carrying the coffin containing the body: upon this the guardian fired, and shot one of the pretended devils dead. The others took to flight: he fired after them, and wounded both; one of whom died in a few minutes; the other escaped. In the morning, when the people went to church, there was no Curate to officiate; and it was shortly after discovered, on examining the two persons who had been killed, that the one was the Curate, and the other the Vicar: the other who was wounded turned out to be the Sacristan, who confessed the whole diabolical proceeding. The case was brought before the tribunal at Barcelona.

THE EARLY CHRISTIANITY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Gross misapprehension exists, generally, throughout Great Britain, as to the time when Papal usurpation and Papal corruptions first found their way into the British isles. For centuries after Christianity had been acknowledged by our ancestors, they knew nothing of the Bishop of Rome, excepting as a foreign Prelate who possessed no power, or at least no lawful jurisdiction, beyond the limits of his own diocese. So far down as the year 620, we find Rome and her adherents spoken of in the following contemptuous terms in one of the poems of a Welsh bard, named Taliessin:—

"Woe be to that Priest, ybern,
That will not cleanly weed his corn,
And preach his charge among;
Woe be to that shepherd, I say,
That will not watch his fold alway,
As to his office doth belong:
Woe be to him that doth not keep
From Romish wolves his erring sheep,
With staff and weapon strong."

ANECDOTES.

CROMWELL'S ENVOY.

When Bulstrode Whitelock was embarked as Cromwell's envoy to Sweden, in 1653, he was much disturbed in mind as he rested in Harwich on the preceding night, which was very stormy, while he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. It happened that a confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, at length said,

"Pray, Sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Pray, Sir, do not you think that God governed the world very well before you came into it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And pray, Sir, do not you think that He will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?"

"Certainly."

"Then, Sir, pray excuse me, but do not you think you may trust Him to govern it quite as well as long as you live?"

To this question Whitelock had nothing to reply; but, turning about, soon fell fast asleep, till he was summoned to embark.

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THE SANDWICH ISLANDER'S REPLY TO THE JESUIT.

When the Jesuit Missionaries first arrived in the Sandwich Islands, they used many arguments with the natives, to show that their instructions and those of the Protestant Missionaries were alike. It was on one of these occasions that an old man, who made no pretensions to religion, replied, that the Missionaries had taught him about God. "O yes," replied the Priest, "Mr. Thurston taught about God, and that was right: you heard him, and now I wish you to hear me." The old man gravely answered: "But the Bible says I cannot serve two masters." He further objected to their images, when the Priest said, "O, we do not call this God, and we do not pray to it. It is only a representation or shadow of God." The old man replied, "Let me see it: that cannot be any representation of God. It is made of brass. *If there be any shadow or representation of God, it must be in the heart, not in an image."—Cheever's Island-World.*

GIVE GOOD MEASURE.

When I was a young man, there lived in our neighbourhood one who was universally reported to be a very liberal man, and uncommonly upright in his dealings. When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to give good measure, over good, rather more than could be required of him. One of his friends, observing him frequently doing so, questioned him why he did it, told him he gave too much, and said it would not be to his own advantage. Now, mark the answer of this man: "God Almighty has permitted me but one journey through the world; and when gone, I cannot return to rectify mistakes." Think of this; only one journey through this world.—*J. Simpson.*

MY CHILDREN STILL.

A young Preacher recently called upon an eminent Divine, and in the course of conversation asked him how many children he had. "Four, Sir," was the reply. At the supper-table, the visiter perceived two beautiful children seated by the side of the mother. Turning to his host, he said, "I thought you had four children, Sir: where are the other two?" Lifting his eyes, the holy man of God pointed upwards, while a sweet smile broke over his countenance. "They are in heaven," he repeated slowly and calmly; "yet my children still: not dead, but gone before."

"NOTHING MINE BUT GOD."

In recently looking through the Memoir of Mrs. Savage, the sister of Matthew Henry, the commentator, we noticed this entry in her diary: "*Resolved to call nothing mine but God.*" This reminded us of the Saviour's requirement, "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple;" and also of the Apostle's representation of the Christian possessions, "All things are yours." Truly, if this be so, "he that loseth his life shall find it."

HOW TO AROUSE ATTENTION IN A CONGREGATION.

Bishop Ellmer, when his auditory grew dull and inattentive, would, with some pretty and unexpected conceit, move them to attention. Among the rest was this:—He read a long text in Hebrew; whereupon all seemed to listen what would come after such strange words, as if they had taken it for some conjuration. Then he showed their folly, that when he spake English, whereby they might be instructed and edified, they neglected and hearkened not to it; and now he read Hebrew, which they understood no word of, they would seem so careful and attentive.

JOHN HOWIE'S FAST-DAYS.

In John Howie's time, public fasts were frequent; and this was the method of conducting the service upon such occasions: "He began at nine o'clock with a prayer of a quarter of an hour; read and expounded Scripture for about three-quarters of an hour; prayed an hour; preached another hour; then prayed half an hour. The people then sung for about a quarter of an hour, during which he retired and took a little refreshment. He then went into the pulpit again; prayed an hour more, preached another hour, and then with a prayer of half an hour concluded the service."

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

ORIENTAL INSTRUMENTS OF THE DRUM KIND.

Here are representations of various instruments of the drum kind known to the ancient Egyptians, and of those now used in Western Asia. Whether the Israelites had

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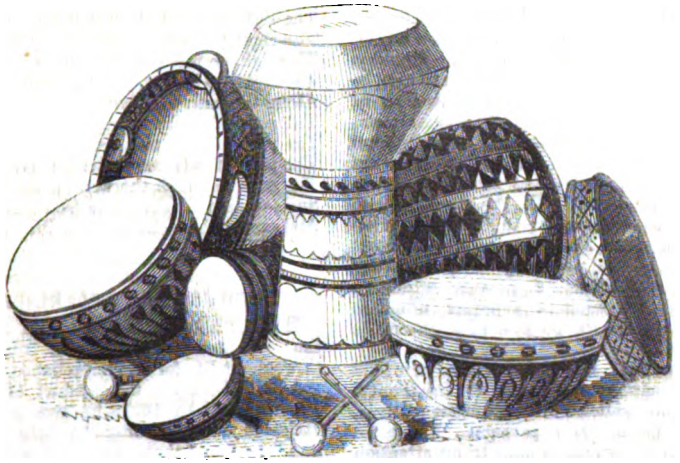

drums or not does not plainly appear; and, in the absence of the evidence, *pro* and *con*, it is useless to speculate on the subject. If they had, they must be included under the general name of *toph*. The ancient Egyptians had a long drum, very similar to the tom-toms of India. It was about two feet or two feet and a half in length, and was beaten with the hand. The case was wood or copper, covered at both ends with parchment or leather, and braced with cords extended diagonally over the exterior of the cylinder. It was used chiefly in war. There was another large drum, less unlike our own: it was about two feet and a half long by about two feet broad, and was shaped much like a sugar-cask. It was formed of copper, and covered at the ends with red leather, braced by catgut strings passed through small holes in its broad margin. This kind of drum was beaten with sticks. It does not appear on the monuments; but an actual specimen was found in 1823, and is now in the Museum at Paris. Another species of drum is represented in the Egyptian paintings, and it is of the same kind that is still in use in Arabia under the name of the *darabooka* drum, as represented in the central figure of the above cut. It is made of parchment, stretched over the top of a funnel-shaped case of metal, pottery, or wood. It is beaten by the hand; and, when relaxed, the parchment is braced by exposing it for a few moments to the sun, or to the warmth of a fire. This kind of drum claims particular attention from its being supposed to be represented in one of the coins ascribed to Simon Maccabæus. When closely examined, this instrument will appear to be the same in principle with our kettle-drum, which, indeed, has been confessedly derived from the East, where other instruments on the same principle are not wanting. The Rabbins speak obscurely of a sort of drum which may have been of this kind. It stood, they say, in the temple-court, and was used to call the Priests to prayer, the Levites to singing, and the leprous persons to their purification. They venture to add, that its sound could be heard so far as Jericho.—*Pictorial Bible.*

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

AN INDUCEMENT TO INDUSTRY NOT MUCH THOUGHT OF.

"Let him that stole steal no more: but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, *that he may have to give to him that needeth.*" Note, in this passage, the reason by which the habit of honest industry is enforced upon the man; namely, that instead of being under the necessity of demanding help, *he may have to give to him that needeth.* "Study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands, as we commanded you, that ye may walk honestly toward them that are without, and that ye may have lack of nothing." "For even when we were with you, this we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat. For we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are busybodies. Now, them that are such we command and

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exhort by our Lord Jesus Christ, that with quietness they work, and eat their own bread." "But if any provide not for his own," continues the Apostle to Timothy, "and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." In the Epistle to the Romans he commands that we "owe no man anything, but to love one another;" and that we be "not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." To the same general purport the injunction in Titus is given to all Christians, that they learn to maintain good works for necessary uses, that they be not unfruitful; a passage which is supposed to enjoin a constant diligence in business for the purpose of a systematic benevolence.

A man will not fail to note here the practical wisdom and beauty of Christianity, and the unparalleled loftiness of its motives, as revealed in these passages. The main argument by which an industrious attention to business is urged upon men, is that they may themselves possess the ability, and exercise the habit, and enjoy the happiness, of giving to those who have need. There are no extremes here, no impracticable separations between a man's business and his piety; but his business is to be pursued as a part, and for the sake, of his piety. You are not commanded to turn aside from the pursuits of this world, to renounce them, and to go about preaching or praying as your only business; but you are to serve God in your own calling, and to pursue that industriously, as a part of your religion. You are to trust in God, but you are to help yourself. You are to labour for your own support, and that of your family. And you are to do this, not to gain a mere support for them and yourself, but to be able also, if need be, to supply the wants of others. You are to work with all your energy, in an honest way, for an honest competence. You are to do this, not only that you may not be compelled to tax the charity of others for your support, but that you may have a surplus to give to the needy. If, after you have done your uttermost, trusting in God to gain your own livelihood, and also the ability to give to others, you are still poor, it is not your fault. God's discipline is upon you. But poverty is sin, if you are not using your utmost honest diligence to avoid it.—*Cheever.*

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

BY MRS. E. LITTLE.

The rights of woman, what are they?
The right to labour and to pray;
The right to watch while others sleep;
The right o'er others' woes to weep;
The right to succour in reverse;
The right to bless while others curse;
The right to love whom others scorn;
The right to comfort all that mourn;
The right to shed new joy on earth;
The right to feel the soul's high worth;
The right to lead the soul to God,
Along the path the Saviour trod,—
The path of meekness and of love,
The path of faith that leads above,
The path of patience under wrong,
The path in which the weak grow strong.
Such woman's rights; and God will bless
And crown their champions with success.

BISHOP HALL'S MARRIAGE.

Hall, Bishop of Norwich, and author of the "Contemplations," was remarkable throughout life for implicit reliance, in every step of life, upon the conduct of Divine Providence. In 1601, he was settled at Halstead; and needing "a help meet for him," he found that "a prudent wife," also, is "from the Lord." His own quaint but graphic relation of the circumstances connected with this event are thus given:—

"Being now, therefore, settled in that sweet and civil county of Suffolk, near to St. Edmund's Bury, my first work was to build up my house, which was then extremely ruinous; which done, the uncouth solitariness of my life, and the extreme incommodity of that single housekeeping, drew my thoughts, after two years, to condescend to the necessity of a married estate, which God no less strangely provided for me; for, walking from the church on Monday in the Whitsun week with a grave and reverend Minister, Mr. Grandidge, I saw a comely and modest gentlewoman standing at the door of that house, where we were invited to a wedding-dinner; and inquiring of that worthy friend whether he knew her, 'Yes,' quoth he, 'I know her well, and have bespoken her for your wife.' When I farther demanded an account of him of that answer, he told me she was the daughter of a gentleman whom he much respected, Mr. George Winniff, of Bretenhorn; that, out of an opinion of the fitness of the match for me, he had already treated with her father about it, whom he found very apt to entertain it; advising me not to neglect the opportunity, and not concealing the just praises of the modesty, piety, good disposition, and other virtues that were lodged in that seemly presence. I listened to the motion as sent from God; and, at last, upon due prosecution, happily prevailed, enjoying the comfortable society of that meet help for the space of forty-nine years."

THE CHRISTIAN MERCHANT.

There are seasons when a Christian's distinguishing character is hidden from man. A Christian merchant on 'Change is not

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called to show any difference in his mere exterior carriage from another merchant. He gives a reasonable answer, if he is asked a question. He does not fanatically intrude religion into every sentence he utters. He does not suppose his religion to be inconsistent with the common interchange of civilities. He is affable and courteous. He can ask the news of the day, and take up any public topic of conversation. But is he, therefore, not different from other men? He is like another merchant in the mere exterior circumstance, which is least in God's regard; but, in his taste, his views, his science, his hopes, his happiness, he is as different from those around him as light is from darkness.—*Cecil.*

THE POOR MAY DO GOOD.

You are not, though poor, shut out from *doing* good, any more than you are from *being* good. O! if you had a heart to be useful, you might find abundant opportunities to employ your energies. Many instances might be adduced, if it were necessary, of persons in the humblest walk of life doing great good; and that not only by all kinds of ingenious devices, but in the way of direct effort. Take the two following as specimens:—There was a member of the church under my care, who lived in an almshouse, and was so distorted by rheumatism as to be quite a cripple, and unable to walk or stand; and withal, her fingers, through the power of her disease, were twisted into all kinds of shapes. On entering her apartment one day, I found her with some religious tracts. Well, Mrs. H——, said I, "what are you doing?" "O Sir," she replied, "I am sorting my tracts." "What for?" "To send out to my neighbours." The fact was, that she had received these tracts from richer friends from time to time, and then employed some one to carry them round the spacious court of almshouses in which she lived, and other dwellings in the neighbourhood; and her work was to keep up a regular supply and exchange. Thus poor old Ellen in the almshouse could find some way to be useful.—To give one more instance. I was visiting a brother Minister a few years ago, with a view to assist him at a Missionary meeting, which was to be held in his chapel. While I was in his house, he called me into the kitchen, for what purpose I did not know till the scene explained itself. There stood an aged woman, about eighty years old, talking with the Minister, and looking with a smiling countenance, and with sparkling eyes, as far as such aged orbs could sparkle, upon some silver which my friend at that moment held in the palm of his hand. It might have been supposed she was going to receive this money to multiply her comforts; for all her income was half-a-crown a week from the parish, and what the kindness of her friends might occasionally bestow, out of which she paid eighteenpence for lodging: but no; she came to give, not to receive. That money, amounting to more than ten shillings, she had earned by knitting various articles, and selling them; and she was then in the kitchen, where I saw her, to place it in the hand of her Minister for the Missionary Society.—So you see the poor can do something for God's cause, if they have "a mind to work." But they may also do much in the way of direct effort for the conversion of souls. Can they not warn a profane sinner? or explain the way of salvation to those that are ignorant and out of the way? or distribute tracts, and talk about their contents? or invite the neglecters of public worship to the house of God? Let the poor understand, value, and enjoy their privilege.—*Memoir of Elizabeth Bales, by J. A. James.*

HOWARD'S NOTIONS ABOUT PROPERTY.

Howard entertained what may be thought by some, very strange notions about property,—notions which would find little favour with some of the state philosophers of these days; and, which is more pertinent to the matter, *he acted on them.* In the first place, he did not believe that the wealth he inherited from his parent was entirely his own, or that it could be altogether made use of as his personal caprice might suggest. He rather looked upon it as a deposit which Providence had entrusted to his keeping for the common benefit of mankind. He no more believed that he was at liberty to waste it upon his individual gratifications, than a banker, in whose hands it might have been placed, would have been. It must be allowed that these were very extraordinary heresies for a man who had received his commercial training in Watling-street; heresies, some will think, subversive of the very principles of economical science; *but they arose from studying the Bible.—Dixon's Life of Howard.*

DEATH'S PRIME MINISTER.

Death, the King of terrors, was determined to choose a Prime Minister; and his pale courtiers, the ghastly train of diseases, were all summoned to attend, when each preferred his claim to the honour of this illustrious office. Fever urged the numbers he had destroyed; cold Palsy set forth his pretensions by shaking all his limbs; Gout hobbled up, and alleged his great power of racking every joint; and Asthma's inability to speak was a strong though silent argument in favour of his claim. Stone and Colic pleaded their violence; Plague his rapid progress in destruction; and Consumption, though slow, insisted that he was sure.

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In the midst of this contention, the court was disturbed with the noise of music, dancing, feasting, and revelry; when immediately entered a lady, with a bold, lascivious air, and flushed jovial countenance. She was attended on the one hand by a troop of bacchanals, and on the other by a train of wanton youths and damsels, who danced half naked to the softest musical instruments. Her name was INTEMPERANCE. She waved her hand, and thus addressed the crowd of diseases: "Give way, ye sickly band of pretenders, nor dare to vie with my superior merits in the service of this monarch: am I not your Queen? Do ye not receive your power of shortening human life almost wholly from me? Who, then, so fit as myself for this important office?" The grisly Monarch grinned a smile of approbation, placed her on his right hand, and she immediately became his principal favourite and Prime Minister.—*Addison.*

GOOD MEN AT VARIANCE.

MANY a sharp conflict there has been between saint and saint, scuffling in the dark through misunderstanding of the truth and each other. Abraham and Lot were at strife. Aaron and Miriam jostled with Moses for the wall, till God interposed, and ended the quarrel by His immediate stroke on Miriam. The Apostles, even in the presence of their Master, were at high words, contesting who should be greatest. Now, in these civil wars among saints, Satan is the great kindle-coal, though little seen, because, like Ahab, he fights in a disguise, playing first on one side, and then on the other, aggravating every petty injury, and thereupon provoking to wrath and revenge: therefore the Apostle, dehorting from anger, useth this argument: "Give no place to the devil;" as if he had said, Fall not out among yourselves, except you long for the devil's company, who is the true soldier of fortune, as the common phrase is, living by his sword, and therefore hastes thither where there is any hopes of war. Gregory compares the saints in their sad differences to two cocks, which Satan, the master of the pit, sets on fighting, in hope, when killed, to sup with them at night. Solomon saith, "The mouth of the contentious man calls for strokes." (Prov. xviii. 6.) Indeed, we, by our mutual strifes, give the devil a staff to beat us with: he cannot well work without fire, and therefore blows up these coals of contention, which he useth as his forge, to heat our spirits into wrath, and then we are malleable; easily hammered as he pleaseth. Contention puts the soul into disorder, and *inter arma silent leges.* The law of grace acts not freely, when the spirit is in a commotion: meek Moses, provoked, speaks unadvisedly. Methinks this, if nothing else will, should sound a retreat to our unhappy differences, that this Joab hath a hand in them; he sets this evil spirit between brethren; and what folly it is to bite and devour one another, to make hell sport! We are prone to mistake our heat for zeal, whereas commonly in strife between saints it is a fire-ship sent in by Satan to break their unity and order; wherein while they stand they are an armada invincible: and Satan knows he hath no other way but this to shatter them: when the Christians' language, which should be one, begins to be confounded, they are then near scattering; it is time for God to part His children, when they cannot live in peace together.—*Gurnall.*

OLD CUSTOMS.

I KNOW very well (said King Edward VI.) that our religion consists, not of old customs, or the usage of our fathers, but in the holy Scriptures and Divine word; and that, if you think antiquity and custom make a thing good, it is older than the world; for God is older than the world, who was without beginning, and shall continue without end. And if you think truth ought to be followed and obeyed, all truth is contained in that book. Our religion ought not to be planted or governed by our forefathers; for Ezekiel saith, "Walk ye not in the statutes of your fathers; for they were polluted." Moreover, our God and Saviour, and Redeemer, Jesus Christ, said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." He did not say, "I am the old custom."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE PLANETS INHABITED.

WE have something more than the mere magnitude of the planets to allege in favour of the idea that they are inhabited. We know that this earth turns round upon itself; and we observe that all those celestial bodies that are accessible to such an observation, have the same movement. We know that the earth performs a yearly revolution round the sun; and we can detect, in all the planets which compose our system, a revolution of the same kind, and under the same circumstances. They have the same succession of day and night. They

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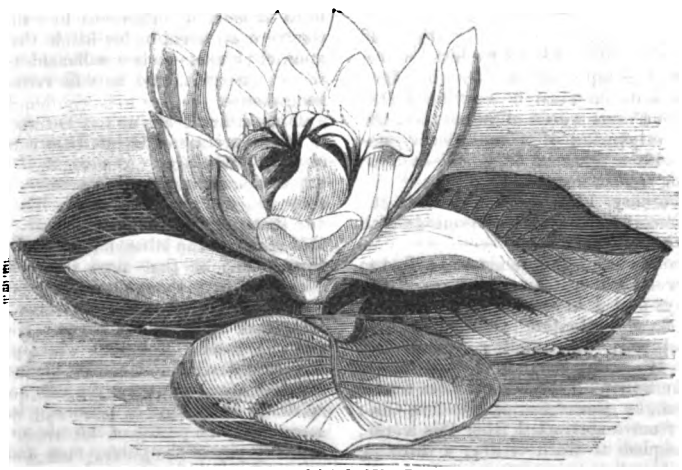
have the same agreeable vicissitude of seasons. To them light and darkness succeed each other; and the gaiety of summer is followed by the dreariness of winter. To each of them the heavens present as varied and magnificent a spectacle; and this earth, the encompassing of which would require the labour of years from one of its puny inhabitants, is but one of the lesser lights which sparkle in their firmament. To them, as well as to us, God has divided the light from the darkness; and He has called the light day, and the darkness He has called night. He has said, Let there be lights in the firmament of their heaven, to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years; and let them be for lights in the firmament of heaven, to give light to earth; and it was so. To all of them He has given a sun to rule the day; and to many of them He has given moons to rule the night. To them He has made the stars also. And God has set them in the firmament of heaven, to give light upon their earth, and to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness; and God has seen that it was good.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

PAPERS ON BOTANY.



THE WATER-LILY.

In botany, a beautiful genus of aquatic plants, the flowers of which are large, and contain numerous petals, so as to appear double. In the morning they raise themselves out of the water to expand, and close again, reposing upon the surface, in the afternoon.

MEMORIALS OF THE GOOD AND GREAT.

JOHN HOWARD,

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

PART II.

At the close of our previous sketch of Howard's life, we left him mourning the loss of his second wife, and apparently stunned by the blow. For a time he strove, in the management of his estate, in attending to the welfare of his dependents, and in the care of his infant son, to divert his mind from the melancholy that had taken possession of him. For eighteen months he remained in seclusion at Cardington, when, by the advice of his medical attendants, he set out for the Continent, where the greater portion of the next four years was spent. From these travels it is evident that he derived much benefit. The excitement of travelling, and the change of scene, proved

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a relief to his surcharged heart, while they also afforded a temporary outlet to his unemployed energies. Howard had not at that time discovered his mission; but God was slowly though surely leading him to it. The death of his wife had plunged him into the furnace of trial. This affliction was sent to aid in weaning his soul from mere local ties, and in preparing him for his great work. His travels at this period had the same tendency. They made him acquainted with the languages of Continental Europe, and with the habits and customs of the people, thus giving him a vantage-ground for his subsequent labours. In Italy, France, Holland, and Germany, three years were spent. His course we need not follow; but to the understanding of his character, in order to show what were the motives under which Howard habitually acted, we quote several passages from his diaries. They demonstrate his deep, his fervent piety: they show that a sense of his duty to God was his governing principle, and that his earnest desire was to labour in that field which God should mark out for him. When read with the light afforded by his subsequent career, we must be convinced that they are not mere words of course, but the genuine outpouring of a soul deeply impressed with a sense of duty, and desirous of serving God in everything.

In February, 1770, we find him at the Hague, recording his self-communings with God in the following terms:—

"I would record the goodness of God to the unworthiest of His creatures. For some days past I have been in an habitual serious frame, relenting for my sin and folly, solemnly surrendering myself and babe to Him, and begging the conduct of His Holy Spirit. I hope for a more tender conscience, by greater fear of offending God; a temper more abstracted from this world; more resigned to death or life; a thirsting for union and communion with God. O, the wonders of redeeming love! Some faint hope have even I, through redeeming mercy. O shout, my soul, Grace, grace! free, sovereign, rich, and unbounded grace! Not I, not I, an ill-deserving, hell-deserving creature; but where sin abounds I trust grace superabounds: even I have still some hope —what joy in that hope!—that nothing shall separate my soul from the love of God in Jesus Christ. My soul! as such a frame is thy delight, pray frequently and fervently to the Father of spirits to bless His word, and thy retired moments, to thy serious conduct in life. My soul! let not the interests of a moment engross thy thoughts, or be preferred to thine eternal interests. Look forward to that glory which will be revealed to those who are faithful unto death."

But the most important aid that we possess for unfolding his character, is a solemn covenant drawn up at Naples, in May, 1770, inserted in the "Miscellany" for January.

It is affecting to be told that this covenant was renewed with all formality at Moscow, in 1789, a few months previous to his death.

Howard, upon his return to England, about the end of 1770, settled down at Cardington, where he again entered upon those plans for ameliorating the condition of his countrymen which had formerly engaged his own attention, and that of his wife. But the time was now come, when he was to enter upon the work which has given him the distinguished title of "Philanthropist." Elected in 1773 Sheriff of Bedford, he resolved that the office should not be on his part a mere matter of dignity, and its duties a piece of form. He personally presided in the Court, he visited the prisons, and he witnessed the extortion, and rapacity, and cruelty that had long reigned there.

What he saw in Bedford induced him to prosecute his inquiries, the results of which were of such a nature, as to lead him to resolve upon devoting his life to the reformation of prisons,—a task sufficient to employ all his energies, and to call forth all his benevolence.

It is difficult for us to form any idea of what the prisons of Great Britain were but seventy years ago. At present, if we hear any complaint in regard to prisons, it is that they are too good, too much like palaces, and that their inmates are so well cared for, that many of the labouring poor might envy them. But at that time their state was such, that, even though our limits permitted, the details are of such a character as to be altogether unfit for our pages. Every vice ran riot there. Religious worship and instruction were almost totally neglected; no restriction was put upon the sale and use of spirits to every kind of prisoner; indeed, in some cases, the profits of the sale constituted the only pay of the jailer; men and women were often confined together; gaming was openly permitted, while blasphemy of every kind was habitually indulged in. Prisons were, in truth, schools of iniquity, over the doors of which Dante's words might with propriety have been engraven,—"Leave all hope, ye who enter here;" for the older prisoners made it their business to corrupt the younger, and thus to make them sevenfold more the children of the devil than themselves. "To *rot* in prison" was, in those days, no mere figure of speech, as will be evident from the following description of some of the prisons visited by Howard:—

"At Nottingham, the jail was built on the declivity of a hill. Down about five-and-twenty steps were three rooms for such as could pay for them. The poorer and honester prisoners were compelled to descend twelve steps more, into a series of cells cut in the solid rock for their reception, only one of which was in use at the time, a cavern, twenty-one feet long, thirty broad, and

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seven feet high. In this horrible hole human beings were sometimes immured for years."

At Knaresborough, the debtors'-room had no fire-place, an earthen floor, and was very offensive from the common-sewer of the town running through it uncovered. A short time before Howard's visit, a man had been put into it; but, knowing the place, he took his dog with him to defend him from the vermin. In a few days, the dog was actually devoured, while its master's hands and face were so bitten as to present to the eye nothing but three great and loathsome sores.

Such was the state of the prisons of England seventy-five years ago, as gathered from the reports of Howard. It seems almost impossible to realise the idea, that in the reign of George III., and almost in the memory of men still alive, such atrocities could have been tolerated in this country. But such was the case. Nor were they easily put an end to. So many had an interest in the continuance of these abuses, that much opposition had to be encountered in redressing them. But Howard was not a man to be dismayed by opposition, or to be daunted by the frowns of officials. By his indefatigable exertions, he succeeded in securing the attention of the Legislature to the enormous evils of the prison-system, and was summoned before a Committee of the House of Commons, to read a report of his survey, and to be examined thereon. So highly were his labours appreciated, that the thanks of the House were conveyed to him by the Speaker for his humanity and his zeal.

In the midst of another year spent in labours of the same kind, he stood as candidate for the representation of Bedford about the end of 1774. Fortunately for the cause of humanity, he was defeated, and thus left at liberty to pursue his great work.

Having now examined a great proportion of the prisons of England, he next resolved upon making an inspection of the prisons of the different Continental States. It is, of course, impossible for us here to follow him in his "circumnavigation of charity." To do so would occupy a far greater space than we have at our disposal. Suffice it to say, that within the twelve years ending in 1784, he visited the principal cities of the whole of Europe, except Turkey, and inspected their jails; he travelled upwards of forty-two thousand miles, and expended on his travels, in relieving the sick and freeing debtors, above £30,000.

During his former tour he had devoted much of his time to the contemplation of the beauties of nature and art. He had revelled amid the luxuriance of the fertile plains of Italy; he had gazed with rapture on the Jungfrau and Mont Blanc, and he had displayed his taste in the collection of a gallery of pictures at Cardington. But the object of his travels, subsequent to 1775, was of a totally different character. Its nature we give in the glowing panegyric of Burke:—

"He has visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect medals, or to collate manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and alleviate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original, and it is full of genius as it is of humanity." It is a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity.

We must not, however, imagine, as on reading these words we might at first sight do, that Howard's main object was to relieve the distress of individual prisoners. This no doubt he did. His sympathy and his purse were always ready at the call of misery and sickness. There were few prisons that he visited, from which he did not depart loaded with the blessings of their wretched occupants. But his great purpose was to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the state of prisons throughout Europe. He aimed at their permanent improvement, and at the adoption of proper regulations for the amelioration of prisoners. Far before his age, he wished to introduce such a system as would make prisons not merely places of punishment, but schools for reclaiming evil-doers. To accomplish this great end, it was absolutely necessary that he should make himself practically acquainted with the state of the prisons, not of England only, but of the rest of Europe.

When we remember the awful condition of the dungeons he visited, in which the jail-fever was almost constantly raging, sometimes with such virulence that even the very medical men refused to visit their patients, we are almost led to believe that Howard bore a charmed life. From every danger he came out unscathed: God was about his footsteps. To employ his own words, "Next to the free goodness and mercy of the Author of my being, temperance and cleanliness are my preservatives. Trusting in Divine Providence, and believing myself in the way of my duty, I visit the most noxious cells; and while thus employed, 'I fear no evil.'"

"He ate no flesh, drank no wine nor spirits, bathed in cold water daily, ate little, and that at fixed intervals, retired to bed early, rose early. Such was the programme of his personal course. This regimen enabled him to penetrate fearlessly into dun-

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geons into which jailers, and Physicians even, dared not follow him. Every morning —though it was then in the depth of a severe winter—he arose at two o'clock precisely, washed, performed his orisons, and then worked at his papers until seven, when he breakfasted, and dressed for the day. Punctually at eight he repaired to the printing-office, to inspect the progress of his sheets through the press. There he remained until one, when the compositors went to dinner. While they were absent, he would walk to his lodgings, and, putting some bread and dried fruit into his pocket, he would sally out for his customary exercise,—generally a stroll in the suburbs of the town, — eating, as he trudged along, his hermit fare, and drinking therewith a glass of cold water, begged at some cottager's door."

His ascetic habits were such as he believed suited to his constitution: they were not adapted as matter of parade:—

"On every occasion he carefully avoided making any display of his simple diet, and was particularly careful not to offer it as a pretext for parsimony. When he arrived at any town where he intended to rest for the night, he would go to the best hotel, order his dinner, with beer and wine, just like any other traveller, and stipulate that his own servant should wait upon him at table. When the cloth was laid, the viands spread out, and the host withdrawn, honest Prole would quietly remove the costly luxuries from the table to the sideboard, while his eccentric master would busy himself in preparing his homely repast of bread and milk, upon which he would then banquet with gusto; equally to his own satisfaction and that of the landlord."

Within a very few years after Howard commenced his labours, his visits had come to be recognised in an extra-official manner; not merely by the keepers of English prisons, but also by foreign Monarchs and governments. Throughout Great Britain the heavy gates of every jail were flung open at his approach. Though he bore no official character, though he did not carry with him the warrant of a Secretary of State, he had but to name himself, and every room, every cell, was submitted to his inspection. The same was the case throughout the whole of Europe.

No sooner had he arrived at St. Petersburg, for example, than a messenger appeared from the Empress Catherine, inviting him to appear at Court. This invitation he at once refused; saying, that his task was to visit the dungeons of the wretched, not the palaces of Kings. Joseph II., Emperor of Austria, was more fortunate; as, after much entreaty, Howard consented to grant him an interview, in order to discuss with him the state of the prisons of his dominions.

Of the fame of the philanthropist we may relate two pleasing anecdotes. When Howard waited, on one occasion, upon the Burgomaster of Ghent, to obtain the usual permission to visit the Bridewell of that city, he was told that the Emperor had given orders for no one to be admitted. "But you, Sir," observed the Magistrate, "are above all rules: you must not, however, impute to me the unhappy change which you will notice." The other story is still more interesting:—

"One of the most distinguished men of that day in Russia was General Bulgarkow, who, with a princely liberality, had endowed, or enlarged, a great number of noble charities. His benevolence soon attracted the attention of his countrymen, who, desirous of honouring themselves by honouring him, about this period made him a present of a gold medal, as 'one who had deserved well of his country.' Perhaps the highest proof of his merit was his reply. He said, '*his* services to mankind reached his own country only; but there *was* a man whose extraordinary philanthropy took in all the world; who had already, with infinite toil and peril, extended his humanity to all nations, and who was therefore alone worthy of such a distinction: to him, his master in benevolence, he should send the medal.' And he did so."

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

[All notices for this department, if not sent by one of the Ministers of the Circuit, must be authenticated by his signature, in addition to that of the sender.]

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Allen, Sarah,	Abergavenny,	Abergavenny,	16	Jan. 25th, 1851.
Austin, Leonora,	Reepham-Moor,	North-Walsham,	16	March 27th, 1851.
Bates, Ann,	Stalham,	North-Walsham,	51	March 19th, 1851.
Broughton, Mr. John,	Tubney,	Wantage,	80	April 9th, 1851.
Dawson, Mr. John,	Marchain,	Wantage,	57	March 5th, 1851.
Nicholls, Mr. Richard,	Zennor,	St. Ives,	85	March 3d, 1851.
Noall, Mrs. Ann,	Trelyon,	St. Ives,	69	March 26th, 1851.
Rust, Mr. Vincent,	Aylsham,	North-Walsham,	75	Feb. 4th, 1851.

H. T. & J. ROCHE, PRINTERS, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

AUGUST, 1851.

DU BOURG, THE MARTYR OF PARIS.

During the reign of Henry II., and under the regency which succeeded, France was full of Protestants. But in order to escape persecuting edicts, they were compelled to meet for worship secretly. Death was the punishment of heresy; and the house in which the Lord's supper had been administered, was liable to be rased to the ground. Of these earlier victims, one of the most remarkable was the Counsellor Du Bourg. He belonged to a noble family, was an eminent lawyer, and a member of the Parliament of Paris. From reading Protestant books, vended through the country by Colporteurs, he embraced the Reformed opinions; and in his place in Parliament, he so openly opposed persecution for conscience' sake, as to incur suspicion; and, along with several others, was arrested by the King in person, and thrown into the Bastile.

In his first examination, he avowed his scriptural faith; but at one interrogatory his courage faltered. When asked if he had received the Lord's supper, he answered, "No." But when, at a subsequent examination, June 21st, 1559, his deposition was read over to him, on coming to that answer, Du Bourg interrupted the Clerk, saying, "In making that answer, I greatly offended God; of whom I implore pardon for having denied before His Divine Majesty that I had received the sacrament of the holy supper, and for having desired to deny before men so great a benefit. Truly I did partake of the holy supper at Easter last, in the assembly of the faithful; nor would I wish to have deferred receiving that great gift from God, presented to me in this sacrament."

Immediately the examiners began to urge him to reveal the full particulars.

Int. In what place, with what persons, did you receive the supper?—under what form; what day?

Du Bourg. On Saturday, Easter-eve last, so far as I can remember. Of the place, the persons, the hour, I cannot speak. The form was that instituted by Christ, and observed by His Apostles and disciples.

Int. Describe the form more at length.

Du Bourg. I can only do so briefly. The holy sacrament was administered by the Minister, after prayers and exhortations from the word of God, to all those who presented themselves, who were not excommunicated, under the two forms of bread and wine, with thanksgiving.

Int. You must name the Ministers, the persons, and the place; and also say on what day you were present at the said supper.

Du Bourg. I cannot do so without offending God. I fear I might draw suffering down upon those whom I might name. I call God to witness, if it

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were not for the fear of offending Him, I would willingly say what I know. One thing I can testify, that neither President, nor Counsellor, nor any one who belongs to the Court of Parliament, was present in that assembly, as I should have known them well: with the persons who were there I have not much acquaintance.

Int. In what place were you present at the supper? In what house? Was it in Paris or the faubourgs? What number of persons were present?

Du Bourg. I cannot reply without offending God. I fear I should draw down suffering, as I have before said, upon my brethren and sisters in the faith, if I should give further information concerning this matter. I acknowledge, however, that it was in Paris.

Int. By night, or by day?

Du Bourg. I will not say. (Then recollecting himself a moment, he replied) By day.

Int. Morning or afternoon?

Du Bourg. I can give no further information without offending God.

Int. Fasting, or after eating?

Du Bourg. I have already given my answer.

Int. Were your servants present there—any of them?

Du Bourg. When I went to this meeting, I left a servant, whose name I do not know, and who has now quitted my service, at the corner of a street with my mule, to wait for my return.

Int. You cannot be so forgetful as not to remember the name of your servant: you are required to give it, to say when he left you, and of what country he was.

Du Bourg. I do not know.

Int. Had he served you long.

Du Bourg. A little while.

Int. What servants have you at the present time? What servants had you when you went to the supper?

Du Bourg. I cannot answer that question without offending God, as I fear that it may be intended to proceed against them, though there is no cause for doing so.

Whilst the Protestant Counsellors were pining in the dungeons of the Bastile, Paris was resounding with all the festivities attendant on the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth of France to the King of Spain. These rejoicings were interrupted by an event which arrested the arm of persecution, but did not change the hearts of the persecutors.

On the morning of the last day of June, the King caused the re-opening of the tournament to be proclaimed. After dinner, his armour being brought, he commanded M. de Vielleville to arm him. The Mareschal, who thought there had been already enough of this pastime, performed the service reluctantly, and said, with a sigh, to the King, as he placed the helmet on his head, that he did it most unwillingly: before the King could ask for an explanation, the Duke of Savoy appeared, armed at all points. The Monarch, as intent upon his pleasure as a child, gaily admonished him to sit firm on his horse, for that he intended to charge him without regard to alliance or brotherhood. Three courses ran the King in the lists that day; on the fourth,—how must the bright and laughing eyes, which, from lodge above lodge, watched that gay spectacle, have been averted in terror from the scene, when the trumpets and clarions suddenly ceased to sound, and death appeared upon the arena; when the soldiers' play was turned to fearful earnest, and the King fell, mortally wounded; beneath the lance of Montgomery!

They bore away the Monarch to his chamber, the door of which was closed

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to all except those who ministered around the bed of suffering: even Catharine forbore to enter. The splinters of the lance had penetrated through the eye into the brain. In vain did the most skilful surgeons in France endeavour to probe the wound; in vain for four days did they anatomise the heads of criminals beheaded in the Conciergerie and the prisons of the Châtelet, thrusting the lance into them exactly in the same spot by which it had entered the head of the King. Every day death drew nearer. On the fourth, the fever having left him, he recovered his senses, and sent for the Queen. He commanded her to let the marriage ceremony be immediately performed between his sister Margaret and the Duke of Savoy: then calling for the brevet which bestowed the rank of Marshal upon his faithful attendant and friend, De Vielleville, he desired the Queen to sign it in his presence. He then commended to her the administration of the kingdom, the care of their young son who should succeed him, and also of their other children, and besought her that both she and they would pray for his soul, for that he was assured, from the dreadful pain which he felt, that his end was approaching. He ordered that the Count de Montgomery should not be molested. Catharine then withdrew, and was carried to her chamber, overwhelmed with grief.

On the 10th of July, the King expired.

Near the Château des Tournelles had been erected a large wooden gallery, destined for the *fêtes* and dancing. This was now hung with black, and the body of Henry removed thither, under the care of the Constable de Montmorency. There, day and night, were heard the mournful requiems usual on such occasions; there was mass performed, and prayers offered up for forty days.

The lull was temporary. Hope was entertained that Catharine might interpose, as she had shown considerable friendship towards the Reformers. That hope was soon blasted. Instead of a second Esther, Catharine proved another daughter of Herodias; and, along with the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine, urged forward those measures of which France reaps the sorrowful fruits down to this day. Du Bourg was condemned to die.

It was late in the day when the procession issued from the gates of the Conciergerie: the shadows of a December twilight began to gather faintly in the sombre streets of Paris. That night, as some historians say, was Christmas-eve; it being the custom in those days of ignorance, when Christianity was disguised by the ashen pall of superstition, to reserve the execution of great criminals to one of the four great festivals of the Church. Nor was the hour, on the present occasion, altogether unfitly chosen: the death of the martyr might well unite with the songs of the angels in ascribing "glory to God in the highest!"

Although he was strengthened by grace to endure it, yet the ignominy of his punishment, and perhaps, also, the solitude of his spirit, weighed heavily upon the mind of the nobly-born gentleman. Nevertheless, he preserved a tranquil and assured mien. As soon as the cart arrived at the place of execution, the public crier proclaimed the reputed crimes for which he was about to suffer. Once more the civil authorities interrogated him concerning the recent conspiracies; conjuring him, as death was now so near, to speak the truth. "The death," said he, "I am ready to suffer: of these matters I know nothing." He was assisted to alight from the cart, and led beneath the gallows. Being then stripped to his shirt, he heaved a few deep sighs, and, looking round, addressed one short sentence to the people, saying, "My friends, I am not here as a thief or a murderer, but for the sake of the Gospel." A cross was then presented to him to kiss, the Priest of

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St. Barthelemy reminding him that it was a token of the death and passion of our Lord. But he, turning away, was raised at the instant in the air, exclaiming frequently and earnestly, "My God, forsake me not, that I may not forsake Thee!" The cry of "Jesu Maria" was heard around the gallows; but the hour of agony was passed, and the soul so greatly tried had entered into a glorious rest. "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." A fire was kindled beneath the gallows, and his body, being cut down, was thrown into it, and burned to ashes.*

SCRIPTURE TRUTH CONFIRMED BY EXAMPLE.

Example XIX.

THE APPEARANCE OF EVIL TO BE AVOIDED.—1 THESS. v. 22.

The Divine authority and sacred character of the Christian religion are fully manifested in the purity of its requirements, not allowing of sin in any person, in any form, or under any pretence or circumstance. Systems of human invention generally accommodate their requirements to the indulgence of the flesh and the propensities of depraved nature. Mahommedanism, for instance, has its sensualities; and in Socialism there is that which tends to the disruption of the guards and decencies of society. But Christianity, so far from pandering to fleshly feeling and desires, seeks their mortification and destruction, most distinctly declaring, that those "who are in the flesh, cannot please God," and demanding of all its subjects the denying of "all ungodliness and worldly lusts," with the maintenance of a life of righteousness and sobriety: so that the purposes and delights of the natural man are invariably met with the prohibitions and restrictions of self-denial.

Has the world its charms? Christianity tells man that "friendship with the world is enmity against God," and calls upon him to keep himself unspotted from the world. Have the pleasures of sense their allurements? He is told that, however "stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant," that "way" leads "down to the chambers of death." Is the companionship of sinners accounted to be pleasing and profitable? By Christian regulations he is forbidden even from "walking in the way of evil men," and instructed to "come out from among them." It may be further observed that the pure character of Christianity not only appears in the prohibitions of sin, but still more in the positive duties of piety which it enjoins; requiring holiness to be a principle, a habit, a nature wrought in the soul so as to form the new creature. There must be a faith working by love, and exemplified by all the fruits of righteousness, and by a readiness to every good word and work. Thus is the life to show forth the praise of Him who is a Redeemer from all iniquity.

Still further: not only must the professors of Christianity be delivered from evil, they must *abstain from the very appearance of evil.* Those, then, who satisfy themselves with avoiding actual transgression, have not fully learned Christ, nor yielded perfect obedience to Him as their Lord. But this requirement is, we fear, condemnatory of the conduct of many who name the name of Christ. "If," say some thoughtless professors, "we watchfully guard against the commission of iniquity, resist it, and depart from it, what more can be necessary?" What more? Why, it is indispensable that you avoid the appearance of it. So, authoritatively, writes the holy Apostle; and he

* From "Du Bourg; or, the Mercuriale. A Sketch of the Secret Church of Paris in the Middle of the Sixteenth Century. By S. Barber."

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may be selected as a consistent example of his own teaching. The principle was so strictly maintained by himself, that he did not account things expedient which were even lawful. And why? Doubtless because there might be such an appearance of evil in them as to be dangerous to the peace and purity of others. In the same spirit he also taught the members of the church of Corinth, by precept, and by his own practice, to avoid the appearance of evil in the eating of meat, both in reference to the meat itself, and the place where it might be eaten. The Heathen were accustomed to have feasts in their idol-temples, to which they invited their Christian neighbours; and some, from friendship or other motives, were induced to comply. And such, having a knowledge that an idol was a nothingness in the world, might partake of the food even in the presence of the idol without being guilty of idolatry; but others, not having that knowledge, but believing in the existence of idols, might, from their conduct, be encouraged to eat meat as a sacrifice to a real god, and thus commit sin, and defile their consciences. Therefore, while the Apostle admitted they were neither better nor worse for eating or not eating, yet he admonished them not to use their liberty, which had the appearance of evil, lest by so doing they should become a stumbling-block to the weak; declaring for himself he would so far avoid all cause of evil, that if eating meat were the occasion of offence, he would not eat flesh to the end of his days. In this scrupulous regard for the good of others, the Apostle is worthy of imitation by the Christians of all ages. The duty is now as binding as ever.

Professing Christians should abstain from all *appearance of evil in temper;* avoiding the semblance of passion, of peevishness, of pride. It may be possible for these things to appear where they are not felt: but Christian propriety is not fully maintained by the absence of improper feeling; the occasion for the suspicion of that feeling must not be given. "It is my way," say some; "but I mean nothing, for I do not feel anything of the kind." Then abandon the way, and that without delay, lest your Christian character be damaged, and the profession of piety be dishonoured.

Christians should avoid the *appearance of evil in conversation;* giving no one reason to conclude that they are departing from the truth, or withholding the required truth; and abstaining from all exclamations having affinity with oaths,—such as, "By the King," "By my word," "By my goodness," "By my honour and faith," "Bless me!" and the like,—together with the unnecessary mention of the hallowed name of God. Harshness of language should also be guarded against, lest there should be the appearance of a severity that is opposed to the meekness of Christ.

Christians should abstain from the *appearance of evil in dress*, both in reference to its expensive character and its frequent change of form. It is not sufficient to say, "I can afford it: it is the prevailing costume." Is there no vain display of wealth in its costly quality? and no love of worldly conformity in its fashion? On the other hand, meanness of apparel in elevated stations, and rejection of the useful merely because it is new, have also their appearance of evil,—the evil of covetousness, and of silly singularity.

Professing Christians should abstain from the *appearance of evil in their conduct;* not walking abroad on the Sabbath-day, unless passing to or from the house of God, or on the errand of benevolence, lest any should conclude vain recreation to be their object. Nor should they visit certain places of public resort, however innocently they could do so themselves, if others might be injured by their conduct. The Christian should live for others as well as for himself. It must not be said, "If I keep a good conscience toward God,

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I will not be a slave to the views of others." Remember, the strong are called to *bear*, and to *bear with*, the infirmities of the weak, and not to please themselves. The follower should not forget that it is recorded of the Master, "Even Christ pleased not Himself." In this respect it is honourable to the cause of true religion that He has many imitators. From the living church many examples might be selected of those who so love the souls of others, and so fervently desire the glory of God, that they are willing even to forego their Christian liberty, rather than be the occasion of offending the feeble, and dishonouring God.

Chelsea. N.

SCRIPTURE ALLEGORIES.

BY THE REV. ROBERT M. MACBRAIR, A.M.

No. II.—THE BURNING BUSH.

"I WILL now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt." (Exod. iii. 3.) Moses did not then understand the symbol; but he afterwards learned its meaning during a sojourn of forty years in the wilderness. The bush was not consumed, because the flame that blazed in it was that of the Divine presence. Had it been any other kind of fire, whether lighted by man or kindled by the elements, the thorn* would have been speedily destroyed.

I was meditating, with Moses, upon this glorious subject, and admiring that the church in which God's presence dwells has burnt for so many thousand years; and that this Divine fire has preserved it amidst earthquakes and storms of every description; whilst every tree of human might and wisdom has sooner or later been brought to nought; when, methought, Satan approached, and asked permission (Job i., ii.) to try to destroy the burning bush of Horeb. Leave was granted. Not that there was any possibility of his succeeding in the enterprise; but in order more illustriously to show, by his failure, the power of the grace of God. The arch-fiend, however, thought not so; but hoped to thwart the purposes of Heaven's mercy toward the deeply-injured people of Israel.

He first called for an Egyptian wind, hot and pestilential, which parched and desolated the surrounding country; but it appeared only to add vigour to the sacred thorn, and cause it to send forth additional shoots. (Exod. i. 12, 20; and the plagues of Egypt.) He then dug round the bush, and cut off all its nourishment from the adjacent soil. (Exod. xvi.) Like a skilful General who prevents any supplies from entering into a besieged city, thinking to reduce it by famine; so Satan bared the bush to the very rock around which its roots were entwined. But his labour proved fruitless. For a dew from above fed it with an angelic kind of nourishment, which was called, for want of an earthly name, manna.†

The Prince of the power of the air (Eph. ii. 2) next forbade the clouds to rain upon the bush, (Numb. xx.) thinking that its moisture would soon be consumed, and that it would perish through its own heat and luxuriant vigour. So the heaven above became as brass, and the arid sand was like a flinty stone. The angels of darkness looked on, expecting to see the commencement of a withering process; but, after waiting for some time, they found that a spring had opened in the rock, by which an abundant supply of water was furnished.

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* A species of thorn grows much in the deserts of Arabia, and it is supposed that the burning bush was of this description.

† *Manna* signifies, "What is it?"

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The destroyer then mustered the inhabitants of the surrounding country, and equipped them with instruments of destruction, to try what furbished steel would do to cut down the object of his envy. (Numb. xxi.) Through their sturdy efforts, a few rotten twigs were brought to the ground; but not one healthy branch was injured by human arms. (Psalm xci. 7.)

Foiled in all their attempts to accomplish their design by forcible means, the powers of darkness now held a council of war. Various projects were thought upon and discussed, but immediately abandoned as hopeless. At last, an evil spirit suggested that though the bush could not be destroyed by open violence, or by cutting off its earthly supplies, yet it might be overcome by dint of stratagem. He said that he had observed cavities in some of the branches, and rottenness in the bark of others. He, therefore, proposed that a number of their host should go in the form of grubs, and, having obtained a lodgment in these carious parts of the tree, should endeavour to eat into the pith of its wood, and thus cause the separate boughs to decay and die. This plan was approved by the whole assembly, and forthwith put into execution. A host of murmurers crept into the bush, and, penetrating by its cavities and rotten parts, eventually destroyed the vital power of most of its branches. (Numb. xiv. 1, &c.) This lasted for the space of nearly forty years.

Tidings were then carried to the infernal regions, that only two of the old boughs remained, which were altogether impervious to the destroyers. (Deut. i. 30—38; ii. 14, 15.) Satan went to inspect the work; but, to his great mortification, perceived an immense number of sprouts shooting forth from the root, upon which the creeping host could make no impression. As he gazed upon these saplings, they grew with amazing vigour, and the bush became greater and stronger than it had ever been. The evil spirits were thus altogether foiled, and the burning bush grew until it overspread the land.*

I saw that the events of these forty years were an emblem of the church's history from that period to the present. Again and again have the "gates of hell" tried to destroy the burning bush; but, though all the powers of earth have been leagued with them, they have never gained their object. It has only been by the murmuring species, and other insects of worldly genera, that any success has been obtained; and then only for a short season, because new shoots have come forth and supplied the place of the withered branches.

The reason of this seemed wonderful to me. But when I considered the matter, I remembered that He who first appeared as a flame in the bush, and said to Moses, "My presence shall go with thee," afterwards declared to His people, "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world."

Whilst musing upon how this glorious subject would apply to individuals, as well as to the church in general, I heard a manly voice, calm and sweet, proclaiming in my ears, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." On turning to see who was the speaker, I saw a venerable man, with his garments torn and besprinkled with blood; and walking heavily, as if his limbs were injured. Yet there was fire in his eye, and a holy smile played upon his features. I asked, "Who are you?"

He replied, "I am Saul of Tarsus."

"Where have you been to get into this trouble?"

"I have been scourged in the synagogue for Christ's sake; and we spent last night in the prison, with our feet in the stocks." (Acts xvi. 22—24.)

"You preach, Paul, that we should be always rejoicing!" (Phil. iv. 4.) "Say, were you happy last night?"

* See Book of Joshua.

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"Yes, truly; never more so. We made the prison-walls echo with our praises, till angels came down to listen. Then there was a great earthquake, and a still greater in our jailer's soul; so that the harsh keeper and his family have been converted to the faith of Christ." (Acts xvi. 25—34.) "We triumph in every place." (2 Cor. ii. 14.) "We have been singing the song of victory, and are now going forth to new conquests."

Some time afterwards, whilst meditating upon St. Paul's declaration, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," he again appeared to me, under rather different circumstances. He was coming from the sea-shore, drenched with spray, as if he had been in the water; and his benumbed limbs could scarcely support his tottering frame. I asked, with surprise, "What has happened to you, Saul of Tarsus?"

He answered, "A night and a day I have been in the deep." (2 Cor. xi. 25.)

"And were you not frightened at the roaring billows foaming around you, and the wildness of the storm, and the monstrous heads of the curling waves?"

"No: we are often troubled, but not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair." (2 Cor. iv. 8.) "I had hold of a plank; and I felt my grasp encased by a stronger hand than mine. Besides, an angel of the Lord was beside me;" (Acts xxvii. 23.) "and, whilst musing upon Divine things, the fire glowed in my heart," (Psalm xxxix. 3;) "so that I scarcely felt the cold. Christ's strength is made perfect in weakness; so that when I am weak, then I am strong." (2 Cor. xii. 9, 10.)

The form of this heroic man met my view on another occasion. He now seemed to be almost fainting from weariness and want of food. Upon my inquiring the reason of his having been deprived of needful rest and nourishment, he said, "I have been in the wilderness; and I know how to be hungry, and thirsty, and naked, and to lie down on the bare ground," (2 Cor. xi. 26, 27,) "like my Lord, who had not where to lay His head." (Matt. viii. 20.)

"And how did you feel under these circumstances? Did not hard thoughts enter into your heart?"

He replied, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." (Phil. iv. 11.) "And, like other Prophets in the desert, I had special manifestations of the Divine love and glory. I had visions of paradise and of the third heaven, so as to swallow up my pain in joy. Indeed, I could not tell whether I was in the body or out of the body, at that blessed time. Human language cannot express what I then heard and saw. It has immovably fixed my hope in God for time and eternity." (2 Cor. xii. 2—4.) "For me to live is Christ, and to die will be gain." (Phil. i. 21.)

Once more I caught a sight of Paul, as he was going into a town, in company with some disciples; and his strange appearance excited my utmost astonishment. "Saul of Tarsus, I have never seen you in such a plight as this. You are covered with dirt and bruises. There is scarcely a shred of your garment left. Your hair is dishevelled and clotted with blood. Your figure is worse than that of a man who has been mobbed in the streets. What has befallen you?"

"I have been stoned by the Jews, who thought they had killed me; but, as these brethren stood around me, Christ bade me rise." (Acts xiv. 19, 20.)

"And was it not awful to see a howling rabble rush forward to murder you; to hear their dreadful curses, and the stones rattling like a hail-storm to crush your bones?"

With downcast eyes, he meekly answered, "Have I ever forgotten the dying Stephen? Could the mob of Lystra be more violent than I was,"

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(Acts xxvi. 11,) "when I madly commanded to stone the saintly proto-martyr? When we were gnashing upon him with our teeth," (Acts vii. 54,) "did he not smile upon us in pity, and pray for us with his dying breath? —a prayer which was answered in my conversion. Whilst we foamed and raged, did not Stephen fall asleep," (Verse 60,) "the only tranquil spirit on that mournful day? His dying look, and voice, and prayer have haunted my memory ever since." (Acts xxii. 20.) "They were vividly before my mind when I was recently placed in similar circumstances. So I took Stephen's Lord for my Saviour, and proved more than conqueror through Him that loved us." (Rom. viii. 37.)

As Paul passed on with his companions, I thought upon his first expression, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me;" and I now seemed to understand more fully what was meant by the burning bush of Horeb.

THE FORTY MARTYRS OF SEBASTE.

Among the martyrs who suffered in the persecutions raised by the Roman Emperors against the early Christians, there were forty who endured martyrdom at the same time, in the city of Sebaste, in Armenia, a country of the East. They all belonged to the Roman army, and were in the strength and vigour of their age. They had received many rewards for their valour, and had been advanced to places of trust. But these earthly honours were not what most occupied their minds: they had become Christians, and were leading Christian lives. The General of the army was a Heathen, devoted to the service of idols; and he thought that, in order to conquer the enemy, he must sacrifice these Christians to the honour of his false gods. These faithful soldiers of Christ did not deny their profession: they refused to offer sacrifice to the idols, and were brought publicly before the judgment-seat on their refusal. When they received the Emperor's order to obey, they answered boldly that they were Christians, and that no tortures with which they could be threatened should force them to forsake their religion. Upon this they were cruelly tortured, and then put in prison, and confined there for a week, being fastened together by chains. It was the end of the winter, which is very cold in Armenia; and an east wind, which blew at that time, increased the severity of the cold. The Judge ordered these holy men to be stripped of their clothing, and exposed to the frost during the coldest part of the night, till the violence of it should cause their death. They went cheerfully to the place of their punishment, which was close to the public baths, that they might see relief at hand, if they were overcome with pain, and ready to deny their faith.

Amongst the various words with which they encouraged each other, they all prayed together to God that He would preserve their number complete. This was fulfilled, but in a different sense from that in which they intended it; and may remind us of the fall of Judas, and the election of St. Matthias.

One of these forty fellow-sufferers yielded, and was carried into the baths to be restored by the warmth of the fire; but he did not save his temporal life, for he died as soon as he was brought in there. His place was supplied by a soldier who had charge of the baths, and who had been watching the martyrs: he hastened to join them, crying out that he was a Christian. He was bound with chains, and placed among them. At last they all expired from the cold; and their dead bodies were heaped together, and carried away to be consumed by fire. The youngest of all these martyrs, whose name was Meliton, was still living after all the rest were dead: the executioners brought

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his mother to him, hoping that she would persuade him to deny his faith, and live. She was a poor woman, and a widow; but she had brought up her son in the knowledge of true wisdom. She now came to him, and found his limbs frozen, his breath short, and his speech gone: he could only look at her, and made signs to endeavour to console her. She exhorted him to persevere unto the end; and then with her own hands laid him on the chariot where the dead bodies of his companions had been placed, and followed him, rejoicing in his victory.

THE FACE OF AN ANGEL.

It must have been a very strange and striking change that passed over the face of a prisoner at the bar, accused of blasphemy and treason, when, instead of turning pale with fear, his countenance shone with so much brightness, that "all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."

I never saw an angel, and none of those Judges on the bench had ever seen one; but they saw something in Stephen's face that made them think of an angel; and it seems to me that if I should meet one in the street, as some have been met, I should recognise him as a visiter from a better world. Stephen's face answered to the idea of an angel as it dwelt in the mind of the Judges. We all have an image of angelic form and beauty that comes to us in our meditative hours, when thoughts of holiness and heaven, and high enjoyment in God's service, are in our minds. In early life such images have come to us in our dreams; and we have brought with us from the realms of sleep the memory of angels as they have stood around our pillows, or beckoned us to come up higher. Jacob saw them in his sleep, and his dream was never forgotten. Still we do not know how "the face of an angel" looks.

Must it not be a face of exceeding *purity?* Is not that one thought suggested to the mind by an angelic countenance? Perfect sinlessness is reflected.

But more than this. With the expression of freedom from sin, must there not also be some indication of *love* to God and all that is good, glowing like the sun, and burning to glorify Him whom it longs to be like? These images of infinite purity and holy love are combined in the idea of an angel. The tame picture of beauty, such as the painters seem to be satisfied with, scarcely answers the type a good man forms of the face of an angel.

Happiness, perfect and supreme, must reign in the heart of angels, and shine in the face. And was it not thus with Stephen, with the scowls of a hostile council on him? Joy was beaming there, so that any one who looked at him would know that he was happy, though bonds and imprisonment and a cruel death were before him.

All God's people ought to wear pleasant faces. There is no virtue in frowns, no piety in sour looks, no sin in a genial smile. If the heart is full of love to God and love to man, it ought to be a heart full of joy.

The face of a Christian ought to be as much like the face of an angel, as it is possible for the earthly to resemble the heavenly. Holiness and happiness should beam in the features. Then the world would take knowledge of Christians, that they live with God and are like Him. Religion would be commended to those who have it not, as the source of highest joy. Angels would dwell with men; or at least we should often say of this or that saint, as we looked steadfastly on him, that his face is as "the face of an angel."

There is no poetry, no fancy, but practical truth, in this. Of all men in the world, the godly have the best right to be happy. And if the heart is right, the face ought to show it. Angels look happy because they are happy; and they are happy because they are always good and doing good.

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THEOLOGY.

FAITH'S TRIUMPH OVER THE GREATEST TRIALS.

A SERMON PRINTED IN 1660.

"By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac: and he that had received the promises offered up his only-begotten son."—Heb. xi. 17.

This chapter speaketh in commendation of the faith of many of the Patriarchs; and Abraham is brought in among the rest. There are two things observable, which Abraham's faith strengthened him to do: one was to give up his country; the other was to give up his son.

"By faith Abraham, when he was called" of God "to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went." To leave our friends and our parents, to take our journey we know not whither, to live among we know not whom, to part with good land for a few good words, this were not an easy thing: sense derides it; reason condemns it; but faith can see more in God's promises than sense can understand; and Abraham will leave his country when God calls him.

The second thing he is to part with is his son,—his only son. He must sail against wind and tide; he must overcome not only the arguments of sense and reason, but also the pleadings of natural affection. God had given Abraham a son in his old age,—the child of many prayers, and an heir of life, according to the promise: and now God suddenly calls upon Abraham to give back his son, his very son Isaac.

Now, what doth Abraham do? Doth he expostulate with God? Doth he murmur? Doth he repine? No: he "offered up Isaac." As if he had said, "Lord, what is it that Thou callest for? Is it for my only son Isaac, the son of my love, the son of Thy promise, the son of my age? Verily, Lord, Thou shalt have him: it is true I love him well, but I love Thee better: I got him by believing, and I shall never lose him by obeying. Though I am a father, yet, Lord, Thou art a God. Without Thee, he had never been born; and though I kill him, Thou canst quicken and raise him again. I shall never lose my Isaac, though I offer up my son; for Thou hast said, 'In Isaac shall thy seed be called.'"

Now, the parts of these words are two: first, we have Abraham's great *trial;* and then we have his *triumph*. Abraham was tried when God commanded him to offer up his son: he triumphed when, by faith, he obeyed the command. From these two parts I shall collect two propositions. The first is this: That strong and great trials may befall strong and great Christians. And the second is this: That faith will make a man acquit himself, even in the greatest trials.

Abraham's trial was very great.

He was to part with his only son, the child of promise, the child whom he loved. He was an old man, and could not hope that another would ever be born to him. And not only this, but he was to kill him, to slay him, and to offer him up, with his own hand: the tender father must take away the life of his tender child. No one could impose such a trial but a God; and none could answer such a trial but an Abraham.

For the full and clear opening of this point, I desire now to show you wherein the strength of a trial may consist; and, also, why God is pleased to lay strong and great trials upon strong and great Christians.

The strength of a trial may consist in the nearness of the object we are compelled to lose. For a man to lose his money, is something; but to lose his child, is much more. For David to lose his servant, is not so much; but when he loses Absalom, then he cries out, "O Absalom, my son! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" Yet David had many sons, and Abraham had but one. God is pleased many times to try His servants, by taking away the delight of their eyes, and the joy of their heart, and the hope of their lives.

A trial is also the more severe as it is more sudden. When the Prophet saw the cloud ascend out of the sea, being warned of abundance of rain, he hastened to escape. So, if a person have fore-notice of a cross that will befall him, he may be somewhat armed and prepared; he may be able, in some measure, to bear his trial. But Abraham had gone on hoping and delighting in his son Isaac, until the day when God called him suddenly to sacrifice this only child.

Now the reasons why God layeth such strong trials upon strong Christians may

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be these. First, grace will be obscure, and will scarcely show itself, unless there be trials. To St. Paul there was given a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan, to buffet him; lest, when he was lifted up to the third heaven, he should be exalted above measure. He was oppressed with trials and temptations, that the grace of God might the more appear in his deliverance. They who have much grace, have also great conflicts: the soul is thus kept busy, and hath little leisure for glorying or admiring its own fulness.

Again, God is wise in all His actions; and so He proportioneth the affliction to the strength of him who is to bear it. A little blast is enough for a tender plant; but an oak, well grounded, may endure the strongest winds. A poor, weak Christian will be cast down by a little trial; but one who hath enriched himself with the promises of God, who hath had experience of His goodness, and who standeth by faith, he can endure a hard storm, he can bear great trials. The more his grace is exercised, the more he gaineth: he goeth "from strength to strength." He can say, with Job, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him:" he can go through a great fight of affliction, and his faith will make him conquer all.

I come now to the second proposition; and that is this: That faith will make a man acquit himself in the greatest trials. Faith will enable a man to give back his dearest comfort again to God. Though Isaac lie in Abraham's bosom, though he lie at Abraham's heart, yet Abraham's faith will take him thence, and present him to God who gave him. Faith can take a mercy, and be thankful; and faith can part with a mercy, and be content. Paul had learned how to abound, and how to be in want; and this was the lesson of faith. If God give him any mercy, he is cheerful; if the Lord take away any mercy, he sits down with contentment, quieting his soul in patience. If God give him any mercy, he is not swollen with pride; if God take away any mercy, he is not cast down with sorrow. "Lord, I am unworthy of the least of all Thy mercies," saith faith. "Dost thou call for this blessing back again? Here it is, Lord: do as Thou pleasest." Like an honest debtor, he saith, "If thou wilt spare me a little, I will thank Thee; but if Thou wilt have all, here it is."

There is a double manner of acquitting ourselves: there is a yielding to necessity; and there is a pious, cheerful submission to God's will. A man who wants a lively faith may acquit himself in a trial; for when he sees that floods of tears will not help him, he resigns that comfort, he parts with that blessing, that he can keep no longer. But faith presents the comfort to God again when He calls it back. Abraham offers up Isaac with his own hand. "God," saith he, "is the Lord who gave him; and now God calleth for him again, and He shall have him." Thus faith acquits the soul in great trials, and makes a man sit down with much patience in great losses, to submit to God's call and to God's appointment.

Now, the reasons why faith can thus prevail may be these:—

First, faith can exalt God's will, and submit our wills to God. Remember this. God is the Author of mercy: when He will, He gives us; and when it pleaseth Him, He takes it from us. "It is well to have abundance," saith Nature; and Sense, "We cannot do without it." "No," saith Faith, "I will yield to God's will." "It is good to enjoy this," saith Sense. "It is better to part with it," saith Faith, "when God calls for it."

Secondly, faith can give God the glory of all outward comforts. This is a great means of quieting our souls, to find out the right owner of our comforts. God is the God of our bodies, of our souls, and of our comforts. We are but tenants at will; and whatsoever our outward estate may be, faith overlooks all, and submits all to God, and receives it by God's permission, and hears, as it were, God say, "I must do what I will with mine own." Faith makes a man acknowledge, "Nothing is mine own: my child is not mine own; my riches are not mine own." Faith resigns everything as God's due: faith renders unto God the things that are God's.

Thirdly, faith can make the soul acquit itself in great trials, because faith finds no loss by submission. All our unwillingness to part with any comfort doth arise from infidelity. Either we stubbornly desire to have and hold our comfort, contrary to God's will; or else we fear some damage will redound to ourselves, in parting with such a blessing. But faith sees safety only in obeying God's command and yielding up all into His hands who is the Father of mercy and God of all consolation. Thus we see Abraham, being put to it about his only son, giving up his child, his Isaac. And God bestows Isaac upon Abraham again; nay, He gives him a further degree of blessing,

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confirmed with an oath: "In blessing I will bless thee; and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven." This is ever true: faith makes a man give back a blessing, with this conviction, —that either God will restore the comfort to him, or else He will give him more, or a better, for it.

A fourth reason why faith makes a man acquit himself in all trials is, that faith can find all hopes made up in God alone. Faith doth look upon God as a most ample and universal good, a good that answers for all others, that abundantly makes up all losses. Many broken pieces of comfort must concur here to make up our outward good. Our children, our friends, our health, our riches, many of these are compounded together to make up our good below. But God is all this in Himself, and much more than this, to faith. What is it thou findest in a husband, a wife, a child, or a brother, that thou mayest not see in God? What is there in riches that thou mayest not have much more in God? A friend may counsel and direct thee, but he cannot deliver thee. A child may comfort thee, but who can comfort thee so much as God? Faith sees more in God than in all outward blessings. God and His favour, God and His gracious countenance, these alone support the Christian, these make up his comfort. In the want of all things, faith can comfort itself more abundantly in the favour of God.

A fifth reason why faith can make a man triumph in great trials is, that faith knows upon what terms we possess those outward comforts that we are called upon to resign. We possess them upon movable titles. Here we have no abiding city. Our place and being here are but for a short time: all the creature is but vanity; it is of a shifting nature, and therefore it is said of riches, "They make to themselves wings." Riches are soon gone, honour is soon gone, life is soon gone. All our comforts are of a changeable nature, and that whereon we set our affection may be taken from us in a moment.

Thus I have opened these two points. There are now two uses which I will make of these two propositions.

The first use is this: Since great trials may befall Christians, then let us prepare for great trials; forasmuch as such afflictions and crosses may befall us.

There are two things that a man should always provide for: one is, while we live, to provide for death; the other is, while we are in prosperity, to provide for affliction. Our outward condition is but a shadow: it hath a natural aptness to change. "Man is born unto trouble," saith Eliphaz, "as the sparks fly upward:" as if trouble were his natural sphere, wherein he is to move.

Thou canst not assure thyself of life, no, not for a moment, nor of any of these outward comforts. Thou mayest get assurance from God that He will save thee: thou canst not get assurance from Him that He will never try thee. Abraham was sorely tried, and Job, and David, and Daniel, men greatly beloved. So mayest thou be tried: the things nearest thy heart may be taken from thee in a moment. What is life, but a shadow? What is honour, but a blast? What are the things in which we pride ourselves so much? They are but as Jonah's gourd, which perished in a moment, and many times cause us sorrow and affliction. The loss of them is often a greater grief than the want of them: the staff on which we lean too strongly breaks, and pierces our hand. What is the wise man's verdict of all things under the sun? He concludes they are all vanity, nothing but "vanity and vexation of spirit." How little, then, are we to expect from them! how needful is it that we be ready and provided for a change!

For when these changes do befall us, when they strip us of our usual comforts, verily we are put to it. It is not so easy to bear the loss of a dear friend, or to give up wealth and honour, as it may seem. We may be very bold before affliction comes; but when adversities and trials fall upon us, we are soon ready to faint. It is with us as with a ship: when the sun doth shine, and the seas are calm, and the wind fair, then she goes on pleasantly in her motion; but when the storm cometh, what can keep her steady? In our easy days, in our days of peace, in our calm estate, then we can hold our heads well enough; but in our losses and crosses we shall hardly bear up, unless the Lord do mightily support us.

There are in the world some insensible persons, who are like the rock that nothing can break; who are so hardened, that though God do scourge them, yet they feel it not; though God threaten them, they fear not; though God's hand be even upon them, they regard it not. To such persons it is all one whether God bless or whether God curse; whether He speak by His word or by His rod: they feel nothing, they fear nothing.

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But there is another sort of persons, who are sensible persons; sensible of God's love, and sensible of God's anger: they know that God is good and wise, and that He doth not strike off our comforts from us but upon some special cause. "Now," say they, "to stay upon God. It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth good unto Him. God doth not deprive me of such a comfort but He seeth it best for me."

Beloved, it were good to learn this lesson; else it will cost thee something, in a near trial, to acquit thyself by faith. To submit to God's chastisement, to kiss the rod, to judge the sin, to bend the soul, to better the life, this were an excellent lesson for us in all our trials and afflictions.

Secondly: Since faith is that which will make a man acquit himself in great trials, then get faith, use faith. If there were no other reason but this, that faith is able to support us in our days of trial, and to give us comfort in our greatest sorrow, this were motive enough to make us labour for faith; the day of trial being so common, and we apt every moment to fall into some affliction.

Faith gives us comfort and assurance under every trial. It can eye God as our God; and though the storms be very great, yet God can quiet them. Faith assures the soul that God will put an end to the trial: for though there be changeableness in the outward condition, yet there is safety and stability in God. Though a man may look with a dull eye upon his loss, yet if he can look upon God with the eye of faith as his God, the absence of the creature cannot so much trouble him as the presence of a great and glorious God can comfort and support him.

Again: faith works in us submission to God's will. It fashions the heart and the mind to the condition; it makes us stoop to our burden, and that contentedly, knowing that God will not lay more upon us than we are able to bear. "I became dumb," saith David, "because thou didst it." Zacharias was made dumb because he believed not; but David was dumb because he believed in God. Unbelief procures dumbness as a judgment from God; but faith makes a Christian dumb from complaining: it quiets the soul from murmuring against God: it doth not make a person dumb so as not to pray and to praise God, but dumb in complaint.

Moreover, faith, as it is an active grace, to enable the soul for the performance of duty, so is it also a passive grace, to strengthen the soul to suffer and bear affliction. "To you," saith the Apostle, "it is given, not only to believe, but also to suffer for His sake."

Faith will call in strength enough to bear affliction. God is pleased to exercise a Christian with great trials; but faith carries the soul along through all. Faith bears God's trials with God's own strength. There is no cross nor affliction, but faith can find support in the promise of deliverance. Faith makes a man see the affliction, as it were, come out of the hand of the Lord, out of the hand of mercy. Faith discerneth God's purpose of love in the chastening He inflicteth. Faith sees all things measured out by God Himself, and taketh with patience the portion allotted to him. Faith enables a man to conquer himself; it silenceth all murmuring, and makes the soul to bear its cross with patience.

AGAINST MURMURING.

Consider this, Christians, that of all men in the world you have the least cause, yea, no cause, to be murmuring and muttering under any dispensations you may meet with in this world. Is not God thy portion? (Lam. iii. 24; Eph. iii. 8; 1 Pet i. 3, 4.) Chrysostom propounds this question,—"Was Job miserable when he had lost all that God had given him?" and gives this answer,—"No; he had still that God who gave him all." Is not Christ thy treasure? is not heaven thine inheritance? and wilt thou murmur? Hast thou not much in hand, and more in hope? hast thou not much in possession, but much more in reversion? and wilt thou murmur? Hath not God given thee a changed heart, a renewed nature, and a sanctified soul? and wilt thou murmur? Hath not God given thee Himself to satisfy thee, His Son to save thee, His Spirit to lead thee, His grace to adorn thee, His covenant to assure thee, His mercy to pardon thee? and wilt thou murmur? Hath He not made thee a friend, a brother, a son, a bride, an heir? and wilt thou murmur? Hath not God often turned thy water into wine, thy brass into silver, thy silver into gold? and wilt thou murmur? When thou wast dead, did not He quicken thee! and when thou wast lost, did not He seek thee? and when thou wast wounded, did not He heal thee? and when thou wert falling, did not He support thee?

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and when thou wert down, did not He raise thee? and when thou wert staggering, did not He establish thee? and when thou wert erring, did not He reduce thee? and when thou wert tempted, did not He succour thee? and when thou wert in danger, did not He deliver thee? and wilt thou murmur? What! thou that art so highly advanced, and exalted above many thousands in the world. Murmuring is a black garment, and it becomes none so ill as saints.—*Brooks.*

A JEWISH PARABLE.

A poor man was travelling on a hot day, carrying a heavy load upon his back. A rich man, passing by in his chariot, took pity on him, and invited him to take a seat in his chariot behind. Shortly after, on turning round, the rich man saw the pilgrim still oppressed with the load upon his back, and asked why he did not lay it on the chariot. The poor man said that it was enough that he had been allowed to be himself carried in the chariot, and he could not presume to ask for more. "O foolish man!" was the reply, "if I am willing and able to carry you, am I not able also to carry your burden?"

Oppressed and anxious Christian, do you not see in this man your own unbelief and folly? He who has accepted your person, and is your reconciled Father in Christ Jesus, expects you to cast upon Him all your burden of cares too; and He is able to sustain it.

ETERNITY! O ETERNITY!

Immortal men, are you to spend an eternity in heaven or in hell? and are you losing yourselves among the vanities of this world? Will you never awake? Sleep on, then, and take your rest. But know you that the mists of death will soon gather around you. You will be laid upon a dying bed. Time has gone, and eternity has come. I see you lying there without a friend to help you in heaven or earth. I see you cast back your eyes on misspent Sabbaths, on murdered privileges, on wasted time. You remember the calls you once rejected. I hear you cry, "I had a soul, but prized it not; and now my soul is gone. Ten thousand worlds for one more year! ten thousand worlds for one more Sabbath in the house of God!" I look a little farther, and I see the perturbations of the troubled sky. The sign of the Son of Man appears in heaven. The last trumpet sounds. That body which had been committed to the grave is organized afresh. It opens its eyes on the strange commotions of a dissolving world. It is forced to ascend. The judgment-seat is set in the clouds of heaven, and the books are opened. I hear you cry to rocks and to mountains to cover you; but rocks and mountains are sunk in the general ruin. The books are opened, and on a black page are spread out all the sins of your life. That page is held up before a frowning universe. The judgment ended, the Judge prepares to speak. God of mercy, save me from that hour! Eternal justice lowers upon His awful brow. His right hand grasps ten thousand thunders. With a look, before which heaven and earth flee away, He turns full upon His foes: "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." But I return: and, blessed be God, I still find myself on praying ground, and my dear hearers about me. This is not the judgment-day. But, my beloved friends, I expect soon to meet you at that bar, and give an account of my labours among you to-day. It is in full view of that awful scene that I am speaking thus to you. I would not have you perish; but if you perish, I would clear my garments of your blood.—*Dr. Griffin.*

BEGIN TO-DAY.

Lord, I do discover a fallacy, whereby I have long deceived myself; which is this: I have desired to begin my amendment from my birthday, or from some eminent festival, that so my repentance might bear some remarkable date. But when those days were come, I have adjourned my amendment to some other time. Thus, whilst I could not agree with myself when to start, I have almost lost the running of the race. I am resolved thus to befool myself no longer. I see no day but to-day: the instant time is always the fittest time. In Nebuchadnezzar's image, the lower the members, the coarser the metal. The farther off the time, the more unfit. To-day is the golden opportunity, to-morrow will be the silver season, next day but the brasen one, and so on, till at last I shall come to the toes of clay, and be turned to dust. Grant, therefore, that to-day I may hear Thy voice. And if this day be obscure in the calendar, and remarkable in itself for nothing else, give me to make it memorable in my soul, hereupon, by Thy assistance, beginning the reformation of my life.—*Fuller.*

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SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

INSTINCT OF THE BEAVER.

A BEAVER arrived in this country in the winter of 1825, very young, being small and woolly, and without the covering of long hair that marks the adult animal. It was the surviver of five or six which were shipped at the same time, and it was in a very pitiable condition; lean, and with the coat all clogged with pitch and tar. Good treatment quickly restored it to health; it grew apace, plumped out, and the fur became clean, and in good condition. Kindness soon made it familiar. When called by its name, "Binny," it generally answered with a little, low, plaintive cry, and came to its owner. The hearth-rug was its favourite haunt in a winter evening; and thereon it would lie, stretched out at its length, sometimes on its back, sometimes on its side, and sometimes on its belly, expanding its webbed toes to secure the full action of a comfortable fire on them, but always near its master. The building-instinct showed itself early. Before it had been a week in its new quarters, as soon as it was let out of its cage, and materials were placed in its way, it immediately went to work. Its strength, even before it was half-grown, was great. It would drag along a large sweeping-brush, or a warming-pan, grasping the handle with its teeth, so that it came over his shoulder, and advancing with the load in an oblique direction, till it arrived at the point where it wished to place it. The long and large materials were always taken first; and two of the longest were generally laid crosswise, with one of the ends of each touching the wall, and the other ends projecting out into the room. The area formed by the crossed brushes and the wall he would fill up with hand-brushes, rush-baskets, books, boots, sticks, cloths, dried turf, or anything portable. As the work grew high he supported himself on his tail, which propped him up admirably; and he would often, after laying on one of his building-materials, sit up over against it, appearing to consider his work, or, as the country people say, "judge it." This pause was sometimes followed by changing the position of the material "judged," and sometimes it was left in its place. It has been asserted, and in some degree proved, that the song of birds depends on that which they first hear; but their nest-making seems to be the result of innate instinct. "Binny" must have been captured too young to have seen any of the building-operations of his parents or their co-mates; but his instinct impelled him to go to work under the most unfavourable circumstances; and he busied himself as earnestly in constructing a dam, in a room up three pair of stairs in London, as if he had been laying his foundation in a stream or lake in Upper Canada.

THE TEMPEST PROGNOSTICATOR.

THAT leeches are sensitive to the approach of thunder-storms is well known. Cowper, the poet, gives an interesting account of a leech, which he kept as a barometer, in a letter to Lady Hesketh, Nov. 10th, 1787:—"Yesterday," he says, "it thundered; last night it lightened, and at three this morning I saw the sky red as a city in flames could have made it. I have a leech in a bottle, which foretells all these prodigies and convulsions of nature. Not, as you will naturally conjecture, by articulate utterance of oracular notices, but by a variety of gesticulations, which here I have not room to give an account of. Suffice to say, that no change of weather surprises him, and that in point of early and accurate intelligence he is worth all the barometers in the world. None of them all, indeed, can make the least pretence to foretell thunder,—a species of capacity of which he has given the most unequivocal evidence. I gave but sixpence for him." Dr. Merryweather, of Whitby, in Yorkshire, has constructed what he calls a "tempest prognosticator," with leeches for the basis of the plan. He arranges a frame of twelve bottles, each containing a leech, and each having an open tube at the top. From a piece of whalebone in the opening of each bottle proceeds a brass chain, communicating with a bell hung in the top of the apparatus. Accordingly, when a tempest is approaching, the leeches rise in the bottles, displace the whalebone, and cause the bell to ring. Hitherto, after a year's experience, it is found that no storm escapes notice from the leeches. Dr. Merryweather has also satisfied himself that it is the electric state of the atmosphere, and not the occurrence of thunder within human hearing, which affects the leeches.

THE LIONESS.

THE lioness is considerably smaller than her royal mate, and at once distinguished from him by the absence of the mane: her form is more delicately framed, and her movements are more strikingly graceful than those of the lion. She is also endowed with a greater buoyancy of spirit, which compensates in a great measure for her inferiority in physical strength. She is, besides, much more agile and ardent in her passions; so that she is, on that account, as formidable an enemy to meet with as the lion himself. She differs from him materially in the manner in which she carries her head; that

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of the lion being always elevated, giving him that hauteur which has been construed into elevation of sentiment, while the lioness always carries her head in a level with the line of her back, which greatly detracts from the natural vivacity of her countenance, and conveys a look of sullenness.

There are few animals more tenderly attached to their offspring than the lioness. This inherent property produces in her an astonishing change of demeanour whenever she becomes a mother: for, it has been observed, that lionesses which were in the highest state of domestication, have laid aside every vestige of their former docility when they have cubs. On such occasions, all her former attachments are abandoned, and old-established friendship is no longer a safeguard to those approaching her. In this condition, she guards her young with a watchful feverishness, which keeps her in continual excitement, and, on the slightest grounds, she breaks out in violent and terrific fits of rage; and, so tremendous is her fury at times, that the bars seem insufficient to confine her.

The lioness goes with young five months, and produces from two to eight at a birth; and the young ones are generally somewhat striped like a tiger, till they have nearly reached their adult state. They are five years in arriving at perfection.—*Captain Thomas Brown.*

THE PHENOMENA OF EARTHQUAKES.

That agitation of the surface to which the term earthquake is applied, appears to be due to the same cause which produces a volcanic eruption; namely, the energy of subterranean elastic vapours struggling to find a vent. Hence, while most common in volcanic districts, the shocks are most severe at a distance from volcanoes, as if the latter afforded passage for the eruptive energy, which, at other points, fissured and upheaved the surface, in order to effect its disengagement. In some countries, slight tremors of the ground are experienced daily, or after intervals of a few days; but though often sufficiently strong to displace various objects, they excite no alarm from inflicting no damage. Thus, at Lima, on the Peruvian coast, an average of forty-five shocks may be expected in the year. They occur mostly in the latter part of October, in November, December, January, May, and June. Experience also there gives reason to conclude that not more than two desolating visitations have marked the course of a century, occurring after intervals of from forty to sixty years, as, since Europeans have known that region, the eras of considerable catastrophes have been the years 1586, 1630, 1687, 1713, 1746, and 1806. The movements of the surface during an earthquake are variously vertical, horizontal, and undulatory, or whirling. Low rumbling noises, resembling distant thunder, or sharp sounds, like the clanking of chains and discharges of artillery, are commonly heard in a great convulsion. Extensive fissures and chasms are frequently opened near the centre of a shock; streams are diverted from their course by the uplifting of their beds; large tracts are permanently elevated, and the soil suffers in fertility; luxuriant lands often becoming barren wastes after violent commotions, incapable for several years of producing a thriving vegetation. These changes transpire almost instantaneously, the most destructive earthquakes being the shortest in duration, amounting to little more than the paroxysm of a few moments. The great earthquake of Lisbon, November 1st, 1755, was over in about six minutes; the three shocks which

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reduced the city of Caraccas to ruins, March 26th, 1812, transpired in the space of fifty seconds; and the principal convulsion which levelled the city of Conception with the ground, February 20th, 1835, lasted but six seconds. Peculiar atmospheric phenomena are frequent, though not infallible, prognostics of a crisis approaching. Dr. Von Tschudi remarks, that the native Peruvians are seldom wrong in predicting an earthquake from their observation of the atmosphere; and that many persons have an obscure perception of the catastrophe, experiencing a feeling of restlessness, a pressure of the breast, as if a heavy weight were laid on it. It is certain that some animals instinctively apprehend the danger. On the morning so fatal to Conception, its inhabitants were surprised to observe the sea-fowl simultaneously change their habits, passing over the city in immense flocks, from the coast towards the interior; and it is a well-ascertained fact, that in the adjoining town of Talcahuano, the dogs all left the place before it fell.

The extent of country through which a shock is felt, called the area of concussion, is proportioned to its severity. This formed an ellipse, in the case of the Lisbon earthquake, the longer axis of which extended three thousand miles from the Canary Islands to Abo in Finland; the shorter axis stretching from the north-west of Ireland to the head of the Adriatic Sea. The rapidity with which a shock is propagated depends likewise upon its intensity; the rate diminishing with increasing distance from the point of greatest intensity.

There are no natural events so formidable and fatal to man as the earthquake; but, happily, while extensive areas of the surface participate in the shock, its desolating effects are confined to comparatively narrow limits; and, as far as experience at present goes, the more dreadful visitations are only known after considerable intervals in particular districts. Southern Europe, Iceland, part of the West Indies, central America, the north and west coasts of South America, northern India, the Indian Archipelago, the shores of the Red Sea, Asia Minor, the countries around the Caspian Sea, Syria, and Palestine, are the principal earthquake regions of the globe. The frequent occurrence of these great physical convulsions in the latter district, the land of the Bible, is indicated by the common introduction of imagery derived from them by the sacred writers. The mountains trembling, and the perpetual hills bowing down; the wilderness shaking; the earth reeling to and fro like a drunkard, and being removed like a cottage, are not imaginative pictures. They are scenes copied from real incidents; and are not only true to nature, but disclose a fact in relation to the phenomena, which nature does not teach, or only very feebly, to the dull apprehension of men:

"The voice of the Lord is powerful;
The voice of the Lord is full of majesty.
The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars;
Yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon.
He maketh them also to skip like a calf;
Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn.
The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire;
The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness;
The Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh."

PARENTAL MONITOR.

SUCCESS IN HOME TRAINING.

"You have been very successful in educating your children," said Mrs. J., a young mother, to her friend and neighbour, Mrs. W., whose children were nearly all grown up, and promised to be ornaments to society. "I wish to avail myself of the instruction to be derived from your experience."

"I do not feel competent to give instruction to any one," said Mrs. W. "In regard to this, as in regard to other duties, we do not need instruction so much as we need grace. We can readily learn what our duty is; but to do it is not so easy. I found the Bible very clear in laying down my duty in regard to the education of my children: I could see, very clearly, what I ought to do; but I came far short of doing it."

"You have been greatly blessed in your children."

"I have had unspeakable reason to be thankful for what God has done for them."

"It is understood that you took great pains with their education. I should be greatly obliged if you would tell me the course you pursued. When did you begin the work of their education?"

"As soon as they were born. When a child was born, I felt that God had given it to me to be trained for Him. My first efforts were directed to the care of its health, and to prayer. Prayer I regard as one of the most important parts of the work of education."

"How early did you attempt to communicate religious instruction?"

"Almost as soon as the child was born. Impressions can be made before ideas can be communicated. I took care that it should hear only the tones of affection, and witness only the expressions of love. I think a great impression can be made upon the young mind in this way, before it can receive ideas by means of language. Another thing

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I deem very important. The child should see that the parent has intercourse with, and relies upon, a higher power. I would have the first ideas of God communicated to the child by means of the prayers of the parent. The child should see and feel that the mother has one on whose affection she relies with the same confidence the child feels towards the mother."

"When your children were old enough to converse, how often did you give them formal religious instruction?"

"I never had any set time for that duty. I endeavoured to connect religious instruction with all our conversation. I wished them to feel that religious conversation was a matter of course. I wished them to feel that it was as natural to have reference to the will of God in all their amusements and actions, as it was to have reference to the will of their parents. Of course, I laboured to impress them with the conviction that the will of God was superior in authority to the will of their parents."

"Did you early make known to them the consequences of sin in the future world?"

"I took care that they should perceive that the misery with which sin is visited in eternity, is the natural and necessary consequence of sin. The first idea which I aimed to develop was, as I have already said, the idea of God. The next was the idea of duty, of right and wrong. I never gave any reason why they should do right. I took it for granted that the obligation would be recognised as soon as the right was perceived. I think that parents often err, by always attaching the idea of reward to doing right, and of punishment to doing wrong. We are to do right because God made us for that purpose. I believe a child is capable of receiving that truth at a very early age."

"Did you early teach the doctrine of depravity?"

"I did. I aimed to impress this truth in connexion with the way of salvation through Christ."

"Is it not a very difficult work to make a child understand the way of salvation?"

"It depends upon what you mean by 'understanding the way of salvation.' I do not suppose that a child can understand the reasonings and philosophical explanations given by professed theologians; but a child can understand the fact that Christ loved him and died for him. By the aid of the Holy Spirit, for whose influence we should constantly pray, a very young child may be convinced of sin, and be made to feel that salvation can come only through the blood of Christ."

"As your children grew older, did they not sometimes manifest an unwillingness to converse on religious subjects?"

"Most of my children, I trust, became savingly interested in the truths of religion at an early age. I was careful not to introduce religious topics unseasonably; or rather, I had constantly aimed to make them feel that such topics were never unseasonable. I made it the great business of my life, and the burden of my prayers, that my children might be consecrated to God from their earliest youth. God has, I trust, mercifully heard my prayer. If we make it the first business of our lives to train our children for Him, He will give us wisdom and grace, and will bless our labours."

SPEAK GENTLY.

"I AM entirely at a loss to know what to do with that boy," said Mrs. B. to her husband, with much concern on her face, and in an anxious tone of voice. "I never yield to his imperious temper; I never indulge him in anything; I think about him and care about him at all times, but see no good results."

While Mrs. B. was speaking, a bright, active boy, eight years of age, came dashing into the room; and, without heeding any one, commenced beating with two large sticks against one of the window-sills, and making a deafening noise.

"Incorrigible boy!" exclaimed his mother, going quickly up to him, and jerking the sticks out of his hand: "can I not teach you either manners or decency? I have told you a hundred times that when you come into a room where any one is sitting, you must be quiet. Go up-stairs this moment, and do not let me see your face for an hour!"

The boy became sulky in an instant, and stood where he was, pouting sadly.

"Did you hear what I said? Go up-stairs this moment!"

Mrs. B. spoke in a very angry tone, and looked quite as angry as she spoke.

Slowly moved the boy toward the door, a scowl darkening his face, that was but a moment before so bright and cheerful. His steps were too deliberate for the over-excited feelings of the mother: she sprang toward him, and seizing him by the arm, pushed him from the room, and closed the door loudly after him.

"I declare I am out of all heart!" she exclaimed, sinking down upon a chair. "It is 'line upon line and precept upon precept,' but all to no good purpose. That boy will break my heart yet!"

Mr. B. said nothing, but he saw plainly enough that it was not all the child's fault. He doubted the use of speaking out, and saying this unequivocally, although he had often and often been on the point of doing so involuntarily. He knew the temper of his wife so well, and her peculiar sensitiveness about everything that looked like charging any fault upon herself, that he feared more harm than good would result from an attempt on his part to show her

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that she was much more than half to blame for the boy's perverseness of temper.

Once or twice the little fellow showed himself at the door, but was driven back with harsh words, until the hour for tea arrived. The sound of the tea-bell caused an instant oblivion of all the disagreeable impressions made on his mind. His little feet answered the welcome summons with a clatter that stunned the ears of his mother.

"Go back, Sir," she said, sternly, as he burst open the dining-room door, and sent it swinging with a loud concussion against the wall, "and see if you cannot walk down stairs more like a boy than a horse."

Master H. withdrew, pouting out his rosy lips as far as he could. He went up one flight of stairs, and then returned.

"Go up to the third story, where you first started from, and come down quietly all the way, or you shall not have a mouthful."

"I do not want to," whined the boy.

"Go up, I tell you, this instant; or I will send you to bed without anything to eat."

This was a threat that former experience had taught him might be executed; and so he deemed it better to submit than pay too dearly for having his own way. The distance to the third story was made in a few light springs, and then he came pattering down as lightly, and took his place at the table quickly, but silently.

"There, there; not too fast: you have plenty to eat, and time enough to eat it in."

H. settled himself down to the table as quietly as his mercurial spirits would let him, and tried to wait until he was helped; but, in spite of all his efforts to do so, his hand went over into the bread-basket. A look from his mother caused him to drop the slice he had raised: it was not a look in which there was much affection. While waiting to be helped, his hands were busy with his knife and fork, making a most unpleasant clatter.

"Put down your hands!" harshly spoken, remedied this evil; or rather sent the active movement from the little fellow's hands to his feet, that commenced a swinging motion, —his heels striking noisily against the chair.

"Keep your feet still!" caused this to cease.

After one or two more reproofs, the boy was left to himself. As soon as he received his cup of tea, he poured the entire contents into his saucer, and then tried to lift it steadily to his lips. In doing so he spilled one-third of the contents upon the table.

A box on the ears and a storm of angry words rewarded this feat.

"Have I not told you, over and over again, you incorrigible, bad boy, not to pour the whole of your tea into your saucer? Just see what a mess you have made with that tea. I declare I am out of all patience with you! Go away from the table this instant!"

H. went crying away, not in anger, but in grief. He had spilled his tea by accident. His mother had so many reproofs and injunctions to make, that the bearing of them all in his mind was a thing impossible. As to pouring out all his tea at a time, he had no recollection of any interdict on that subject, although it had been made over and over again, very often. In a little while he came creeping slowly back, and resumed his place at the table, his eyes on his mother's face. Mrs. B. was sorry that she had sent him away for what was only an accident: she felt that she had hardly been just to the thoughtless boy. She did not, therefore, object to his coming back; but said, as he took his seat, "Next time see that you are more careful. I have told you again and again not to fill your saucer to the brim: you never can do it without spilling the tea upon the table."

This was not spoken in kindness.

A scene similar to the above was enacted at every meal; but instead of improving in his behaviour, the boy grew more and more heedless. Mr. B. rarely said anything to H. about his unruly manner; but when he did, a word was enough. That word was always mildly, yet firmly, spoken. He did not think him a bad boy, or difficult to manage: at least, he had never found him so. "I wish I knew what to do with that child," said Mrs. B., after the little fellow had been sent to bed an hour before his time, in consequence of some violation of law and order: "he makes me constantly feel unhappy. I dislike to be scolding him for ever; but what can I do? If I did not curb him in some way, there would be no living in the house with him. I am afraid he will cause us a great deal of trouble."

Mr. B. sat silent. He wanted to say a word on the subject; but he feared that its effect might not be what he desired.

"I wish you would advise me what to do, Mr. B.," said his wife, a little petulantly. "You sit and do not say a single word, as if you had no kind of interest in the matter. What am I to do? I have exhausted all my own resources, and feel completely at a loss."

"There is a way which, if you would adopt it, I think might do good." Mr. B. spoke with a slight appearance of hesitation. "If you would speak gently to H., I am sure you would be able to manage him far better than you do."

Mrs. B.'s face was crimsoned in an instant: she felt the reproof deeply: her self-esteem was severely wounded.

"Speak gently, indeed!" she replied: "I might as well speak to the wind. I am scarcely heard now at the top of my voice."

As her husband did not argue the matter with her, nor say anything that was calculated to keep up the excitement under which

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she was labouring, her feelings in a little while quieted down, and her thoughts became active. The words "speak gently" were constantly in her mind, and there was a reproving import in them. On going to bed that night she could not get to sleep for several hours; her mind was too busily engaged in reviewing her conduct toward her child. She clearly perceived that she had too frequently suffered her mind to get excited and angry; and that she was often annoyed at trifles which ought to have been overlooked.

"I am afraid I have been unjust to my child," she sighed, over and over again, turning restlessly upon her pillow.

"I will try and do better," she said to herself, as she rose in the morning, feeling but little refreshed from sleep. Before she was ready to leave her room, she heard H.'s voice calling her from the next chamber, where he slept. The tones were fretful: he wanted some attendance, and was crying out for it in a manner that instantly disturbed the even surface of the mother's feelings. She was about telling him angrily to be quiet until she could finish dressing herself, when the words, "speak gently," seemed whispered in her ear. Their effect was magical: the mother's spirit was subdued.

"I will speak gently," she said to herself; and went in to H., who was still crying out fretfully.

"What do you want, my son?" she said, in a quiet, kind voice.

The boy looked up with surprise: his eye brightened, and the whole expression of his face was changed in an instant.

"I cannot find my stockings, mamma," he said.

"There they are, under there," returned Mrs. B., as gently as she had at first spoken.

"O, yes! so they are," cheerfully replied H.: "I could not see them anywhere."

"Did you think crying would bring them?"

This was said with a smile, and in a tone so unlike his mother, that the child looked up again into her face with surprise that was, Mrs. B. plainly saw, mingled with pleasure.

"Do you want anything else?" she asked.

"No, mamma," he replied cheerfully: "I can dress myself now."

This first little effort was crowned with the most encouraging results to the mother: she felt a deep peace settling in her bosom, the consciousness of having gained a true victory over the perverse tendencies of both her own heart and that of her boy. It was a little act, but it was the firstfruits; and the gathering even of so small a harvest was sweet to her spirit.

For the first time in many months the breakfast-table was pleasant to all. H. never once interrupted the conversation that passed at intervals between his father and mother. When he asked for anything, it was in a way pleasing to all. Once or twice, Mrs. B. found it necessary to correct some little fault in manner; but the way in which she did it did not in the least disturb her child's temper; and, instead of not seeming to hear her words, as had almost always been the case, he regarded all that was said, and tried to do as she wished.

"There is a wonderful power in gentle words," remarked Mr. B. to his wife, after H. had left the table.

"Yes, wonderful indeed: their effect surprises me."

"Love is strong."

Days, weeks, months, and years went by: during all this time, the mother continued to strive very earnestly with herself, and very kindly with her child. The happiest results followed: the fretful, passionate, disorderly boy became even-minded and orderly in his habits. A word gently spoken was all-powerful in its influence for good; but the least shade of harshness would arouse his stubborn will, and deform his fair young face.

Whenever mothers complain to Mrs. B. of the difficulty they find in managing their children, she has one piece of advice to give; and that is, "Command yourself, and 'speak gently.'"

OUR SERVANTS.

THE CONSISTENT SERVANT.

BY THE REV. DAVID HAY.

The light of religion has sometimes been carried, by a domestic servant, into a habitation where spiritual darkness previously reigned. The humble witness for her Lord has testified effectually of His saving grace, and a family has in consequence emerged out of darkness into marvellous light. And it is of great moment, both to the individual and also to the interests of the kingdom of God, that every professor of the Saviour's religion should shine as a light of the world, and be as the salt of the earth. No doubt the Christian reader has often asked the question, "How shall I best promote the honour of my Saviour's name among those with whom I have daily intercourse?" This is an important inquiry, and deserves your most serious consideration. One thing in relation to it I would have you carefully

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regard,—*Christian consistency;* and by that I mean, always act conformably to your station in life, and in harmony with your religious profession. And whatever the character of the family in which you reside, bear in mind you are not to display your religion by assuming the office of spiritual teacher, but endeavour to make a right impression on all around, by the indirect influence of a suitable deportment. Occasions will occur in which servants are called openly to declare, and firmly to maintain, their religious principles, at some cost and hazard; and in this way they may powerfully reprove the deviation from what is right in their unscrupulous employers. If ever they are required to violate the law of God, it will be their duty unhesitatingly to reply, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" and not to fear the temporal loss or suffering such conduct may entail, since it is sure to secure the countenance and favour of God. Joseph's purity and fidelity cost him his place in the house of Potiphar, and secured him a dungeon; but he carried with him into the prison the satisfaction which springs from a good conscience, and the favour of his heavenly Father; and he, who but for that painful trial might have remained all his life a captive in the family of one of Pharaoh's officers, rose by means of it to a station next to the King, and became the instrument of preserving his own family, and "saving much people alive."

But the religious influence which I conceive a servant will generally exert, will arise less from what she *says* than from what she *does*. It is almost impossible to overrate the power of consistency. There are but few people who have not their moments of serious observation and reflection. The piety of the servant which was the drawback with her irreligious employer on her engagement, may become her chief recommendation. A well-governed temper, a desire to please, a readiness to obey, and a respectful deportment, (and without these religion is a mere pretence,) are sure, sooner or later, to make an impression in favour of the servant in whom they exist, and will be rightfully attributed to that godliness from which they spring.

There is an error into which we are all liable to fall; namely, to acquaint ourselves with the duties of others, rather than those which pertain to ourselves. Servants, for example, may be very familiar with St. Paul's directions to masters, while perhaps they have only just glanced at those which relate to themselves. That masters owe many duties to their servants is perfectly clear, duties which are enjoined by Divine authority, and which cannot be neglected or violated without peril to their souls; yet it is no part of a servant's calling to teach a master what those duties are: she is only held responsible for the performance of her own. On this point you must be clear It is necessary to your own peace of conscience and the continued enjoyment of the favour of God; while, if your master fail in his, be content to know that he is subject to his Master in heaven, before whose tribunal he must stand. It is not, of course, intended by these remarks, that a servant is bound to continue in the employ of those who habitually violate their duties; but simply that she is not responsible to God for their transgressions, and that, as long as she continues in the service of such, she should act her part with fidelity, doing service not unto men but unto God. In a word, mind that *you* are right, whoever else is wrong; for "*every* one shall give account of himself to God."

I have often been grieved to hear masters and mistresses complain that their domestic comforts are frequently interrupted by the conduct of their servants. I have thought it worth while to inquire into the precise nature of their domestic grievances, in order to ascertain whether some method might not be adopted for their removal. It is a serious thing to interfere with the happiness of a family. Home should be the happiest place in the world. God gave His Son that in Him all the *families* of the earth should be blessed; and that person is guilty of a grave offence who acts in a family in such a way as to prevent this blessedness from being realised. How lamentable that this gracious purpose of God is not in every house secured! And why not? Whatever truth there may be in these complaints, I am far from thinking that the fault rests *alone* with servants. Yet they might frequently do more than they do to promote so desirable an object. It is not generally alleged against them that they are dishonest, untruthful, or positively disobedient, so much as that they display a spirit above their station, a love of dress and of personal indulgence, and a want of interest in the welfare of their masters and their families. The charge resolves itself into one of *selfishness;* an evil which cannot be too carefully guarded against. Servants, on entering a family, should at once feel that they are part of it, and that they are bound by the strongest obligations to seek its good; for if one member be at liberty to indulge in ease and the gratification of self, without any regard to the claims of the rest, why may not all? and only let selfishness be the established rule among the members of a family, and there will be a speedy end of concord and affection. When a servant takes up her abode in any family, it would be well if she would always adopt some such resolution as the following:—"I resolve that while I remain beneath this roof, it shall ever be my careful study to do my best to contribute to the happiness of all those with whom I am associated, whether as a servant to my employers, or as the fellow-servant of

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others. The peace of this dwelling shall never be disturbed by me, nor the anxieties and cares of its head increased by my negligence. I will endeavour to guard against those feelings of selfishness which cannot be indulged without inflicting injury upon others, and every temptation to forget that my providential lot in this house is not to command, but to obey. I will not serve with mere eye-service, but in the fear of God. I will not be indifferent to the approbation of those I serve; and if diligence, fidelity, and the best exercise of my abilities can secure it, I shall obtain it. Above all, my daily aim shall be to please God, and to secure the testimony of a good conscience. I shall also feel it my duty every day to pray that the blessing of 'the God of the families of the earth' may rest upon us, and that we may so live together on earth as finally to form a part of the great family in heaven." And who can tell how large the accession which would be made to the general sum of domestic happiness, were such to become the universal resolve of domestic servants? And let me say, in reference to *religious* servants, *consistency demands it* of them.

May I give you a word of friendly advice respecting your conduct in relation to those special favours, gratuities, or indulgences you may receive? What is intended kindly, accept gratefully. Whether they are large or small, deserved or undeserved, never claim them as your *right*. It is not desirable for either masters or servants to be perpetually standing upon their rights. The former may sometimes give beyond the stipulated amount, and the latter may render a service of care and affection beyond the mere letter of the agreement. In families especially, the law of kindness should prevail. But in no instance abuse this liberality, or conclude, when generously treated, that you must needs deserve it all. There are cases in which good servants have been spoiled by presents, as in those instances in which pride, haughtiness, and self-importance are the result. "I can seldom," said an aged and Christian matron one day, "keep my servants with comfort more than two years; for, being rather indulgent, after that time they take upon themselves such airs, that when I have tried a third year, I have generally had cause to regret it." Yet, why should this be the case? It would not be so, if servants were not blind to their own interests; for it is very probable that a servant would not have left such a situation a week, without feeling, upon reflection, that she had taken a very foolish step; and perhaps months would elapse before she would meet with one offering half the privileges and comforts of that she had so lightly and ungratefully surrendered. Learn to know when it is well with you, and contentedly and affectionately serve those who kindly and generously trust and reward you. Be not restlessly desirous of change, unless you are sure of improving your condition.

Aim at diffusing happiness around you. Place those in whose service you are, under obligation to your affectionate consideration. There is a beautiful instance in Old-Testament story which I select for your imitation. You will find it in 2 Kings v. You are familiar with the narrative. I refer to the Israelitish maid who waited on the wife of Naaman, the Syrian General. He was a leper, and her situation afforded her an opportunity of observing his sufferings. Her heart was touched with sympathy for the afflicted nobleman. I doubt not but she prayed to her God in his behalf; and probably it was in answer to her prayers that she was directed to speak of the Prophet of Samaria. There is great benevolence towards Naaman, as well as faith in God, expressed in the simple words, "And she said unto her mistress, Would God my lord were with the Prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy." And this generous feeling was the more remarkable, as the temptation on her part would naturally be to animosity and revenge. For she was a captive, a *slave*, and not their lawful servant. She had been forcibly torn from her home, the land of her fathers and her God, by a ruthless banditti, and placed among idolaters, whose sinful worship she contemned as an offence against her Lord. She might have deemed herself under no obligation to show kindness to those who held her in unjust and cruel bondage. But her religion taught her to love and not to hate even her enemies. And we are sure that her conduct had been such, in her new and trying situation, as to gain her a reputation for sobriety and truthfulness. Her sincere and faithful wish respecting her master, not only attracted attention, but gained credit, so that the King and Naaman united to act upon it. And when her lord returned, perfectly cured of his leprosy, his flesh being like the flesh of a child, how must her kind and benevolent heart have beat with joy! And how full was that joy, when she knew that not only was Naaman healed in body, but that in heart he had renounced idolatry, and confessed that there was no God in all the earth beside the God of Israel, her *own* God, and the God of her fathers! She forgot her own wrongs and sufferings in her master's health and happiness. She was *consistent:* she acted in harmony with her religious character and her station in life.

At the close of that narrative, mention is made of *another* servant, whose character stands out in admonitory contrast to hers; a servant far more highly favoured, the attendant of that Prophet of whom the little maid had spoken so reverently, and in whose miracle-working power as a messenger of the Most High she had such confider-

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The captive maid was faithful among idolaters: Gehazi was unfaithful while the servant of the Prophet. In bondage she sought the good of her heathen master: Gehazi, though free, and enjoying the confidence of the Prophet, belied and misrepresented him for selfish purposes, in a case where his master's honour, and the glory of the Lord, were directly concerned. Under what disadvantages the Israelitish maid held fast her integrity, and displayed the spirit of her religion! while Gehazi, possessing the highest outward privileges, proved unfaithful, covetous, and a liar. We are not informed what were the rewards of the "little maid:" if she got none from earth, she would receive full satisfaction from heaven. We know the curse that fell upon Gehazi; and fearful as was that leprosy of body, still more distressing was the inward curse which fell upon his soul.

Forget not the *consistent* maid of Israel, and the *inconsistent* servant of a Prophet; and pray that you may have grace to teach you and guide you aright in all the paths of duty, and then great shall be your reward in the inward peace, blessing, and favour of your God and Saviour.

POETRY.

THE FULNESS OF JESUS.

I LAY my sins on Jesus, Lev. xvi. 21.
The spotless Lamb of God: Heb. ix. 14.
He bears them all, and frees us Heb. ix. 28.
From the accursed load. Gal. iii. 13.
I bring my guilt to Jesus, Acts xiii. 38, 39.
To wash my crimson stains Rev. vii. 14.
White in His blood most precious, 1 Pet. i. 19.
Till not a spot remains. Eph. v. 27.

I tell my wants to Jesus; 1 Pet. v. 7.
All fulness dwells in Him: Col. i. 19.
He healeth my diseases, Psalm ciii. 3.
He doth my soul redeem. Gal. iv. 4, 5.
I lay my griefs on Jesus, Heb. iv. 15.
My burdens and my cares: Psalm lv. 22.
He from them all releases, Isai. lxiii. 9.
He all my sorrows shares. Heb. iv. 15, 16.

I rest my soul on Jesus, Deut. xxxiii. 27.
This weary soul of mine; Matt. xi. 28.
His right hand me embraces, Cant. ii. 6.
I on His breast recline. John xiii. 23.
I love the name of Jesus, 1 John iv. 19.
Immanuel, Christ the Lord; Matt. i. 23.
Like fragrance on the breezes, Cant. i. 3.
His name is spread abroad. Phil. ii. 9, 10.

I long to be like Jesus,— 1 John iii. 2.
Meek, loving, lowly, mild: Matt. xi. 29.
I long to be like Jesus,— 1 Pet. ii. 21.
The Father's holy Child. Acts iv. 27.
I long to be with Jesus, Phil. i. 23.
Amid the heavenly throng; Rev. vii. 9.
To sing with saints His praises, Rev. v. 13.
To learn the angels' song. Rev. xiv. 3.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

My God and Father! while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
O! teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me "be still" and murmur not;
Or breathe the prayer Thyself hast taught,
"Thy will be done!"

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

Though thou hast call'd me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine:
I have but yielded what was Thine,
"Thy will be done!"

Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay;
My Father! still I strive to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest;
My God! to Thee I leave the rest:
"Thy will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day!
Blend it with Thine! and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,
I 'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

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COMPLAINT AND REPROOF.

BY COLERIDGE.

COMPLAINT.

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honour or wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

REPROOF.

For shame, dear friend! renounce this canting strain!
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Place, titles, salary, a gilded chain,
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? three treasures,—love, and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

WHITE ASSES.

In Judges v. 10, those who "ride on white asses" are Princes and nobles. It is observed by the excellent annotator in the "Pictorial Bible," that commentators have been rather perplexed by the expression, from not being able to understand that there were asses that could be described as positively white. Some have therefore chosen to refer the whiteness not to the asses, but to their trappings or furniture; while others, taking the Arabic sense of the word, render it "streaked" or "parti-coloured asses," and understand it to mean a sort of zebra. But, in the first place, asses perfectly white are by no means uncommon in Western Asia. They are usually in every respect the finest of their species, and their owners certainly take more pride in them than in any other of their asses. They also sell at a much higher price; and those hackney ass-men, who make a livelihood by hiring out their asses to persons who want a ride, always expect better pay for the white ass than for any of the others. The higher estimation in which they are held is indicated by the superior style of their furniture and decorations; and, in passing through the streets, the traveller will not fail to notice the conspicuous appearance which they make in the line of asses which stand waiting to be hired. The worsted trappings are of gayer colours, the beads and small shells are more abundant and fine, and the ornaments

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of metal more bright. But, above all, their white hides are fantastically streaked and spotted with the red stains of the henna plant; a barbarous kind of ornament, which the western Asiatics are also fond of applying to their own beards, and to the tails and manes of their white horses. As we are unwilling to suppose that the Hebrews disfigured these beautiful animals in this style, we certainly prefer the simple sense of "white." These white asses being less common than others, and being usually larger and finer, we can easily understand why it should be a sort of distinction to ride them, in a country where horses were not employed.

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. JOHN KAY,

OF GOODSHAWFOLD, BACUP CIRCUIT.

Mr. Kay was born at Elton-Banks, near Edenfield, Lancashire, on the 4th of November, 1771. His parents, Robert and Ann Kay, were stated hearers in the Established Church; and, though strictly moral in their conduct, knew nothing of the power and consolations of the Gospel. Under their training, John was not likely to become openly immoral; but his childhood and early youth passed away without his receiving any very deep convictions of the importance of vital godliness. His youth was spent principally at Flaxmoss, near Haslingden, where he regularly attended the service of the Church of England. His grandfather, who lived near, and was a devout Methodist, entered into earnest conversation with John, and his younger brother Thomas; and by prayer sought their conversion to God. Such simple and pious efforts could not be lost; and very soon after, John became the subject of serious impressions, and sought Christ as a humble penitent. On his removal to Burnley, shortly after this, his lot was cast in a pious Methodist family. In this house it was his privilege to join daily in family worship. God gently opened his way. He now regularly attended the Methodist chapel. His heart was soon stricken under the word: he joined the Society, and very soon after found peace, through believing in Jesus. This was about the year 1792. He continued steadfast in the faith; and, in spite of sore temptations, grew in wisdom and piety. Some four years after his conversion to God, he was appointed Leader of a class; and continued to discharge the duties of that important office, to the edification of many, for upwards of fifty years.

Several years after his appointment to a class, he was necessitated, on account of his business, to remove to Goodshawfold, about three miles from Rawtenstall. There was no Methodist chapel within several miles. Mr. Kay, however, did not merge his peculiar and conscientious principles, in order to avail himself of services where he deemed the whole "truth as it is in Jesus" was not set forth. He was a Methodist from conviction, and set a high value on everything pertaining to a full, free, and present salvation. The nearest Wesleyan chapel was at Haslingden; and thither he went, over rugged hills, every Sabbath morning, at nine o'clock, to meet his class, and to attend public worship.

At length, a chapel having been built at Rakefoot, about a mile from Goodshawfold, Mr. Kay united himself with the Society there, and continued, to the day of his death, very efficiently to occupy various offices connected with it. His unusual stability, peaceable disposition, and general moral worth obtained for him a reputation, where he was best known, that nothing but true piety can secure. He was eminently the friend of the poor, and well understood the Saviour's injunction, "When thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee," &c. To those in his employment he showed a considerate Christian kindness, and manifested a scrupulous anxiety to render to all under his direction "the things which are just and equal;" remembering that he, too, had "a Master in heaven." He did not, however, escape the shafts of calumny; but his consolation was that the accusations made against him were false. With pure heart and conscious integrity, he could lift his hands to heaven, saying, "Thou knowest the way that I take; and when Thou hast tried me, I shall come forth as gold." Those who knew him most intimately could not but admire the piety, probity, and consistency which directed his whole character; and one closely associated with him in business said, after his decease, "If there be a man that deserves well of every one, this is he."

For more than half a year before he died, he was unable to attend the service of the sanctuary; but when his heart and flesh failed, God was the strength of his heart, and his portion for ever. The affliction that brought him to the grave was paralysis. The calm and settled confidence of his last days was in remarkable accordance with the habitual and humble piety of a long life. A short time before his death, one of his daughters asked him to lift his hand, if he felt tranquil, happy, resigned. He did so at once, with all his remaining strength; and immediately expired, May 10th, 1847, in

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the seventy-sixth year of his age. "The memory of the just is blessed."

Though Mr. Kay's career was not calculated to arrest public attention, it was of a character that could not fail to be a blessing while he lived; and to excite surprise, when dead, among those who knew him well, that they had not loved him more. The church felt as if a pillar had been removed; and the neighbourhood that it had lost one of its brightest examples of piety and integrity.

None who knew him could fail to mark his wisdom and prudence. His words were few; but he was at the utmost distance from anything cynical or morose. When perplexing affairs arose in the church, Mr. Kay's advice was generally, if not always, sought for, acted upon, and, as a most indefatigable Leader observed, seldom without the best results. His conversation, though it displayed the cheerfulness of true piety, was never depreciated by "foolish talking and jesting, which are not convenient." Like the wise virgins, he kept his lamp trimmed and burning, by reading of the Scriptures, prayer, and self-examination, endeavouring to conduct himself toward all in humility, charity, and uprightness.

The deep seriousness of his character was enlivened by the joys of vital piety, and warmed by a devout, enlarged liberality. He delighted in promoting the truth. He was a ready and liberal helper in the promotion of various Christian institutions; and what he gave seemed enhanced in value by the cheerfulness and gratitude with which he cast it into the Lord's treasury. Though somewhat taciturn, there was that about him which rendered him a great favourite among the children of the Sabbath-school. What his love lacked in outward display, was supplied by the unvarying kindness of his disposition. His love to God and man, like the heat in the metal, pervaded his whole character. It was quiet, but intense. It lacked the glare of profession; but it filled his heart, and directed his entire conduct. His humble love to God rendered patient submission easy. As a man engaged in business, he had his share of trial; and, in some instances, it was of the severest character; but he was seldom, if ever, known to murmur.

He was earnestly attached to Wesleyan Methodism, and maintained its discipline firmly, but with the utmost kindness. He was remarkably punctual in his attendance on the means of grace; and received every quarterly ticket, except two, at the hands of the officiating Minister. He had an evident pleasure in filling up his allotted sphere in the church. Being convinced in his judgment, he was no waverer, but steadily maintained his course to the last. Like Obed-edom, the ark rested in his house; and for more than forty years, his neighbours had the privilege of meeting there for prayer and the hearing of the word of life.

Mr. Kay ruled well his own house, having his children in subjection. God's promise has not failed him. In this matter he was an eminent pattern of piety. It is not improbable that Mr. Kay's mind received its first impression of the supreme importance of this duty when he was an inmate of that pious family in Burnley, where he became convinced of sin, and began his religious career. Having been converted to God, and finding himself at the head of a family, he had respect to the *order* of God's commands; and reading, "The promise is unto you and your children," he plainly saw that the very next duty to the seeking of personal religion, was a careful attention to the conversion of his children. He felt that no public duty could excuse the neglect of this. He never lost sight of it. No day passed by but they were assembled for family worship. The salvation of his family was his business; and God, who never fails, sent the blessing. His children have risen up to call him blessed. Three have died in the faith; and all that remain are devoutly serving the God of their father. His example may well encourage every pious parent. Family religion is the strength of the church. What could more certainly promote Zion's weal, and secure permanent increase to the church, than the multiplication of such examples? God has committed the fashioning of each succeeding generation mainly to the hands of parents; and it will be when heads of families shall "command their children and their households after them, to keep the way of the Lord," that God shall bring upon us as families and as a church the glorious things He has promised.

WILLIAM JESSOP.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY OF MURDER.

A STORY, very singularly authenticated, is told in the "Quarterly Review." The fact occurred in Australia; and its particulars undoubtedly prove, that on the evidence supplied by an apparition, real or supposed, a murderer was discovered and executed.

The confidential steward of a wealthy settler near Sydney suddenly announced

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that his master had been unexpectedly summoned on important business to England, and that the whole of his immense property had been entrusted to his management till the proprietor returned. Not a doubt crossed any individual's mind as to the perfect accuracy of this statement, and the steward continued during several months to act as trustee for his absent master.

One evening, some time afterwards, a gentleman, who had been acquainted with the English settler, was riding home through that absentee's grounds, when he became astonished to perceive his friend sitting on a stile by the roadside, and he advanced cordially to congratulate him on his speedy return. Before he could speak, however, the Englishman had risen silently from his seat, and, with a mournful expression of countenance, walked slowly towards a neighbouring pond, where he disappeared. The gentleman being on horseback, could not follow; but the scene haunted his thoughts all the way home with astonishment and perplexity: therefore next morning he returned with several assistants, who perseveringly dragged the pond, when, to the grief and consternation of all present, the murdered body of their departed friend was brought to light.

Immediately the whole party hurried to the deceased proprietor's house, where they arrested the steward on suspicion of murder, and he was brought to trial; but when the particulars were detailed before him of this awful apparition, he became appalled by a sense of his own guilt, and by the startling consciousness that even the grave had given up its dead to witness against him, so that he might not escape a fearfully deserved punishment. The steward then confessed that one evening, seeing his master sitting on that very stile, the whole plan had at once suggested itself to his mind; and that, having come behind his victim, he suddenly struck him down insensible, dragged his body to the pond, and having, as he thought, buried it for ever out of sight, announced the story, which had been so entirely believed, of his master's sudden journey to England. The culprit suffered soon after the extreme penalty of the law; and the whole particulars may be found recorded in the journals of that period, about the year 1830, and in the public records.

ANECDOTES.

THE PROPER OBJECT OF THANKS.

A LADY applied once to the late benevolent Mr. Reynolds, of Bristol, on behalf of an orphan. After he had given liberally, she said,—

"When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor."

"Stop!" said the good man: "you are mistaken. We do not thank the clouds for the rain: teach him to look higher, and thank Him who giveth both the clouds and the rain."

MAKE THE WORLD SORRY WHEN YOU LEAVE IT.

AT one of the evening-parties at Streatham, Mr. Coxe was discoursing, perhaps not very considerately, on the happiness of retiring from the world, when Dr. Johnson cautioned him against indulging such fancies, saying: "Exert your talents, and distinguish yourself; and do not think of retiring from the world until the world will be sorry that you retire." Johnson said once, when some one complained of the neglect shown to Markland, "Remember, he would run from the world, and it is not the world's business to run after him. I hate a fellow whom pride, or cowardice, or laziness drives into a corner, and who does nothing when he is there but sit and growl. Let him come out, as I do, and bark."

THE INFIDEL REPROVED.

WHEN the Rev. Mr. —— heard an infidel jestingly say once, "I always spend the Sunday in settling my accounts," that venerable Minister turned round, and said, in an accent of deep solemnity, "You may find, Sir, that the day of judgment is to be spent in exactly the same manner."

PAPERS ON BOTANY.

THE PÆONY.

IN botany, (as Mr. Maunder well and briefly describes,) a genus of plants belonging to the natural family *ranunculaceæ*, distinguished for the size and magnificence of the flowers. The species are mostly herbaceous,

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having perennial, tuberose roots, and large leaves. The flowers are solitary, and of a crimson, purplish, or sometimes white colour. The ancients attributed many wonderful properties to this plant, but it has long since lost all such reputation. The tree-pæony (called by the Chinese *mow-tan*) is cultivated in that country with great care, and many varieties of it are produced, of all colours.

MEMORIALS OF THE GOOD AND GREAT.

JOHN HOWARD,

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

PART III.

In 1784, Howard published the last edition of his work on the State of Prisons, giving in a second appendix the final results of his labours. Full of years and honour, he retired to his favourite Cardington, there in quiet retirement to repose after his labours, and to fulfil his duties as a Christian landlord and parent. Now nearly sixty years of age, his time for active labour seemed brought to a natural termination, while in his last publication he had done all that was possible to enlighten his countrymen regarding the state of their prisons, and to rouse them to a sense of their duty in this respect.

But the formed habits of years were not so easily overcome. To Howard, rest was far more irksome than the most fatiguing labour. With his strict notions of duty, and with wealth, time, and experience at his disposal, he felt that there could be no repose for him in the idleness of ordinary life.

The subject which next began to occupy his thoughts, was that of the plague,—the system of quarantine and of lazarettos, or quarantine establishments. It would seem that his attention was first directed to this topic in 1778, when he embarked from Civita Vecchia for Leghorn, in a vessel which had previously sailed from a port where the plague was reported to have made its appearance. Caught by a squall, the boat, with great difficulty, and after being exposed to imminent danger, reached a small harbour on the Tuscan coast. So great, however, was the terror inspired by the very name of the plague, that permission to land was absolutely refused, and they were compelled again to put to sea. The storm continuing, they were driven upon the African coast, where even the piratical Algerines, governed

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more by their fears of infection than by their love of booty, refused them permission to enter the harbour. It was, probably, this event that first directed Howard's attention to the plague; and though, for the time, the subject of prisons occupied all his attention, yet no sooner had he settled down in the retirement of Cardington, than his thoughts reverted to this great enemy of mankind, and he resolved upon undertaking a new voyage of discovery, with the view of making himself acquainted with its causes, its mode of propagation, and its remedies. His plan was, first, to visit those European seaports, such as Marseilles, Leghorn, Venice, Malta, &c., where quarantine regulations were enforced, and lazarettos established, and then to proceed to Smyrna and Constantinople, where the plague was always raging, in order that he might, by personal inquiry and inspection, become acquainted with the nature of the disease. His medical friends drew up for him a set of inquiries regarding the plague, which he undertook to submit to the most experienced doctors of Europe and the East.

He set out on this new crusade in November, 1785,—this time alone; for, knowing how great was the peril, he would not permit any servant to share it with him. Passing through France, where, in consequence of a resentment cherished against him by those in power, he narrowly escaped arrest, he succeeded, with considerable difficulty, and at great risk, in visiting the lazaretto of Marseilles, and in obtaining plans and drawings of it, as well as a minute account of the practical details of its working. Thence, by way of Genoa and Leghorn, at both of which towns there were lazarettos, he proceeded to Malta, where he continued his inquiries. Having thus obtained all the information that Europe could afford, he set sail for the East, there personally to study and observe the working of the pestilence. He arrived at Smyrna in May, 1786, where for a considerable time he continued visiting those stricken with the plague. Thence, he repaired to Constantinople, where it was at that time raging with considerable virulence. Declining the invitation of the British Ambassador, who asked him to reside at the Embassy, he took up his abode with a physician experienced in the treatment of the pestilence, and at once commenced his visits:—

"The scenes of horror which he witnessed, and the awful dangers into which he ran, compelled him to keep the more perilous of his visits secret. For himself, he seemed as if conscious that he bore a charmed life. He sometimes saw the smitten fall dead at his side. He penetrated into pest-houses and infected caravansaries, whither physician, guide, and dragoman alike refused to follow. From these fearful visits he always returned with that scorching pain across the temples which he had first experienced in the lazaretto at Malta, though an hour's fresh air and exercise invariably carried it away."

After completing his labours at Constantinople, he resolved upon returning home. But while making preparation for crossing the Balkan, and ascending the Danube to Vienna, it occurred to him that all his information regarding lazarettos was only at secondhand, and that he would be much better qualified to frame a report regarding them if he were himself to undergo quarantine in one. In accordance with this resolution, one of the boldest, probably, ever adopted by any one, he returned to Smyrna, whence he sailed for Venice in a vessel with a foul bill of health. On arriving at Venice, he was subjected to a quarantine of forty days. Of his experience of this he has left a minute account. Being in the worst class of the suspected, the miseries, privations, and perils he endured, were far beyond his expectation. But he was not cast down, nor did he ever regret his resolution, but employed his time partly in religious exercises, and partly in translating the regulations of the lazaretto, and writing letters to England. Upon leaving the lazaretto, he was greatly weakened by his confinement; but, various matters of a character deeply painful to his feelings and his affections having occurred in England, he hurried home as fast as possible. One of these was the lunacy of his son, who, left too soon and too much his own master, had plunged into excesses and dissipation, under the effects of which his mind gave way; and Howard, on his return from the East, found him a raving maniac. The other matter was a subscription which had been set on foot to raise funds wherewith to erect in his honour some testimonial of his country's gratitude, and appreciation of his labours. To this project, Howard, with the modesty inseparable from true greatness, expressed at once his decided aversion. From Venice he wrote as follows:—

"Why could not my friends, who know how much I detest such parade, have stopped such a hasty measure? As a private man, with some peculiarities, I wished to retire into obscurity and silence. Indeed, my friend, I cannot bear the thought of being thus dragged out. I wrote immediately, and hope something may be done to stop it. My best friends *must* disapprove of it. It deranges and confounds all my schemes. My exaltation is my misfortune, my fall."

Upon his return to London, however, finding that the Committee still persisted in their design, he addressed the subscribers through the daily press, expressing his repugnance to the scheme, and forbidding the fund to be called by his name.

Shortly after his return to England, in 1787, Howard made a long, and, as it proved, a final inspection of the prisons and hospitals

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of Great Britain and Ireland. In these labours, and in preparing for the press his work on the "Lazarettos of Europe," he spent a great portion of the next two years, endeavouring thereby to assuage the sorrow and anxiety with which he was devoured regarding his son's condition. But at the end of that period, no symptoms of amendment appearing, he arranged the plan of another long tour both in Europe and the East. This resolution he stated to the public in the preface to his work, and added:—

"Should it please God to cut off my life in the prosecution of this design, let not my conduct be uncandidly imputed to rashness or enthusiasm, but to a serious, deliberate conviction that I am pursuing the path of *duty;* and to a sincere desire of being made an instrument of more extensive usefulness to my fellow-creatures than could be expected in the narrower circle of a retired life."

It is easy to see from these words, that the philanthropist felt that his race was nearly run. Grief for the loss of his wife, and for the affliction of his son, had preyed, and was preying, most deeply on his mind, while the labours and sicknesses of his active life had at last begun to tell with fearful effect upon his delicate frame. Filled with a presentiment of his death, therefore, he settled all his worldly affairs before bidding farewell to England. At Cardington he took a last farewell of the scenes and friends so dearly honoured and loved:

"He took a tender interest in going for the last time over the ground which he had trodden in happier years; in standing, in the silent eve, beside the grave of his wife; in thinking over all those schemes, so full of pride and hope, which young and happy lovers build up for themselves in the phantom future. Standing one evening with his old gardener in the grounds behind the house, and talking of the past with that affectionate familiarity which most men would imitate at such a moment, the wayfarer observed, in a tone tremulous with emotion, that after many years of planning and altering, he had at length got everything into the state which Harriet would have best liked, and now he was about to leave it for ever."

In the same spirit, he bade farewell to his private friends:—

"To one he said,—'My whole endeavour is to fulfil, according to the ability of so weak an instrument, the will of that gracious Providence who has condescended to raise in me a firm persuasion that I am employed in what is consonant to His Divine will.' In parting with another friend, he observed, 'We shall soon meet again in heaven;' and, as he thought it most likely that he would fall a victim to the heat or the plague in Egypt, added, after a pause, 'The way to heaven from Grand Cairo is as near as from London.'"

Leaving England on the 5th of July, 1789, he travelled through Germany to Russia. At Moscow, in September, he reviewed his whole life, and read over and renewed that solemn covenant which he made at Naples twenty-three years before. From Moscow he proceeded to Cherson, on the Dnieper, principally for the purpose of examining the Russian military hospitals, in which there was at that time a fearful loss of life. While there, a virulent and infectious fever broke out, which Howard caught when visiting a young lady, to whom he had been requested to prescribe. No sooner did his illness become known, than the highest medical aid of the province was provided for him. But in vain: he gradually became worse. From the first he seems to have apprehended danger. What his state of mind was, may be learned from the following reflections, written four days before his death:—

"May I not look on present difficulties, or think of future ones in this world, as I am only a pilgrim and wayfaring man, that tarries but a night.....O, my soul! remember and record how often God has sent an answer of peace,—mercies in the most seasonable times; how often, better than thy fears, exceeded thy expectations! .....Lord, leave me not to my own wisdom, which is folly; nor to my own strength, which is weakness. Help me to glorify Thee on earth, and finish the work Thou givest me to do; and to Thy name alone be all the praise!"

On the 19th of January, the day preceding his death, he was visited by his intimate friend, Admiral Priestman, who endeavoured to rouse and cheer him; but Howard felt conscious that his time was come, and that he was now to die. The account of his last hours is full of interest:—

"'Priestman,' said Howard in his mild and serious voice, 'you style this a dull conversation, and endeavour to divert my mind from dwelling on the thought of death; but I entertain very different sentiments. Death has no terrors for me; it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and be assured, the subject is more grateful to me than any other.' And then he went on to say, 'I am well aware that I have but a short time to live: my mode of life has rendered it impossible that I should get rid of this fever. If I had lived as you do, eating heartily of animal food, and drinking wine, I might, perhaps, by altering my diet, have been able to subdue it. But how can such a man as I am lower his diet, who has been accustomed for years to live upon vegetables and water, a little bread and a little tea? I have no method of lowering my nourishment, and therefore I must die;' and then turning to his friend, added, smiling, 'It is only such jolly fellows as you, Priestman, who get over these fevers.' This melancholy pleasantry was more than the gallant sailor

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could bear; he turned away to conceal his emotion: his heart was full, and he remained silent, whilst Howard, with no despondency in his tone, but with a calm and settled serenity of manner, as if the death-pangs were already past, went on to speak of his end, and of his wishes as to his funeral. 'There is a spot,' said he, 'near the village of Dauphiney; this would suit me nicely: you know it well, for I have often said that I should like to be buried there; and let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral; nor let any monument nor monumental inscription whatsoever be made to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten.'"

The next morning, January 20th, 1790, about eight o'clock, Howard died.

"Cherson went into deep mourning for the illustrious stranger; and there was hardly a person in the province who was not greatly affected on learning that he had chosen to fix his final resting-place on the Russian soil. In defiance of his own wishes on the subject, the enthusiasm of the people improvised a public funeral. The Prince of Moldavia, Admirals Priestman and Mordvinoff, all the Generals and staff-officers of the garrison, the whole body of the magistrates and merchants of the province, and a large party of cavalry, accompanied by an immense cavalcade of private persons, formed the funeral procession. Nor was the grief by any means confined to the higher orders. In the wake of the more stately band of mourners, followed on foot a concourse of at least three thousand persons,—slaves, prisoners, sailors, soldiers, peasants,—men whose best and most devoted friend the hero of these martial honours had ever been; and from this after, humbler train of followers, arose the truest, tenderest expression of respect and sorrow for the dead.....Not a dry eye was seen amongst them; and, looking sadly down into the hole where all that now remained of their physician lay, they marvelled much why he, a stranger to them, had left his home, and friends, and country, to become the unpaid servant of the poor in a land so far away; and, not knowing how, in their simple hearts, to account for this, they silently dropped their tears into his grave, and slowly moved away, wondering at all they had seen and known of him who was now dead, and thinking sadly of the long, long time ere they might find another friend like him!"

Throughout the length and breadth of Europe the news of his death created a profound sensation. But it was in England that his loss was most felt:

"All at once the nation awoke to a full consciousness of his colossal fame and his transcendent virtues. Every possible mark of honour, public and private, was paid to the memory of Howard. All orders of men vied with each other in heaping honours upon his name. The court, the press, the Parliament, the bar, the pulpit, and the stage, each in its different fashion, paid the well-earned tribute of respect. The intelligence of his demise was publicly announced in the official Gazette,—a distinction never before accorded to a private individual. The muses sang his virtues with innumerable voices; the churches echoed with his praise; the senate and the judgment-seat resounded with the tribute to his merits; and even at the theatres, his character was exhibited in imaginary scenes, and a monody on his death was delivered from the footlights. Nor was a more enduring memorial wanting. The long-dormant Committee of the Howardian Fund was resuscitated, and the sculptor Bacon was employed to make a full-length marble statue of the philanthropist. At that time it was in contemplation to make St. Paul's serve the double purpose of a cathedral and a Walhalla; and this design was inaugurated by placing there, as the first great worthy of England, the statue of JOHN HOWARD."

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

[All notices for this department, if not sent by one of the Ministers of the Circuit, must be authenticated by his signature, in addition to that of the sender.]

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age	Date of Death.
Brierley, Hannah,	Oldham,	Oldham,	71	March 18th, 1851.
Edgar, Mrs. Ann,	Allendale-Town,	Allendale-Town,	70	Feb. 17th, 1851.
Fogg, Elizabeth Rachel,	Bury,	Bury,	21	Sept. 26th, 1850.
Johnson, Jane,	Alkborough,	Barton,	27	May 15th, 1850.
Mobbs, Mary,	Pytchley,	Kettering,	53	Dec. 2d, 1850.
Nealey, Mrs. Maria,	Seaton,	Workington,	35	May 13th, 1851.
Plummer, Mrs. Mary,	Cockermouth,	Workington,	34	April 26th, 1851.
Thornley, Ellen,	Middleton,	Oldham,	65	March 1st, 1851.
Willis, Mrs. Mary,	Brookfield,	Glossop,	51	Feb. 9th, 1851.
Yardley, Sarah,	Oldham,	Oldham,	70	Feb. 8th, 1851.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

SEPTEMBER, 1851.

SELECTIONS FROM A MINISTER'S MANUSCRIPTS.

No. XXI.

THE LIGHT OF GRACE SUCCEEDED BY THE GLOOM OF SIN.

THERE is wisdom and goodness in all the works and ways of God; in those things which are concealed from man, as well as in those which are revealed. It is natural inquisitively to look into the future; but God has graciously veiled it from us. Few would be the happier if all that lay before them were early made known; and the days of many would be disquieted by the anticipation of the sufferings and sorrows through which they have to pass. Sufficient, even in knowledge, for the day is the evil thereof. Anticipated pleasure or plenty would seldom enhance the delight of enjoyment; while anticipated trouble and distress would occasion a double misery,—a misery dreaded, and then a misery endured. This is true not only in reference to the present life, but also to the state and condition of many of the departed. Greatly would it embitter this earthly pilgrimage to be assured that a beloved friend was consigned to the endless woes and wailings of damnation. But that may seldom, if ever, be known here. There may be ground for fear, there may be occasion for doubt, but hope will still live; and under its consoling influence we leave the destiny of our friend to the righteousness of Him who, by dropping the curtain between time and eternity, says, "Hitherto shall you go in knowledge, but no further." A death, however, like this is not such a one as God designs His professing people to die, nor is it one by which He can be glorified. It is the Christian's privilege to die in the full assurance of faith, in perfect peace, and with a hope full of immortality and eternal life; to have an entrance ministered unto him abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of his Lord and Saviour. Yet, alas! there have been many who in death "seemed to come short of entering into rest;" who had neither the faith of assurance nor of reliance. "Ah!" said a member of a Christian church, after a long outward life of correct conduct, and numerous acts of large benevolence, "I am going into eternity without a passport." So to die is indeed to render departure "doubtful, and insecure of bliss."

We knew one who joyfully began in the Spirit, but to all appearance ended gloomily in the flesh. This man's last hours were of a very doubtful character in reference to his future safety. The person referred to, in early life, was an entire stranger to religion; but it pleased God to lead him to a place of worship where the Gospel was fully and faithfully preached, and where it became the power of God to his salvation. His conviction for sin

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was deep, and his conversion clear and genuine. Few have been more remarkable. A great change was wrought. The misery of loaded guilt was followed by the possession of a peaceful, or rather rapturous, joy. In the fervour of his first love he hastened to his relations, to declare to them what God had done for him, and how happy he was made; concluding that he had only to state his case, to induce them to seek and obtain the same grace. In this he was grievously disappointed. At first they listened with amazement, and then concluded that his mind was somewhat disordered. From one of the relatives he visited he had high expectations, as that friend, he understood, had willed considerable property to him. He had scarcely opened his mind when he was ordered out of the house, and informed that if such notions were not abandoned, and his new associates forsaken, most assuredly he would be disinherited. This intimation damped not his zeal: he went away rejoicing, utterly regardless of worldly wealth. In this state he continued for many years, having no reason to regret that he esteemed the favour of God before the legacy of man. In the pursuits of life he prospered; the Lord blessing him abundantly. His marriage was calculated to promote stability in grace, and the prosperity of his soul; and by it he obtained an addition to his worldly possessions. In the church of which he was a member, he was active and useful. His example was influential, and the instructions he gave rendered him serviceable to many. Thus he lived for years, doing and receiving good, esteemed by all who knew him, and highly beloved in the church of God. At length, however, as worldly goods continued to increase, spiritual health and fruitfulness began to decline. The love of the world gradually gained ascendency, until at length it became an idolatrous affection. His decline in piety was not sudden. Slowly but surely did the worm of worldly-mindedness progress at the root of spiritual life. His pious partner offered frequent and fervent prayer for him, warned him of his danger, and exhorted him to recover his lost strength, but all in vain. Her anxious care was repelled. He even became angry when she referred to such matters. The friends who had long known him mourned over him, and reminded him of better days: tears would flow, but soon they were wiped away. Zeal for God's glory was extinguished; and though he did not forsake the house of prayer, he ceased to be the devout worshipper. The office he sustained in the church was taken from him; and from being a living, useful, well-doing, fruit-bearing member, he became a nominal, cold professor. Having lost the sensible enjoyment of religion, he became the slave of sensual gratifications. Reports soon began to be circulated unfavourable to his morality: long it was hoped that they were not correct; but ultimately it was found they were but too true. Such, however, continued to be the force of former and better habits, or the power of blinding delusion, that family worship was observed even when he was in such a state that it was difficult for him to rise from his knees. Forbearance was shown to him, but at length he was cut off from membership. The purity of the church required this act of discipline; and it was hoped that it might prove, by the blessing of God, an ordinance of grace to himself. During this period of awful departure from God, riches continued to increase; but the disposition to be benevolent declined with the increased ability to do good. In the course of time the partner of his long life, and the founder of his prosperity, was removed, in the full triumph of faith, to a brighter and better world. Her dying admonitions were faithfully delivered, and again the hope was cherished that he would become a better man. For a season they exerted some influence over him; but, alas! it was only for a season. For awhile he was awed and impressed; but Divine strength was not sought, nor former blessedness

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recovered. Death again darted his arrows at his family. Relatives were removed, but stroke after stroke was disregarded. The scythe of the destroyer was cutting around him, and often was the announcement made that he must soon be caught in its sweep; but the solemn voice produced no lasting or really saving spiritual results. He would weep when the dead were named, speak of their worth, refer to the grace bestowed on them, and to the blessed triumph experienced in life's last hours, but was not moved to seek grace for himself. Sometimes he would even relate his own early conversion, and refer to the happiness that once was his. In so doing, his countenance would sometimes brighten, and tears of gratitude would rapidly flow down his cheeks, and he would close the relation with the exclamation, "O that it were with me so now! what would I not give!" But the next hour indifference would regain its ascendency, and the world its sovereign sway. His seat in the house of God was retained, the word of truth was heard with attention, and at seasons its power was mightily felt; sighs would make known the workings of the awakened and instructed mind; but all this was too frequently felt and lost in the same hour. Thus did this fallen and unhappy man go on day after day, weeping and praying, yet cleaving to his idols. When health began to fail, various means were employed for its restoration, but all in vain. His days were numbered, and to all but himself it was now manifest that not many remained behind for him. He often indulged hope. He continued as anxious, and as intent upon worldly gain as ever. There was no increased concern discovered respecting his spiritual state and danger. If he expressed desire after spiritual good, it amounted only to a willingness that God should restore him to the joys of His salvation; there was no diligent, earnest endeavour to attain that state. Intercourse with Ministers and Christian friends was still desired and esteemed. Oftentimes they warned him with affectionate fidelity, and their close inquiries and plain admonitions were well-received; and if the ready tear, the mournful lamentation, and professed desire for a change, had been all that was required, their efforts would have been invariably successful. The last time he was seen abroad in the busy bustle of life was on a worldly errand; and when remonstrated with for leaving his home in such a state of debility, the plea of necessity was urged. O that he had been equally intent in securing treasure in heaven! Such perseverance and determination would not have failed of their object. He returned home to his bed: in a few days it proved to be the bed of death. What were his reflections there, is unknown; but no roused concern as to his real state before God was exhibited. Lethargy of body, as well as of mind, rapidly ensued. The writer, hearing of his sudden prostration, hastened to his chamber. He was then sinking fast into a state of insensibility. He expressed his want of assured Divine comfort, and audibly responded to the prayer offered. His last will was made in the conscious intervals which were afforded him, and his worldly affairs disposed of. He bequeathed nothing, however, out of those riches with which God had entrusted him, to any religious or other charity. Thus left the world one who had been a burning and shining light, and had run for years a prosperous spiritual course. His fall from the honourable eminence to which he had attained may be traced to the increase of riches, on which he set his heart: this love of riches exposed to other temptations which were too strong for declining spiritual strength. No opinion ought to be pronounced on his final state; but, as his closing moments were without light, comfort, and confidence, it must be admitted his *departure was doubtful.*

Facts such as these solemnly point out the danger attendant on worldly wealth, and the necessity of steadfastness to the end, if we would gain life

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eternal. "Once in grace" affords no certain security that any will die in grace. "Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."

Chelsea. N.

WESLEYAN-METHODIST SOCIETY QUARTERLY TICKET, FOR SEPTEMBER, 1851.

THE Conference is past. Another Methodistic year has commenced. The September Magazines make their appearance, and meet the appointed Ministers in their respective Circuits and spheres of holy labour. Many of them look back with touching regrets to the friendly and happy circles from which they are now severed. Others are dropping a tear, "sorrowing most of all," from the fear that they shall probably "see his face no more," who was the blessed instrument of their conversion to God, or had often ministered "strong consolation" to their "heavy-laden" souls in peculiar "times of need." O, this rending of heart from heart! It forcibly reminds us that here we have no "continuing city." But, blessed be God, there is "one to come." We are more than resigned to these sorrows: we rejoice that they are "for our profit." They minify earth, and magnify heaven; and greatly assist us as a body in "spreading scriptural holiness over the land." Besides, the peculiarities of *Methodistic connexionalism* afford great facility for adding to our friendships. To a Minister who was about to remove to an unknown Circuit, and who had expressed some regret at the change, a warm-hearted Cornish fisherman said, "O, Sir, that is not much to be dreaded. I went over to Ireland a-fishing a short time ago; and, getting among the Methodists there, in a day or two I felt myself almost as much at home as if I had been brought up among them." This witness is true. Genuine Christians, meeting as "strangers in a strange land," are often quite at home with one another in a few hours. Then, too, there is the quarterly Ticket; at once bringing Ministers and members together. Giving tickets to a single class in the new Circuit has often removed fears and misgivings. And at the close of the first meeting, those present have been ready to "sing for joy of heart,"—

> "And if our fellowship below
> In Jesus be so sweet,
> What heights of rapture shall we know,
> When round His throne we meet!"

Yes, this is Christian fellowship, to meet in Jesus.

> "Jesus! soft harmonious Name!"

The charm of this Name makes us joyful to meet, joyful to stay, joyful to part. When Jesus moves on our spirits, and gently touches "the trembling strings," our melting will is lost in the "harmony of love;" and little is heard or thought of, but, "Master, it is good for us to be here." The God of all peace and consolation grant that many such happy meetings may be realised at the September quarterly visitation!

The text for the quarter is, "*Use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another.*" (Gal. v. 13.) "Liberty" is one of those inestimable "spiritual blessings" with which we are blessed in Christ. In the preceding part of the verse, the Apostle says, "Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty." Elsewhere we read, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Again it is written, "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there

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is liberty." And again, "Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free." This liberty of Christ is freedom from the yoke of the Jewish law, as well as from the condemnation of the moral law; freedom from the bond of iniquity; the joyful possession of the power of Divine grace, and of heavenly love. It is liberty and strength to love God with the whole heart, and our neighbour as ourselves. Those who enjoy and stand fast in this blessed "liberty" are heaven-born and heaven-bound.

But this liberty may be abused. Sin may be committed; and men may err from the truth. Hence the caution: "For, brethren, ye have been called unto liberty; only *use not liberty* for an occasion to the flesh." *Flesh*, "the corruption and fault" of your fallen nature, will find "occasion" to commit many sins; such as "adultery, fornication, hatred, wrath, strife," and other "works of the flesh." "Good and evil" are set before you. There is a war in your members: the flesh will struggle hard for victory. "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh." *You may yield to either.* If you give place to the flesh, you will be full of corruption and enmity, and "bite and devour one another." But, "this I say, Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh;" you shall have "victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil."

Now, as the "fruit of the Spirit is love," to walk in the Spirit is "*by love to serve one another.*" The importance of love in the service of God is strikingly expressed in the words that immediately follow the text. "For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this; Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. But if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another." Let it be your study to "walk in love." Consider how vital, how essential, love is to the pure and undefiled religion of Jesus. Mark the expression: "All the law is fulfilled in one word,"—*love*: "love thy neighbour." Without *this*,—this "holy thing," love,—whatever *other* things we *profess* or *possess*, "the curse of the law" is upon us. In the same strain of teaching, St. James admonishes us: "If ye fulfil the royal law according to the Scripture, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, ye do well." Are we disciples of Jesus? Listen to Him. "This is my commandment, That ye love one another." "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." From want of this love, alas! what frightful things have occurred in the church of Christ! "If ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another!" Strange language this, to address to the flock of Jesus, under the personal charge of the Apostles themselves! To the cannibals of the South Seas, in their ferocious and heathen condition, it would be natural enough to say such things: they might devour and consume one another. But, alas! that this should be as prophetic as it is admonitory! Children of the God of love consuming one another! It has been so. Surely earth and heaven can but weep over such a scene! "Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not Thy law,"—this law of love.

How sweet and refreshing to turn to the exhortation,—"*By love serve one another!*" Let love make you all servants one to another. Especially the one who "would be the greatest among you," let him be "the least of all, and the servant of all." What humility, self-abasement, nothingness, does the Gospel call for! "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

One of the noblest enterprises in the service of love, is to "*overcome evil with good.*" To gird ourselves for the conquest, we must prayerfully, calmly, cheerfully, obediently, listen to such exhortations as these: "Resist not evil." "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also."

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"Suffer yourselves to be defrauded." "I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you." Such testing words in the law of love as these will extort from unsanctified nature the complaint, "These are hard sayings, who can bear them?" But they are not only the sayings of our Master, but they form principles embodied in that example which He has left us, as the pattern of our conduct, in our dealings one with another.

Mastering ourselves, and "crucifying the old man" on this point, we shall *not* find love's other services "grievous." No; with "cheerful feet" we shall run to fulfil them all. "Through Christ strengthening us," we shall meekly instruct those that oppose themselves; we shall refrain from evil-speaking, backbiting, and slander; we shall feed the lambs; we shall bear the infirmities of the weak, not please ourselves, but please our neighbour for his good to edification; we shall visit the sick and the needy; we shall in honour prefer one another; we shall have the law of kindness on our lips in the domestic circle; we shall envy not, but take pleasure in the prosperity of rivals, and frankly acknowledge the excellencies of an adversary: from love to souls we shall take up our cross, and incessantly recommend the Gospel remedy to those perishing around us; we shall intercede day and night for the salvation of the world; we shall give to the cause of God, to the poor and the needy, as the Lord has prospered us; we shall open our eyes and ears, our hands and hearts, to the wants and claims of all men; and, constantly setting the law of love before us, we shall endeavour earnestly, humbly, prayerfully, to make it the daily guide of our thoughts, words, and actions.

B. C.

VIEWS OF DEATH.

DEATH is ever more or less familiar to the Christian. The beautiful imagery, and the solemn admonitions of the word of God, bring it continually before him; and the habitual sense of personal frailty and weakness often impresses it upon him. He learns to look forward to it as near, to appreciate it as important, and to adjust his plans and prepare his spirit for the crisis that may come so soon, and that must be so great to him. The utility of meditation thus solemn and profitable, no man can be at a loss to discern. It cools the ardour of passion, mitigates the eagerness of our contention, corrects the errors of our judgment; brings a man to make up his accounts for eternity.

A process, somewhat analogous to this, goes on in the minds of those who never deliberately bring death into their view. No man ought to be ignorant of the fact that his views of death are daily taking greater distinctness in him, and gaining greater power over him. The experience of a man may begin in utter thoughtlessness of death and eternity, and long habit may make this the confirmed attitude of the soul; so that death never willingly becomes the subject of deliberate and earnest reflection. In this state a mind may long remain, wholly negligent of eternal things, wholly absorbed in the present life. And yet with every month and year some views of the future state will be shaping themselves within him. The man knows that he is not to live here for ever, and some thoughts of the hereafter suggest themselves. He sees others departing—where? His friends, his associates, depart; his own little circle is at length assailed, and the objects dearest to him are taken: he stops not to ask where. Gradually he thinks of his own death in connexion with these changes: he must go where others have gone; he must be gathered to his fathers. But still the moral and religious aspects of death may be all

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along wholly unobserved: they do not come into his sight. If he hopes at all, he hopes that he shall fare as his departed friends have done. He takes a purely natural view of death. His individual relations to God, his personal character, his responsibility for privileges and opportunities, his exposure to condemnation, every true and great fact of his condition, is slighted and falsified.

Should, however, this unthinking state of mind ever give place to reflection as life advances, he may learn, as some have sought to do, to regard the various stages of his existence as but parts of one long series, one course of development. As childhood fitted him for manhood, and manhood gave place to and made preparation for his age, so shall life be in reference to the great future. It developes, and trains, and prepares the soul for what shall come after it. With such a view of the future,—looking to it as a simple sequence of the present,—the man addresses himself to the change when death approaches, with a fatal calmness and apathy.

And yet what are the thinkings of such a man worth? They never prevail against his passions and his sins in this present life; they do not save him from the innumerable follies and errors of heedlessness; they do not lead him to seek and find preparation for meeting God, in Christ Jesus; they are no better than the thinkings of other men, who, in heathen darkness, are plunging perpetually into puerile and gross superstition.

Beyond all these views of death as a thing in the course of nature,—as an introduction to a different scene of existence,—the Bible holds out grander and far more solemn views of it. It is a scene of retribution. We shall reap as we have sown; our works shall follow us. We shall be judged by the omniscient One: we shall meet a dread and final award. It *is* a vast and mighty development of all that is spiritual in man, in which *conscience* shall assume its place; in which *character* shall form the one great bond of society between the soul and its fellows. Alas! that human nature cannot learn this! that the pride of knowledge and philosophy, and the hostility of ignorance and degradation, should alike repel the highest, greatest, surest of all conclusions!

With this idea of death I would make my thoughts familiar; for in view of it death is a personal and momentous thing *to me*. It is no passage with others through a common change to a common development, and to a common destiny; but a thing altogether peculiar to me. None is to share with me in the solemnities of that dread inquiry which will ask account of all the privileges of my earthly career. None shall share with me that retrospect of conduct and character on which my view must rest. The circumstances of my probation belong to me alone: none other ever passed through quite the same series of influences; and my improvement or abuse of them is a most individual and exclusive thing, in which none other has any share. For it God will inquire of me alone; I alone must make answer, and I alone am to feel the consequences and bear the retribution of my deeds. Soon I shall be far away out of human sight, and stand in sight of God and heaven. The busy footsteps of light-hearted and thoughtless men will pass my door as I hear them now, while I shall be absorbed with this solemn adjustment of my responsible being to the awards of that retributive state. All there will be irreversible, irretrievable, eternal. May the grace of God be given to help me ever seriously to anticipate the hour, and the circumstances, of my introduction into that changeless and enduring condition, and work within me an effectual preparation for this grand crisis of my existence!

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THE BENEFITS OF PAIN.

1. PAIN is the never-sleeping guardian of our bodies, to put us on our guard against accidental injury, or wilful violence.

2. Pain has been the cause of increasing our knowledge, our skill, our comforts, our luxuries, while seeking remedies for it, or defence against it.

3. Pain is the means by which we are able to have dominion over the brute creation, and to subdue them to our will.

4. Pain teaches us the value of health, ease, sleep, and all our common every-day mercies.

5. Pain gives us the opportunity of acquiring and exercising fortitude, patience, and forgetfulness of self.

6. Pain calls forth pity, sympathy, and the exercise of many kind and endearing acts of love and tenderness.

7. Pain brings the rich man down to feel a brotherly compassion for the poor man in the same misfortune; raises the poor man to the level with the rich in his power of doing valuable services, by the most trifling, but well-timed, acts of kindness.

8. Pain warns us of the weakness of our bodies, and reminds even the ungodly of the possibility of death.

9. Pain, lengthened and severe, reconciles us to death, and makes us even long for it as a release.

10. Pain is that by which alone all, even the ungodly, are able to understand something of the nature of everlasting punishment, and to long to avoid it.

11. Pain makes us to understand the greatness of God's mercy in giving His Son to save us from pain, and to know the loving-kindness of that Son who bore so much pain for us.

12. And knowing how He felt for us, to learn to bear with meekness our own far less, but more deserved, sufferings.

PROGRESS OF POPERY.

ON this, as on every other subject, (says one,) there are two extremes, one on the right hand and the other on the left, into which men are apt to fall. Some *make light of the danger*, and regard those as mere alarmists who profess to be apprehensive of the return of Popery: they may even think it possible to hold dalliance with it, and, by a dexterous stroke of policy, to disarm it. They tell us that the Church of Rome, although theoretically infallible, and of course unchangeable, is actually subject to the humanising influences of modern civilisation; that its spirit, if not its creed, is changed; and that by mild, conciliatory treatment it may be made a useful ally, instead of a dreaded foe. Such men have no dread of Popery, because, in fact, they have no great dislike to it; and could it only be tamed, so as to be a docile and quiet tool in the hands of statesmen,—could it be detached from the side of political agitation, and enlisted on that of order and obedience to the law, —it might become as useful an engine of government as any other, and a great deal more powerful than some, by reason of its better organisation, and more accommodating principles. But the very extent to which this opinion prevails in society, and especially among those whose influence governs the country, is itself a proof that our fears on this subject are far from being groundless or imaginary; for when we look abroad over the world, and wherever our eye rests,—in Europe, in America, or the British colonies,—we see the Church of Rome imbued with fresh zeal, animated with eager hope, and putting forth all its strength, in one mighty and simultaneous effort, for the recovery of its former ascendency, and the extension of its cause: when we consider the talent

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and wealth that are embarked in the enterprise, the high aspirations and historical recollections by which it is sustained, the union, the discipline, and the organisation which concentrate the whole power of the body on every given point of attack, and the support on which it may confidently reckon from most of the kingdoms of Europe, the connivance which it may expect from all; when we consider these things, and then, turning our eyes homewards, discover indifference, or a disposition to compromise and conciliate, existing in the very land which was once deemed the bulwark of Protestantism, the citadel of civil and religious freedom; when we witness there the sad decay of pristine zeal and steadfast faith, the miserable struggle of mere political parties, and, saddest of all, the divisions of the Protestant Church; when we see these things, let no man accuse us of yielding to groundless alarms, if we discern, in the signs of the times, the dark omens of trials and tribulation to the witnessing remnant of the church of Christ.

But we must equally guard against the opposite extreme, of yielding to unbelieving distrust or heartless despondency in regard to the cause of Christ. Some are apt to become faint-hearted, and, from very fear, to give up the struggle as unavailing, when the powers of the enemy are seen marshalling the host, and appear in a formidable aspect. But be not afraid: "greater is He that is with you than all that can be against you." A season of trial you may have, and such a season as shall winnow the chaff from the wheat, and thoroughly purge the floor; and it is not unlikely that the *last* may be the greatest and deadliest effort of the Man of Sin: his rage may be hottest just before his fall. But the Beast is already wounded; and that wound is mortal: he has been wounded by "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God;" and although he still survives, and is only exasperated by what he has suffered, he will never regain his former strength, but, sooner or later, must fall before Him who was ordained of old "to bruise his head." There may be much uncertainty as to the precise mode in which the prophetic word will be fulfilled; but as to the fact that Antichrist shall be destroyed, and that a fixed, determinate time is appointed for his destruction, no doubt is left in Scripture. The duration of his kingdom is limited, and is expressed in three different forms: by forty-two months; or one thousand two hundred and sixty days; or a time, times, and half a time (corresponding to three years and a half, which make forty-two months and one thousand two hundred and sixty days); in other words, it is to last one thousand two hundred and sixty years from its commencement; and could we be as sure of the precise time from which this term began, as we are of the length of its duration, we could fix on the very year when "the Lord will destroy him with the brightness of His coming." Many Kings and kingdoms may confederate their forces, and unite in supporting his cause; but they cannot avert nor long protract his doom. Nay, the very union of worldly powers in his defence will be the forerunner and pledge of his swift destruction: for no mortal hand shall smite that fated power; on the contrary, multitudes will throw around it the shield of their protection, and "shall give their power and strength to the Beast; they shall make war with the Lamb, and the LAMB SHALL OVERCOME THEM: for He is Lord of lords, and King of kings." (Rev. xvii. 13, 14.) And then from heaven and earth shall arise that sublime "Alleluia; salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God: for true and righteous are His judgments: for He hath judged the great whore, which did corrupt the earth with her fornication, and hath avenged the blood of His servants at her hand. Alleluia; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" (Rev. xix. 1, 2, 6.)

Let no believer, then, be faint-hearted in the hour of conflict. Antichrist may prevail for a time; but he shall ultimately be destroyed. "Her plagues

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shall come in one day, and she shall be utterly burned with fire; for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her." This is predicted in Scripture, (Rev. xviii. 8,) and held forth as the object of our faith and hope; for in HIS defeat Christ's victory is insured. We may not fix the time, nor is it needful that we should; but *there is a time* fixed in the counsels of God when Babylon shall fall, and when all the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our God and of His Christ. There may be many trials awaiting us before that time arrives; but although our *persons* may suffer, *the cause* shall be victorious; and meanwhile, there must be no COMPROMISE, no ALLIANCE, no ENCOURAGEMENT; nothing that would connect us, in any degree, with the power of Antichrist: "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her plagues." (Rev. xviii. 4.)

THE CONCEALED LOADSTONE.

FOSTER relates a story of certain mariners who steered their course for a particular port, trusting to their compass as infallibly right. To their great surprise and dismay, they arrived at an enemy's port, where they were seized and made slaves. A loadstone had been treacherously concealed at a little distance on one side of the needle.

As the compass thus led astray those who trusted to its guidance, so conscience may lead into error and sin those who implicitly follow its dictates. What the concealed loadstone was to the needle, a sinful will may be to the conscience. Conscience may be thus blinded and perverted, and made to decide wrong.

What is to be done? Are we to decline the guidance of conscience? Are we to disregard its dictates because it may mislead us?

Is the mariner to throw away his compass because it may be so disordered as to mislead him? The answer is plain. He is to see that there is no loadstone or iron placed near it. He is to see that it be so guarded that it may point unerringly to the pole. He knows that it will do so, if it is treated as it should be. And so, if conscience is treated as it should be, it will prove an unerring guide. Deliver it from the influence of ignorance, and blinding passion, and a sinful will, and it will point as unerringly to the right as the needle to the pole.

LUKEWARMNESS.

WHAT are the evidences of lukewarmness?

1. When God has become less an object of desire. The soul does not go out after Him in intense longings as it once did. "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God."

2. When God has become less an object of devout contemplation. "I remember Thee upon my bed, and meditate on Thee in the night-watches." Once, this was your language: how is it now?

3. When there is less delight in God. "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee." "We will be glad and rejoice in Thee; we will remember Thy love more than wine." What is your daily experience?

4. When there is less inclination for communion with God. "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ." Is the closet less frequented? or is prayer engaged in more as a duty than a privilege? How is it?

5. When there are hard thoughts of God under the dispensations of His providence; when the soul is restless and disturbed under them, and turns

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from one thing to another for relief, without quietly casting itself upon God, and waiting for His time. When under trials and injuries, second causes are too much regarded, and the soul is disposed to consider the instrument, rather than the hand that wields it.

6. When there is a less tender conscience, less sense of God's presence, less circumspection and carefulness in the daily life; when greater latitude is taken, and there is less tender anxiety about displeasing God; and less holy, humble, reverential fear of God.

7. When Christ seems less glorious in His person, and less precious in His work.

8. When there is a decay of love to Christians. "Every one that loveth him that begat, loveth him also that is begotten of him." "If any man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

9. When there is a decline in interest, and a slacking of effort to promote the cause of Christ. "He that is born of God is created anew in Christ Jesus unto good works." Hereunto was he called. Do you attend the prayer-meeting less frequently? Do you pray less for others? Do you make less effort to persuade men to attend upon the means of grace? Do you do less personally to interest others in religion? Does your piety flow only in one particular channel, and do you count zeal for party to be zeal for Christ? Can you read the news of the day with more interest than you can an account of the progress of Christ's kingdom in the world? How do you feel for sinners? As the Psalmist felt? "Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not Thy law." As Paul? who had great heaviness and continued sorrow in his heart for his brethren, his kinsmen according to the flesh.

I might multiply evidence; but it is enough. And now, what is the verdict? *Cold?* or *Hot?* or *Lukewarm?*

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN GOD'S WITNESS IN THE WORLD.

You who have the Bible, and do not read it, (says one,) or who read it and do not believe it, or who believe it and do not obey it; you are, be assured of this, one of the greatest obstacles to the triumphs of the Divine word.

If your life corresponded to your profession; if your hearts were penetrated by the truths of the Christian religion; if your conduct were conformable to it in all points, your example would be its most effectual recommendation.

The Eternal says to you, "Be ye my witnesses." The witness which God requires of you in order to convince the world, is your love, is your holiness, is your likeness to your Saviour. In refusing Him this witness, you betray His cause; and your impenitence, your transgressions of His law, your love of the world, the contradiction, in short, between your belief and your works, retard the advance of God's reign and the acknowledgment of revealed truth in the world. Be ye awakened; be ye converted yourselves, and, all around you, men shall be awakened and converted.

Disciples of Jesus Christ, the more the practical confirmation of the Christian theory shall be striking, the more your love shall be burning and constant; your zeal indomitable and wise; your piety contemplative and active; your prayers humble and confident; the more, in short, that you resemble your Master, the more valuable and successful will your witness be. Rousseau has said, "Take away the miracles of the Gospel, and the earth will be at the feet of Jesus." We say, Let lukewarmness be replaced by life, worldliness by holiness, selfishness by love in every professing follower of Christ; and where the Gospel shall have accomplished this magnificent miracle,—this miracle which it alone can accomplish,—the whole world shall believe in the Gospel.

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THEOLOGY.

THE USE OF GOD'S WORD IN PRAYER.

Do you ask how the soul may renew its love for prayer? Let the windows be opened, which admit the air and light of another world into the soul. If the soul has been shut up; if it has suffered God's word to get covered, as the skylight of a cell, or the windows of an office, with dust and cobwebs; if it has been unused to look out at the window which gives a view of God, and the things which belong to the soul's peace; if, in other words, there has been the neglect of God's word, the want of a spiritual use of God's word in faith, then no wonder that devotion has been languid.

Throw open the windows, breathe the fresh air, behold the glorious, inspiring objects God calls you to notice. There can be no such thing as fervent prayer, or an increasing *love* of prayer, without some such use of God's word, without some sight and sense of eternal realities. The soul in prayer is under the influence of the powers of the world to come: whenever you can bring those powers to act upon the soul, it is impelled to prayer, as surely as the wheels of a steamer go round when the steam is forced into the cylinder, and the shaft begins to play. Bring the truths of God's word in vivid, living contact with the mind, and there is no resisting them; make them *burn* upon the mind, and the mind kindles *with* them; and when it kindles, it kindles into prayer.

"Ah, indeed!" perhaps some one answers, "but how to *make* them burn upon the mind, so that the mind *will* kindle, *that* is the difficulty. We have got truth enough already, more than we know what to do with; but the heart is insensible still. And to send us to the truth, that we may be quickened in prayer, is just like telling the servant to pile on more fuel when the grate is heaped already with it, but the fire is not kindled. It is not more fuel that we want, but the breath of the Lord to kindle it." This may be perfectly true, and yet, if you truly and deeply feel your dependence on God's Spirit for the spirit of prayer, you will also inquire how the Spirit of God works. And, remembering that He works with the truth, you will so use the truth, so apply your mind to it, so press it to your own heart and conscience, that you may be sure of putting yourself in the known train of the Spirit's operations. If you deeply realise your dependence upon God's Spirit, and upon the truth as kindled by the Spirit, you will not excuse your own insensibility or prayerlessness by alleging that dependence, but you will endeavour to put yourself in that attitude and relation with the truth which the Holy Spirit is accustomed to bless.

But to return to our first image: open the windows, and with the eye of faith look through them. Let the air of heaven that is blowing all around them blow into the prison of your soul; gaze steadfastly at the things of glory, which eye hath never seen, and which are revealed only by the Spirit, but by the Spirit through a right use and understanding of the word. Gaze also, not only at Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, but into the doleful regions on the other side of the great gulf, and endeavour to realise how that poor rich man of fine linen and sumptuous fare felt when he awoke from his dream of life, and found himself in everlasting torments. These things will doubtless lead you to pray, if you gaze long enough upon them. "While I was musing, the fire burned: then spake I with my tongue, Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am." Musing is but one remove from that state of mind you wish to realise: so is right talking upon the things about which the heart is musing. "Did not our hearts burn within us, while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?"

The most natural way of speaking with one's tongue, after that by such musing the fire begins to burn, is that of prayer: "Lord, make me to know!" Whatever it is that you need to know, whatever that you earnestly *wish* to know, by the Spirit, such musing as the Psalmist's will set you to praying for it. But here also you will need a care. Beware how you foster a habit of indolent, thoughtless, or imaginative musing merely, like the vagrant sighing of an Æolian harp. Wandering thoughts, if they be not curbed, and the soul put again upon the work before it, become wicked thoughts; and then what becomes of the spirit of your prayer? Wandering and wicked thoughts

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make a fire burn; they are great kindlers; but it is not the fire of grace, not a fire that breaks forth in prayer.

One of quaint old Thomas Fuller's personal meditations is much to the point, entitled, "Bad at Best." "Lord, how came wicked thoughts to perplex me in my prayers, when I desire and endeavour only to attend to Thy service? Now I perceive the cause thereof: at other times I have willingly entertained *them*, and now *they* entertain *themselves* against my will. I acknowledge Thy justice, that what formerly I have invited, now I cannot expel. Give me hereafter always to bolt out such ill guests. The best way to be rid of such bad thoughts *in* my prayers, is not to receive them *out* of my prayers."

This is good. He means that a right government of the thoughts, keeping evil out of the heart at *all* times, will be sure to keep it out in prayer-time. And would that it were as easy to practise this, as it is to preach it. But there are few things more difficult than this government of the thoughts, as also few things bearing more directly upon the spirit of prayer. Wherefore our blessed Lord has set down another injunction in this form, "Be ye therefore sober, and *watch unto prayer*;" sobriety and watchfulness being things without which the spirit of prayer cannot be expected to exist. And here again we must say that a right use of the word of God is the best agency for such discipline: there is no schoolmaster or governor so profitable as the word, whether for reproof, for correction, or for instruction in righteousness. The best and only practical way to learn good seamanship is to go on board a vessel as a man before the mast: you will soon know all the ropes, and how to handle them. And just so, the best way to learn the seamanship of the voyage to heaven, and the best way for the government of the thoughts, and the best way to bend the thoughts to prayer, and keep them diligent in that exercise, is to throw yourself on God's word, and follow where it leads you, in storm or in sunshine; not handling the word of God deceitfully, in mere cold speculation, but as for your life; taking hold on the promises, finding how they work by experience, learning to set all the sails, and catch the gales of the Spirit. You will become a man of fixed thought in this way, and of fervent prayer.

The Holy Spirit saith, concerning the most indifferent actions of a good man, a man of faith, that they are sanctified by the word of God and prayer. In the word of God and prayer the Divine Spirit is at work with the soul; and with such a union of effort and of influence as these imply, it will not go wrong. The mind will be kept, quickened, and strengthened, as well as the heart. Indeed, in the word of God and in prayer, in the prayerful use of the word of God, the mind and the heart powerfully act and react upon one another. Hence, one of the master-intellects of modern days once put the following aphorism into language:—"Never yet did there exist a full faith in the Divine Word, by whom *light*, as well as immortality, was brought into the world, which did not expand the intellect, while it purified the heart; which did not multiply the aims and objects of the understanding, while it fixed and simplified those of the desires and passions."

The same great writer, in an aphorism frequently quoted, has declared that "an hour of solitude, passed in sincere and earnest prayer, or the conflict with, and conquest over, a single passion, or subtle bosom-sin, will teach us more of thought, will more effectually awaken the *faculty* and form the *habit* of reflection, than a year's study in the schools without them." Where the mind and heart are thus at work harmoniously, though it be against some great evil that has got a lodgment within ourselves, the self-conflict is the very thing that gives self-government, the very discipline for the want of which many a naturally noble nature is ruined. It is in such self-conflict that the Holy Spirit teaches the government of the thoughts; and it is in such self-conflict that the Holy Spirit teaches the habit of prayer; and it is in such self-conflict, coming continually to Jesus, that the soul by degrees rises from conflict to victory and peace, and acquires a great *love* for prayer; and when the habit is fastened by love, and love inspires the habit, then the soul mounts up, as on angels' wings,—then that begins to be realised, which was illustrated so wonderfully in the experience of that living and dying youthful saint among the mountains of Nestoria, "My heart is burning, my heart is burning!" When the heart is thus on fire, it carries everything before it; it sets everything else on fire, it makes every effort easy.

But the soul must come to Christ. This self-conflict is good only at the foot of the cross. If you grapple with your adversary anywhere else, you will be thrown by him. If Satan can get you alone,

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apart from the presence of the Saviour, O! how he will sift you! Beware, then, lest thou say within thyself, in a time of apparent peace, satisfaction, and strength, "Mine own hand and mine own arm hath gotten me the victory." If you are on the mount, go and sit humbly, yea, anxiously, at the feet of Christ: it is the only place of safety. And if you are in conflict, pull your adversary, even while wrestling with him, towards the Saviour, and call upon Christ continually. Sometimes it will be little things, sometimes it will be great ones, with which you have to wrestle. Little things are great ones, away from Christ; and great things are little ones, if Christ be with you. Sometimes the Christian, if off his guard, will be caught and entangled, will stumble and fall, at a little thing, so small, that he would have despised the warning, if any one had told him that he would meet his greatest danger there; and would have despised himself at the very thought of giving way to such a trifle, losing his self-command, losing his temper, or perhaps betrayed into greater guilt, by a thing in itself absolutely contemptible. The truth is, it is *never* safe to be off one's guard; *never* safe to be travelling without the Saviour. How beautifully instructive is that incident in the "Pilgrim's Progress," where Christian, after passing safely, and without stumbling, through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, beset by the most devilish and malignant adversaries, and after overtaking Faithful, and getting beyond him, suddenly stumbled and fell at some little unevenness in the road, while he was looking back, and vain-gloriously smiling, not taking good heed to his feet! He had gone over the whole of the hill Difficulty without stumbling; but here the first pebble tripped him up. He was off his guard; he was vain-gloriously smiling; he was forgetful of his dependence on his Saviour. Thus we see that a little thing is a great one, away from Christ. A little folly may possess and lead captive the whole heart, if it be caught away from Christ; and a single passion may so bind and absorb the heart, that there shall be no listening to anything else.

A Missionary from St. Helena, the Rev. Mr. Bertram, was once describing the obstacles he had encountered in his efforts to win souls to Christ, or even to gain the first remotest degree of fixed attention with the heart to the subject of religion. "I was at one time," said he, "trying to converse with the Captain of a whale-ship on the great importance of religion, and the worth of the soul, when he broke out most abruptly, and said, 'It is no use, no use, Mr. Bertram: your conversation will have no effect; no, Sir, no effect whatever. I cannot hear or understand you. I know nothing of your subject. I have been out twenty-one months looking for whales, whales, nothing but whales. I have been ploughing the mighty deep in search of whales; and Sir, I am bound to *have* a whale. And now, Sir, if you could look into my heart, you would see nothing *but* a whale *there!*'" The confession was given with the frankness of a sailor: it was honest, it was true. Whatever it be that absorbs us, apart from Christ, and is made an idol in the heart, prevents, while it is there, the possibility of attending to Him, loving Him, obeying Him. It may be an object of the land or of the sea, a leviathan of ambition, riches, care, and anxiety, or the brook-trout among green pastures; whatever it be that the heart is set upon, away from Christ, *that* is the strong man armed, in full possession. Indeed, it is not every one who will confess with so much honesty and frankness what is in his heart, what prevents him from giving his attention to higher things; but every man has his idol, or his multitude of idols, one to his farm, another to his merchandise. The good Missionary had found some with bags of gold, others with worldly honours, pride, popularity, fine houses, and grand furniture in their hearts; and thousands with sensuality, rum, hatred, malice, cruel revenge,—idols worse in reality than all the deformities of heathenism in idol-shape. And he found it true that a man cannot see, hear, or know anything of truth, religion, or God, while there is the whale in his heart.

So the excellent Archbishop Leighton once said, "The heart may be engaged in a little business, as much, if thou watch it not, as in many and great affairs. A man may drown in a little brook or pool, as well as in a great river, if he be down, and plunge himself into it, and put his head under water. *Some* care thou must have, that thou mayest *not* care. Those things that are thorns indeed, thou must make a hedge of them, to keep out those temptations that accompany sloth, and extreme want that waits on it: but let them be the *hedge;* suffer them not to grow within the garden." O, that is a heavenly art indeed, that can thus make, out of the very cares and necessary anxieties of life, a hedge, keeping the heart close to God, suffering it not to go astray from Him,

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making it tremblingly and anxiously sensible of its dependence on the Saviour, and leading it to incessant, earnest, heart-felt prayer! That is the way to grow in grace; that is the way to have all things work together for good; that is the heavenly alchemy, that turns the basest things to gold: there is such power in persevering, fervent prayer.

HOW CHRISTIANS MAY MISJUDGE EACH OTHER.

Men usually express themselves and carry it in religion according to their natural humours, and are apt to misjudge others if they comply not with their temper. Some are so pitiful that they could save the condemned; others so choleric that they could condemn the saved: hence the melancholy Christian is offended with the cheerful, and the cheerful with the melancholy: so that not only the world but saints themselves put false constructions upon the carriage of saints. The melancholy man looks on John the Baptist as a choice man, because of his great abstinence and austerity, as well in clothes as in diet; for such humours are apt to think that religion consists much in sadness. "Christ," say they, "wept often, but we read not that He laughed at all;" and scarcely will they believe him to be a good Christian that is not something *hypochondriacal*. Yet the world passeth a clean contrary sentence, and saith, "He hath a devil." Now we should take heed,

1. *That we take not our natural temper and humour for religion.* A man may be moderate by the heaviness of his phlegm, and zealous from the heat of his choler. Our care, therefore, should be, that our sorrow, moderation, and austerity, on the one hand, and our joy, cheerfulness, and zeal, on the other hand, be truly spiritual and Christian.

2. *We should take heed not to condemn other saints that are not of our natural humour*, not to think the sociable and cheerful only to be good fellows; or to think the more depressed, sad, dejected, and retired spirits to be discontented. God hath several sorts of saints, whom He exerciseth (as several members of the body, or several vessels in a house) most to that end to which they are appointed; His Boanerges and His Barnabas, His John and His Paul; every one in his own place, according to the gift and grace received. Yea, the same saint is sometimes in the exercise of one grace, at another time in the exercise of another grace; sometimes most in self-abasing, at other times rejoicing in Christ Jesus; sometimes in hope, at other times in fear. Now, it may be, his zeal does best for *him*, and thy moderation for thee; *his* cheerfulness best for him, and thy sadness best for thee. That which, it may be, is an occasion of sin to thee is none to him; and that which would be an occasion of sin to him is none to thee. Judge not, therefore, of another by thyself, nor think that every one must be cast in thy mould.—*Canaan's Flowing; or, Milk and Honey.*

HEART DISEASES.

As the material heart is subject to various diseases which are generally intractable and ultimately fatal, so the moral nature of man, which is referred to under this symbol, is the seat of the most dangerous class of diseases. Thus it is full of unbelief, an evil heart of unbelief; it is rebellious, deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; obdurate, the fountain of all evil thoughts, and the seat of every hateful lust. God knows its depths of depravity, and in His pure presence it must be loathsome. If the pure in heart alone shall see God, what is the hope for man who is wholly defiled? Shall he attempt the renovation of his own nature? and by what means? The heart cannot renew itself. It has within itself no principle which has escaped the general defilement, and hence none which does not itself need renewal. As a broken limb cannot put forth strength to rescue the body from some imminent peril, so no principle in the heart can purify the heart from that depravity in which it bears its full share. The cure is from without. The healing power is from above. The tendency of man's heart is to wax worse and worse. God's mercy alone can arrest the progress of its disease, and apply the sufficient remedy. We have destroyed ourselves, and in God alone is our help. There is no downward tendency in the heart which He cannot counteract; no stain of pollution which He cannot cleanse; no desperate wickedness which He cannot obviate. He can make it a new heart, the very opposite of what it was in its natural state, and fill it with holy thoughts and Divine affections. How cheering the truth that the blessed Saviour has cleared away one terrible obstacle to our salvation, and rendered it certain, if we only go to Him for healing, when without Him it was impossible!

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PARENTAL MONITOR.

HOW MAY I TEACH MY CHILD SINCERITY?

That children are naturally indisposed to sincerity must be admitted. A propensity to deceive by word and act is among the bitter fruits of our common apostasy. "The wicked," saith the Psalmist, "are estranged from the womb; they go astray as soon as they are born, speaking lies." One of the first things observable in children is an effort to deceive. To exonerate themselves from blame, or free themselves from anticipated punishment, they falsify their word, or cover up what truth and duty demand should be exposed. Very important, therefore, is it to prevent this, to nip this evil propensity in the bud, and cultivate a frank, open, sincere disposition. How may this be done? I suggest four things:—

1. Impress them deeply with the criminality and odiousness of insincerity. This may be done by reading and expounding to them portions of Scripture bearing upon this point, and making them commit to memory those portions of Scripture.

2. Always be sincere with them; never allowing yourself to deceive them in any particular, or for any cause. There is often a temptation, on the part of the parents, to do the opposite of this. It is often quite convenient to deceive a child; but he who does it, does it to the child's moral injury and his own guilt. He teaches falsehood by example, the most effective of teaching; and the pupil will most surely learn and practise deceit himself.

3. When your children commit an offence, and confess it, commend them for the confession, and forgive them the wrong done.

4. When you detect your child in a lie, invariably punish him for it. Whatever other offence goes unpunished, let not this. If Jehovah regards lying as a crime, that parent who omits severe discipline in case of falsehood, is certainly deserving of censure.

Our Saviour tells us that he who lies *bears Satan's image*. "He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it." And Jehovah hath said, "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."

While the path of sincerity is straight and plain, and the sunlight of heaven rests upon it, and while it leads upwards to the home of God and truth, the paths of dissimulation are dark and crooked, and lead down to the abode of the Prince of darkness. Can we be too careful that our children should be kept in the way of the Father of lights, and out of the tortuous, snaky course of the infernal serpent?

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD ILLUSTRATED.

PROVIDENTIAL ADMONITIONS.

God saw that the ship in which Paul was to sail, would, in the usual course of events, pass where the Euroclydon would sweep, and that she would be destroyed by it. He therefore providentially interposed; and, either by his Spirit or an angel, communicated to Paul the danger, and bade him forewarn the Captain, and charge him not to sail, but winter where he was. But the south wind blowing, they set sail, supposing they had gained their purpose. The result showed that the admonition was the voice of Providence, and should have been obeyed. The admonition of providential interference was not irresistible,—this would have destroyed man's agency; but it was in harmony with moral government. Now, there are ten thousand cases containing all the elements of this transaction, though less conspicuous, in national and individual life, covering the whole length and breadth of the world's history till now. A railway-train is seen moving with the velocity of the wind. An evil-minded man has placed an obstruction somewhere upon the route, or it may have been done even by carelessness. On approaching, the engineer's mind is suddenly impressed with a thought of watchfulness, and he perceives the obstruction in time to prevent collision. Again: God may withhold the warning, and permit a terrible destruction, to impress the world with caution and prudence; and to show to man how near the edge of the great precipice from which he steps into eternity he daily walks. The following case is in point: we had it from the gentleman to whom it occurred, some thirty years since,—a man of probity, and of accurate observation. He was in his field, getting in hay. A violent storm came on, and when the rain began to fall, he ran to a fir-tree for shelter, and sat down under it, leaning against it. After being there a few minutes he felt a strong and sudden impulse to run,

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though he knew not why nor where, but as suddenly sprang from his seat, and ran. He had gone but a few paces, when a thunderbolt struck the tree, and rived it to splinters. There is Providence anterior to natural law. The earth is full of such histories. He knows but little of life who does not know them. We do not say that they occur in every event of life: they are occasional; they are frequent; they are, doubtless, daily. They answer to the great element in Providence of interposition to save or to destroy, —Divine interposition.

Providential interferences of this character, anterior to natural law, are seen frequently in the rise and fall of nations, as well as in individual history. In the one case, a nation springs from the seemingly slightest circumstance in the world,—the neighing of a horse, no matter how made to neigh, the flight of a bird, or the powerful contest of the sword; and nations fall in the same way. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.—*Methodist Quarterly Review.*

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE DIANA MONKEY

Is so called from the resemblance of the crescent-shaped bar on its brow to the ornament assigned by poets to the goddess of the silver bow. Congo is its native land. It belongs to the *cercopitheous* group. "Its colouring is peculiarly varied and graceful. The head, neck, sides, and middle of the body beneath, are of a deep ash colour, which becomes gradually darker on the outside of the limbs, and is finally converted into a deep black upon the hands. The tail also exhibits the same tendency to assume a darker and a darker hue, and terminates in a point which is perfectly black.... The face is triangular, and, with the ears, intensely black." The length of the animal is about eighteen inches, and that of the tail about two feet.

"The Diana monkey," add the authorities of the Zoological Society, "is one of the most graceful and good-tempered of its tribe. Like the greater number of them, however, its disposition is more mild and pliant in youth than after it has attained its full maturity. It is fond of being caressed

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and nods and grins with peculiar expression when pleased; but after a certain age it becomes more sedate, and seldom indulges in these antics."

OUR SERVANTS.

ADVICES WHICH RELATE TO SEVERAL CIRCUMSTANCES IN THE LIFE OF A SERVANT.

BY THE REV. DAVID HAY.

I HOPE that in your Bible-reading, the Proverbs of Solomon are not neglected. They consist chiefly of observations on actual life and character, and are as practical as they are wise. They discover to us our temptations and dangers, and vividly show the necessary ruin to which sin leads its victims. The path of life is encompassed with snares and perils, and against these you cannot be too earnestly cautioned. Thousands fall into fearful error because they have not been previously warned, and become the dupes of the great deceiver through their ignorance and inexperience. Servants are by no means an exception to this general remark. They often err through the want of better instruction. In cases of perplexity and difficulty they have seldom a friendly and discreet adviser at hand, but are often surrounded by unwise and insincere counsellors, who recommend a course which is indeed very gratifying to their pride and passion, while it is directly opposed to their true interests. It is hoped that this paper will contain "a word in season" to you, in reference to several circumstances connected with your calling in life.

My first observation refers to the *temper* you should cultivate towards your fellow-servants. If you would regulate your conduct aright towards them, you must sacredly regard the golden rule: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." This rule is very short, very simple, but truly just; and if you will take care always to act upon it, it will save you from many troubles and anxieties. The spirit servants should cultivate towards each other, is one of mutual kindness and forbearance; and this will tend to secure harmony and peace. Do not assume a superiority over, nor attempt an independence of, one another; for this will only prove that you are vain and foolish. Let there ever be an earnest endeavour to accommodate and help each other, and especially in times of sickness. The precept of the Gospel applies to you in this particular relation: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." Avoid all quarreling and brawling. A large family is sometimes thrown into the greatest confusion by the merest trifle, such as a petty jealousy, or a word thoughtlessly spoken. Domestic happiness is too important and too sacred to be thus unnecessarily disturbed. A lady once told the writer, that she had scarcely ever had to part with a servant for any misunderstanding with herself, but generally in consequence of some dispute among the servants themselves. And let no domestic imagine, whatever may be her abilities and excellencies in general, that an irritable or sullen temper is other than a great drawback; indeed, it often constitutes a sore domestic trial. In servants professing religion, it is altogether inconsistent; for if they do not bridle their temper and tongue, they show that their religion is vain. It is not, however, for a moment supposed that servants meet with nothing to try their temper, or that they have nothing annoying and vexing to endure. I know it to be otherwise: but let them "in patience possess their souls." "Offences will come," and if it be difficult in any particular instance to ascertain by whom the offence came, be you the first to express your regret at the disturbance of the harmony; and if you have at all been the occasion of it, whether intentionally or not, acknowledge your fault, and resolve in future to be more on your guard. If you are the injured party, avail yourself of the least sign of penitence to exercise forgiveness, remembering your daily prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." Before a servant complains that she is weary of her place, because there is no peace in the family, let her be sure that *she* has not done anything to banish it. And, further, do not indulge in injurious reflections upon former fellow-servants. If you keep in mind the rule which enjoins you to do as you would be done by, you will not be guilty of this evil practice. You would not like your own follies and defects to be spoken of by others to the damage of your reputation. If you cannot say anything in praise of the absent, be silent respecting them.

A word as to your conduct in the season of *affliction*. Times of sickness occur in every family. They are not unfrequently occasions of great anxiety and grief. They are always accompanied with extra expense to the head of the family, and sometimes with considerable loss. To have affliction in the house must necessarily be attended with inconvenience. No doubt it increases a servant's work, and disarranges her regular plans. But do not add to the pain and sorrow

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of the sufferer, by negligence or unkindness. In these circumstances show that you do not regard the additional trouble as a burden. Consider that to a sensitive mind it is a far greater trial to be helpless, and require such attention, than it would be, if in health, to attend upon the sick. You ought rather to be thankful for your health, and to rejoice that you have an opportunity of showing your gratitude to those to whom you are probably laid under many obligations. And should an epidemic disease, as a fever, &c., visit the family in which you reside, you will not, if a good and faithful servant, refuse your share of night-watching and care; nor, above all, would you be guilty of an act so inhuman as that of leaving your mistress in such a time of calamity to struggle alone. It is in these domestic griefs that the real character of a servant is displayed,—then she appears either selfish or disinterested, unkind or tender-hearted. If conscientious, her carefulness and diligence will increase with her responsibility. She will feel that when the head of the house can no longer superintend its affairs, that it becomes her to serve as in the sight of God. A Clergyman relates the following story of a servant-maid, which is recommended to your careful perusal. He says, "Lydia is the servant of a small family, whose mistress I lately visited after a long illness. 'Sir,' said she, 'the girl who has just left the room is a greater comfort to me than I can express. She watches me with the affection of a daughter, and the care of a nurse. When my complaints make me peevish, she contrives something to soothe me. I often observe her taking pains to discover what would add to my comfort; and often am presented with the thing I wish for, before I express it in words. I live without *suspicion;* for I perceive her to be conscientious even to scrupulosity. My chief complaint is, that she takes so much care of me, that I cannot make her take sufficient care of herself.' 'I have observed,' said I, 'her attention at church, as well as when waiting upon you.' 'My servant,' continued she, 'is a Christian; and, in my late distress, afforded me her prayers as well as her tears. Her parents were too poor to give her any education; but she has taught herself to read, and frequently reads the Scriptures to me. Now and then, while she is reading, her heart is too full to be quite silent on the passage; and then she drops an expression or two, accompanied with such simplicity and meaning as to bring to my mind those words, *I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.* In short, I esteem her as one of the most valuable gifts I ever received from an indulgent Providence; and never could have supposed that so much of my comfort depended upon the faithfulness and care of a poor servant.'" O that every mistress had such a servant in her sickness, and every worthy servant had a mistress equally disposed to appreciate her value! But, as a further inducement to the course I am recommending, I would remind you, that the day of calamity may overtake you. You may very soon yourself be on a bed of sickness; and if you show coldness and neglect where you ought to show kindness, you may prove the truth of our Lord's words, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." And where is the good and faithful servant who has not herself been kindly cared for in the time of need, by those whom she has served? The writer has met with many cases, in which he has seen the generosity of a master or mistress to an old servant in these circumstances, even when years had passed since she left their service. But if it should please God to visit you with illness while residing in a family, do not desire more attention and indulgence than are absolutely necessary, and gratefully acknowledge the kindness which may be shown you, either by your employers or fellow-servants. I will give you an instance of an opposite kind which came under my own observation. A servant was taken ill of a slow fever. As soon as her complaint was ascertained, she was placed in a large airy bed-room, under the care of the family doctor, and an experienced nurse. Rather than send her to the hospital, the family, at considerable expense, removed for a few weeks into the country. In about a fortnight the fever reached its height, and she began to recover. The doctor ordered a small portion of port-wine twice a day, which was duly given. In a few days the nurse stated, that the servant requested the master to advance a portion of her wages, in order that she might buy some wine. "No," was the reply, "she cannot afford to purchase wine, and I shall gladly furnish her with what she requires." But her request did not proceed from any wish to save her employer; and judge the surprise and grief with which he heard it, that this desire had arisen from a suspicion that he had not allowed her the quantity the doctor had ordered! Here we see kindness met with the spirit of ingratitude. Such conduct can scarcely be too severely reprehended. How chilling to the heart of kindness, and calculated to dry up the sources of generosity! and, if you abhor it in another, carefully avoid the least approach to it in yourself. To distrust those who are displaying a kind solicitude for our welfare, is both base and sinful. You cannot too carefully watch against all such feelings, if you have any regard for what is due to others, or for your own peace, or for what is right before God.

While servants do well to cherish and promote the spirit of union among themselves, and a proper regard for each other's

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interests, they must never be parties to a *combination* for the purpose of vexing and injuring their employers. For instance, if, in the judgment of a master, a servant is unsuited to his place, or has committed a fault by which his confidence is destroyed, and the servant in consequence receives notice to leave, it would be a wrong act if the rest were to make common cause with the inefficient or offending servant, and insist upon leaving also. Yet instances have been known in which servants have entered into mutual pledges to remain or go together, and by this means have ensnared their consciences, and injured themselves. Nor should any of you, when leaving a family, endeavour to unsettle the minds of your fellow-servants. Do not seek to involve them in your own misfortunes; for that will not help you. And when you are about to engage yourself to a new master, take care to give the true reason for leaving your last situation, though it should seem to your present disadvantage; for, if you attempt to deceive, you are sure to be exposed when your character is inquired after. And supposing that it turns out you were really in fault,—that you had neglected duty, or spoken offensively, or in any other way acted imprudently,—if you ingenuously confess it, and express your regret for it, it will be at once seen that, from your sincerity and sorrow, there is hope respecting you for the future.

I must not forget to put you on your guard against *evil company*. The influence of companionship is very great, and if the principles and practices of an associate are irreligious, the consequence will, in all probability, be fatal. Take the following advice, and ponder it well, which was given some years ago to persons of your class, by one who had seen much of the world and its temptations:—"Bad company is so mischievous, that when a young servant is observed to be entering into it, every person of compassion and discernment recoils at the sight. Who, that has seen anything of life, does not know the mischief of a vicious conversation and example? What will not an unprincipled tongue dare to assert? What so sacred that does not serve it for a jest? What character or service will it not teach others to despise? What corrupt maxim or vain project will it not recommend? I have known a short conversation quite unhinge a sober mind. I have observed a few hints plant disorder and wretchedness in a once-contented breast, that could never afterwards be rooted out. I have even been surprised to find how soon a bad example would transform one that had long been humble, diligent, and conscientious, into the very reverse. In a word, such a tongue is, indeed, '*an unruly evil*,' and '*full of deadly poison*;' (James iii. 8;) and the danger is the greater because the poison is often mixed with something curious and entertaining, or is presented under the notion of friendship. The venom, thus sweetened, creeps into the heart before even its danger is suspected: but beware of this deadly cup as you prize your safety; the more pleasing you find it, the more deadly it is."

A word from the same pen on a subject nearly allied to the former, is worthy of your most serious consideration. "*Character*," he observes, "especially among females, is easily blasted, so as to be irrecoverably lost. If any consideration can lessen the crime of the villain who attempts to strip you of it, it must be his not considering the depth of ruin into which he would plunge you. Should he, however, be cruel enough to neglect the consideration, surely you will not forget, that the want of reputation, and the despair which attends it, fill our streets with prostitutes; murdering both body and soul at once. Depend upon it, that he who would dishonour you has no sincere affection for you; and the moment you suffer him to pass the bounds of the strictest decorum, he must lose even his *respect* for you. Detect ruin in its first approaches. Particularly avoid dangerous occasions, and whatever you find likely to rob you of your resolution."

THE MONITOR.

THE SIN AND FOLLY OF SCOLDING.

"Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil."—Psalm xxxvii. 8.

1. *It is a sin against God.*—David understood human nature and the law of God. He says, "Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil." That is, never fret or scold; for it is a sin. If you cannot speak without fretting or scolding, keep silence.

2. *It destroys affection.*—No one ever did, ever can, or ever will, love an habitual fretter, fault-finder, or scolder. Husbands, wives, children, relatives, or domestics, have no affection for peevish, fretful fault-finders. Few tears are shed over the graves of such. Persons of high moral principle may tolerate them, may bear with them; but they cannot love them any more than they can love the sting of nettles. Many a man has been driven to the ale-

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house and to dissipation, by a peevish, fretful wife. Many a wife has been made miserable by a peevish, fretful husband.

3. *It is the bane of domestic happiness.*—A fretful, peevish, complaining, fault-finding person in a family, is like the continual chafing of an inflamed sore. Woe to the man, woman, or child, who is exposed to the influence of such a temper in another! Nine-tenths of all domestic trials and unhappiness spring from this source. Look to that woman yonder. She wonders her husband is not more fond of her company; that her children give her so much trouble; that domestics do not like to work for her; that she cannot secure the good-will of young people. The truth is, she is peevish and fretful. Children fear her, and do not love her. She never yet gained the affections of a young person, nor ever will, till she leaves off fretting.

4. *It defeats the end of family government.*—Good family government is the blending authority with affection so as to secure respect and love. Indeed, this is the great secret of managing young people. Now, those who fret may inspire fear; but they always make two faults where they correct one. Scolding a child, fretting in the presence of a child, sneering at a child, taunting a child, treating a child as though unendowed with reason, inspires dread and dislike, and fosters those very dispositions from which many of the faults of childhood proceed. There is a mother: she frets and scolds her children. She is severe enough with them. She seems to watch them in order to find fault. She sneers at them; treats them as though they had no feelings. She seldom gives them a command without a threat, and a long, running, fault-finding commentary. When she chides, it is not done in a proper manner. She raises her voice, puts on a cross look, threatens, strikes them, &c. The children cry, pout, sulk, and the poor mother has to do her work over again and again. Then she will find fault with her husband, because he does not fall in with her views, and join her in the methods which she takes.

5. *Fretting and scolding make hypocrites.*—As one who frets never receives confidence and affection, so no one likes to tell such a person anything disagreeable. People conceal as much as they can from a fretter. They cannot make up their minds to be frank and open-hearted. Husbands conceal from their wives, and wives from their husbands. A man who would brave a lion, likes not to come in contact with nettles.

6. *It destroys one's peace of mind.*—The more one frets, the more he may. A fretter will always have enough to fret at, especially if order and neatness be a characteristic habit. Something will always be out of place. There will always be some dirt somewhere. Others will not eat right, look right, talk right.

7. *It is a mark of a vulgar disposition.*—Some persons have so much gall in their disposition, are so selfish, that they have no regard to the feelings of others. All things must be done to please them. They make their husbands, wives, children, domestics, the conductors by which their spleen and ill-nature are discharged. Woe to the children who are exposed to such influences! It makes them callous and unfeeling; and when they grow up, they pursue the same course with their own children, or those entrusted to their management; and thus the race of fretters is perpetuated. Any person who is in the habit of fretting, shows either a bad disposition, or else ill-breeding; for it is generally ignorant, low-bred people, that are guilty of such things.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MR. JAMES HALKYARD.

Mr. James Halkyard was a native of Delph, in Saddleworth. His mother was a member of the Methodist Society in that village. After having adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour for many years, she died at length in the triumph of faith. Often with cries and tears did she supplicate the throne of grace on her son's behalf; but he lived after the course of this world, following the desires and inclinations of his sinful heart. His companions in trade were wicked and ungodly men. Yielding to temptations, he became a drunkard. In September, 1824, he was induced once again to attend the Wesleyan chapel, Delph. There he heard the late Rev. Edward Jones, 1st, preach, from, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." (Rev. iii. 20.) The word was applied with power to his conscience: he was pricked in his heart, and it might then be said of him, as it was said of Saul of old, "Behold, he prayeth." From that time there was a change in his outward life. He connected himself with the Wesleyan Society. He sought the Lord, sorrowing, for about three months; and then, by faith in "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," he "believed with the heart unto righteousness," and "with the mouth made confession unto salvation." "Beauty" wr

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appointed "for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." The Lord heard his cry, and brought him up "out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set" his "feet upon a rock, and established" his "goings, and put a new song in" his "mouth, even praise unto our God."

On the Christmas-day following, in the lovefeast at Upper-Mill, he bore delightful testimony to the fact, that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sin. His own load of guilt was removed, and the language of his heart and lips was, "O Lord, I will praise Thee: though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me." "Being justified by faith," he had "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." After his conversion, his regular practice before going to work in the morning was to spend an hour in reading the Scriptures and in prayer. This practice he continued as long as health permitted. He said it prepared him to pass through the trials of the day, and to endure the scoffs of those amongst whom he had to labour. There was now a real change in his life. It was evident to all by whom he was surrounded, that "old things" had "passed away," and that "all things" had "become new." His family saw and felt the change. His wife was led to dedicate herself to God, and cast in her lot with His people. The family-altar was erected. Instead of the former discord, there was now peace and unity in their household. He became very active in the Sabbath-school, and was made useful to the children. He was regular in his attendance on the means of grace. He was always to be found at the class-meeting at the appointed time; and from the week-night prayer-meeting he was seldom absent. After having been a member for some time, and given the most satisfactory evidences of a renewed life, he was appointed an assistant-Leader, and, ultimately, a Leader; which office he sustained for a number of years. For a length of time he was wont to walk four miles to meet his class; and not till death had entered his family, and removed his partner to her eternal rest, did he cease to attend to the important trust committed to his care.

He had a numerous family, and many were the cares and trials through which he was called to pass. His faith was often tested. But when passing through providential darkness, as it regarded the things of time, he always expressed a strong confidence in God, that all things were working together for his good. Grace was given according to the day, his strength was made perfect in weakness, and the Lord delivered His servant out of all his troubles, and enabled him to glorify Him. When he was compelled to give up his class in Delph, he united himself with the Society at Mount-Pleasant, in the Oldham Circuit. There he remained a member to the day of his death.

When his last affliction came, he felt the presence of the Lord cheering and animating him. When surrounded by his children, a part of whom were about to be left without a guide, he was enabled to commit them to the care of Him who hath said, "Leave thy fatherless children with me."

His heavenly Master called him to enter into rest on the 9th day of May, 1847, aged fifty-two.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

W. M.

MEMOIR OF MR. JOHN TRAVIS.

Mr. John Travis was born at Upper-Mill, near Delph, Yorkshire, in 1796. His father was an acceptable and useful Local Preacher, and his mother a devout member of the Wesleyan Society. Of both of them he was early bereft. His mother died when he was only twelve weeks old, and his father when he was little more than four years of age. They both died triumphantly, and left their son John a real legacy of many fervent prayers, filed for him in heaven, and an example of practical piety worthy of his imitation.

After the death of his parents, a gracious Providence placed him under the care of relatives who were sterling Methodists, of decided religious principles, and of unequivocal piety. They regarded John as their foster child; and had he been their own son, they could not have manifested more sincere concern for his happiness and welfare than they did. Often in after-years he referred to the spiritual advantages which he had derived from their prayers and instructions.

Though he was thus cradled and brought up in Methodism, he did not surrender his heart to God until the twenty-fifth year of his age. The occasion and immediate means of his conversion was the death of his foster-mother. This event produced a powerful impression upon him.

Twelve months after his conversion, deeply impressed that it was his duty to call sinners to repentance, a door was readily opened for him, and he began to labour as a Local Preacher. Like many young beginners, he met with difficulties and opposition; but as he commenced neither to please himself, nor any other man, he proceeded boldly to reprove sin, and point the sinner to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." And he had considerable fruit and success in his efforts to save souls, as not a few have testified at Langley, Derby, Burton, Leicester, and other places. In the year 1832, he took a step which he afterwards sincerely regretted. He departed from the Wesleyan Society, and joined another section of Methodists, in expectation that he should, amongst his new associates, find greater scope for usefulness

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and a larger field of labour, than in the old body. In this, however, he acknowledged that he was mistaken; and, after a careful review of the position he occupied, he determined to seek for re-admission to the Society which for a season he had forsaken, but which he declared he had never ceased to respect and love.

After being more than an ordinary time on trial, he was restored, to some extent, to the confidence of his brethren; and at length to his place on the Plan of the Leicester Circuit, and there his name remained until his work in the church below was ended.

As he approached the close of his earthly career, he was wont to say, "Death has no sting! I daily walk and am familiar with death. By the grace of God I am conqueror: thanks be to God! 'I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life that I now live I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.'" He expressed a deep concern for the spread of the Gospel, and the salvation of sinners. He lamented that the professing members of Christ's church did not more cordially hold up the hands of their Ministers. "More fervent prayer and unfeigned love amongst them," he said, "would go far to secure a revival of pure religion." He died on Sabbath morning, June 20th, 1847.

THOMAS EASTWOOD.

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE HINDU SISTERS.

ONE day, a person found two little girls begging in the streets of Calcutta, and took them before a Magistrate. The youngest of them was a fine, healthy-looking child, and her bright eye and pretty form delighted all that looked upon her; but the oldest was weak, thin, and sickly, and seemed almost starved to death. The Magistrate asked her how it was that she was so thin, and her sister so stout. "O!" she answered, "I do not often get much to eat; for when any food is given me, I always give it first to my little sister, and she eats her fill, and, if any is left, then I get it: sometimes it is only a very little bit I get, and often she eats it all, and then I have to go without." This simple story touched the kind heart of the Magistrate, and he asked more about her history. She told him that their mother had died when they were very little, and that they did not recollect much about her; but that their father had carried them from place to place for a long time, till at last one day he was taken ill, lay down under a tree, and soon died, leaving his little girls all alone in a wild and howling wood. The little girls wept much when they saw their father die, and could not bear to leave his body. The hungry jackals came to devour it; and they tried to drive them away, but could not. The screaming vultures flew quickly backwards and forwards above their heads, waiting for them to go, and then intending to pounce down and help the jackals to devour the body. They shouted and waved their little hands to frighten them off; but when their strength was spent, and they had seen the jackals tear the body of their father, they turned away, and, hand in hand, weeping as they went, set off to try to find a path out of the wood, and then to seek some place where kind people might be found to feed or take them in; and so they had wandered until the man found them in the street, and brought them here.

The kind Magistrate took them to his house, and then sent them down to the Orphan Refuge, kept by Mrs. Wilson, who very kindly took them under her care. Here they lived a long time, and very delightful it was to see their love for one another. Every night, when they lay down to rest, they did so locked in each other's arms; and whenever food was set before them, the oldest never touched it, however hungry, faint, or tired, till her little sister had had her share. Mrs. Wilson loved them much, and taught them to love that Saviour who had said, "Suffer little children to come to me." At last they were baptized. The elder was called Priscilla, and the younger, Rhoda.

Little Rhoda was a sweet child; but Jesus soon fitted her for heaven, and when she was only about six years old, He took her up to glory. During her last illness she never murmured, though her sufferings were very great, and often asked to have her favourite hymns repeated to her.

One of these was that beginning,—

"Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched."

Another thus:—

"There is, beyond the sky,
A heaven of joy and love;
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above."

She also delighted to repeat to her companions the infant's hymn:—

"Little children, come to Jesus;
He has kindly said you may:
When you pray to Him and praise Him,
He will teach you what to say.

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"He will take your hands, and lead you
In the way you ought to go;
He will make you good and happy,—
No one else can make you so."

About a week before she died, she became quite blind; but still always said she was happy, and at last fell sweetly asleep in Jesus.

Priscilla is now grown up to a woman, has married a Native Teacher, and is very useful in the Mission.

You see from both these stories what a blessing the Gospel is to poor Hindu children, and how well the prophecy about Jesus Christ is fulfilled through it, "HE SHALL SAVE THE CHILDREN OF THE NEEDY." —*Missionary Magazine.*

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY.

"To err is human;
To forgive, divine."

A LITTLE blind boy was asked what forgiveness was. He replied, "It is the odour that flowers breathe when trampled upon." Did not this sweet youth, to whom the world was dark, who could never more see the pleasant light of the sun, give the true idea of forgiveness? It is not difficult to feel kindly toward those that love you and confer favours upon you; but to have a store of good wishes and kind deeds for those that abuse and treat you ill,—to be like the cinnamon-tree, that sheds a sweet perfume around the axe-man that wounds it,—this is hard! But it is what the meek and lowly Jesus did, and what His true children do. Here, then, little folks, is a test to know if you love Christ. "If ye love them" only "that love you, wha thank have ye?" How do you feel when your playmates treat you ill? Can you return good for evil? Can you pray for those that injure you? If so, you are "the children of your Father which is in heaven, who maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good." Remember, now, that one way to manifest the spirit of forgiveness is by kind words. A Missionary in Jamaica was questioning the little black boys on Matt. v., and asked, "Who are the meek?" A boy answered, "Those who give soft answers to rough questions." This accords with what Solomon says: "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

"Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak:
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break."

POETRY.

"THE LAMB IS THE LIGHT THEREOF."

REV. XXI. 23.

THAT clime is not like this dull clime of ours;
All, all is brightness there;
A sweeter influence breathes around its flowers,
And a far milder air.
No calm below is like that calm above,
No region here is like that realm of love:
Earth's softest spring ne'er shed so soft a light,
Earth's brightest summer never shone so bright.

That sky is not like this sad sky of ours,
Tinged with earth's change and care;
No shadow dims it, and no rain-cloud lowers,
No broken sunshine there.
One everlasting stretch of azure pours
Its stainless splendour o'er those sinless shores;
For there Jehovah shines with heavenly ray,
There Jesus reigns dispensing endless day.

The dwellers there are not like these of earth,
No mortal stain they bear;
And yet they seem of kindred blood and birth;—
Whence, and how, came they there?
Earth was their native soil; from sin and shame,
Through tribulation, they to glory came;
Bond-slaves deliver'd from sin's crushing load,
Brands pluck'd from burning by the hand of God.

Those robes of theirs are not like these below—
No angel's half so bright!
Whence came that beauty, whence that living glow?
Whence came that radiance white?
Wash'd in the blood of the atoning Lamb,
Fair as the light those robes of theirs became;
And now, all tears wiped off from every eye,
They wander where the freshest pastures lie,
Through all the nightless day of that unfading sky.

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PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

STRATHFIELDSAY, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

As you enter from Berkshire into Hampshire, a few miles to the eastward of Silchester, you arrive at Strathfieldsay, a parish partly in the hundred of Reading, but chiefly in the hundred of Holdshot, in Hampshire, one of the most pleasant and rural in that county, and retaining all the quiet and seclusion of the most remote hamlet. On the left hand of the road you have a view of the seat of the Duke of Wellington.

Strathfieldsay appears very ancient. It is probably as old as the time of Richard II., when it belonged to the Dobridgecourts, who kept it till 1636, when the Pitt family purchased it. The style of architecture seems, however, rather that of James I., though the whole has been much altered, and the front towards the park is new. The rooms are, in general, low and small. The good ones were added by Lord Rivers. But in the house there are no fine paintings, no splendid furniture, none of those attractions which bespeak either new or ancient nobility. The owner, it is said, spends little on his property.

Strathfieldsay was given to the Duke of Wellington by the nation, on account of his distinguished military services. After the battle of Salamanca, in 1812, he had £100,000 voted to him, and vested in the hands of trustees; in the year after he had an additional sum of £400,000; and after the battle of Waterloo £200,000 more. These several grants having now amounted to a considerable sum, the trustees appointed to carry the intention of Parliament into effect by the application of funds to the purchase of an estate, and the erection of a mansion suitable to the dignity of the Duke's rank, at length purchased the manor of Strathfieldsay. It is holden of the Crown; and all that is required for the keeping of it, is to send to Windsor, every anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, a tri-coloured flag.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

WONDERS OF THE UNIVERSE.

What mere assertion will make any one believe that in one second of time, in one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles, and would therefore perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our

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eyelids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride? What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the sun is a million times larger than the earth? and that, although so remote from us, that a cannon-ball shot directly towards it, and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years in reaching it, yet it affects the earth by its attraction in an appreciable instant of time? Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second; or that there exist animated and regularly organised beings, many thousands of whose bodies, laid close together, would not extend an inch? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach us that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes, is affected with a succession of periodical movements, regularly recurring at equal intervals, no less than five hundred millions of millions of times in a single second! That it is by such movements communicated to the nerves of our eyes that we see; nay more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of colour. That, for instance, in acquiring the sensation of redness, our eyes are affected four hundred and eighty-two millions of millions of times; of yellowness, five hundred and forty-two millions of millions of times; and of violet, seven hundred and seven millions of millions of times per second. Do not such things sound more like the ravings of madmen than the sober conclusions of people in their waking senses? They are, nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained. —*Herschell.*

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHURCH AND THE TAVERN.

Thus writes Grant Thorburn, of New-York:—

In the year 1793, when Louis XVI. was beheaded, and the French Revolution was in full blast, I was a thorough-going Radical. With seventeen more of our club, I was marched, under a guard of the King's officers, and lodged in Edinburgh jail. After a summary hearing, I got liberty to *banish* myself, and accordingly took passage in the good ship "Providence," and landed at New-York in June, 1794. I was then in my twenty-second year. When the ship cast off from the wharf, in Scotland, and swung round with the breeze, my father stood upon the shore. He waved a last adieu, and exclaimed, "Remember the Sabbath-day." I arrived at New-York on a Saturday; and the next day being the Sabbath, at nine o'clock, A.M., three young men of our company called at my lodgings.

"Where are you going to-day?" they inquired.

"To the church," I replied.

"We have been ten weeks at sea: our health requires exercise. Let us walk out to-day, and go to church next Sabbath," they replied.

Said I, "You can go where you please, but I will go to church: the last words I heard from my father were, 'Remember the Sabbath-day;' and, had I no respect for the fourth commandment, I have not yet forgotten his last advice."

They went to the fields, I went to the church: they spent forty or fifty cents in the tavern; I put a one-penny bill in the plate at the morning, afternoon, and night service,—total, threepence. They continued going into the country; and, in process of time, the landlady's daughter and the landlady's niece would join their company. Then each couple hired a gig, at two dollars a day; wine, cake, and ice-cream on the road, fifty cents each; dine at Jamaica, one dollar each. They got home at eight o'clock, P.M., half tipsy; and, having been caught in a thunder-shower, their coats, hats, and mantles were damaged fifty per cent. They rose the next morning at nine o'clock, A.M., with sore heads, sore hearts, muddy boots, and an angry conscience, besides twelve dollars (£2. 10*s.*) lighter than when they started. I went to church; rose at five o'clock, A.M., head sound, heart light, bones refreshed, conscience quiet, and commenced the labours of the week in peace and plenty. They were all mechanics: some of them could earn twelve dollars a week. My business, that of a wrought-nail maker, was poor: the *cut-nail* machines had just got into operation, which cut down my wages to a shaving. With close application, I could only earn five dollars and fifty cents (£1. 3*s.*) per week. Never mind: at the end of the year, my Sabbath-riding shipmates had fine coats and hats, powdered heads, and ruffled shirts; but I had one hundred hard dollars (upwards of £20) piled in the corner of my chest. Having lived fast, they died early. Nearly forty winters are past, and forty summers ended, since the last was laid in the potter's or some other field; while I, having received from my Maker a good constitution, and common sense to take care of it, am as sound in mind, body, and spirit as I was on this

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day fifty-six years ago, when first I set my foot on shore, at Governeur's Wharf, New-York. Besides, it is a fact for which my family can vouch, I have been only *one* day confined to the house by sickness during all that period.

Now, I dare say you think, with me, that the church on the Sabbath is better than the tavern and the fields for the labouring man.

THE WILES OF THE DEVIL.

An enemy, when he besiegeth a city, surroundeth it at a distance, to see where the wall is weakest, best to be battered; lowest, easiest to be scaled; the ditch narrowest, to be bridged; shallowest, to be waded over; which place is not regularly fortified, where he may approach with the least danger, and assault with the most advantage. So Satan watches about, surveying all the powers of our souls, where he may most successfully lay his temptations; or whether our understandings are easily corrupted with error, or our fancies with levity, or our wills with forwardness, or our affections with excess.—*Fuller.*

POPERY.

THE POPISH DOCTRINE OF TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

REMARKABLE CONVERSION OF A ROMISH PRIEST.

The Creed of Pope Pius the Fourth, published in 1564, as the doctrine of the Council of Trent and of the Romanist Church, added to the Nicene Creed twelve new doctrines which are not in the Bible. One of those erroneous and new doctrines is what is called transubstantiation, and is thus expressed:—"I profess that in the Mass is offered to God a true, proper, and propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead: and that in the most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist there is truly, really, and substantially the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity, of our Lord Jesus Christ; and that there is made a change of the whole substance of the bread into the body, and of the whole substance of the wine into the blood; which change the (Roman) Catholic Church calls transubstantiation. I confess also that under either kind alone, Christ whole and entire, and a true sacrament, is received." The words *Mass* and *Eucharist* are merely other names for the Holy Communion.

The folly of this unscriptural doctrine of transubstantiation, was once the means of the conversion of an English Popish Priest in a very curious way. The Rev. Thomas Gage, a Romanist, native of Surrey, went to Spain, became a Dominican Friar, and laboured long in Central America as a Romish Missionary, and returned to England in 1637, after twenty-four years' absence. He publicly recanted, by preaching a Protestant sermon at Paul's Cross in 1642; and appears to have become a Nonconformist, and to have obtained the living of Deal, and afterwards that of Acris, in Kent, in the troublous times at the end of King Charles the First's reign.

His account of his conversion, which took place in the Spanish city of Portobello, near Panama, in Central America, is as follows:—"I was one day saying mass in the chief church, when, after the consecration of the bread, being with my eyes shut at that mental prayer which the Church of Rome calleth the *memento* (remembrance) for their dead, there came from behind the altar a mouse, which, running about, came to the very bread, or wafer-god of the Papists, and, taking it in his mouth, ran away with it, not being perceived by any of the people who were at the mass; for that the altar was high by reason of the steps going up to it, and the people far beneath. But as soon as I opened my eyes to go on with my mass, and perceived my god stolen away, I looked about the altar, and saw the mouse running away with it; which on a sudden did so stupefy me, that I knew not well what to do or say; and calling my wits together, I thought that if I should take no notice of the mischance, and anybody else in the church should, I might justly be questioned by the Inquisition; but if I should call to the people to look for the sacrament, then I might be but chid and rebuked for my carelessness, which of the two, I thought would be more easily borne than the rigour of the Inquisition; whereupon I turned to the people, told them what had happened, and that I knew not what to do, unless they would help me to find the sacrament again. The people called a Priest that was at hand, who presently brought others also; then they lighted torches and candles to find out the malefactor, and after much searching for the sacrilegious beast, they at last found, in a hole of the wall, the sacrament half eaten up: which with great joy they took out: and as when the ark was brought again from the Philistines to the Israelites, so the people now rejoiced for their new-found god, whom with candles and torches, and joyful and solemn music, they carried about the church in procession.

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"Myself was present on my knees, shaking and shivering for what might be done unto me, and expecting my doom and judgment. And as the sacrament passed me, I observed in it the marks and signs of the teeth of the mouse, as they are to be seen in a piece of cheese gnawn and eaten by it. This struck me with such horror, that I cared not at that moment whether I had been torn in a thousand pieces for denying that mouse-eaten bread to be God. I called to mind all philosophy, and resolved within myself that the thing which I there saw gnawn, was not a mere accident or appearance of bread, but some real substance, eaten and devoured by that vermin; which had certainly been fed and nourished by what it had so eaten. But no Papist would be willing to answer that the mouse had fed on the substance of the body and blood of Christ; therefore it had fed upon the substance of bread. And thus God had made use of so mean and base a creature to confute transubstantiation, and convince me of what I had before begun to doubt, that certainly the Church of Rome had erred grievously in this point of doctrine. For here, in Rome's judgment and opinion, the body of Christ on one altar was gnawn and eaten, and, at the same time, in another place and upon another altar, in the hands of another Priest, it was to be found not eaten and gnawn; the which are two contradictions of the same thing at once; namely, that it was gnawn and eaten, and that it was not gnawn and eaten. These impressions were so strong upon me, that I was fully now convinced in myself that bread, really and only, was eaten in a bodily sense upon the altar, and by no means Christ's risen and glorious body which is in heaven, and cannot be upon earth, subject to the hunger and violence of a creature. Here I desired, like David, that I could have the wings of a dove to fly to my own country, England, and there be satisfied upon the point, and be at rest of conscience. And I resolved that if I should be questioned for my carelessness or contempt of the Romish sacrament, I would willingly sacrifice my life for the truth, which, as yet, I had been no otherwise taught than by that Spirit which, as Solomon observeth, in a man, 'is the candle of the Lord.' I conceived that this was some comfort to my soul, which my good God would afford me in my pilgrimage, that I might more willingly bear whatever crosses might befall me in my journey and way to England. The part of the wafer that was left after the mouse had eaten her fill, was laid up, after the solemn procession about the church, to be eaten by some Priest afterwards. And because such a high contempt had been shown by a despicable vermin to their wafer-god, it was commanded through Portobello that day, that all the people should humble themselves and mourn, and fast with bread and water only. I was not questioned; but I feared lest among so many soldiers and foreigners as were at Portobello at that great fair, I might be mischiefed by their blind zeal for what I had done; and I thought it best to keep in my lodgings for a day or two. But no trouble fell upon me for this accident."—(See Gage's "Survey of the West Indies." Folio. 1648.)

This history is so natural, and such an accident so likely to happen to any Romish Priest, that probably many have been thrown into the like doubts, but, not having the same honesty of purpose, have gone on either forcing their conscience, or else secretly becoming infidels. For the doctrine is a false doctrine; and, therefore, the belief of it quietly leads souls to infidelity, or to deadness of conscience.

ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE OF DR. CHALMERS.

Dr. Chalmers described once what happened at Manchester, when he consented to preach a sermon, for some public object, at a large chapel in that town. He had not been thinking about the matter, after he had given his consent to preach; but his eye was attracted by seeing his own name in a printed paper, like an immense play-bill, posted on all the walls about the town. This was the *programme* of the ceremonial for the day. There were to be "prayers, anthems, choruses from Handel's Oratorios, and a sermon by the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, Edinburgh." Excessively annoyed at all this display, he refused to take any part, or to preach on the occasion. The directors expostulated, and represented what would be the effects of his withdrawal, and of the disappointment of the public. The matter was compromised; and Dr. Chalmers was to sit in the vestry till the proper time for him to come out and preach his sermon. But his troubles then only began; for, unfortunately, an anthem, with full instrumental accompaniments, was appointed to follow the sermon. The orchestra, being placed immediately behind the pulpit, and more occupied with anticipations of their own performance than with anything else, the

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musicians annoyed and disturbed the Preacher through the whole sermon by their preparations and preliminaries for the grand chorus. "Actually," as the Doctor exclaimed, "tuning their very trombones at my ear before I had finished."—*Dean Ramsay on the Life and Writings of Chalmers.*

PAPERS ON BOTANY.

THE CARNATION.

A KIND of dianthus, or pink, much esteemed for its beautiful and fragrant double flowers. It is usually grown in rich, light, loamy soil, in which sand enough is mixed to prevent the stagnation of water; and is propagated by either cuttings or layering. Many varieties are cultivated. Success in their management requires attention to a number of minute details, for which the reader must refer to those who have written at large on floriculture.

MEMORIALS OF THE GOOD AND GREAT.

SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, BART.

PART I.

MR. BUXTON was born on the 1st of April, 1786. Even in early boyhood he manifested the earnest, resolute, thorough-going character which marked his riper years. "He was," says his biographer, "a vigorous child, and early showed a bold and determined character. As an instance of this, it may be mentioned, that when quite a child, while walking with his uncle, Mr. Hanbury, he was desired to give a message to a pig-driver who had passed along the road. He set off in pursuit; and, although one of his shoes was soon lost in the mud, he pushed on through lonely and intricate lanes, tracking the driver by the footmarks of his pigs, for nearly three miles, into the town of

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Coggeshall; nor did he stop until he had overtaken the man, and delivered his message."

Having the prospect of inheriting considerable estates in Ireland, Fowell Buxton was sent to study at the Dublin University. When he entered on his studies there, he was far behind the most of his fellow-students, having, according to his own account, learned little or nothing at school. But having come to that time of life, when, as he afterwards wrote to one of his sons, a young man must make a turn to the right or to the left, he fortunately turned to the right. With the most indomitable perseverance, he gave himself to his studies. "I considered," he says, "every hour as precious, and I made everything bend to my determination not to be behind any of my companions." He made good his resolution. At the first examination he took the second place; at the next, and at all succeeding examinations, he took the first place; and so distinguished himself, that, at the close of his college career, he was requested to come forward as a candidate for the representation of the University, with every prospect of a triumphant return. This honour, however, he declined.

Soon after leaving the University, circumstances having occurred to disappoint his expectation of being placed in independent circumstances, he found that his fortune must depend upon his own exertions. Accordingly, he entered into negotiations in different quarters, with a view to establishing himself in business. For a time these were unsuccessful. "I longed," he says, "for any employment that would produce me a hundred a year, if I had to work twelve hours a day for it." At length his anxieties were brought to a close by his uncles, partners in Truman and Hanbury's brewery, offering him a situation in that establishment, with the prospect of becoming a partner after three years' probation. This offer he joyfully accepted; and into this new situation he carried his characteristic energy.

"From his childhood," says his biographer, "the duty of active benevolence had been impressed on him by his mother, who used to set before him the idea of taking up some great cause by which he might promote the happiness of man. Upon settling in London, he at once sought opportunities of usefulness." He took a part in all the charitable schemes of the poor and distressed district of Spitalfields in which the brewery was situated, "more especially those connected with education, the Bible Society, and the deep sufferings of the weavers."

The impressions produced upon his mind by the instructions he received from his mother, seem to have been deepened by his intercourse, in his college-days, with a family to whom he was afterwards united by marriage,—that of Mr. Gurney, of Earlham-Hall, near Norwich. Of one member of this family all of our readers must have heard,—the celebrated Mrs. Fry. It was during a tour in Scotland, with some members of this family, that "his attention appears to have been drawn, with increased earnestness, to the subject of religion. When at Perth, he purchased a large Bible, with the resolution, which he steadfastly kept, of perusing a portion of it every day; and he mentions in a letter, dated September 10th, 1806, that quite a change had been worked in his mind with respect to reading the holy Scriptures. 'Formerly,' he says, 'I read generally rather as a duty than as a pleasure; but now I read them with great interest, and, I may say, happiness.' 'I am sure,' he writes again, 'that some of the happiest hours that I spend here, are while I am reading my Bible, which is as great a favourite as a book can be. I never before felt so assured, that the only means of being happy is from seeking the assistance of a superior Being, or so inclined to endeavour to submit myself to the direction of principle.'"

On returning to Dublin from this tour, he experienced a providential escape, which he thus describes:—

"In the year 1806, I was travelling with the Earlham party in Scotland. I left them to return to the college of Dublin. In consequence of some conversation about the Parkgate vessels, with my present wife, then Hannah Gurney, she extracted from me a promise that I would never go by Parkgate. I was exceedingly impatient to be at Dublin, in order to prepare for my examination: when I reached Chester, the Captain of the Parkgate packet came to me, and invited me to go with him. The wind was fair; the vessel was to sail in a few hours; he was sure I should be in Dublin early the next morning; whereas a place in the Holyhead mail was doubtful, and, at best, I must lose the next day by travelling through Wales. My promise was a bitter mortification to me, but I could not dispense with it. About eight or nine o'clock the vessel left, and of the one hundred and nineteen persons who embarked as passengers, one hundred and eighteen were drowned before midnight."

It was not, however, till some years after he had entered on his duties at the brewery, that religion seems to have gained that ascendency over his mind which gave shape and colouring to the whole of his after-life. In the commencement of the year 1813, he was visited by an illness which brought him to the brink of the grave. The salutary effects of this affliction may be learned from the following extract from a paper, written after his recovery:—

"I was seized with a bilious fever in January. * * * When the disorder had assumed an appearance very alarming to those about me, I spent nearly an hour in most fervent prayer. I had been, for some years, perplexed with doubts: I do

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not know if they did not arise more from the fear of doubting, than from any other cause. The object of my prayer was, that this perplexity might be removed; and the next day, when I set about examining my mind, I found that it was entirely removed, and that it was replaced by a degree of certain conviction, totally different from anything I had before experienced. It would be difficult to express the satisfaction and joy which I derived from this alteration. 'Now know I that my Redeemer liveth,' was the sentiment uppermost in my mind, and in the merits of that Redeemer I felt a confidence that made me look on the prospect of death with perfect indifference. No one action of my life presented itself with any sort of consolation. I knew that by myself I stood justly condemned; but I felt released from the penalties of sin, by the blood of our Sacrifice. In *Him* was all my trust."

Christmas-day of the same year he set apart for "balancing his mind," as he was accustomed at the brewery to balance the books; and in reviewing God's mercies, and his own improvement of them, he thus bears testimony to God's goodness and faithfulness:—

"In the evening I sat down, in a business-like manner, to my mental account. In casting up the incidental blessings of the year, I found none to compare with my illness: it gave such a life, such a reality and nearness, to my prospects of futurity: it told me, in language so conclusive and intelligible, that here is not my abiding city. It expounded so powerfully the scriptural doctrine of atonement, by showing what the award of my fate must be, if it depended upon my own merits, and what that love is which offers to avert condemnation by the merits of another: in short, my sickness has been a source of happiness to me in every way."

In the following anecdote, told in a letter to his wife, may be seen the earnest of that disinterested regard for the welfare of others which so characterized his after-life:—

"*Spitalfields, July 15th*, 1816.

"As you must hear the story of our dog Prince, I may as well tell it you. On Thursday morning, when I got on my horse at St. Hoare's, David told me that there was something the matter with Prince; that he had killed the cat, and almost killed the new dog, and had bit at him and Elizabeth. I ordered him to be tied up and taken care of, and then rode off to town. When I got into Hampstead, I saw Prince covered with mud, and running furiously, and biting at everything. I saw him bite at least a dozen dogs, two boys, and a man.

"Of course I was exceedingly alarmed, being persuaded he was mad. I tried every effort to stop him, or kill him, or to drive him into some outhouse; but in vain. At last he sprang up at a boy, and seized him by the breast: happily I was near him, and knocked him off with my whip. He then set off towards London; and I rode by his side, waiting for some opportunity of stopping him. I continually spoke to him, but he paid no regard to coaxing or scolding. You may suppose I was seriously alarmed, dreading the immense mischief he might do, having seen him do so much in the few preceding minutes. I was terrified at the idea of his getting into Camden-Town and London; and at length, considering that if ever there was an occasion that justified a risk of life, this was it, I determined to catch him myself. Happily he ran up to Pryor's gate, and I threw myself from my horse upon him, and caught him by the neck: he bit at me and struggled, but without effect, and I succeeded in securing him without his biting me. He died yesterday, raving mad."

A day or two afterwards he thus wrote:—

"You must not scold me for the risk I ran: what I did, I did from a conviction that it was my duty; and I never can think that an over-cautious care of self in circumstances where your risk may preserve others, is so great a virtue as you seem to think it. I do believe that if I had shrunk from the danger, and others had suffered in consequence, I should have felt more pain than I should have done had I received a bite."

We now come to that period of Fowell Buxton's history when he came forth out of the retirement of private life as the eloquent and earnest advocate of the suffering and destitute:—

"The winter of 1816 set in early, and with great severity; the silk-trade was almost stagnant, and the weavers in Spitalfields, always trembling on the brink of starvation, were plunged into the deepest misery. It was increased by the constant influx into the parish of the poorest class of London work-people, who could find no lodging elsewhere. A soup-society had been long before established; but the distress far exceeded the means provided for its alleviation. Under these circumstances, it was determined to hold a meeting on the subject at the Mansion-house."

The meeting was held; and Mr. Buxton, who had been visiting and relieving the poor, came forward to plead for them. His speech attracted universal attention. Letters of congratulation poured in from all hands; and, amongst the rest, one, the first he received, from that distinguished philanthropist, Mr. Wilberforce, with whom, in after-years, he was to be closely associated in his labours of love. The speech was published and republished.

"'By this one meeting at the Mansion-house,' says the report of the Spitalfields' Benevolent Society, '£43,369 were raised.' Two days after it had been held, Lord Sidmouth sent for Mr. Buxton, to inform him

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that 'the Prince of Wales had been so pleased by the spirit and temper of the meeting, and so strongly felt the claims that had been urged, that he had sent them £5,000.'"

It was thus that Mr. Buxton's public career commenced. He stepped forward to plead the cause of his poor neighbours; but he was not one of those whose sympathies extend not beyond their own immediate neighbourhood: imbued with the spirit of the Gospel, he had learned to call every man brother:—

"One day, while walking past Newgate with Mr. Samuel Hoare, their conversation turned upon the exertions of their sister-in-law, Mrs. Fry, and her companions, for the improvement of the prisoners within its walls; and this suggested the idea of employing themselves in a similar manner."

"The exertions of Mrs. Fry and her associates had prepared the way; public attention had been drawn to the subject; and in 1816 the 'Society for the Reformation of Prison Discipline' was formed."

Of this Society Mr. Buxton was appointed one of the Committee, and a deep interest he took in its operations. He was not satisfied with giving it his countenance: he gave it his earnest support, and his unwearied exertions. The following letter, written to his wife, is expressive of the views and feelings with which he launched forth on that path of labour for the good of others, along which his course lay for the remainder of his life:—

"After I had written to you yesterday, I went with Charles and Peter Burford on a visit to Newgate. I saw four poor creatures who are to be executed on Tuesday next. Poor things! God have mercy on them! The sight of them was sufficient for that day. I felt no farther inclination to examine the prison. It has made me long much that my life may not pass quite uselessly; but that, in some shape or other, I may assist in checking and diminishing crime and its consequent misery. Surely it is in the power of all to do something in the service of their Master; and surely I, among the rest, if I were now to begin and endeavour, to the best of my capacity, to serve Him, might be the means of good to some of my fellow-creatures. This capacity is, I feel, no mean talent, and attended with no inconsiderable responsibility. I must pray that I may at length stir myself up, and be enabled to feel somewhat of the real spirit of a Missionary, and that I may devote myself, my influence, my time, and, above all, my affections, to the honour of God and the happiness of man. My mission is evidently not abroad; but it is not less a mission on that account. I feel that I may journey through life by two very different paths, and that the time is now come for choosing which I will pursue. I may go on, as I have been going on, not absolutely forgetful of futurity, nor absolutely devoted to it. I may get riches and repute, and gratify my ambition, and do some good, and more evil; and, at length, I shall find all my time on earth expended, and, in retracing my life, I shall see little but occasions lost, and capabilities misapplied. The other is a path of more labour and less indulgence. I may become a real soldier of Christ; I may feel that I have no business on earth but to do His will, and to walk in His ways; and I may direct every energy I have to the service of others."

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

[All notices for this department, if not sent by one of the Ministers of the Circuit, must be authenticated by his signature, in addition to that of the sender.]

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age	Date of Death.
Burton, Miss Emma,	Sutton,	Manafield,	19	Nov. 21st, 1850.
Fulton, Mrs. Alicia,	Youghal,	Youghal,		March 9th, 1851.
Hamblin, Mrs. Letitia,	Wandsworth,	Hammersmith,	72	Feb. 27th, 1851.
Hancock, Mrs. Ann,	Whitchurch,	Whitchurch,	66	April 8th, 1851.
Hope, Mr. Wilfred,	Darcy-Lever,	Bolton,	21	Oct. 5th, 1850.
Hopkins, Mr. Jonathan,	Biddulp,	Congleton,	49	May 14th, 1850.
Lawrance, Mr. George,	Whitby,	Whitby,	25	Aug. 25th, 1849.
Lee, Mrs. Frances,	Woodborough,	Manafield,	84	Nov. 1st, 1850.
Palmer, Mrs.,	Youghal,	Youghal,		April 7th, 1851.
Proud, Mrs. Mary Ann,	Wandsworth,	Hammersmith,	86	April 9th, 1851.
Robinson, Mr. William,	Tintwistle,	Glossop,	27	Feb. 3d, 1851.
Shaw, Mr. James,	Biddulp,	Congleton,	19	Jan. 18th, 1850.
Stephenson, Mrs. R.,	Sutton,	Manafield,	70	Nov. 12th, 1850.
Tabor, Mrs. Mary Ann,	Naylor-street,	Third Manchester,	46	March 5th, 1850.
Taylor, Sarah,	Low-Moor,	Bradford, West,	23	April 21st, 1851.
Tennant, Mr. John,	Hawksworth,	Otley,	72	July 4th, 1851.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

OCTOBER, 1851.

NOTICES OF THE REV. THOMAS JONES,

LATE OF CREATON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.*

The Rev. Thomas Jones was born at Hafod, near Aberystwith, April 2d, 1752.

"When at the age of ten years," he says, "I well recollect to have had very serious thoughts of eternity. And one day, being in the field alone, musing on the world to come, I tried to find where eternity terminated. To assist my childish mind, I tried to find an end to the vast space that surrounded me, and imagined a wall built at the extremity of it. Then it occurred to me that there must be something still beyond this; and that, however far we went, there would be still room to go farther. Then, thought I, so must it be with eternity; and then I wept, because an *end* could not be found. From that time to the present (1830) no particular subject has more frequently or more deeply impressed my mind than that inconceivable, mysterious, and awful term, Eternity. Often have I been obliged to have recourse to it, in order to rouse my soul from torpor and stupidity. When other means failed to impress me, this seldom failed. Yet I never durst dwell but a very short time in meditating on it, being far too overwhelming a subject for my feeble mind. As meditation on this word, eternity, has been so beneficial to my own soul, I would advise others to make the same experiment."

But it was not until some years after he had been ordained a Minister of the Church of England, that he came to the saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus; and it was not until after that change that he became the Curate of Creaton, in Northamptonshire. Here he laboured for forty-seven years, with a very small income, living all the time in a little, quiet inn, the occupants of which seem to have been respectable and well-disposed people. His simple and affectionate ministry became extremely popular, and he often had hearers from fifteen or twenty parishes. Of these, many became "lamps" in dark places. He mentions "one good woman, who, for many years, kept a turnpike-gate, and who was constantly speaking to all, who came in her way, about redemption and mercy, salvation and immortality; and God blessed her faithful exertions to many a poor sinner. The good Mr. Shaw, of Kilkenny, (Ireland,) preached three times one Sunday, at

* "Memoir of the Rev. T. Jones. By the Rev. John Owen, Vicar of Thrussington."

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Creaton; and this good woman heard him every time. Next morning he drove up to the gate she kept, and was going to pay her, but she said, 'O, Sir, you have nothing to pay: you paid me yesterday most abundantly.' Mr. Shaw was struck with this novel conduct, and stopped a considerable time to converse with this daughter of Abraham; and he declared, many years after, that he never enjoyed a conversation more. Through the kindness of God, we had not a few such characters in our circle."

The following is an interesting example of the way in which God's word finds out the sinner:—

"A horse-dealer, of the wildest cast, was persuaded one Sunday, by some of his neighbours, to come to Creaton church: he was brought to the knowledge and love of God, and became a devoted servant of Christ. His wife persecuted him most bitterly for two years; but she said to him one Sunday, 'I will go with you to hear your favourite Parson.' She came; but the moment they mounted their horses to return, she began to pelt her husband with very angry words, and said, 'Shame! Shame!' He asked her, 'For what?' She said, 'For going to your Parson, to complain of your wife.' This he denied; and she insisted that it must have been so; 'For,' she added, 'how could he else speak of the quarrel we had the other day? He mentioned the very words that passed between us.' He then assured her that he had never spoken to the Minister in his life, though he had attended his ministry for two years. This pacified her. In about a month, she again said to her husband, 'I have a good mind to hear your Parson once more.' She came; and she returned home weeping, and a penitent. Ever afterwards they came together for years, and a more devoted couple I never knew. They lived and died most happy in the Lord."

The following are a few extracts from Mr. Jones's letters. A trial hard to bear is poverty, and to a poor man it is hard to sustain the loss of promotion. Mr. Jones was just about to be presented to a better living, when it turned out that his kind friend, Mr. Ramsden, was not the legal patron. The following sentences were written on that occasion:—

"I was reading this morning in the Book of Deuteronomy, that the Levites had no inheritance among their brethren. Then am I a Levite; and I have prayed scores and hundreds of times that I might have my portion, not in earthly but in heavenly things. The late disappointment was the trial of my faith, that I might know what is in my heart, whether I am willing to be poor or not. I bore the trial better than I expected Thomas Jones would have done. One glance at heaven and eternity blots out all creation, and makes worldly gain and greatness to appear a delusive dream, or a cloud that vanishes by a breath of air."

Again:—

"On the ground of my expectations, I had built some airy castles in the clouds; at which any weary traveller on his journey to the moon is welcome to take rest, and to refresh himself free of all expense." Then, in a more serious strain, he proceeds thus: "It is now very evident that the Lord never designed this great income for me; and I never wish to obtain what God does not wish to bestow on me in love, be it ever so flattering to our vain ambition. Thus the Lord leads His children home in ways of darkness, which they have not known; but at even-tide it shall be light. Jacob's star will soon appear, leading on to eternal day. When we come to stand on Mount Sion, and from thence review the intricate and mysterious way we have been conducted through the wilderness to our eternal rest, our hearts will be filled with adoring gratitude, love, and praise."

In another letter he says: "We sometimes speak of trials, conflicts, and

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afflictions, as if they were sure to do us good. It is certain that they are designed to do so; for it is said of the Lord's corrections, 'He, for your profit.' After all, we lose the benefit of many of the medicines He sends us, because we do not take them according to His prescriptions. We frequently forget who sends them, and for what purpose. Whenever we fight against our troubles, or sink under them, we are sure to be wrong; and should His corrections last always, we are wrong if we grow weary of them. The wisdom of God is better able to judge, than our feelings and wishes, how frequent, how heavy, and how long, our trials ought to be.

"One of the hardest lessons to learn is, to make a right use of our sufferings, of what disturbs the mind, or of what pains the body. The moment troubles come, we consult flesh and blood, and ask, 'What do you think of these things?' 'O,' says the flesh and the old man, 'they are enemies: let us fight against them.' He alone will manage his trials well, who makes the Bible his constant study, drinks deep into its spirit, listens to its counsels, and walks by its rules. A good head, a simple heart, and an entire reliance on Jesus, will teach and enable us to endure all things, and to grow rich by our losses."

We give one other extract from a letter to a brother in distress:—

"In spite of all we know of the ways of God and of His dealings with His children, we too readily fall into a common error: we give a *perpetuity* to the passing shadows of time which does not belong to them. When we sing the songs of Sion, and bask in the glory of Tabor, we triumphantly cry, 'My mountain shall stand fast for ever;' but we soon find ourselves at the foot of the hill, and entering into the dark valley of the shadow of death; and when clouds and darkness surround us, we strike the deep-toned notes of the bassoon, and say, 'Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will He be no more entreated?' But both pains and pleasures are on the wing, passing by, and succeed each other, as days and nights. The pillar that leads us on through the wilderness shows to us its bright and its dark side by turns, to teach us both our need of God, and His goodness to us. When we drink of the waters of Marah, we should then expect soon to drink of the well of Bethlehem. And when the sun is perpendicular over our heads, we should not forget that, in twelve hours, we shall have the whole earth standing between us and the sun: yet, even then, the day will soon return. I have understood this better by observing the ways of God in providence towards myself and others, than by reading in the Bible that it is so. The world passeth away, and nothing in it continueth in one stay.

"You cry out for a pair of wings. If you had them, you would not, I hope, willingly make use of them, till your mate and the young pigeons could fly with you. Ah! my brother, where are now the troubles of Robinson, Gillbee, and Foster? They are no longer tossed on the waves of a restless sea, but rest on the bosom of their Lord, and triumph in Him for ever."

Many of his "Maxims" remind us of the quaint old Puritans:—

"He who would avoid sin, will not sit at the door of temptation.

"The trees that stand most in the sun bear the sweetest fruit.

"The world has only an outward glitter: the church of God is glorious within.

"Be serious without gloom, and merry without levity.

"Fools alone will carry to-day the troubles of future years."

Mr. Jones died January 7th, 1845.

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"GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS."

MAY not this Divine injunction refer to spiritual things, and to the care a man is bound to take of his spiritual opportunities and privileges, as well as to temporal things?

All our means of grace are invaluable. All impulses heavenward, and all elements and means of impulse, are inestimably precious; and, in proportion as they are so, they are to be carefully husbanded. There can be no abuse or waste of God's mercies with impunity. Even men of the world believe this, in regard to the blessings of God's providence; but how much more certain it is in regard to the blessings of His grace! Industry, care, and economy are requisite, or you cannot prosper.

Men admit this almost intuitively; for it has become a proverb of life in regard to this world; but how much more, in regard to another! For if frugality and diligence be so great, important, and necessary virtues in this life, if not only industry and energy in application, but a saving and putting to use of all good opportunities, be requisite for success here, much more must it be so in spiritual things, and for hereafter. Do you ever expect that any man will gain wealth who is careless in his business habits, or a spendthrift of his money before he has gained it? Do you ever expect that a man will become rich, who in his business neglects the details, the small opportunities, and takes no care of the fragments? Do you expect any man to prosper who will attend to nothing but great bargains, and constantly subjects himself to losses by waste and heedlessness of daily transactions? No; you expect no such thing. How then can you dream of a man growing in grace or becoming rich in spiritual things, whose habits in regard to religion are in like manner careless? If a man restricts all his religious opportunities to the Sabbath, and lets every day of the week be a day of waste and worldliness, if at the end of the year his spiritual affairs do not look dark and gloomy, it is merely because he does not and dares not take any accurate survey of them. He balances his books in his worldly business every week, every day, but leaves the account for eternity to the day of judgment.

Now, though men may waste opportunities and neglect duties devolving upon them as spiritual beings, and even as members of Christ's church, and may carry on such neglect for a time with great impunity here, yet God takes account of all this. All the fragments wasted will be gathered up and presented at the judgment, if not here; and whatsoever a man soweth, that will he also reap. If he sows neglected opportunities and duties, he will reap an appropriate harvest; nor will he be able to put in as a plea in bar of judgment, that he had his farm and his merchandise, and his new barns to take care of, and that God gave him such increase in his worldly goods, that he had to neglect his spiritual affairs to take charge of them. There may be such excuses now proposed, where God as yet does not openly answer: men may say now, "My property increases so rapidly, and my business presses so strongly, that I cannot attend your meetings; I have no time: my business must be attended to; if not, it will go to ruin; and it is not my duty to God to neglect my business engagements." But if you hear any such excuses at the judgment, you will hear a new thing in the universe. There will be thousands ruined there for ever, by taking care of wood, hay, and stubble here, and taking so much time for that, that they could not attend to God's business, could not take care of their own souls. They could take care of their property, the best possible care; but, alas! not of their piety. They could set an example to their friends, acquaintance, dependents, and families, of punctuality and diligence in attending to their own business, but careless-

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ness, neglect, waste, and ruin in regard to God's. There must come a reckoning for such things; and when it comes, alas! what unexpected and dreadful shipwreck and ruin will there be of hopes for eternity! "Give an account of thy stewardship; for thou mayest be no longer steward!" That is a terrible announcement to the man who has left his books to be balanced at the judgment.

Now, the truth is, that many men treat as mere fragments what God regards as His most precious trusts and blessings committed to our stewardship. Some of our most common but heavenly opportunities are of this nature. Many of the impulses heavenward, the starts of life and resolution, the quickenings of purpose and energy, the liftings toward God and eternal things, which are granted from day to day, are of this nature. A single impulse toward God, the excitement of a single heartfelt breathing after Him, in such a world as this, with such a nature as ours, is precious beyond all price, and the means of meeting or securing such blessings are beyond estimate important. But if a man regard such things as if they were the fragments, things to be taken no particular care of, he may be sure he will soon lose the possibility of wasting fragments: God will not long give him the opportunity of throwing them away. A man must take God's appointed ways of keeping up his piety, or his piety will decline. A man must put himself in the ordinary train of the Spirit's operations, or the Divine Spirit will cease to visit him. He can no more expect to be blessed in the neglect of such opportunities, than a man desirous of getting from one place to another can expect the locomotive of the rail-cars to call for him, and take him up at his own dwelling, while he refuses or neglects to present himself for the train at the hour of departure.

Nevertheless, just such folly as this is committed by men in God's affairs, and in the concerns of their own souls, when they would despise themselves, and be despised by others, if they acted in the same way in their earthly business. If men, for example, neglect the ordinary duties of members of Christ's church, in the performance of which the Spirit of God is wont to meet, refresh, and bless the children of God, God will cease to meet them on extraordinary occasions; and, at length, if their neglect be continued, will cease to meet them at all. If they cease to take an interest, or are careless about gaining and keeping a share, in that blessing which Christ bestows by His presence in the assemblies of His people, then it is an intimation that Christ will take, and act upon; and as they desert the interests that are dearest to *His* heart, He will leave them to the interests that are dearest to *theirs*. But it is a terrible experiment for men to make. It is practically saying to God, "Depart from us; for we desire not the knowledge of Thy ways." Hence the Lord's command and warning: "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, *as the manner of some is;* but exhort one another: and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching." This "manner of some" was a manner indicative of ruin. Men may have a thousand excuses,—their ships to build, their merchandise to look after, their calls to make, their time so much occupied that they have no room left; or, what is more customary than all, their being so tired with their own business all day, that they have no strength for God's in the evening, or their getting back so late from the world at night, that a meeting for prayer is impossible; but again we say, this "manner of some" is a manner prophetic of ruin.

Men so absorbed in the world may go on quietly for a season, but a breaking up must come. They may seem to prosper in the world; but there is a private mark stamped upon such prosperity that God understands, and perhaps Satan also knows, even if they have forgotten it. God granted their

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request, but sent leanness into their souls. There can be nothing but leanness in the souls of those who habitually put God's services to wait upon their own convenience. They may seem to be going on decently and in order, but they know not what spirit they are of, nor what would be their confusion if God should suddenly call them to judgment. They know not how little prepared they are to meet God in any of His chastising providences. That man of God, Cecil, records how he was once in this careless frame, when a plain country Minister preached a sermon by which it pleased God to shoot an arrow into his conscience. The Minister merely said, with inexpressible simplicity, that men might get on well enough in the morning, and please themselves at noon, but the cool of the day was coming, when God would come down to judge them. That cool of the day! The glow and delusion of the world would soon be all over, and the soul must meet God, must see Him as He is, must account to Him for all the privileges and responsibilities of its stewardship. For Cecil, it was as if a bolt from the Almighty had fallen at his feet. Thou man of the world, busied in earthly cares, plans, anxieties, successes, remember that the cool of the day is coming, when, if thou hast not time now, while God in mercy is waiting on thee, to adjust thy business with Him, thou must take time for judgment; and it is a very different thing meeting God as a Judge, from meeting Him as a Saviour.

Would to God that the Lord's own people would think more of this! God is a kind and gentle Master; but he cannot have His goods wasted. When He calls us into the kingdom and church of His dear Son, it is as He calls labourers into His vineyard, where He has work for every man to do. Now if it be found, when the time of reckoning comes, that the man whom He sent to take care of His own vines and grapes, merely went and built a pleasant lodge for himself, and took a little patch of ground for his private cultivation, and very rarely even went into the vineyard to help to take care of that, then it cannot but be that his neglect and selfishness will have their reward. The waste or misappropriation of privileges is often followed with severe punishment here. St. Paul declares this, in rebuking the neglectful and irreverent manner in which some, without preparation or self-examination, attended unworthily upon the Lord's supper. "For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep." God rebuked them. "For," adds Paul, "if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged. But *when* we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world." That is, the principles of God's administration with His professing people in the matter of discipline for their sins, are very different from those on which He governs the world. When the ungodly world are judged, it will be for everlasting condemnation. But God visits the sins of His professing people beforehand, and judges them now with chastisement, that they may be redeemed from evil, and not perish for ever. If they would avoid God's judgments therefore now, they must live near to God, endeavouring to be faithful in His church, in His service, and in the faithful use of those privileges of which the sacrament of the Lord's supper may be the highest, but by no means the only one essential to their own usefulness and to God's glory. If they neglect these things, and still do not meet God's judgments, then, according to the rule laid down by the Apostle, that is far from being a sign in their favour, but is rather a sad foreboding that they are given over to have their judgment with the condemnation of the world. There is nothing, therefore, that should fill a man with more trembling and anxiety, than to find himself, notwithstanding a state of lukewarmness and neglect of his church-duties and spiritual privileges, in a state of continued worldly comfort and prosperity. "My flesh trembleth," says David, "for fear of Thee; and I am afraid of Thy

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judgments." But if a man be wandering from God, he has still greater reason to be afraid of his *prosperities*, afraid of being left *without* God's judgments, afraid of God saying of him, "Ephraim is joined to idols: let him alone." Sometimes God's most terrible judgments come thus in the way of seeming prosperities, made idols, and set up in the heart and the life instead of God's service. If a man could see the end from the beginning, he would sometimes sooner march into a burning furnace than pray and labour for the continuance of such prosperities.

SELECTIONS FROM A MINISTER'S MANUSCRIPTS.

No. XXII.

FIDELITY WITH THE DYING.

Few duties are more distressing to the sincere Christian, than to be called to visit the dying, ignorant of, or careless about, their souls' condition; and frequently it is difficult prudently and faithfully to discharge the duty binding, in such circumstances, upon all sensible of the worth of immortal souls. Suffering is almost sure to excite sympathy, and to enlist on behalf of the sufferer the tender sensibilities of our nature. From the fear of increasing bodily disease, and giving pain of mind, there is a danger of shrinking from fidelity to the interest of the soul. You may see, it may be, a young person in whom the certain doom of early mortality is evident, yet clinging to, and anxious for, life, ready to rest upon any reed of hope, however feeble, that may encourage the fervent desire for continued existence. Yet it may be necessary to intimate that hope is fallacious; that disease must and will, sooner or later, prove fatal. Then a struggle arises between the tenderness of the creature, and the real love of the Christian. Or, the afflicted one may be the head of a large dependent family. The members of it are all solicitude for his recovery, and he himself is fully alive to their claims on his exertion and protection. Here, too, for his family's sake, life is longed for; and, it may be, the mind is diverted from a proper preparation for eternity. You fear to give alarm; you wish not to increase misery; and by this feeling you are perhaps deterred from the performance of incumbent duty. But what feeling should prevail? This question would easily be answered, if due reflection were only given to the value of the soul, and the unchangeableness of the eternal state awaiting that soul. Doubtless discretion should be exercised, and plainness of dealing should be clothed with the kindness of affection; but love to the immortal spirit, just about to depart into the presence of the Judge of all, should reign over every other consideration. Even at the risk of offending for a season, attempts should be made to preserve "the brand from the burning." Various are the classes of character, and diversified are the circumstances, where fidelity, on the principle of love to the soul, is imperatively due and demanded.

The grossly ignorant and profanely wicked form a numerous class. These have walked in darkness, in heathenish darkness, amidst the blaze of Christian light! Without God; knowing only that name to blaspheme it, and take it in vain. Life has been one unbroken course of transgression. In this state, the hand of death arrests them; but they have "no bands;" for they have no fear: and why? They have no knowledge. The sinfulness of sin is a subject they never studied; the guilt and pollution of sin they have never seen: of its consequences, therefore, they have no dread. And yet, if they are informed of the law they have broken, and of the righteous wrath they have incurred, they will plead, and even trust to, their ignorance

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escape and safety. But such must be told that their ignorance was wilful. The sun shone around them, but they would not go forth into its light. They have felt the spirit of condemnation, but they have withstood its influence. If other means fail, the terrors of the Lord should be employed to awaken them to concern. "I am willing," said an ignorant and wicked man to a Minister, "I am willing to be saved;" as though he was conferring a favour on the Saviour by that willingness. But there was no sorrow for the past, no confession of sin, no alarm about the consequences of transgression, no fleeing to Jesus. But cases such as these are not altogether hopeless. When faithful dealing has been exercised, hardened, thoughtless sinners have been awakened in the very article of death, and have found the mercy of an eleventh-hour salvation. Such cases the writer has witnessed, although he has known too many who have died in the darkness of ignorance, and in the carelessness of unconcerned indifference.

The self-righteous especially need fidelity. It is frequently more difficult to awaken these to a sensibility of their state, than it is to arouse the fears and inquiries of those who have been openly wicked. They have avoided gross immorality; they have been very conscientious in the observance of some particular duty; and, it may be, that they have attended a ministry where they have been taught that this was all that is required of them. To convince such that they need any other Saviour but themselves is extremely difficult. The relation of facts will best illustrate these sentiments. A Minister was called to visit a very pharisaical old lady. He endeavoured to show her that she was a sinner; but this she positively refused to admit. On his observing, "Why, we are all sinners in the sight of God," he received for answer: "Yes, yes; you may speak for yourself: no doubt you know what sort of a life you have lived." Thus intimating that he might be aware of wicked conduct, but that she was without sin. Frequently this class of the dying have been found to be as destitute of fear as they were confident of future happiness. When close inquiries have been put respecting the foundation on which this confidence was placed, it has been discovered to rest upon mistaken views of personal goodness, or some act deemed to be worthy or meritorious. "Why," asked a Minister of an aged man, "do you expect to go to heaven?" The reply was, "I have said my prayers at night, and paid every one his own, and expect heaven at last." This man had been remarkable for his honesty, and in this he trusted; though, for many years, he had been a violent persecutor of his pious wife. In another instance, the same Minister was delighted by the professed experience of a dying youth, who said he possessed great peace and comfort, and declared his willingness to die, and readiness to appear in the presence of God. After some further conversation, the Minister was about to retire, thankful to God for such a witness to the sufficiency of His grace. But before leaving, he was led to inquire, "When did you find that peace: how long have you had that blessed hope of heaven?" Then, to his astonishment, the young man affirmed that, in his own esteem, he had never known the absence of them. "He had always loved his mother; and he had never said a bad word, nor told a lie in all his life." This was the source of his peace, and the foundation of his confidence. These facts prove that fidelity with the dying is an imperative duty; that the visiter should not be satisfied with the profession of the visited, but test their professions by the word of God. It may be distressing to have to undeceive them, to sweep away their baseless expectations; but not to do so, would be to participate in their deception. And shall souls be destroyed through the fear of giving them pain? Who would take such a responsibility with him to the bar of God?

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Antinomians may be met with, and require great fidelity. They have known God,—known Him as a Saviour from sin into the enjoyments of grace. Dependence is placed on former experience, or they may conclude that sin in them brings glory to God, and so they sin, that grace may abound. Such, with feelings the most ungracious, having lived a life most unholy, will meet death without dread, and profess in that solemn hour a full preparation for an eternal state. Many are found thus to act, supported by their received creed; and others, from ignorance of the Gospel scheme of salvation. When such come into contact with one who is fully assured that the pure in heart only can see God, he will see the necessity of speaking and sparing not; and the law of condemnation must be brought to bear on such cases, as well as the pure requirements of the Gospel. Searching examination will be necessary to detect the devices of such self-deceivers. Plausible and pleasing language must not be allowed to satisfy the visiter: fidelity requires close personal dealing to remove the veil that hides themselves from themselves, and perils their eternal interests. An individual in the north of England, who had been a member of a Christian church at one period of his life, thought that his end was approaching, and expressed his desire to have prayer made for him, and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper administered to him. One who had known him, and his manner of life, called upon him. He professed to be in a blessed state of mind, but to all appearance was very near the close of life. The visiter was surprised, but delighted, to find him apparently so ready for his departure. But there was one point on which he desired to have information. He knew that the dying man had lived on very bad terms with his wife; and he was anxious to learn if a good understanding had taken place, and if now a spirit of forgiveness and affection was cherished. He prudently stated how well it was to die in peace with all men; and inquired if he could forgive his neighbours, if any had offended him? He replied very readily that he could, and did from his heart. "Then," added the visiter, "perhaps your children may have grieved you frequently; and I hope, as a father, you have no ill-will towards them now?" To that inquiry he replied that he loved them; and that if at any time they had displeased him, he truly gave them his pardon. The visiter expressed his pleasure on hearing this, but further observed, "There is your wife: it may be that in your long life things have happened to cause you to quarrel with each other; if so, I hope you can now forgive her also." With a look and spirit that astounded the visiter, the man, who supposed himself just on the verge of eternity, exclaimed, "No, I will rake hell with her first." It need not be added, that he was deemed in an improper state to receive the memorials of a Saviour's dying love. Now, had not the visiter been aware of the facts which enabled him to test that dying man's state of soul, he might have passed into eternity with all that malignancy of feeling, under the fatal notion that he was a monument of saving grace. What result followed the faithful admonitions and warnings given, eternity may unfold; but the fact illustrates the imperative necessity of *fidelity with the dying.*

Chelsea. N.

THE RELATION OF LIVING AND DYING.

"To live is Christ,—to die is gain:" there is the relation of cause and effect between these two affirmations. We look at this now only as matter of experience; of actual occurrence. It is not theory, but cheering fact, they who so live do so die. The explanation is easy. Where there has been such living, there is a treasure laid by, where neither death, nor any rifling hand, can reach.

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It is laid up in Christ: being there, it is safe: when all other treasure must go, this abides to enrich and bless the departing soul.

We may follow such an one through a course of Christian service to the final hour,—the hour of his conflict. Such having been the spirit and tenour of his life, there is no doubt with him, or with any one else, that death will be his gain. All is clear, serene; for his bed is made, as it were, on the outer edge of heaven; and the balmy breath, and the entrancing songs, of that world seem almost to come over and touch his spirit. It follows that his soul's hope in Christ was never brighter or firmer; his soul's wealth laid up in Christ, to be realised in heaven, never appeared so near to him, so inalienably his; never did it so swell out in magnitude, and assume to itself such more than golden preciousness, as when, having lived to Christ, he lies down to die in Christ. The successful worldling may have his locked and coffered millions: he has nothing in that hour. That man in Christ may have no worldly thing; the rough boards of his coffin, and the rude shoveling at his grave, may both be the work and the fruit of charity; but his soul, as it lies there in that extremity, is really clothed with the riches of immortality; and, as it leaves the body, it goes at once into the possession of the Uncreated and the Infinite. How sublimely true, that death,—that most dreaded thing, that ghastly thing, that ruthless invader of our frames, our ties, our joys, our hopes, our homes, blighting everything on which falls his cold touch, how wonderful that it is so,—even death is gain! What thanks do we owe, that we can so confidently say it, have so often heard the dying say it, "Death to me is gain!" "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

LOVE OF THE TRUTH.

It is John Newton who somewhere says, that he never knew any person who appeared to be actuated by a sincere love of the truth, who did not come right after a while, however far off he might have been when he began to feel this motive operating. The case of the Rev. Thomas Scott is a remarkable illustration of this remark. When he commenced his correspondence with Mr. Newton, he was a Socinian, and was solicitous to engage his correspondent in a controversy on the points of difference. Mr. Newton, however, while he avoided controversy, still entertained and expressed the hope that Mr. Scott would come to a right belief, because he thought he perceived in him a sincere desire to know the truth.

This is one of the first lessons which they learn, who are taught of God. The Holy Spirit, when he would lead any one to the saving knowledge of the truth, produces in him a spirit of humble docility. The soul, led by the Spirit, thirsts for the knowledge of the truth. This is a very different thing from ardent attachment to particular opinions, which have been imbibed from education, or from connexion with a particular sect. Such attachment cleaves to error as tenaciously as to truth. A man may be willing to lay down his life in defence of his opinions, and yet may be destitute of the love of truth. The genuine love of truth makes its possessor willing to relinquish his most cherished opinions as soon as it shall be satisfactorily demonstrated that they are not true. The love of truth renders a man not only earnest in the pursuit of the beloved object, but impartial in his judgment of evidence. He fears deception, and admits new opinions only after the evidence has been thoroughly sifted and weighed.

This disposition is commonly accompanied with a deep sense of ignorance and liability to err. The lover of truth cannot be satisfied with plausible appearances; he must have solid ground to rest upon: he

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therefore digs deep, until he comes to a rock. And as the Holy Bible is the treasure of Divine truth, he searches the Scriptures daily to find out what God has revealed. But, conscious of his liableness to be misled by ignorance or prejudice in interpreting the oracles of God, he is incessant in his prayers for Divine illumination. Such an one trusts little to his own reason or human authority: he wants to hear what the Lord saith. And they who search for truth as for hidden treasure shall not be disappointed. There is a gracious promise, that if we seek we shall find. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."

POWER OF THE CROSS.

The thoughtful Heathen, as he retired from the temple and the bleeding victim, out of a conscience still pressed down under the weight of its own wretchedness, exclaimed, "O that I knew where I might find Him!" The Hebrew, turning from the smoking altar and the atoning Priest, still cried out, "Wherewith shall I appear before God, and bow myself before the Most High!" The Hindoo mother, returning childless from the river that has swallowed up her babe, feels the sting of guilt still rankling in unmitigated agony! The body of the devotee is crushed beneath the wheel; but, ah! the wound was far deeper. From that mangled, bleeding corpse, his soul is now set free; but yet uncleansed, and in all her guiltiness, that soul appears before God. Thus it is in our own country, and at the present day. A man, feeling the agony of a guilty conscience, may flee everywhere but to Calvary, and there is no relief for his anguish. But let him hear that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" let him cast himself for salvation upon Him whose blood cleanseth from all sin; let him learn and practise the precepts of the Gospel, and he feels in his spirit that his deadly wound is healed. The peace that passeth all understanding is shed abroad in his soul. The Spirit itself witnesseth with his spirit that he is a child of God. From the dominion of sin, from the tyranny of passion, from subjection to a sensual and transitory world, from the intolerable anguish of a wounded spirit, the Son has made him free, and he is free indeed. Being justified by faith, he has peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and rejoices with joy that is unspeakable and full of glory.

HOW NEAR IS HEAVEN?

Christians sometimes look far away to heaven. But that rest is not far off. The clouds that hide the shining world are thin: they are transient, and soon will obscure no more. The journey may end this hour: one short step may place the Christian in the world of light. One dark hour may hang upon him; but the morning comes, and no shade behind it. Day, bright, peaceful, and eternal, succeeds it. A pang may be felt for a moment, and then it flies away for ever. A conflict, sharp and painful, may continue for a night, but victory, eternal victory, ensues. How soon, O, how soon, the Christian's cares are over, his struggling soul at rest, his eyes suffused no more with tears! Near at hand is the land of his pursuit. Hope cheers. How glorious the object that hope embraces! how holy its spirit! Who can contemplate the home our heavenly Father is fitting for his children, and not feel his soul athirst for its enjoyment and employments? Well, those delights, the happy clime, those ever-verdant plains, are not far distant.

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THEOLOGY.

INCONSISTENCIES.

Christ's real people are His servants, His subjects, His friends. But of many of His professed people it may be said, What strange servants! Always at work for themselves, doing nothing for their Master! What singular subjects! taking the reins of government into their own hands, and making their own will a law unto themselves. What heartless friends! preferring the company of the vain, and the friendship of the world, above communion with God.

The most important things are the most neglected. In proportion as subjects deserve attention, it is denied them. The life of man is chiefly taken up with trifles. Compare what men are doing, with what they are leaving undone, and you will see, with surprise, how much the latter transcends in importance the former.

He that does good, without being good, pulls down with one hand what he builds up with the other.

He who by inconsistency becomes a stumbling-block in the church, is the grief of the church, the jest of the world, and the gazing-stock of fallen angels.—*Dr. Nevins.*

DELAY.

"I am waiting," says the sinner. For whom does he wait? For God? God is ready for him. Waiting! What folly to wait for one's self to act!

Every sinner being dependent on the aid of the Holy Spirit for a disposition to embrace the Gospel offer, it cannot be safe for him to delay his surrender to Christ, except on this condition, that God agrees to it. If He agrees to a postponement, let it be so. But where has He given His consent? Has He not, on the contrary, threatened most severely all who hesitate?

He is in a sad way whose income never met his expenses, and whose expenses are daily becoming greater, while his income is daily becoming less. It is just so with every sinner who defers repentance. He is like a man unskilled to swim, who is, by every step he takes, going further from the shore, and into water of greater depth, besides becoming every moment more and more exhausted: the man plunges on, while ten thousand voices on the shore call and conjure him to stop and turn; and that which calls loudest, and conjures most earnestly, is the voice of God: "Turn ye, turn ye; for why will ye die! As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, but that he turn from his wicked way and live."

What can exist hereafter that does not now exist, to give sinners the disposition to repent? What inducement will there be that is not now? Circumstances may indeed change. Adversity may overtake a man. He may be sick, he may be afflicted, and he may feel himself to be drawing near to death; and, under these circumstances, he may have some inclination to religion which he has not now. But it is not every kind of inclination to the subject that will answer the purpose. A man may have a disposition to be saved, yet no disposition to trust in Christ. Now the former without the latter is of no avail. The awakened sinner has some disposition towards religion; yet how long he remains, notwithstanding this, without the willingness to be a Christian, and sometimes dies without it! So sometimes the sinner on his deathbed is exceedingly solicitous about his salvation, and it seems as if there was nothing he would not do to secure it; and yet, after all, he is not willing to give his heart to God.

He knows not what he does, who puts off repentance from the certain present to the uncertain future; or, if he knows, he does a deed of daring which would signalise the most nefarious spirit in the dark dominions of eternal death.

To-morrow exists not but in anticipation. It is but the reflection of time, the shadow of a day, that recedes continually as we advance, till it is lost in eternity. To-day is all of time that we have. Should any ask, how long a time it will require to make up the mind rationally, deliberately, and fully, to embrace Jesus Christ as the Saviour; I answer, Just as long as it takes a drowning man to make up his mind to let go the little twig which he has in his hand, and lay hold on the spar that is thrown out to save him.

Delay is refusal; and refusal is base ingratitude; and ingratitude is full of danger. When men say, "We will repent, and be reconciled to God, by and by,"

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they say, "We will not repent and be reconciled." All *honest* purposes of repentance relate to the present time.—*Ibid.*

EVIL-SPEAKING.

Perhaps no single cause contributes more to banish the Spirit of God from the houses and hearts of men than evil-speaking. There are sins of more flagrant enormity; but what sin is more extensively diffused? Evil-speaking! Who is without sin in this respect? How common it has become! How much of it there is every day, everywhere, in the city and in the country, at home and abroad, in every large concourse, and in every little company, and even in the soliloquy of the closet! Who is not among its actors and its objects? We sacrifice others on this cruel altar, and then we ourselves become its cruel victims. How easily we slide into this sin!—*Ibid.*

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE DOCTRINES OF THEOLOGY.

III.—THE IMMUTABILITY OF GOD.

First, *The doctrine is fraught with consolation.* It is a rock on which we can fix our feet, while the mighty torrent is sweeping away everything around us. Awful indeed is the idea of a Being dwelling from age to age amidst the plenitude of perfection and felicity, to whom time is as a moment, and the universe as a span. What is man, that He should regard him? Yet He condescends to be our Friend and Protector; consoles us by the assurance, that although we are as the flower of the field, which is withered by the passing blast, yet His mercy is from everlasting to everlasting, and His faithfulness to children's children. To Christians this consolation belongs. The unchangeableness of His character secures to them the performance of His promises, a welcome reception when they come to Him with their requests, succour in the season of need, and happiness stretching beyond the boundaries of time, uninterrupted by death itself, and prolonged through an infinite duration. "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." (Isai. liv. 10.)

Secondly, *This doctrine is fitted to awaken solemn thought.* It is like the cloud which interposed between the Israelites and the Egyptian army: it has a dark as well as a light side. It ensures the execution of God's threatenings, as well as the performance of His promises. It destroys the hope which the guilty sometimes fondly cherish that He will be all lenity to the frail and the sinful, and that they will be much more lightly dealt with than the declarations of His own word would lead us to expect. We oppose to these deceitful and presumptuous speculations the solemn truth, that God is unchangeable in veracity and purity, in faithfulness and justice. There is another delusion which this doctrine is fitted to dispel. The thought of hell as a prison from which there is no release, is awfully alarming; and men unable to work themselves into a complete disbelief of its existence, have sought to relieve their minds by converting it into a purgatory, or a place of temporary punishment. The Judge will relent, and let the criminals go free. Future sufferings will prove corrective, and prepare for a restoration. But here again God's immutability meets us. It is utterly vain to expect from Him what is inconsistent with His nature. What He is at present He will always be. As fire will always burn, so His holiness will always abhor, and His justice will always pursue with vengeance, the workers of iniquity. There can be no hope of escape without a change in themselves; and that change must take place, if it ever take place at all, before death. This life is the season of trial: the world to come is the place of recompense, and there the allotment is final. This is all fixed, and, being founded on the principles of eternal justice, is as immutable as God Himself.

PREACHING CHRIST.

Not ceremonies, but Christ; not only morality, but true piety; not the cross in baptism, but "crucifying the flesh with the affections and lusts;" (Gal. v. 24;) not bowing to the name of Jesus, but to the authority, and government, and law of Jesus; not a white garment, but the linen of saints, righteousness and holiness. I do not at all deny but civility and morality are duties, very goodly pearls, necessary and becoming. O that there were more of them to be found among us! Nor do I deny but that many useful

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sayings, good precepts and rules, may be fetched from heathen authors,—Plato, Seneca, Tully, Plutarch, &c. But we need not borrow jewels of Egyptians, blessed be God! nor go down to the Philistines for the sharpening of our mattocks. It is the Gospel of Christ which is the power of God to salvation. There is no need of quoting a philosopher when we have a Paul. What examples can we produce and propound so exact and curious as is that of Christ, "who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth?" He spake so as "never man spake," and He walked so as never man walked.—*Slater.*

NEW HERESIES OFTEN OLD.

We find by experience, that as there be some doctrines more especially known and published in their respective times and ages, so likewise several ages and many times and places have their peculiar errors, either new ones first forged, or old ones new burnished. The devil makes it his business, and even sets his wits upon the tenters, to furnish the world with variety of lies, suitable to the various humours and interests of men; and when one error is detected, begins to smell rank, and go out of date, through the power and prevalency of the truth, he carefully provides another to succeed it; and if a new one be not at hand, as if his invention failed him, he many times conjures up some old dead one, and makes it walk about in a new dress, and pass for some new or newly-revived truth, when, indeed, it is but the apparition of a long-since buried error. As merchants are wont to observe what commodities please most in such and such places, and at such and such times; and accordingly take care to supply the markets: so the devil looks what wares will vend best in such a country, at such a season, what will be the most grateful to the lusts and interests of men, and then will be sure to supply them with those most which he sees take most. And though we do not say that every private believer is bound to be a school divine; to be exact in all the niceties and controversies which may arise about matters of religion; yet, sure, every one that is capable of it should labour so to understand the doctrine of religion, as to be able to know what is truth, and what is error; and to be so established in the belief of the truth, as that, though he cannot answer all the quirks and captions of a wrangling sophister, yet he may see a reason (as before) for what he believes, and for his firmly adhering to it.—*Edward Veal.*

THE LOVE OF MONEY.

There are, in the word of God, examples of the love of money, no less than the love of souls; but these are not such as should invite us to imitate them. The love of money made Balaam unite with the enemies of God, to his destruction; it made Achan violate an express command of the Almighty, which occasioned both his own death and that of all his family; through it, Demas became an apostate; it occasioned the fatal lie of Ananias; and under its influence Judas betrayed our Lord into the hands of His enemies. These are not instances to tempt Christians uselessly to hoard up the wealth by which they might do abundant good; even if innumerable proofs were not furnished by every day's experience of the mischief which the love of money does to professed Christians and their children.

Not without reason has St. Paul declared, that "the love of money is the root of all evil." For it leads to pride and luxury, to injustice and fraud, to contention between nearest friends, to strife in families, to imperturbable hardness in the sight of human suffering, to absorbing selfishness, to the dislike of spiritual religion, to the neglect of secret prayer, to dangerous association with the world, to a useless life and a doubtful death, to the loss of all generous sentiments, and the ruin of the immortal soul.

If persons who have money to spare for a thousand superfluities, or even for a thousand mischievous indulgences, do almost nothing for the spiritual welfare of others, what a condemning contrast do they exhibit between their prayers and their conduct! Day by day they say, in the language of devout zeal, "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." And while the devil reigns over the world with undisputed dominion, and under his power men in general openly disregard the will of God, they will do nothing to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. Are their prayers real? Then why not strive to secure their accomplishment? Are they false? Then are they daily uttering that falsehood before the Omniscient. Either let men

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live to promote the kingdom of God, or cease to pray that it may come. If they will live so as to confirm the world's sensuality, scepticism, and ungodliness, then let them never more utter the petitions which they do not mean; and if they will not labour for the world's conversion, let them not pretend to pray for it.—*Noel.*

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

One great recommendation of the whole doctrine of justification by faith is, that it brings out clearly and unequivocally the personality of God on the one hand, and the personality of the sinner on the other. All schemes of false religion tamper with one or other of these two things,—the personality of God, or the personality of the sinner. But the great doctrine of justification by faith brings a personal God and a personal sinner face to face; God personally dealing with me personally. It is not that God deals in the lump with the church; it is not that God sanctifies in the mass the church, and then that I am admitted, through some mystical ceremonial rite, into the benefit of the blessing which the church has received.

There is no such procedure on the part of the living God: it is the very error of Popery and of Puseyism, that it makes God deal thus in a wholesale way. No; it is not thus that God so deals with one church on earth, as to have it in a state of acceptance and peace, and then that I am ceremonially admitted into the benefits of that peace. God personally deals with me personally. It is not through the church I come to my God, but through God I come to His church. It is not first a wholesale procedure on the part of God towards the church collective, that wholesale procedure becoming available through the admission, often unconsciously, of one and another into the communion of the church; but it is that God deals with us according to our rational nature, according to our nature as men, reasonable, intelligent, conscientious, free, living agents. The living God comes to me as a rebel against His authority, asking no questions about the church, but asking questions about His law, His authority, His government, charging me as a rebel against His throne, a breaker of His law, responsible personally and individually for my transgression. He comes to me, and through the blood of His Son, He makes terms of peace with me, drawing me to Himself; and then He makes a church out of believing souls on earth, and ultimately a church in heaven; not by any wholesale process, but by units,—one by one, soul by soul, man by man, being brought personally, individually, to His bar. They are dealt with, they are made to confess, they are reconciled, they are accepted, they are adopted into a participation with the very Sonship of Christ Himself, and each one as thence proceeding as no more a guilty man, but an accepted and adopted child; thence proceeding to glorify God on earth, and enjoy Him here and hereafter for ever. The entire community of saints is at last completed; the whole family in heaven and earth is formed, named after Christ, its true and only Head.—*Dr. Candlish.*

ETERNITY.

Whence, my brethren, do you derive your confidence that your dying day is so remote? From your youth? "Yes," you reply: "I am as yet only twenty, thirty, years old." Ah! you completely deceive yourselves. No; it is not that you have advanced twenty or thirty years, but that death has gained twenty or thirty years upon you. God has given you thirty years of grace, by suffering you to live: you are His debtor for these years; and they have brought you so much the nearer to that term when death awaits you. Take heed, then: eternity already marks upon your brow the fatal instant in which it will begin for you. Eternity! ah! know you what it is? It is a timepiece, whose pendulum speaks, and incessantly repeats two words only, in the silence of the tomb,—Ever, never—never, ever,—and for ever.

During these fearful vibrations, a reprobate cries out, "What is the hour?" and the voice of a fellow-wretch replies, "Eternity!"—*Bridaine.*

THE WORLD.

The world useth a man as ivy doth an oak; the closer it gets to the heart, the more it clings and twists about the affections: though it seem to promise and flatter much, yet it doth indeed but eat out his real substance, and choke him in the embraces.—*Bishop Reynolds.*

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PARENTAL MONITOR.

TEACH CHILDREN HOW TO USE MONEY.

Show the child early the use of money; its use in obtaining necessaries, and in promoting works of benevolence. Train the child in the right direction as to the estimate of money, as to its use, and as to the objects on which it should be expended. In after-life he will have much to do with it: teach him betimes to handle it aright. It is of much practical importance that young children should be accustomed themselves to have, to keep, and to use money. They should not only by precept be taught, but by experience trained, to know that it is wrong to throw it uselessly away, and to know the blessedness of giving for the good of those that need. There is more power than most of us are yet aware of in the practice of letting children have some pence of their own, to be laid out according to their own judgment, or given in charity on the impulse of their own will. Of course, there will be a continuous effort to imbue the child's mind with correct ideas; but there should not be direct interference with the freedom of his act. I would rather see an occasional mistake, which might afterwards be turned to good account, than make him a mere agent in executing my order. It is not his hand, but his will, that is to be exercised, and influenced, and trained. It is but a little act, the miniature, as it were, of a good deed; but it derives its importance from being the act of a little *man*,—one who will soon be acting a man's part on the wide arena of the world. The infant is the germ of the man. The infant's habits, and likings, and actings are the rivulet, already settling its direction, which will soon swell into the strong stream of life.—*Rev. W. Arnot.*

PARENTS, PRAY.

All our instructions without prayer will do no good. Go to God to sanctify all. By prayer carry thy children, servants, to the blessed Jesus in the arms of faith, and beseech Him to bless them, by laying His hands on them, as Isaac did. (Gen. xxvii. 1—29; xlviii. 9, 14; with Matt. xix. 13; Mark x. 16.) How pathetically did Abraham plead with God for Ishmael! "O that Ishmael might live before Thee!" (Gen. xvii. 18.) Bathsheba calls Solomon "the son of her vows." (Prov. xxxi. 1, 2.) Austin was the child of Monica's prayers and tears. O pray, then, pray earnestly: "O that this my son, daughter, servant, might not die for ever! Thou, Lord, art the Prince and Lord of life! O speak powerfully to their poor souls, that these pieces of my bowels, that are now dead in trespasses and sins, may hear Thy voice, and live!" Cry out to God, with that poor man in the Gospel: "Lord, have mercy on my son!" (Matt. xvii. 15.) If a mother, do as the woman of Canaan did: "Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou Son of David: my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." If He seem not to hear, and to be silent, go nearer to Him by faith, and cry: "Lord, help me! Lord, help me!" If His answer seem to be a repulse, do not thou desist, but rather gather arguments from His denial, as she did; and conclude, that if He once open His mouth, He will not shut His hand: and if importunity may prevail with an unrighteous man, then much more it will obtain with a gracious God. Never leave Him, therefore, till, by laying hold on His own strength, thou hast overcome Him. At last thou mayest hear that ravishing voice: "O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt;" and see thy daughter "made whole from that very hour." (Matt. xv. 21—28.)—*Lys.*

"IT'S ONLY ME."

A lady had two children,—both girls. The elder was a fair child; the younger a beauty, and the mother's pet. Her whole love centred in it. The elder was neglected, while "Sweet" (the pet name of the younger) received every attention that affection could bestow. One day, after a severe illness, the mother was sitting in the parlour, when she heard a childish footstep on the stairs, and her thoughts were instantly with the favourite.

"Is that you, Sweet?" she inquired.

"No, mamma," was the sad, touching reply, "it isn't Sweet: it's only me."

The mother's heart smote her; and from that hour "only me" was restored to an equal place in her affections.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE HARE-INDIAN DOG.

This animal is small and slender. "Its body is covered with long straight hairs, the ground-colour of which is white, marked with large irregular patches of greyish black, intermingled with various

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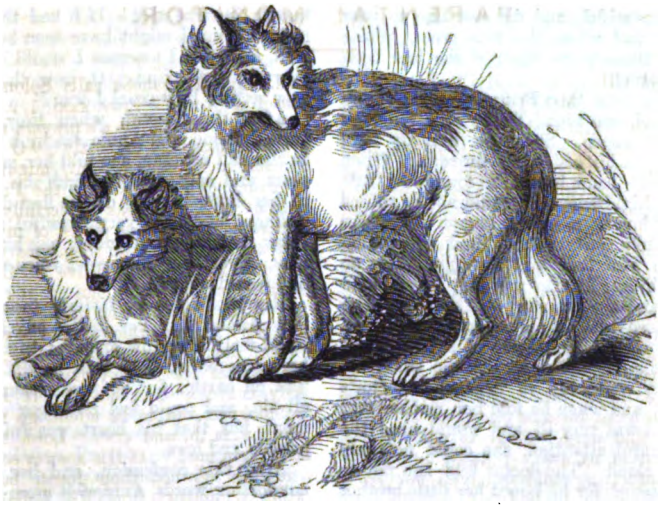

shades of brown." It has been suggested that this variety of the dog "was perhaps formerly generally spread over the northern parts of America; but, being fitted only for the chase, it has, since the introduction of guns, gradually given way to the mongrel race sprung from the Esquimaux, Newfoundland, and this very breed, with occasional intermixture of European kinds." It seems now to be peculiar to the Hare-Indians, and other tribes frequenting the banks of the Mackenzie river and Great Bear Lake. The only individuals of the race known to have been seen in Europe, were presented to the Zoological Society by Captain Sir John Franklin and Dr. Richardson. "Their air of frank and unsuspecting confidence is combined with an unusual share of gentleness and good temper. They seem perfectly at their ease, and soon become familiar, even with strangers. In their native country they are never known to bark. They appear to be extremely valuable to the Indians by whom they are bred. 'The Hare-Indian Dog,' says Dr. Richardson, 'has neither courage nor strength to fit it for pulling down any of the larger animals; but its broad feet and light make enable it to run over the snow without sinking, if the slightest crust is formed on it, and thus easily to overtake and tease the moose or reindeer, and keep them at bay until the hunters come up.'"

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

"Be kind to each other,
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone."

"Go away, Willie: I do hate to be teased when I am reading," said Annie M—— to her little brother, who was begging her to get him a drink of water.

"But, Annie, I cannot get it myself; and I am so hot and thirsty: please do."

"I tell you I don't want to go down stairs now: can't you wait for Bridget? she will be home soon."

"O, why can't you get me some water?" cried the poor child impatiently, and, bursting into tears, he threw himself sobbing on the floor.

"I won't get you a drink now, because you are cross, and cry for it," said his sister; and she tried to believe that she was behaving very properly, in punishing her little brother for his fretfulness.

Annie went on reading her book, and soon forgot all about little Willie, who, after crying bitterly for a while, fell into a troubled sleep. His face was flushed, and the breath came quick and hot from his parched lips.

The children had been left at home for a day with the nurse, while the mother visited a friend in the neighbourhood. Annie was ten years old, and Willie was nearly five. She was quite old enough to take charge of her little brother, and amuse him; and this she was generally quite glad to do, for Willie was a merry, happy child, and loved his sister very dearly. They almost always were good-natured and happy; but sometimes Willie was fretful, and sometimes

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Annie was selfish, and did not like to take trouble; and when she was cross, Willie was ten times worse than if she had been good-natured.

After a long time Bridget returned from her errand, and found Willie still lying on the floor asleep. She took him up, and laid him on his bed in the nursery. When Mrs. M—— came home, she found her little boy in a high fever: he could not be roused up, but lay in a heavy stupor. He was immediately put to bed, and everything done for him that was thought likely to relieve him. In the morning he was no better, and a physician was sent for, who pronounced him in a dangerous condition. He had all the symptoms of scarlet fever, and was quite delirious. Annie stood by, anxiously watching to hear the doctor's opinion; and when he told her mother that the child was very ill, and would need the most careful attention, she could not help sobbing aloud. The doctor told her not to be frightened, for he hoped her little brother would soon be well. Annie did not cease crying at these comforting words; for she could not forgive herself for her unkindness to her brother. O, how her heart ached when she thought of her cruel neglect, and how many times she said to herself she never would be so unkind again!

For two days Willie lay in a state of great suffering: he did not seem to know any one; even his mother, whom he loved so dearly, called him in vain. He never spoke again; and on the morning of the third day he died.

No one knew, when Annie threw herself, with a wild despairing cry, on the bed beside her dead brother, how hopeless and bitter was the sorrow of her heart; for she knew that never again in this world could she atone for her cruel words,—those last words that Willie had ever heard,—so cold, so selfish, and cruel. O! that was indeed the bitterness of death. If he had only lived to speak to her, to tell her he forgave her unkindness, to give one kiss of reconciliation and love, she thought it would not have been half so hard to see him go down to the cold grave. But now all was over. The little brother she had loved so well was gone for ever. All his pleasant ways and loving words came thronging back to her heart, and she could only remember her own selfish cruelty to him when he was sick and suffering. She tried to comfort herself by saying, "O! if I had only known he was sick! If I had thought to look at him, I might have seen he was not well, and then I am sure I would have done everything for him. O, how thoughtless, how selfish, how cruel I was!"

After the funeral, when they had returned home, and Annie sat by her mother in the still evening, she told her, with many tears and sobs, how unkind she had been to her little brother on the first day of his sickness, and how very dreadful it was to know that she could never ask his forgiveness, never hear his sweet voice to tell her he loved her again.

Her mother wept bitterly too; but she told Annie that her little angel brother could feel no sorrow or pain; that he loved her even better now than he did when he was on earth; for he was redeemed from all sin, and could feel no anger or resentment, but that his heart was full of compassion and love.

After this confession, and her mother's comforting words, Annie felt more composed and resigned than she had before; but she never could quite forget, and never cease to regret, the last harsh words her darling brother had ever heard from her lips. It was a lesson to be remembered for ever, and its influence was felt by her through all her life. When she felt tempted to speak unkindly, the thought that "these may be our last words," would come with a pang to her heart, and she was humble and gentle as a lamb.

Years passed by, and Annie grew to be a woman, loving and beloved by all, but in her heart she never forgave herself for her last words to Willie.—*Friend of Youth.*

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

A BOY was once tempted, by some of his companions, to pluck some ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch.

"You need not be afraid," said they; "for if your father should find out that you had them, he is so kind, that he will not hurt you."

"That is the very reason," replied the boy, "why I would not touch them. It is true, my father may not hurt me; yet my disobedience, I know, would hurt my father; and that would be worse to me than anything else."

Was not this an excellent reason?

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

IT was during a short voyage, that I became acquainted with Joseph Hughes, a Sergeant in the 93d regiment of Highlanders.

My attention was first arrested by his

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sickly aspect. He appeared to be about twenty-six years of age, and, when in health, must have had a manly bearing; but his figure was now yielding, and his countenance pale and worn. There was, nevertheless, something in his eye, to which his insidious disease gave more than natural brightness, — an expression of intelligent resignation. There was no impatience in his demeanour, yet no insensibility. There was calmness, but no hardihood. It struck me that he was not only resigned, but had *good reasons* for resignation.

This I ventured to hope, but at the same time could not repress the question, "What if he *is* unprepared to meet his God? He is evidently on the borders of another world. In a few days, perhaps, his state for eternity will be unalterable. Still *to-day* it may be altered. The case is pressing: how shall I act?" While I thus pondered, perhaps in guilty hesitation, Providence removed every obstacle for the accomplishment of my half-formed purpose; for, in passing through the cabin, towards the deck, I saw the Sergeant employed in reading a Testament. My heart bounded, and I gave joyful thanks to God. I soon joined the object of my anxiety, and the speedy union of our feelings showed that we loved the same Saviour.

He informed me that in early life, although not blessed with religious parents, he had possessed the privilege of receiving the instructions of a faithful Sabbath-school Teacher.

I inquired if these were the means of leading him to the Saviour?

"Yes," he answered, "they were the first means that were used, and I think they were the most effectual."

"Was your heart impressed while at school?" I inquired.

"O, not in the least," he answered, "or, perhaps, I should have considered longer before I exposed myself to a soldier's life. I was a Sabbath-school scholar at the time I enlisted."

"Strange," I observed, "that while wandering so far from home, and while mixing so young with all the irreligion of your comrades, with no friend to counsel or guard you, strange it was that these truths were not driven from your mind!"

"Ah! but," said he, his whole countenance glowing with emotion, "*my Sabbath-school Teacher never forgot me!* Many a time, when in foreign lands, his earnest desires reached me; often he added short sentences to my father's letters, the whole of which, indeed, he often wrote, crying to me, to mind my soul. Often, often, these cries were repeated; and, like one drop after another upon the hard stone, they left marks behind them."

"And you were softened at last?"

"Ay, Sir, at *last:* I had a kind Teacher, and a still kinder Saviour. For the Saviour saw that I could easily stand out against Him, while I remained in the thoughtless company of my comrades. So he took me aside; he left me alone. There happened to be a small station in one of the West India islands, which required only a few soldiers, and I was appointed to it. It was a dreary place. It was a wilderness. But it blossomed like the rose before I left it. I began, almost as soon as I came, to reflect very much; and as I reflected, I began to get uneasy. I thought much of the shortness of life, and the coming of a day of judgment; and these thoughts, along with the dulness of the station, made it more agreeable than otherwise to read my Bible. I always thought the Bible was dull, and I guessed that it would just suit me. So it did; but in a different way from what I expected. Every verse I read brought some recollections of the Sabbath-school; and the more my mind was filled with such thoughts, the more miserable I became. The truth is, my case could not bear examination. God and I were opposed to each other: how could I be otherwise than wretched?"

"Did you ever venture," I inquired, "to express your feelings to any one?"

"No; I may say, I was quite alone. There was, indeed, a Chaplain who came occasionally to the station, and my anxious eyes often followed him to watch an opportunity of speaking. But, ah! I fear his case was worse than mine. What would I have given had he been 'sent of God!'

"But at this time, I remembered that there was a small company of pious soldiers who met together for religious conversation, and kept some religious books for lending to their fellow-soldiers. They were stationed in another island; and to them I wrote, begging the loan of a book. This they joyfully complied with; and more than this, for they sent me a little encouragement. O, precious words! They were like cold water to a thirsty soul! It was strange, that before this time, although I had often heard of Jesus Christ, I never saw what *use* He was of. Every prayer I offered ended 'for Jesus's sake;' and the truth never struck me after all.

"Now I began to see that unless Jesus had died, all hope for mercy was not only vain, but the very hope that a holy and just God would ever bless a sinner, had something blasphemous in it. It was just hoping that God would lie, and disgrace His whole character; for He is 'of purer eyes than to behold iniquity;' (Hab. i. 13;) and 'the soul that sinneth, it shall die.' (Ezek. xviii. 4.) But when I saw that the *Saviour* died, then came the beauty of the words, 'I am the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin.' O, the lovely plan! God is honoured, and the sinner saved, by the same Redeemer. For Christ hath 'magnified the law,' and he who 'believeth on Him shall not be ashamed.'"

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After hearing this pleasing account, I became desirous to know how far the reason which soldiers often give for not bearing the Christian profession was a just one. I therefore asked whether he found it difficult to make known his Christian character, after being removed to a more populous station.

He openly said that, at first, he had great difficulty; "For," observed he, "I was proud, and could not bear to be looked down upon, and considered weak. But *go forward* I could not help doing; and soon the jokes grew old, and the jeers less frequent, and I was at last allowed to take my own way."

"You do not think, then," I added, "that there are serious obstacles to a Christian profession in the ranks?"

"O, no! no! True, if a man be insincere, if he appear religious just to please his superior officer or so, (our Colonel was a truly pious man,) he is sure to be made wretched; * * * for the soldiers are always on the watch. But let a man bear as much love to Christ as shall rule his whole conduct; let him be honourable, and regular, and obliging, and he is sure to be respected. He may sometimes be falsely accused, and dealt unfairly with, but his patience will outlive that; and the more opposition he outlives, not only the more strength does he get to his soul, but the more respect he gets from ungodly companions. O, that every soldier were but a Christian!"

Thus our short, but interesting conversation closed. It was Saturday night on which it was held. On the next day the weather was uncommonly fine, and our vessel reposed quietly on the water, which was nearly calm. In these favourable circumstances we assembled on deck to worship God. A Bible was placed upon the companion, which had been covered with a large flag, and a considerable number of soldiers, and sailors, and others gathered reverently around it. We offered fervent prayer that this peaceful Sabbath might prove a true spiritual rest to our souls; and when we lifted up our voices, one might have supposed that the smooth waters rejoiced to be the bearers of our praise to their great Creator, for the sound vanished from our lips, and quickly swept along the surface. When the Scripture was read, solemnity was added to the calm; for thoughtfulness well became us all when we heard it said of the Divine Saviour of guilty men, "He is despised and rejected of men: He was despised, and we esteemed Him not." (Isai. liii. 3.)

Immediately at the close of the service, the sails of our vessel, urged by gentle breathings of wind, began to strike the masts. Soon the breeze filled them. It came from a favourable direction, and gave gratification to all. The coincidence between the conclusion of our engagement, and the commencement of the favourable breeze, seemed, I thought, to dispose several who were not previously so inclined, to read some tracts with which they were supplied; so that, during the remainder of the day, the deck was whitened with opened tracts, and enlivened by animated countenances.

The Sergeant was not upon deck. The air was too strong for his weakened lungs. I therefore hastened to his cabin, to give him information of our engagements, as I thought he would be pleased to know that others had enjoyed a privilege, although it was denied to him. But I was mistaken in this latter particular; for, as I turned to descend, there sat the Sergeant upon the cabin-stairs; and there he had been during all the service. The exertion, however, of sitting, and the slight excitement which his feelings had experienced, made him exceedingly weak; and he retired to rest.

On my return shortly afterwards, he said, "I have an uncommon thirst to-day." Misunderstanding him, I said I would procure some water; when he answered, "It is not *that* water, it is *heavenly* water that I need. I long to be filled with the riches of Jesus Christ. Without Him I have no happiness; and without all I can obtain of Him I cannot feel satisfied."

I inquired if he had much enjoyment of the presence of his Saviour.

"Yes," he answered; "when this weary body does not weaken my mind; but much is the pain I suffer because of the hours of the day when my thoughts lag far behind. This is my greatest affliction, my greatest sin. It distresses me much."

I observed, that perhaps it should not be called a sin, because God had weakened his body; and if we loved Him with *all* our strength, even when small, it was all that He required. As I had not done so before, I ventured to ask whether he thought that he would soon see Jesus "as He is" in a higher world.

"O yes," he replied: "I am nearly gone to Him."

"The prospect," I remarked, "must be pleasing; for then we shall 'love Him as we ought.'"

"Ah, yes!" he said; "but how feeble is my faith!"

"Then truly," I observed, "we may draw happiness from the thought, that both what we suffer, and the length of time that we do suffer, depend on the perfect will of God."

"O man!" (a common expression with the Scottish people, when the magnitude of the feeling exceeds every smaller distinction.) "O man!" with great energy he exclaimed, "*that is it:* that is just my resting-place. I am here because my heavenly Father wishes me to be here; I suffer because He wishes it; and I shall die whenever He

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gives the word. Sweet repose I have on that truth."

The ingenuousness and humility displayed by this trembling, but true believer, were very pleasing. He had no brilliant expectations, no rapturous feelings; but he had the "Spirit of adoption," whereby he could call the great Sovereign of all his Father; and upon His mere will he was contented to repose. Truly, if a soldier implicitly submits to the mere will of his commander, well may a Christian submit to his God. He is possessed not only of unquestionable authority, but of perfect love. "O, what a blessed thing it is to lose one's will!" said another Christian. "Since I have lost my will, I have found happiness. There can be no such thing as disappointment to me; for I have no desires but that God's will may be accomplished."

The breeze which we received at noon increased to a gale as the night approached. It drove us rapidly before it, until, early on the second day, having completely spent itself, we were left becalmed and motionless, within sight of our haven. The morning was extremely beautiful, and peace and gratitude were shed over our spirits.

Having now resumed his usual military habit, the Sergeant came and reclined his feeble frame upon a seat on the deck, expressing uncommon gratitude for his present peaceful circumstances. While viewing with most lively interest the different objects around him, and while his attention was directed to two lofty peaks, which indicated the place of his nativity, a gentleman on board, whom I knew to be unacquainted with the Christian's experience, being attracted by his sickly and intelligent appearance, kindly said to him, "You must be happy indeed to see your native hills again, my friend."

Slowly turning his pale countenance, he said, calmly and pleasantly, "No, Sir: I shall be done with them all soon."

Strange was the look of mingled surprise and suspicion which the gentleman sent towards me, while he seemed to say, "Can this be true?"

Yes, it was true! With perfect collectedness could he contemplate death. Sound reason had he to expect a peace more calm, more grateful to the wearied spirit, than any that the earth affords. His conversation was in heaven; and this incident proved that he had so mingled his feelings with those of the purified and the perfect, that he had already ranked the scenes of this world among the "former things" which had "passed away." (Rev. xxi. 4.)

Reader! You cannot but wish that "your latter end may be like his." O then, *commence* as he did, by carrying your sins to the Saviour.

In a short time we crossed the bay in which our vessel was anchored, and landed within a few miles of the Sergeant's house. I was unsuccessful in procuring a seat in the stage suited to his tremulous frame, and he therefore was seated on the top. As, with some effort, I stretched my hand upwards to bid him a last farewell, the thought was natural, "My friend shall soon, soon be exalted far above all the attentions of any friend on earth." Ah! how speedily was this accomplished! Fourteen short days afterwards he left the world.

After having seen his parents, who were anxiously waiting his arrival, his solicitudes speedily turned towards his former Sabbath-school Teacher. He was the only Christian friend he had in his native land. He was the one on earth whom he especially longed to see; for, kind as were his parents, they could not, alas! at that time, participate in his Christian feelings. His Teacher still lived, and he still loved his now Christian pupil: but he lived at a distance, and it happened that at this time he was confined by sickness; so that the last and fondest wish of the dying soldier, for some kind reason which is now explained above, was not acceded to. "Nevertheless," says the kind Teacher, "I did not forget him; but wrote to him, and encouraged him to 'hold fast the beginning of his confidence firm unto the end;' and his last message to me was, 'All my hopes rest upon Jesus, who died for my guilty soul.'"—*The Church in the Army. Edited by the Rev. Dr. Innes.*

BIOGRAPHY.

ELIZABETH OLIVE.

Elizabeth Olive entered the Wesleyan Sabbath-school, Great Berkhampstead, March 10th, 1844. She was particularly well-behaved and attentive as a scholar; but, owing to her reserved habits, nothing was known of her religious feelings till January, 1846, when, with two others, she began to meet in class. It was then found that already, through the instructions of her Teacher, the Holy Spirit had convinced her of sin, and her mind had been kept alive to the subject of the necessity of salvation, until, having had more deep and distressing convictions at some special religious services which were held at Easter, she was enabled, while praying in secret, to lay hold of Christ for pardon and acceptance.

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Singing and speaking of the love of Jesus were now her delight. One of her favourite hymns was that beginning,—

"How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!" &c.

Her Sabbath-school companions recollect her exclaiming, when full of the joy in believing, as they once sung that hymn, "O, how happy I am! I feel as if I could fly away!" From the time of her conversion she bore the fruits of the renewing Spirit in her life. While she had health, which was till Christmas, 1846, she steadily and punctually attended the chapel and the school. She was modest and plain in her dress, guarded in her speech, and of a gentle, retiring spirit.

For some time after she became ill, she hoped to recover, and did not make frequent allusion to her prospects for eternity; nevertheless her answers, when Christian friends conversed with her, always satisfied them that she was securely resting upon her Saviour. On a certain occasion when she understood that her mother had expressed a fear that she was not fit to die, she said, "I could fly away to my Saviour this moment, if my time was come. I have been many times up-stairs and prayed for you, mother, when no eye but the eye of God was upon me."

As her health declined, her Leader and friends visited her more frequently, and were led to praise God on her behalf, for the grace of God that was in her, and that they found her confidence in Christ grow stronger and stronger, and her prospect of heaven more bright.

Two days before her death she shouted, "Victory through the blood of the Lamb! Happy! Happy! Hallelujah!" and she called upon all to praise God, saying, "Shout, shout aloud! Praise God! do praise God!" Those around her endeavoured to sing the hymn,—

"O happy day that fix'd my choice," &c.,

the first verse of which she repeated; but they were overwhelmed by their feelings, and were unable to proceed. At the same time she closed her eyes, and appeared to be dying; but opening them after some minutes, she said, "There He is, and His holy angels! Do you not see Him, mother?"

She praised and glorified God to the end. The last words her parents could hear were, "All is well!" She died, July 18th, 1847, aged seventeen years.

THOMAS COLLINS.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

THE JOINT-STOCK FERRY-BOAT.

THE cultivators of a district acquire as their joint property a boat, to be used for the purpose of conveying produce to the opposite side of an inland lake. They agree upon a scheme of management, which is accurately written out. One of the clauses provides that on no pretence whatever shall more than twenty tons be put on board at one time; that being, after due admeasurement, considered the utmost amount of burden that was consistent with perfect safety. A few of the farmers who reside near the shore are appointed managers of the concern. The constitution of the company, in which they have concurred, is placed in their hands, and the various members return to their own homes. Operations have begun, and the prospect is good. Daily the boat leaves the shore with her burden, and the whole neighbourhood reaps the benefit. One morning, when the boat was fully loaded and ready to start, one of the managers said to his brethren, "I have twenty bolls of wheat here: if I do not get it over by this trip, I shall lose my market; it will be a great accommodation if you will permit me to put it on board." "Anything to accommodate you, Sir," replied the Chairman; "but it is against the rules. We might be liable for the consequences." "There is no danger," replied the other: "the lake is as smooth as a mill-pond; there is not a breath of wind. The rule is made for a stormy day: the boat will carry forty tons in such weather as this." The reasoning seemed good, and the favour was granted. No accident occurred. Next morning the craft was at her moorings, ready for another load. In a few days another member asked and obtained a similar indulgence. Again, on their return, the boatmen reported that all was well. Forthwith, instead of an exception, overloading became the rule. Day by day the managers exceeded their powers for their own advantage, mutually accommodating each other, in the absence, and without the knowledge, of their constituents. At length, unscrupulous by long habit, and emboldened by uniform success, they exceed all the bounds of prudence. Such was their complicity, and mutual consciousness of wrong-doing, that no one dared to refuse what any one was pleased to ask. Not one or two, but all the managers, must have accommodations at the same time. One day, although the sky looked squally, the boat was loaded with forty tons, exactly the double of her specified burden, because every one of the

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managers needed something for himself; and all, in spite of misgivings, were obliged to comply with the demands of each. Off went the boat, at her accustomed hour, with the water up to her gunwale. The managers stood on the shore, and looked after her with some anxiety, till she was out of sight in a haze. In the evening news arrived that at mid-passage a ripple had risen on the water, the boat had filled and sunk, and the whole cargo had been lost. Disastrous was the result; but though there had been no disaster, there was dishonesty. The community of proprietors had concluded a bargain with the directors for a certain definite risk, leaving them on that point no discretion. Behind backs the managers took more than was bargained for, and that in favour of themselves. They cheated their neighbours. Even while the trick was successful, it was dishonest. The guilt of an action does not depend on its discovery.—*Rev. W. Arnot's "Race for Riches."*

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

The rich may marry as well as the poor. In this they sin not. But to marry for the sake of money is a degradation of the human being, and a prostitution of the good ordinance of God. It is fraught with danger to present peace and future salvation. Filthy lucre! Never does the love of gain appear more loathsome than when it stalks forth, peering and prying into societies and families in quest of a fortune to determine a marriage. History indicates that the Lord in providence peculiarly defends the integrity of his own appointment in marriage. I know of nothing in which sin more surely finds the sinner out than in this. In many cases occurring from day to day on the wide theatre of the world, and exposed to public observation, the fortune-hunter is bitten to the quick. The man who chooses a wife, as other people would choose a purse, according to the amount of money it contains, is running his head against one of the fixtures inserted by the Almighty in the constitution of things. In that constitution there is a self-acting apparatus of retribution. The rash step of the selfish transgressor has set the machine in motion. Its unseen lever is lifted over his head. In due time it will fall, and it will not miss the mark. He will be left to drag a life of disappointment; to pine unpitied in an unhappy home.—*Ibid.*

FRETFULNESS UNDER TRIAL.

Impatient fretting, murmuring, and quarreling against God's dispensations, this was poor Jonah's great stumble. Peevish man! "Doest thou well to be angry," and that with thy God? "Yea," saith he, "even unto death." (Jonah iv. 9.) The most foolish answer that ever dropped from the mouth of man. Aaron was better instructed. He knew it was not safe kicking against the pricks; that nothing was to be got by striking again, by repining against God, but more blows; and therefore, when God had killed both his sons at a blow, he humbly "holds his peace," his heart and tongue were both silent. (Lev. x. 2, 3.) True, indeed, we may not be senseless and stupid under sufferings. Had all the martyrs had the palsy before they went to the stake, their sufferings had been far less glorious. But yet, though we may not be stupid or stoical, we must be patient and submissive. Though we may not be like the Caspian Sea, that neither ebbs nor flows, yet we must take heed of being like swelling, roaring waves and billows. Though God's turtles may, through infirmity, flutter, yet they may not be, like bulls when caught in a net, raving. "I was dumb," saith David; "because Thou didst it." (Psalm xxxix. 9.) Away, then, with those surly looks, that do, as it were, enter a protest against what we suffer; nay, more, beware of these murmuring echoes and replies of spirit within, against God, which, though they seem to yield and run, yet, with the flying Parthian, shoot their arrows backward in discontent against God.—*Lye.*

A TOWER OF SKULLS.

Lamartine, in his "Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," writes as follows:—

"When I was about a league from Nias, the last Turkish town almost on the frontier of Servia, I saw a large tower rising up in the midst of the plain, as white as Parian marble. I took the path which led to it. I desired a Turkish lad who accompanied me, to hold my horse, and I sat down under the shade of the tower to enjoy a few moments' repose. No sooner was I seated, than, raising my eyes to the monument, I discovered that the walls which I supposed to be built of marble, or of regular rows of white stone, were composed of regular rows of human skulls, bleached by the rain and sun, and, cemented by a little sand and lime, formed entirely the triumphal arch which now sheltered me from the burning sun: there might be from fifteen to twenty thousand. In some places portions of hair were still hanging, and waved, like lichen or moss, with every breath of wind. The mountain-breeze was then blowing fresh, penetrating the innumerable cavities of the skull, and sounded like a mournful and plaintive sigh. These were the skulls of fifteen thousand Servians who had been put to death by the Pasha in the last insurrection at Servia.

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HOW MANY THINGS IN THE WORLD ONE HAS NO NEED OF!

Diogenes walked on a day with his friend, to see a country fair, where he saw ribands, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks; and having observed them, and all the other finnimbrums that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend, "How many things there are in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!" And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God that He hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little: and yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want; and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller, and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not show her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And I knew another, to whom God had given health, and plenty, but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud, and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last, into a law-suit with a dogged neighbour, who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other: and this law-suit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and law-suits; for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well, this wilful, purse-proud law-suit lasted during the life of the first husband: after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave: and so the wealth of these poor rich people was cursed into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts; for those only can make us happy.—*Walton.*

THE WORD OF GOD.

The word of God is the water of life; the more ye have it forth, the fresher it runneth: it is the fire of God's glory; the more ye blow it, the clearer it burneth: it is the corn of the Lord's field; the better you grind it, the more it yieldeth: it is the bread of heaven; the more it is broken and given forth, the more remaineth: it is the sword of the Spirit; the more it is scoured, the brighter it shineth. The voice of God cannot be unpleasant to their ears which are the children of God; the oftener they hear it, the more they receive: they can never have overmuch who never have enough.—*Bishop Jewel.*

LOVE OF THE WORLD.

Let not the world get into your hearts to choke the word. They who go down into mines to dig up gold and silver carry candles with them, and when the damp comes, though it be gold, they dare not stay with it. Your trades are your mines, out of which you dig your treasure: sink not yourselves into them without David's lantern, —the word of God; and if your consciences feel the damp of the earth,—covetous lusts begin to work,—then make haste upwards with David's prayer, "Incline my heart unto Thy testimonies, and not to covetousness." (Psalm cxix. 36.)—*Bishop Reynolds.*

POETRY.

ABEL ENTERING HEAVEN.

Ten thousand times ten thousand sung
Loud anthems round the throne,
When, lo! one solitary tongue
Began a song unknown!
A song unknown to angel-ears,
A song that told of banish'd fears,
Of pardon'd sins and dried-up tears.

Not one of all the heavenly host
Could these high notes attain!
But spirits from a distant coast
United in the strain;
Till he who first began the song,
To sing alone not suffer'd long,
Was mingled with a countless throng.

And still as hours are fleeting by,
The angels ever bear
Some newly-ransom'd soul on high,
To join the chorus there;
And so the song will louder grow,
Till all redeem'd by Christ below
To that fair world of rapture go.

O give me, Lord, my golden harp,
And tune my broken voice;
That I may sing of troubles sharp,
Exchanged for endless joys;
The song that ne'er was heard before
A sinner reach'd the heavenly shore,
But now shall sound for evermore.

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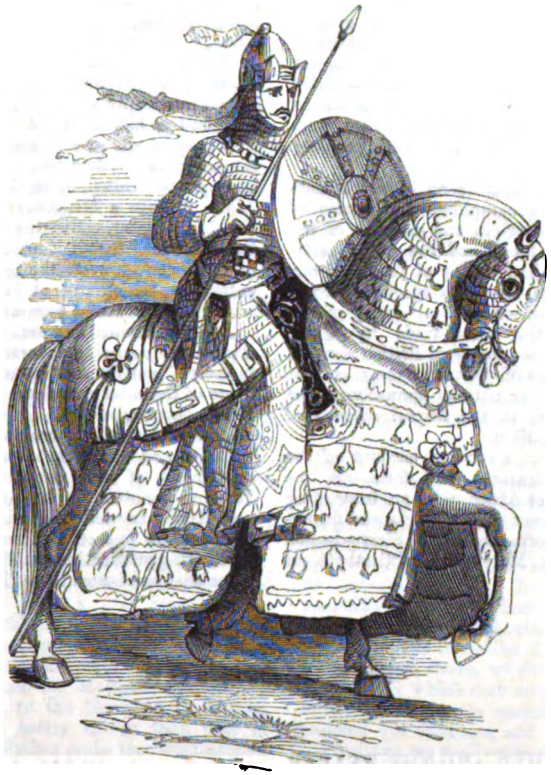
ORIENTAL ILLUSTRATIONS.



EASTERN WAR-HORSE.

The appearance and qualities of such horses may be gathered from the description which Knolles, in his "History of the Turks," gives of the trained horses of the Mamelukes.

"Their horses were strong and courageous, in make and swiftness much like unto the Spanish jennets; and, that which is of many hardly believed, so docile that, at certain signs or speeches of the rider, they would with their teeth reach him up from the ground a lance, an arrow, or such like thing; and, as if they had known the enemy, run upon him with open mouth, and lash at him with their heels, [as if they] had by nature and custom learned not to be afraid of anything. Those courageous horses were commonly furnished with silver bridles, gilt trappings, rich saddles, their necks and breasts armed with plates of iron."

MISSIONS.

FOX'S "HISTORY OF THE WESLEYAN MISSIONS ON THE WESTERN COAST OF AFRICA."

Mr. Fox has recently enriched the Missionary literature of our Connexion by the publication of this valuable work. Our limits will not admit of our doing more than to present a brief account of its multifarious and important contents, and to introduce it to the attention of our readers.

The author's first chapter is headed, "Africa and the Africans;" and Mr. Fox has nobly defended the Negro races from those slanderous and insulting epithets, of

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their being "mere animal creatures;" "a sort of monkey without tails," &c. He has shown, and that most clearly, from Scripture, reason, and observation, that, notwithstanding the deeply degraded and demoralised condition in which the greater part of the inhabitants of that vast continent are still found, they are not only *men*, but that they have, with ourselves, descended from one common pair; that the African is a true fellow-child of the first Adam, and, equally with us, the redeemed property of the Second.

Our author then gives an historical narrative of the geographical discoveries of Africa, with the origin and progress of the infamous slave-trade, and the guilty participation, for a long series of years, of our own country in that vile species of commerce; and then we have a history of the abolition of the slave-trade by Great Britain, and subsequently of British slavery, too: but the awful fact still remains, that Africa is by other nations annually robbed of her children, to the fearful amount of nearly half a million.

We have, next, a succinct account of the European settlements and forts on the western coast of Africa, with an interesting and full statement of the origin and formation of the important colony of Sierra-Leone, and also of St. Mary's and M'Carthy's, on the Gambia.

From the eleventh chapter to the twenty-fourth is occupied with a history of the Wesleyan Missions at Sierra-Leone, the Gambia, and the Gold-Coast, with biographical sketches of the heroic and devoted men, and also "of honourable women not a few," who have fallen in the high places of the earth. These brief memorials of departed worth are truly interesting, and sometimes deeply affecting; and we are not surprised at having heard more than once this part of the work designated, "Fox's Second Book of Martyrs;" or, as it is more appropriately called, by the Rev. John Angell James, "quite a Missionary Martyrology." The last chapter, consisting of "Concluding Observations," is full of interesting matters-of-fact, bearing upon the great Missionary enterprise, which cannot fail to benefit all who give it a careful perusal.

In one periodical in which it was reviewed, it is called "a moving panorama of surpassing interest;" and in another it is described as "one of the most complete books on Africa that has ever appeared." In these opinions we concur, and sincerely trust that the volume will have an extensive circulation amongst all classes of the Christian community. Reading-societies, Sabbath-school libraries, and Missionary collectors will especially find this volume one of the most valuable and interesting publications on Missionary operations that has issued from the press.

THE MONITOR.

THE PREACHER AND THE HEARER.

WHATEVER faults there may be in the Preacher's sermon, it must be admitted that on the other side there are often a languor and lukewarmness of which the cure must be sought, not so much in the greater power of the Preacher, as in the growing piety of the hearer. There are two sorts of instruction to which if we do not hearken we are utterly without excuse. One is the direct instruction of God's word: the other is truth and earnestness, embodied in a Christian teacher. But how often are the lively oracles read in public worship, and a relief experienced when the lesson is ended! and how often does some fervent Evangelist pour forth appeals, full of that rarest originality,—the pathos of a yearning spirit,—and find no response save stolid apathy, or a patronising compliment to his energy!

Half the power of preaching lies in mutual preparation. The Minister must not serve God with that which costs him nothing; but it is not the Minister alone who should "give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine." There is a reciprocal duty on the part of the hearer. He should come with a purpose, and he should come with prayer. He should come hopeful of benefit, and bestirring all his faculties, that he may miss nothing which is "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." He should come with a benevolent prepossession towards his Pastor, and with a friendly solicitude for his fellow-hearers. And thus, as iron sharpens iron, so his intelligent countenance would animate the speaker; and, like a Hur or an Aaron, his silent petitions would contribute to the success of the sermon.

Nor can aught be more fatal than a habit of indolent hearing. Like one who glances into a mirror, and sees disorder in his attire, or dust on his face, and says, "I must attend to this," but forthwith forgets it, and hurries out on his journey; or who, in the time of plague, sees the livid marks on his countenance, and says, "I must take advice for this," and thinks no more about it till he drops death-stricken on the pavement; so there are languid or luxurious listeners to the word of God. At the moment, they say, "Very true," or, "Very good," and they resolve to take some action: but, just as the mirror

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is not medicine; as even a watery mirror cannot wash from the countenance the specks which it reveals, if merely looked into; so a self-survey, in the clearest sermon, will neither erase the blemishes from your character, nor expel the sin-plague from your soul. "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear. And, laying apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness, receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls. But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves. For if any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass: for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was. But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein,"—like a man who, seeing his bedusted visage in the mirror of that polished flood, loses not a moment, but makes a laver of his looking-glass,—"he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed:" he shall be saved by his promptitude; or, if saved already, he shall become a more beautiful character by his strenuous self-application.....

The glory of Gospel-worship consists in its freedom, its simplicity, and its spirituality. We have boldness to enter into the holiest, by the blood of Jesus; and we are encouraged to draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith. We are not come to a burning mount, nor to the sound of a trumpet, and a voice of terror; but we are come "to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." The Father seeks true worshippers, such as will worship Him in spirit and in truth; and now that sacrifice and offering have ceased, and now that burdensome observances have vanished away, praise, and prayer, and almsgiving are the ordinary oblations of the Christian church. But surely the freedom of our worship should not abate from its fervour; and because it is simple, there is the more scope for sincerity, and the more need that it should be the worship of the heart and soul. But do we sufficiently realise our privileged but solemn position as worshippers of Him to whom seraphim continually do cry, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory?" Do we sufficiently realise our blessedness as fellow-worshippers with those who sing on high, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain?" In the house of prayer do we make worship our study, and devotion our business? Do we "labour mightily in prayer," and do we "wake up our glory to sing and give praise?" Or are not many of us content to be lookers-on at the prayers, and listeners to the psalmody? and instead of "a golden vial full of odours," is not many a devotional act a vain oblation, a vapid form; a tedium to ourselves, and an offence to the Most High?

Beloved, let us bestir ourselves in worship. Let us "make a joyful noise unto the Lord;" let us "serve Him with gladness." Let us sing His praises "with grave, sweet melody," and "with grace in our hearts." And let us concentrate our thoughts, and join zealously in the confessions, the thanksgivings, and the supplications of the public prayers. And thus, like the restful activity of the temple above, we shall find moments pass swiftly which may now be a weariness; and, refreshed by the sacred exertion which enlisted our faculties, and which enlivened our feelings, we shall retire sweetly conscious that it was "good to be there."—*Dr. Hamilton.*

ANECDOTES.

DON'T HURRY.

We have heard of one, now very poor, who was deprived of a large estate once in consequence of being in too great a hurry. A dying man had quarreled with his heirs, and was determined they should not have his money. He had made a will, giving all his money to this individual, which only wanted his signature. His sands were running low, and, calling his friend, he bade him take the will from the drawer and bring him the inkstand. Tears blinded the fortunate donee's eyes, as he hastily executed the command. He seized a small bottle from the mantelpiece, and dipping the pen, the testator wrote his name, lay back and died. That will was put back in the chest and the old man was buried; but when they came to look for the will, they found it had no signature. Alas! the truth was plain: in his haste for the ink, he had got the wrong bottle, and the will was signed with paregoric. So the heirs got the estate after all.—*Independent.*

THE ONLY SOURCE OF COMFORT.

When Dr. Watts was almost worn out, and broken down by his infirmities, he observed, in conversation with a friend, "I remember an aged Minister used to say, that the most learned and knowing Christians, when they come to die, have only the same plain promises of the Gospel for their support

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as the common and unlearned: and so," said he, "I find it. It is the plain promises of the Gospel that are my support; and I bless God they are plain promises, that do not require much labour and pains to understand them; for I can do nothing now but look into my Bible for some promise to support me, and live upon that."

This was likewise the case with another pious and excellent Minister. He writes, about two months before his death: "I now spend almost my whole time in reading and praying over the Bible." And again, near the same time, to another friend: "I am now reduced to a state of infant weakness, and given over by my physician. My grand consolation is to meditate on Christ; and I am hourly repeating those heart-reviving lines of Dr. Young:—

'*This*, only *this*, subdues the fear of death.
And what is this? Survey the wondrous cure,
And at each *step* let higher wonder rise!
1. Pardon for infinite offence!—2. And pardon
Through means that speak its value infinite!—
3. A pardon bought with blood!—4. With blood
Divine.
5. With blood Divine of Him I made my foe!—
6. Persisted to provoke!—7. Though woo'd and
awed,
Bless'd and chastised, a flagrant rebel still!—
8 A rebel 'midst the thunders of His throne.—
9. Nor 1 alone!—10. A rebel universe!
11. My species up in arms!—12. Not one exempt!—
13. Yet for the foulest of the foul He dies!
14. Most joy'd for the redeem'd from deepest guilt!—
15. As if our race were held of highest rank,
And Godhead dearer, as more kind to man.'"

A PAGAN'S PRAYER.

The late Cabinet Minister of China, Kiying, has published a work in seven volumes, which has a "form of prayer to the God of heaven, with a preface." In the preface he mentions the incarnation, the atonement, and repentance, as doctrines held by the followers of Jesus. "Having made strict inquiries concerning the religion practised by western men," he says, he "came to know that what they teach had really nothing in it which was not good." He also says that he felt it his duty to memorialise the Emperor not to persecute this new way.

Kiying's prayer was written at the request of his Secretary, who, in a recent sickness, had appealed in vain to the gods, the doctors, and the diviners; but, having heard "what western men teach concerning prayer," called upon the God of heaven and Jesus, and was quite well the next day! Dr. Boone says this statement of Kiying must be received as true; and that, consequently, we must suppose "either a very remarkable coincidence, or a signal interposition of Divine Providence in answer to prayer."—*Missionary Herald.*

DAVID GARRICK.

When he showed Dr. Johnson his fine house, gardens, statues, and pictures at Hampton, instead of flattering him with compliments, the Doctor clapped his hand upon his shoulder, saying, "Ah, Davy, Davy! these are the things which make a death-bed terrible."

THE STRAY LAMB RECOVERED.

As one of the early Wesleyan Ministers was riding by a farm-house, he saw a young woman whom he knew to be a backslider. Driving to the door, and fixing a look of sympathy upon her, he asked her if she had seen a stray lamb pass. She replied, that she had not. "Are you quite sure," said he, "that there has been no poor lost lamb here?" "I am quite sure," she replied. "And yet," continued he, "there has been one here." The true meaning of the Minister suddenly broke upon her mind. She burst into tears, confessed that she was the stray lamb, and promised to renew her devotion to her Shepherd. She afterwards became a devout Christian.

PAPERS ON BOTANY.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

The name is formed from *chryseos*, "gold," and *anthemon*, "a flower;" and was given to the genus because some of the first known species happened to be yellow. Most of the chrysanthemums seen in our gardens belong to the kind for which we were originally indebted to China; hence named *chrysanthemum Sinense*. Its varieties have become very numerous since the seed was ripened in this country, which nurserymen were not able to accomplish till about twenty years ago; and when a large quantity of them are grown together, the effect is quite splendid. The flowers are never so beautiful in the open air as in a conservatory; but any one who has seen chrysanthemums clustering in front of our suburban houses in a fine autumn, will allow that they are highly ornamental, and deserving of cultivation.

The old Chinese varieties are the best for

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flowering in the open air: the hardiest of these may be seen in perfection so late as November, — as the tasselled yellow, the superb-clustered yellow, the old purple, the Spanish brown, the incurved pink, and the quilled white. Many of the native or "Jersey" varieties continue in flower, in a greenhouse, till the middle of January.

Plants may be propagated in spring. The suckers, each with a portion of the root attached, put into a flower-pot, separately, or three or four together, and kept moist, will soon strike, and be ready for transplanting; and they should, if practicable, be reared near a south wall. But gardeners generally prefer to propagate them by cuttings, which produce more sightly plants, bearing larger and finer flowers. These may be obtained from the side-branches at any season from April to September; but if taken off later than May, they will not flower till the next year.

The wild chrysanthemum, or "ox-eye," (*chrysanthemum leucanthemum,*) is a handsome flower, like a marigold or very large daisy. It closes up at night, or before a storm; and is common in fields, and near the sea.

THE ECONOMY OF TREES AND PLANTS.

The economy of trees, plants, and vegetables, is a curious subject of inquiry, and in all of them we may trace the hand of a beneficent Creator. The same care which He has bestowed on His creatures is extended to plants. This is remarkably the case with respect to hollies: the edges of the leaves are provided with strong, sharp spines, as high up as they are within the reach of cattle; above that height the leaves are generally smooth, the protecting spines being no longer necessary. Mr. Southey has noticed this circumstance in the following pretty lines:—

"O reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly-tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves;
Order'd by an intelligence so wise
As might confound an Atheist's sophistries.

"Below a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But, as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear."

I was lately shown a plant which puts out a pretty, modest flower, from the lower part of the stem. When its blossom is over, the stalk on which it grew turns down to the ground, the end penetrates the earth, and there throws out and ripens its seed-pod: but for this propensity of the plant, the

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seeds would probably be destroyed by birds and insects. Some plants flourish in one climate, and others in another, according to the several purposes for which they were designed by a good Providence. Some which are generally useful will bear almost any temperature. This is particularly the case with grass. Nettles, I believe, are never touched by cattle of any description, neither will they trample upon them. What a secure retreat, therefore, do they offer for birds to build their nests amongst, and for hares to deposit their young amidst the shelter they afford! The same remark applies in a great degree to furze, thistles, and the common bramble.—*Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.*

MEMORIALS OF THE GOOD AND GREAT.

SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, Bart.

Part II.

Chosen by the electors of Weymouth as their representative, let us give, in his own words, the views and feelings with which Mr. Buxton entered on his parliamentary duties:—

"Now that I am a Member of Parliament, I feel earnest for the honest, diligent, and conscientious discharge of the duty I have undertaken. My prayer is for the guidance of God's Holy Spirit, that, free from views of gain or popularity,—that, careless of all things but fidelity to my trust, I may be enabled to do some good to my country, and something for mankind, especially in their most important concerns. I feel the responsibility of the situation, and its many temptations. On the other hand, I see the vast good which one individual may do. May God preserve me from the snares which may surround me; keep me from the power of personal motives, from interest or passion, or prejudice or ambition, and so enlarge my heart to feel the sorrows of the wretched, the miserable condition of the guilty and the ignorant, that I may 'never turn my face from any poor man;' and so enlighten my understanding, that I may be a capable and resolute champion for those who want and deserve a friend."

When Mr. Buxton entered the House of Commons, there were no fewer than two hundred and thirty offences punishable by death; and he had long felt a strong desire to see that punishment confined entirely to the crime of murder. To urge on a revision of the criminal code, he devoted his energies. With intense application he studied the subject, and with manly eloquence he urged the matter on the attention of Parliament. For years there seemed little prospect of success, but he did not despair, nor slacken his exertions; and at length, in 1826, Sir Robert, then Mr. Peel, on his accession to office, undertook the task of revising and remodelling our whole penal code.

Mr. Buxton had not long entered on his parliamentary duties, when, on the death of the King, Parliament was dissolved. It was with considerable hesitation that he offered himself for re-election; and while in doubt as to the course it was his duty to pursue, these were his longings:—

"Lord, guide my heart and will aright, and lead me to determine for the best. O, that I could from this day offer myself a living sacrifice to the Lord, doing or abstaining, speaking or being silent, spending or forbearing to spend, simply because it was the will of God! * * * I think the time that is past should suffice me to have wrought my own will; and for the future, let me try all things by this standard, 'Is it the will of God?' O, gracious God, this is what I would be: but what am I? Is one-hundredth part of my time, talents, money, strength, spent for God? No!"

He determined at length again to stand for Weymouth, and was successful. While there, prosecuting his election, he was hastily summoned home, in consequence of the alarming illness of one of his children; and, before five weeks had passed, he had laid four of them in the grave. But, "though He slay me," he writes, "yet will I trust in Him. . . O, when one affliction flows in upon us after another, may they burst the bonds by which we are tied to earth; may they direct us heavenward; and may we, having our treasures in heaven, have our hearts there also!"

In the spring of 1821, Mr. Buxton made two motions in Parliament on the subject of the burning of widows in India. In his speech on the second occasion, he proved, that within the four preceding years, in the presidency of Fort-William alone, two thousand three hundred and sixty-six widows had been committed to the flames! that the French, Dutch, and other powers in India had abolished the custom in their territories, while the stigma of its continuance still rested on the British Government; and he showed that, so far from

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being voluntary, this cruel martyrdom was generally forced upon the unhappy widow, either by superstitious Priests or interested relations.

Several years, however, elapsed before anything was done; the matter having been regarded as one to be dealt with by the India-House, rather than by Parliament. But at length, his feelings, and those of every heart not insensible to human misery, were gratified by the interference of British authority to put an end to this cruel and revolting custom.

But the great labour of love to which Mr. Buxton devoted his time and energies, was that of the abolition of slavery. The slave-trade had been declared illegal in 1807, after a twenty-years' struggle, in which Mr. Wilberforce had taken the lead. But though it was contrary to law that any slaves should be imported into any British colony, slavery still existed in our West Indian colonies, in all its revolting cruelty and degradation. For though the importation of fresh slaves was forbidden, those who had been imported, and their offspring, were still in slavery.

The horrors of the slave-trade, Mr. Wilberforce, with his noble-hearted coadjutors, had kept before Parliament and the public until both were moved, and the slave-ship was classed with that of the pirate. And now that great and good man longed for the emancipation of those who were already in slavery. But his strength was beginning to fail; and when he could act as leader of the emancipation movement no longer, at at his earnest solicitation Mr. Buxton took his place.

In a humble, and earnest, and prayerful spirit he came forward. Let our readers observe the spirit in which he entered on the duties of that session of Parliament, during which he broke ground on this question:—

"O for that spirit of devotion, of gratitude, of love to Christ, of indifference to the world, which the Lord gave me in my illness! Let me, then, never pass a day without serious and repeated prayer: that is indispensable. Let me renounce the world as much as possible; as much as possible acknowledge God in all my ways and words, and let me manfully resist every temptation which may assault and endanger my soul. O God, grant these things through Thy blessed Son! Next, how can I promote the welfare of others? *In private*, by more seriousness in family devotions, and by much more command of temper; by more industry; by more economy, sparing on my own pleasure, and expending on God's service. *In public*, by attending to the slave-trade, slavery, Indian widows burning themselves, the completion of those objects which have made some advance,—namely, criminal law, prisons, and police. Send Thy blessed Spirit, O great God, to my aid, and for my guidance, that, renouncing sin, I may walk worthy of my 'high vocation, in and through Jesus Christ, my Lord.'"

In such a spirit did he begin his anti-slavery career, and in the same spirit did he prosecute it. Amongst his papers were found, with various dates, embodied in words, the earnest longings of his soul for God's grace and direction, that he might be enabled wisely and energetically to plead the cause of the slave.

It was on the 15th of May, 1823, that the first debate on the abolition of slavery took place in the House of Commons. The debate was opened by Mr. Buxton. The resolution he moved was, "That the state of slavery is repugnant to the principles of the British Constitution and of the Christian religion; and that it ought to be gradually abolished throughout the British Colonies, with as much expedition as may be found consistent with a due regard to the well-being of the parties concerned." An animated debate ensued; and Mr. Canning, on behalf of the Government, moved and carried certain amendments to Mr. Buxton's resolution, binding the Government, as it was supposed at the time, to carry out certain very great ameliorations of the condition of the slave-population, and holding out the prospect of their emancipation "at the earliest period that should be compatible with the well-being of the slaves themselves, with the safety of the colonies, and with a fair and equitable consideration of the interests of private property."

These ameliorations, however, instead of being enforced, were only recommended for adoption to the Colonial Legislatures; and instead of being adopted, they were unanimously and indignantly rejected. The planters thought their just rights interfered with, and even went so far as to threaten recourse to arms, should the ameliorations of slavery proposed by Parliament be enforced. Exaggerated reports, too, of the nature of these resolutions, having been spread amongst the slaves in the island of Demerara, those on several estates refused to work; compulsion was resorted to, which the slaves resisted; and at length martial law was proclaimed, and the military called out; and though, in suppressing this insurrection, not one soldier was killed, there was dealt out to the slaves a measure of vengeance pressed down and running over.

The news of the ferment amongst the colonists, and the outbreak amongst the Negroes, soon reached England. The enemies of Negro emancipation triumphed as in a victory; its advocates were discouraged, and were deserted by the lukewarm. Mr. Buxton and his friends were denounced as the cause of the disaffection of the colonists, and the outbreak amongst the slaves. But he was nothing daunted. In this dark intelligence he saw only the necessity for

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greater exertions. If others were despairing, he felt that there was only the more need for zeal on the part of those whose hope was not yet quenched.

Though opposed by the West India proprietors, deserted by Government, and deemed an enthusiast by the public, Mr. Buxton still toiled on. The cry of the suffering Negro was in his ears, and the love of the Negro in his heart. He was not the man to be discouraged by difficulties. It was a maxim with him, in the spirit of which he ever acted, "Vigour, energy, resolution, firmness of purpose,—these carry the day." They did carry the day; but, before doing so, they had well-nigh cost him his life. He was preparing for a debate on the slavery of the Mauritius; his anxiety was intense, his investigations had been unwearied, and the atrocious cruelties practised on the Negroes utterly overwhelmed him. "Several times," says his biographer, "he left his papers, and paced rapidly up and down the lawn, entirely overcome by his feelings, and exclaiming aloud, 'O! it's too bad, it's too bad! I can't bear it.'" The result was an attack of apoplexy, from which for several days he showed no symptoms of recovery. And so strongly had the subject which caused this alarming seizure taken hold of his mind, that almost his first words on awaking to consciousness, were to the effect, that he must get up, and go to the House, to bring forward his motion on the Mauritius; nor could he, without difficulty, be persuaded that the day for that motion was already past.

It was in 1830 that the friends of Negro emancipation began to see that the *gradual* abolition of slavery, at which they had hitherto been aiming, was "utterly wild and visionary." The violent conduct of the colonists had opened their eyes; and the hope of making mitigation the first step to freedom, was relinquished. At a crowded meeting held in London, at which Mr. Wilberforce presided, a farewell was taken of temporising measures.

While Mr. Buxton and his friends were thus making progress, the Government was standing still, unwilling to bring forward any decisive measure. The attention of the country was almost entirely engrossed with the agitation connected with the Reform Bill. But still Mr. Buxton, on every fitting opportunity, pressed upon the attention of the public, and of those in power, the wrongs of the Negro. The 24th of May, 1832, was fixed for a motion on this subject, and every attempt was made to induce him, either to defer the motion altogether, or to withdraw it without dividing the House. Then he showed the firmness of his character. Never had he occupied a more unpleasant position. His very friends were divided in opinion as to the propriety of persevering; and, by so doing, he was embarrassing a Government of which he himself was a supporter. It was a new Parliament, and many of the supporters of the Government had been returned, pledged to support the anti-slavery movement. The Government was not prepared to forfeit the support of the West Indian party, nor were they prepared to oppose the abolitionists of slavery. They wished, therefore, to keep the question at arm's-length. But Mr. Buxton felt it to be for the good of his cause that the country should know what course the Government was resolved to take. He was most reluctant to inconvenience, in any way, the Ministry; but he could not sacrifice to their convenience the cause of the slave. Before the debate, and while the debate was going on, all arguments and entreaties were used, and the Government privately besought him to give way. Friend after friend tried his influence, but in vain. Mr. Buxton rose to reply, and, instead of withdrawing his motion, said he was bound in conscience to do it, and that he *would* divide the House. The House was divided, when ninety voted for his motion, and one hundred and thirty-six for Lord Althorp's amendment. The minority was much larger than, in the circumstances, was expected; and, in fact, that division rung the knell of slavery. In this debate, to use Mr. Buxton's own words, "the cause made a seven-leagued stride." The Government felt, as one of themselves declared,—

"*That division of Buxton's has settled the slavery question.* If he can get ninety to vote with him when he is wrong, and when most of those really interested in the subject vote against him, he can command a *majority when he is right. The question is settled:* the Government see it, and they will take it up."

The Government did take it up; but still Mr. Buxton's anxiety and labours were not at an end. He had to urge the Government to carry through their Bill, and had to watch it at every stage. But at length, on the 28th of August, 1833, the Bill for the abolition of British slavery received the royal assent, and the tidings spread from pole to pole, how Britain had resolved that, throughout her wide-spread dominions, there should be no fetters but for crime; and the heart of every lover of his race expanded as he heard that there was a nation, on the face of this groaning earth, willing to pay twenty millions, rather than have the tear of slavery fall in the most distant corner of her empire, even from the eye of the stranger.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

NOVEMBER, 1851.

"THE PRINCELY AND PIOUS COBBLER."

Joseph Watkins, in his youth, resided in the vicinity of Bromyard, and occasionally attended the Independent chapel there, but had an opportunity of hearing the Wesleyan Preachers belonging to the Worcester Circuit, who sometimes visited that neighbourhood. At length a Society was formed at Stoke-Edith, where devotional services were established in the house of Mr. Wood, on his farm, called "The Sope." Joseph, receiving intelligence of the meetings of this Society for religious fellowship, after some meditation, thought that he should like to be present; and he accordingly resolved to go. His resolution was soon carried into effect. He witnessed the humble seriousness of a few pious persons, who met for the sole purpose of mutual edification. His attention was directed to the reading and examination of the word of God. He began to feel the influence of truths which had hitherto been utterly concealed from him. He cast in his lot with the little band of disciples: these instructed him in the way of the Lord, and prayed with him for the mercy he felt he needed. Prayer was heard, God was entreated: Joseph was enabled to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ with the heart unto righteousness, and to rejoice in the favour and peace of God. The Sunday, instead of being spent in pleasure-taking, or idle and wicked gossip, as it usually is in places where no Gospel sounds salute the ear, was now regularly devoted to sacred duties. The word of God was precious then, there being few opportunities of hearing it in that part of the kingdom in those days. Month after month he cheerfully took his accustomed Lord's-day journey, toiling many a mile to hear that word, and join in prayer and praise with the small band of individuals, nearly of the same rank with himself. The truth took deep hold upon his heart. He became a man of faith and of prayer. His neighbours wondered, his family admired, and angels adored.

He was a shoemaker by trade. By hard industry, economy, and diligence, he had acquired a small sum of money. There was in the same neighbourhood, and of the same little society of Christians, a young female, a domestic servant in a respectable family. Her mistress, dying, bequeathed Mary £20, in testimony of respect, and as a reward for her faithful services. Her master had then an aged mother, who lived with him. He said to Mary, "If you will remain and take care of my mother during her life, when she dies you shall have £20 more." To this proposal Mary assented, remarking, "Master's word is as good as his bond." The object of her special care did not long survive; and Mary became possessed of the sum of £40, in addition to some savings from her wages.

An attachment was formed between Joseph and Mary, which ripened into

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wedded love; in which sacred union they were happy together more than forty years.

The following particulars respect the appropriation of their money, and their subsequent proceedings in the practical acknowledgment of God with it. The genuine principles of Christianity prompt the heart to benevolence. Joseph had looked round on the moral condition of his neighbours. He deeply mourned over their spiritual destitution. He earnestly desired to do something for their benefit by the establishment among them of means of grace similar to those which at Stoke had been so great a blessing to himself. He thought he would, if possible, purchase a small freehold, that he might open his own house for the worship of God, and have no interruption by landlord or anybody else. In a short time, two properties were advertised for sale by auction, at an inn. Joseph attended the sale, expecting that they would be offered in separate lots, intending to make a bid for the smaller one; but, to his great disappointment, he found they were to be sold together, and therefore abandoned his intention of bidding, as he had not the means of paying so large a sum as would be required. The business began, the conditions of sale were stated, and bidders invited. The auctioneer, observing the young shoemaker, somewhat humorously said, "Come, Watkins, won't you give us a bid?" To which Joseph replied, "I certainly intended to bid for the small lot, if it had been sold separately; but as they are put together, they are quite out of my way." "O!" rejoined the other, "put us on. Give a bid: it will not stop. Come, put us on." Joseph, not thinking what he was about, complied, but was soon awakened to a sense of his situation when no one followed him. In vain the auctioneer called for bidders. At length he said, "Going! Going! Gone!" Down came the hammer, with Joseph Watkins as the purchaser. Joseph went home in great anxiety, and informed Mary what he had been drawn into, who was equally perplexed thereat. He passed an almost sleepless night, pondering how to get out of his difficulty.

Next morning, while standing at his door, a gentleman rode up, and accosted him with, "Well, Watkins, you have been buying land, I hear." "Buying land," responded Joseph, as the echo of what fell on his ears. The gentleman further said, "I am come to ask what you will take for your bargain?" This revived Joseph; and, as he expressed himself when relating the occurrence, "I thought, I must mind now what I say." So he replied, "Why, Sir, to tell you the truth, I only wanted the small lot; and if you are willing to take the large one, I have no objection to part with it." "That," said the gentleman, "is the one I want. What will you take for it?" It was considered at the sale that Joseph had made a good purchase; so he thought now he might, without impropriety, ask the sum for the large property (about fifty acres) which he had obtained both for (the smaller one being only about two). The gentleman said, "I will give you that sum for it." He was thus extricated from his difficulty, became possessor of the freehold he had desired, and yet his amount of cash was not lessened.

He now saw his way clear to carry into effect his long-cherished desire to open his house for the worship of God. It was duly licensed for that purpose, and the neighbours were invited to come and hear words whereby they might be saved. Nor was it preached and heard in vain. The Holy Spirit was poured upon them, and several believed and turned to the Lord. They could seldom have the opportunity of getting a Minister, as the place was a considerable distance from any Circuit-town, and, at that time, in winter especially, the roads were almost impassable. In these circumstances, and, believe also moved by the Holy Ghost, Mr. Watkins felt necessity was

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laid on him, first, to give a word of exhortation to those who from time to time came to worship God at his house. He was soon invited to other places at a distance. He had many scruples and fears on this subject. He frequently availed himself of Wesley's "Sermons," and Matthew Henry's "Commentary," for the matter of his discourses. The blessing of God rested upon these humble but sincere endeavours to benefit the population around him; and an open door was set before him, so that he was encouraged to persevere, but was often cast down at the contemplation of the great responsibility which rested on him. He related the following circumstances, which occurred at this time. Having made an engagement to speak to a congregation in a farm-house at Dinmore on a Sunday, the subject pressed heavily on his spirits; he had sore mental conflict, and would have fled from the duty, had he not felt, "Woe be unto me if I preach not the Gospel." The road from his residence was through a wood, where it was easy to conceal himself from observation. He set off from his dwelling much earlier than was necessary to accomplish the journey, purposing to retire into some thick part of the wood, and ask of God some visible sign, whether he ought to preach or not. Having wrought his way through the interwoven branches of trees, and reached a lonely spot, which he judged suitable for his purpose, he was preparing to ask from God a sign; but, before doing this, he took a New Testament from his pocket, on opening which, his attention was arrested by the following words: "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." The thought struck him forcibly, that he was the subject of temptation: he fell on his knees, imploring of God forgiveness for his presumption, and, without gainsaying, went and delivered his message to the people in the name of the Lord; and he continued to act as a Local Preacher in the Hereford Circuit to the end of his life.

At his own house the congregation increased, and additional accommodation was wanted. The late Rev. J. H. Adams was then a Home Missionary in that part of the kingdom. Mr. Watkins asked himself, "What can I do?" He could do but little; yet he resolved what to do, if the Lord permitted; and, as Dr. Redford* remarks, the deed was as princely as the principle was Divine. The little of which he had become the proprietor, or rather, as he felt, the steward, he would consecrate to the Lord. On a part of it he accordingly determined to build a small chapel, for the service of the neighbouring cottagers. The work was soon effected: a Minister was obtained to open the new place of worship: the day arrived, a happy and zealous company of friends met together; and the place was set apart for the high and holy use of prayer, praise, and the ministration of the blessed word of God.

Let my readers, if they can, enter into the joyful emotions of that day; let them conceive the pure and blessed feelings of this humble Christian, when he saw the building, which his own benevolence had reared, first opened as the house of prayer. It was noble, and it was lovely; perhaps beyond precedent at that time. The emotions of this lowly cottager that day might have been envied by a Prince; and few Princes of this world ever did an act so noble and so pious.

The dedication of that humble sanctuary to the service of God was the occasion of calling forth another interesting instance of the zeal and kind-heartedness of Joseph Watkins.

Some of the good people who had come to participate in the religious solemnities of that day, powerfully felt the influence of a zeal so eminent and pure, and voluntarily proposed that they should be allowed to share with him the expense of the erection. They endeavoured to convince him that it

* Author of a Memoir of Joseph Watkins.

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was not right for him to bear the whole burden, and that collections would cheerfully be made towards assisting him in this labour of love. But the sacrifice was a luxury to his soul not to be foregone. He was resolved to have it a monument of his gratitude to the Saviour.

Still, however, alert in doing good, and glad to find his fellow-Christians willing to contribute of their ability to aid the village cause, he proposed that they should give what they thought proper, and devote it to the purchase of a horse for the service of the Ministers of the Circuit in which the chapel was situated, to enable them more frequently to visit this and other benighted places. This was accordingly done; and this village thenceforward enjoyed the regular services of the Ministers of the Gospel, had its Sunday-school, and various other means of religious instruction. The effect has been striking and delightful; and the humble individual who was the instrument of all this good, was spared many years to receive the messengers of peace to his house, and enjoy the luxury of witnessing the spread of scriptural knowledge in the neighbourhood, and the conversion of many souls to the faith of Christ.

Joseph and Mary Watkins honoured God in their house. Family worship was established *three* times in the day: in the morning, before they sat down to breakfast; at twelve at noon, when workmen, and whoever might be in the shop at the time, were called to join with them; and again in the evening. Morning and evening worship was conducted by reading the Scriptures and prayer, and the noon service by singing and prayer. Many times has the writer had the privilege of joining with them in these devotional exercises.

The garden and orchard brought forth plentifully; so that, in some instances, even when the crop of apples had failed in the county, Joseph had abundance to make large quantities of cider, the common beverage in that part of the country. The ground, also, though partially shaded by the trees, produced good crops of wheat, beans, or potatoes. Joseph honoured God with his substance also, and his barn was filled with plenty. Prompted by gratitude to the Author of all good, and impressed with a conviction that he owed to a special providence his possession of the property he enjoyed, having no child, and not knowing what might arise in the neighbourhood after his decease, it was in his heart to secure that property so remarkably given to him to the service of God. He did so. When the Rev. John Slater was Superintendent of the Circuit, Joseph transferred the property by sale to a number of Trustees, to be held by them and their successors as provided by the deed, in trust for ever, for the use of the Wesleyan church. The property consisted of a small field, garden, and orchard, on part of which stood a dwelling-house, cider-mill, and barn; also a chapel and a burial-ground. When the trust-deed was duly executed and enrolled in Chancery, he generously returned the purchase-money to the trustees; and, though he continued to reside on the premises, yet, as an acknowledgment of their right to the property, he paid an annual rent, which they applied to the Circuit expenses. "The liberal deviseth liberal things; and by liberal things shall he stand." This inspired declaration was remarkably verified in Joseph Watkins. God's blessing was on the labour of his hands; and he was the constant benefactor of the poor around him, and a hearty supporter of the cause of God at home and abroad. He made considerable sacrifices in order to introduce Methodism into the borough of Leominster; and though he did not witness the success which he desired, yet he had the satisfaction to believe that his efforts were approved by Him who said, "Thou didst well that it was in thine heart."

The following instance of zeal and liberality in the noble cause of Missions to the Heathen came under my own observation. Being one evening at

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Bodenham chapel in my regular week-day appointment, I remained over night at Mr. and Mrs. Watkins's. After supper and family-worship, Joseph took his seat on one side of the fire-place, Mary being seated on the other side: I drew my chair before it. Our conversation was on Missionary subjects. Both listened with deep attention while I narrated some incidents of Missionary labours in South Africa. Time passed more rapidly than we were aware, so that we were somewhat surprised to hear the clock strike eleven. I instantly dropped the conversation, by rising from my seat, and, taking the candlestick, bade them good-night.

The following morning, when finishing breakfast, Joseph said, "I want your advice, Sir." To which I replied, "I shall be happy to give it you, to the best of my ability, if you will state your case." "Why, Sir," he said, "I have been thinking about the Heathen, and the Missionaries: that is a great work, and I want to give £600 to it." I gazed on the man, with his leather apron on, with mingled wonder and delight; and said, "I am glad to hear it, and hope there will be no great difficulty in the way." Reaching from a side-table the Annual Report of the Parent Wesleyan Missionary Society, he answered, "I see here a notice that money which is upon landed security cannot be left to such purposes; and that is the case with mine." I said, "You can call it in." "Ay," said he; "but I wish to have the interest during my life." I answered, "The Missionary Committee will give it you." He wished me to consult a lawyer on the matter. I said, that I thought unnecessary; but, for his satisfaction, I would write to the Secretaries in London. He replied, "Do so." I did, and received from one of them, the late Rev. J. James, the following answer:—"Your friend must take your advice, and the Missionary Treasurers will give him their usual security for the interest at five per cent. per annum during his and his wife's life."

To this proposal he agreed: the £600 was called in, and passed through my hands to the Missionary Society, and he received the interest half-yearly during the remainder of his life. Mary was present, and heard our conversation on the subject. When it was over, Joseph went to his workshop, and I said to her, "I am glad Mr. Watkins has a wife who so heartily concurs with him in these liberal acts." Her heart was full, and deeply affected. With weeping eyes and uplifted hands, she exclaimed, "Bless the Lord! He is always beforehand with us: He gave it us every bit." I several times heard them, afterwards, express the deep interest which they felt in the Missionary cause, and the satisfaction it afforded them that the money they had in purpose devoted to that object was now secured to it, Joseph being glad in that particular to be his own executor.

As a further development of his character, the following circumstance is deserving record. On the opposite side of the Circuit to that on which he resided, there is a village called Hungerstone, in which a small chapel had been built. Owing to a variety of circumstances, into which it is not necessary now to enter, there had been a good deal of difficulty and unpleasantness in connexion with that chapel, and there was a dark cloud upon the cause in that village. Having become acquainted with the particulars of the case, and seeing there was no way to relieve it except by getting a great part of the debt removed from the premises, I proposed the matter to him. This was an unwelcome topic, and he seemed averse to enter upon it. I said, "Well, Mr. Watkins, neither you nor I had anything to do with the erection of that chapel, nor with the circumstances by which it became involved in its present difficulties; neither had the good men who became responsible for the money owing, in order to preserve the chapel, and prevent the cause of God from suffering reproach and injury, which must have been the case if

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the bills had not been paid. The person who lent the money, and two others who gave security for it, reside at a distance; there is an annual deficiency of interest which they have to make up, and I claim your sympathy on their behalf." I added, "The Society there is small and poor; yet there is a considerable population in the village, and I think there is a reasonable prospect of success, if this case can be relieved."

Mr. Watkins listened attentively to what I said, and then asked, "What is the amount of the debt?" "Eighty pounds," was the answer. "Well," he said, "get eight persons to give £10 a piece, and I will be one of them; and let us have done with it." I replied, "I fear I shall not be able to accomplish that; but if we could raise half that sum, it would relieve the case." "No," he said; "I will be no party to that: the debt may increase again. The whole shall be paid off, or I will have nothing to do with it. Get £70, and I will then give the other £10." I made the attempt: the parties responsible, having suffered a good deal of annoyance, cheerfully sacrificed £10 each towards the object; and, after much difficulty, the whole was raised. Joseph, in the presence of his good wife, handed me his £10, in a very pleasant humour. The result was as beneficial to the congregation and Society as I had anticipated; as I was assured by my successor in the Circuit. This is by no means a solitary instance in which the Lord has acknowledged His house, and prospered His work, when extricated from pecuniary embarrassment. Who can tell what an amount of good might be done in this way by those who have the means, if they were like-minded with this village cobbler?

The next instance of his princely liberality which came under my observation is the following. When I was at his house, in my regular appointment to Bodenham, in February, 1832, Mrs. Watkins requested me to step up-stairs into their room. "A fire is kindled," she said, "and Joseph wants you to write for him." Accordingly, I went up, and found Mr. Watkins had a table, set with inkstand, pens, and paper, ready. He said it was his intention to set his house in order; that he did not think it prudent to leave such things to the last. He then produced a will, which a lawyer of Leominster had written, according to his instructions. He observed, "You know I have given what I intended to the foreign Missions; and now," he asked, "what is the name of that Fund from which the Preachers were first sent to this part, and from which the Circuit has from time to time received assistance?" I replied, "It is called the Contingent Fund." "O," said he, "we must not forget that. I owe much to that; for it sent the Gospel to us." Other Connexional Funds were mentioned: Hereford chapel-trust had a good share. In all, I wrote down, by his direction, £750. A copy of that document, with Joseph's signature affixed, is now in my possession.

He was a sincere lover of Methodism, believing it to be of God. He warmly rejoiced in its prosperity; and was grieved and wept when it was assailed from without, or disquieted by internal strife. Shortly before his death, the agitation respecting the Wesleyan Theological Institution arose. Though himself an illiterate man, he knew how to appreciate a qualified ministry; and in the printed Report of that Institution at the time, we find Mr. Watkins, of Bodenham, a donor of £50, and an annual subscriber of £1. He continued his business, working at it himself, until near the close of his life, not to add to his property, but to enlarge his means of doing good, which appeared to be the greatest luxury of his soul. I had the opportunity of witnessing many other instances of his generous disposition, not recorded in this sketch; such as contributions to the British and Foreign Bible Society, which he was a Branch Treasurer, and gifts to the poor in his

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neighbourhood. At our Circuit quarterly-meetings, also, when there was a deficiency in the income, he prompted others by his generous example. He scattered, and yet increased; he sowed plenteously, and reaped plenteously.

Near the close of my ministerial labours in that Circuit, I had the pleasure of dining with Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, on the fortieth anniversary of their wedding-day. Before we rose from the table, I happened to say, in allusion to my own removal to another sphere of labour, "Who knows where we may be next year at this time?" Silence followed; and I perceived the question had touched a chord I did not intend. Both were deeply affected. At length, in a tone of warm affection, Mary said, "I should not like to leave Joseph, and I should not like to be left." The husband, though made of sterner stuff than Mary, was quite overcome, and could not utter a word. I wept with them, and, in reply, said, "The Lord reigns: our times are in His hands, and He will order that in such wise as will be best for both." So it was, not long after. Mary was the older and more infirm of the two, and was called away first; but they were not long divided. Humanly speaking, he was fittest to survive, as he was best acquainted with their temporal circumstances, and knew best how to wind them up. He had opportunity to do this during the six weeks that he survived; for in so short a time was he called to follow her to their eternal home. Mary died on the 15th of October, 1835, in the eighty-second year of her age. She had been a constant friend to the poor in her neighbourhood. She was truly devoted to God, with whom she lived in habitual communion, through faith in Christ. She was ardently attached to Methodism, and was delighted to welcome its Ministers to her house, whom she hospitably entertained, and studied to promote their comfort, from the time she joined the Society. She was a Collector for the Bible Society, and a Teacher in the Sunday-school, to the last week of her protracted life. Greatly was she esteemed in the neighbourhood; so that, at her interment, an immense number of persons assembled to testify their respect for her memory. The last words she was heard to say, were, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."*

S. B.

SPIRITUAL DANGERS.

The open attacks of Satan are less dangerous than those which are secret and covered. We are in greater danger from the man who seeks to administer secret poison than from him who offers to wound us in the broad daylight. We guard better against the open assassin than the disguised foe; and it is the concealed, masked attacks of our spiritual enemy which are so fraught with danger. How often have we taken his poison before we were aware of its nature, or of the hand which presented it! We can remember the time when we were in a good healthy state, our souls ready for duty and delighting in it, and we hoped to continue thus. But ere long a change has come over us: duty has become distasteful and wearisome; the feeling of spiritual vigour and animation has given way to spiritual languor and sloth; we are unconscious of the way in which the change was produced, but our hearts are out of tone, the soul's pulse beats sluggishly, and the sense of life and happiness is gone. The reason of all this was that we had taken poison, the poison of worldly-mindedness, of pride, self-seeking, unbelief, or something else of the like injurious nature; we had swallowed one of Satan's deadly draughts, and probably a long period of sickliness and inactivity elapsed before its sad influence passed away. Our souls must be alive and awake, and exceedingly

* See the "Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine," for 1835, page 966.

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sensitive to the touch of evil, shrinking from its first approach, and ever ready to send up the cry of distress to Him who is able to deliver.

CHRISTIANA.

THE VALUE OF THE SOUL.

THE existence and immortality of the soul involve interests and results of the highest moment to every member of the human family; for all are concerned in the inquiries,—Have I a soul? what is its nature? to what unseen world is it hastening? Apart from revelation, we have many convincing proofs of the soul's reality. Man's proud pre-eminence, his high powers and noble faculties, his great attainments and sublime discoveries, his capacious desires, his insatiable thirst for happiness, and, above all, his dying scene,—proclaim that there lives within him a being which is destined to survive the extinction of time, and exist through eternity.

There have, notwithstanding, been men in almost every age, who have denied altogether the soul's existence, or rejected the belief of its immateriality; who have endeavoured to degrade the "image of God" to a level with "the beasts that perish," and to metamorphose the noblest work of the Almighty Creator into a brute. But, alas! the majority of these individuals have been fearful evidences of the truth of the doctrine they vainly attempted to explode; and when they have been about to plunge into futurity's awful gulf, and to pass the barrier which separated them from the dark and fathomless abyss, their favourite theory of annihilation has vanished like a dream; the horrors of their situation have come upon them with the force of a thunderbolt; and, in agonies which language cannot depict, they have been drawn into the vortex of God's righteous retribution, have sunk from mortal sight, and perished irretrievably.

To those, however, who believe in the truth of Divine revelation, and especially to such as reverence its precepts and practise the duties it enjoins, the existence and immortality of the soul cannot be matter of conjecture or uncertainty. The former cannot be exposed to doubt and apprehension on this subject, since they are persuaded of the reality and certainty of what God has revealed in reference thereto; while the latter deduce from their own practical observation and daily experience, satisfactory and conclusive evidence of the momentous fact that they possess an agent whose nature is immortal, whose capabilities are inconceivably great, whose value is inestimable, and whose destination is sublime.

Let us, then, briefly notice these properties and characteristics of the soul, in order to show its vast and paramount importance, and conclude by urging the necessity of attending to its everlasting interests.

The soul is *immortal*. Its duration will be coeval with eternity. Death cannot lay his cold and withering hand upon it; annihilation cannot get it within his fatal grasp: nor can the inextinguishable fires which burn with furious flame, and dreadful glare, in the deep caverns of perdition, consume it; for it is an undying offspring of divinity, and shall live so long as God Himself exists. The immortal spirit which six thousand years ago the Almighty breathed into the new-formed body of our first progenitor, still survives; and shall be seen with unimpaired vitality when he, with all his children, shall stand before the throne of the incarnate God to hear their final and irrevocable doom. Amid the quivering lightning, the thunder's loud, reiterated crash, the terrific blasts of the Archangel's trumpet, the disruption of spheres, and the flames of the universe,

> "The soul, secured in her existence,
> Shall smile at dissolution, and defy its power."

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And when the material system has been swept from the map of existence, and millions of years have lapsed into the past, the soul, indissolubly reunited to its now incorruptible and immortal body, will be but *commencing* a career which shall never terminate.

Who can duly estimate the mighty *capabilities* of the soul? Of these we see sufficient to excite our admiration and wonder while it is clothed in the vestments of mortality, and surrounded by adverse influences which retard its progress, and cramp its energies. But when it breaks the thin, frail shell that separates it from the world of spirits, they shall be seen in all their dignity and splendour. The soul of the sinner shall, alas! exhibit no powers save those of endurance, the capability of sustaining throughout an interminable existence the maddening pangs of remorse, the frenzied rage of demoniacal passions, the ceaseless gnawings of "the worm that dieth not," and the agonizing torment of "unquenchable fire;" while his faculties, wound up to the highest point, shall conspire to make his misery tenfold more fearful and appalling. But we gladly turn from this picture of horror to contemplate a bright and heart-thrilling scene. The soul of the believer, when it escapes from its crumbling prison-house, shall wing its flight to the regions of immortal peace and joy, there to receive enlarged capacities and extended views, to be endowed with invigorated energies, and gifted with sublime powers, which eternity itself will be too short fully to develop and unfold; and which will render it capable of engaging in intimate and delightful intercourse with the highest intelligences,—of associating with seraphs, holding communion with the eternal Mind, and attaining to unknown and inconceivable degrees of excellence, perfection, and glory.

What created being can fully comprehend the soul's *value?* "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" was the inquiry of One who well knew its worth; and again He asks, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Does the reader desire to form some faint conception of its inestimable value? Reflect, then, on the dispensations of God's providence to man, the revelations of His will, the manifestations of His purposes. See "the first-born sons of light" employed in man's service; rejoicing in his repentance, obedience, and happiness; and, as swift-winged messengers bent on errands of mercy, pursuing their ethereal path to this favoured world, or soaring away to the realms of uncreated glory to convey intelligence to the Supreme. View the Triune God engaged in man's cause, exhibiting the deepest interest in his welfare, devising plans for ensuring his present and eternal well-being, and leading him to duty, and holiness, and heaven. Look upon the Child of Bethlehem, the despised Nazarene, and the expiring Saviour. Approach the garden, and there, in the still and solemn midnight hour, behold the "Prince of Life," the "Heir of all things," surrounded by the malignant powers of darkness; persecuted by creatures whom He could have crushed with a frown, or annihilated with a breath; oppressed with the load of a world's accumulated guilt, and enduring agonies which nothing less than Omnipotence could sustain. Follow Him to that memorable scene where the world's redemption was accomplished, and there, amid the convulsions of earth, the resuscitation of saints, and the mournful gloom of nature, listen to the voice of the Redeemer, and contemplate the victory which He then achieved, compared with which the deeds and exploits of all heroes that ever lived are puerile and contemptible, and even the creation of the globe itself was a lesser work; for though

> "'Twas great to speak a world from nought,
> 'Twas greater to redeem."

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This is the true standard by which to judge of the soul's incomparable excellence. Let us think of the price with which its salvation was purchased and secured by the beloved Son of heaven's eternal King, who is the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person,—and we shall then be better qualified to form a right estimate of its transcendent value. When the soul is viewed in connexion with the Cross, the world appears a worthless toy. Nay, more:

> "Behold this midnight glory: worlds on worlds!
> Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze!
> Ten thousand add, add twice ten thousand more;
> Then weigh the whole; one soul outweighs them all."

The *destination* of the soul is sublime. Heaven, with all its beauty and magnificence, its exquisite enjoyments, and consummate felicity, has been provided for the soul's eternal home. The glorious mansions of the skies have been "prepared from the foundation of the world" for the reception of the deathless spirit; and Christ has died to restore the title thereto which man by his sin and disobedience had forfeited and lost. Yet, reader, there is a fearful possibility of your failing to secure the unutterable bliss which heaven affords: yea, millions are at this moment bewailing the irreparable loss. Watch over your soul's interest, therefore, with all-absorbing solicitude, and unremitting anxiety; and labour to secure its everlasting peace with vigorous energy and persevering zeal. Should this great business be neglected, and death find you unprepared, your soul will be consigned to the place originally "prepared for the devil and his angels," there to be the eternal associate of fiends, the sport of demons, and the victim of despair. How different will be its destination if, conscious of your base ingratitude and guilt, you cast yourself on the infinite merits of Christ, obtain an interest in the Redeemer's blood, and continue a humble, faithful follower of the Saviour! While in a world of suffering and trial, you shall live in the constant possession of solid peace, and continually feast on the delightful foretastes of future joys. With the eye of faith you will behold the celestial Zion whose everlasting hills reverberate with hymns of praise, and songs of victory; and, enraptured with the prospect of that beatific vision, you will ardently desire to possess the rich, and fair, and glorious inheritance. And when death shall release your happy spirit from the fetters of mortality, escorted by a bright, angelic convoy, it will gladly fly away to hear the welcome of the Deity; to receive the congratulations of the heavenly host; to participate in an eternal jubilee; and to unite in the ceaseless anthem which "angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven," ascribe to the "Lord God Omnipotent" for ever and ever.

J. R. P.

HINDERANCES IN THE WAY OF HOLINESS.

The young Christian should get a settled conviction in his mind, founded on the word of God, that it is his privilege to live without sin; that is, without voluntary transgressions of the Divine law. This should be taken hold of at first starting, and retained firmly until the end of the race. He should be prepared to stand up for this privilege, and contend with all that would deprive him of it: he should be jealous of his right, as the political world are for theirs, and rather die than give it up. But let him remember, while he is aiming thus high in religion, that Satan will harass and buffet him in a more than ordinary way. Satan loathes the image of God more than the Christian longs for it: he hates holiness as God hates sin: his aim is to keep the standard of

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piety very low, to prevent Christians from letting their light shine, or from presenting to the eyes of the world fair specimens of the religion of the Bible. He wishes them to display their imperfections and failings,—the remains of the carnal mind,—that these, standing out in bold relief, may throw into the shade all their Christian graces. He would fain fling a veil over the excellencies of religion, (if he cannot entirely destroy it,) that the world may be prevented from falling in love with its beauty, and seeking it for themselves. This is Satan's policy; and therefore he makes every effort to prevent us from becoming eminent Christians. But in despite of all difficulty and all opposition, the young Christian must determine to display to the world, and to the church, a lovely resemblance of the holy mind of Christ, a beautiful transcript of the perfect law of the Lord.

CHRISTIANA.

SATURDAY EVENING.

THE scenes of the day are closing: its busy fancies, its distracting cares, its toils and excitements, are giving place to calmer thought, to solemn reflection, and to the whispers of conscience. The shadows of eternity are mingling with the scenes of time: a sense of accountability oppresses me: the mind begins to survey the inner world with awe; the value of the soul, its relation to God, and its approach to eternity. Behind me is another week, lost, perhaps, in the vanities of earth: before me is a reproving Sabbath, with its solemn demands, its precious opportunities, its means of grace.

The flight of time for a moment arrests my attention: how fugitive and stealthy have been its hours, now brightened by hope, and then darkened by real or prospective gloom! But they have gone, their record is sealed, and I have advanced another week in my journey to the tomb.

The thought of death succeeds: there is a rapidly-approaching hour when my probation will end, and my eternal state commence. How deep and awful is the shadow which it casts over life! how do the vanities of time, its riches, its honours, its pleasures, flee away from its frown! Of what value to the departing spirit are the coveted glories of earth, as it enters the portals of death?

To-morrow is the Sabbath. It commemorates a risen Redeemer: it is the pledge of our own resurrection from the dead; "for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." Let me then welcome its hallowed hours: let its Divine calm subdue my soul; let me enter the chamber of communion with God; let me turn my feet to His sanctuary; let me behold Him in His ordinances; and let me enjoy a foretaste of that sweeter communion and that nobler worship where is no setting sun, no closing hymn, no departing congregation.

My last Sabbath will soon arrive. O may it find me waiting for my Lord! With joyful steps let me enter the dark valley, fearing no evil: the gloom of death shall vanish in the light of His coming who is the Resurrection and the Life. "Jesus has trodden the dreary path before me: the dying Jesus has brightened the dismal mansion, and left an inviting fragrance in those beds of dust." In the strength of my Redeemer, I will not fear thee, thou grim messenger; thy blunted arrow shall fall harmless at my feet; and, by the side of my Immanuel, I will pass through thy kingdom, and from thy dark domains I will ascend to His Father and my Father, to His God and my God.

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THEOLOGY.

THE ABOUNDINGS OF INIQUITY.

A SERMON.

"And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold. But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."—Matt. xxiv. 12, 13.

This chapter affords striking evidence of the prophetic character of Christ. Here He lays open the future, and foretells many of its various and contingent events. These events have come to pass. Most, if not all, of the predictions recorded in this chapter have received their accomplishment, and are now become matters of history. The prescience of the Saviour is thus rendered indisputable. The future lay open to His omniscient eye; and He spoke of things that were not as though they were.

On the occasion on which the words of the text were uttered, Christ had been discoursing in the temple; and when leaving it, his disciples came to point out to Him its vast and splendid buildings. From this He took occasion to inform them, that this magnificent and beautiful edifice, the object of their admiration and national pride, would be utterly destroyed. This startling and unexpected information excited their curiosity, and, perhaps, awakened other emotions; and, when the opportunity presented itself, on His being alone on the Mount of Olives, they came to Him privately, "saying, Tell us, when shall these things be? And what shall be the sign of Thy coming, and of the end of the world?" To these questions He did not return a direct answer. Instead of doing so, He proceeded to give them the most important warning and instruction. He earnestly cautioned them against false Christs and false Prophets; and foretold wars, famines, troubles, signs, pestilences, and earthquakes; together with the fierce and dreadful persecutions which would be waged against His followers, the aboundings of iniquity, and the extensive apostasy which those combined causes would occasion. Such was the scene He laid open to their view. It has been verified. These predictions of the omniscient Saviour have been accomplished. Their most exact and entire fulfilment may be gathered from historians who had no design to record such fulfilment. By relating facts as they occurred, they have, unintentionally, and without knowing it, borne decisive witness to the accomplishment of these predictions of Christ. They have told us that wars and insurrections distracted and convulsed the nations of Palestine and of the whole Roman empire; that famines were experienced, that pestilence swept multitudes away, that false Christs and Prophets were numerous, that remarkable signs and wonders were seen; and from Christian writers we chiefly learn the rest,—that the followers of Christ were cruelly persecuted, and that, in consequence of this persecution, amidst the extreme corruption of the age, apostasies from the Christian faith were numerous. Here we find wonderful and resistless evidence of the divinity of our faith. Had it not been of God, it must have perished amid this combination of hostile and destructive elements. How justly and truly is it remarked, that Christianity was cradled in storms! But it survived them; and shall survive all that yet await it, until it has filled the world.

We shall now proceed to unfold the great general truths and principles of the text, which are alike applicable to every age and place. Two causes, it is stated, contributed to produce apostasy,—persecution, and a low state of morals. It is only on the latter that we shall now dwell. The great principle which we deduce from the text is,—the deadening and corrupting influence of abounding iniquity.

I. Consider the state of things described:—"And because iniquity shall abound."

This state of things began in the very age of the Apostles. Even then the mystery of iniquity had begun to work, and from that point the deterioration was very rapid. A current of every species of vice and wickedness had set in with tremendous force, and bore the greater part of the people away into an ocean of profligacy and abomination. The age which immediately succeeded that of the Apostles was one of extreme corruption. Morals were sunk to the lowest degree. Iniquity, comprehending every kind of crime, every form of cruelty and perfidiousness, and every species of profanity and uncleanness, was full-grown. Wickedness had reached its height: iniquity was full. This was the case in Judæa especially, as may be seen in the "History"

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of Josephus; nor was it much less so throughout the Roman empire. It seemed as if hell had discharged its corruptions upon earth, and had deluged it with infernal abominations.

Similar seasons of trial, more or less general, have often occurred since, although it has not always prevailed in the same form, nor to the same extent. The principle of iniquity abounds. It abounds in a great variety of forms, in the forms most suited to the tastes, manners, and dispositions of each particular age. In history, it may be read of as existing in every mode and shape of development. We need not stay to point this out, but it may suffice to state that they are all perilous and deadly. If there be any difference in point of danger, we should say that the more refined and plausible fashions of iniquity are the worst. Its grosser forms assault, and perhaps overthrow, multitudes; but these, like a subtle poison, almost imperceptibly work a general decay of truth and righteousness among a people or nation. The blight may be more gradual, but it is equally fatal and deadly. Is there, then, according to these principles, anything in the present age that should lead us to suspect its appearances, and to guard against its effect upon our religious principles and practice? Is this an age in which iniquity abounds, and therefore one fearfully perilous to Christian men? Is this an age when deadening influences weaken our belief in pure, unadulterated religious truth, divert us from diligent cultivation and exercise of Christian love, and from zealous prosecution of a holy and spiritual life? We think so. There may have been seasons of greater general corruption; though even in this respect, it must be confessed, we are bad enough: but still we think, that this is an age in which it may be emphatically said that iniquity abounds. Morals may have been worse; but perhaps morality was never in much more danger. Real, staunch morality, that which alone is worthy of the name, must have its foundation in evangelical truth and sound principle. True morality will not exist long but in connexion with true evangelical religion,—the religion of the Bible of God. If this foundation be sapped or taken away, all morality, like a baseless fabric, will fall and crumble into dust. And such a state of things, as we shall have occasion to show, is no less fatal to pure evangelical love towards God. Such a state of things we believe to exist in the present age, and in this country. In other words, iniquity abounds in the substitution of that wretched thing, expediency, for principle; in a fearful and wide-spread indifference to pure, scriptural, evangelical religion, and religious truth; in a profane and professed disregard of the claims and sanctity of the Lord's day; in a latitudinarian spirit in matters which the Divine Being has made fixed and absolute; in a disposition to look favourably upon religious error; in a false and pernicious liberality, and a general and deep-rooted worldliness. These are some of the leading forms in which iniquity now abounds. They are suited to the age. Its grosser exhibitions would not take. The prince of darkness knows his materials, and he knows how to use them. If he can only get the destructive principle of iniquity at work, he cares not what form it bears. This, as has already been intimated, he adapts to the tastes, dispositions, and manners of each particular age. How suited are these forms to the present age! This is manifested in their awful prevalence. In many quarters expediency is converted, so to speak, into principle, or has taken its place. Expediency, not principle, is the rule of action and of duty. This vain, wretched, worthless thing is suffered to give impulse to the most momentous movements.

Nor is the next form, indifference to the only true and Divine religion, less prevalent. Its sacredness, its awful claims, guards, and sanctions, are, under the name of liberality, sought to be impaired and broken down. With profane and sacrilegious hands multitudes attempt to pluck it from its sovereign pre-eminence,—from its lofty and exclusive throne,—as the only religion of God, and reduce it to a level with the vile and foolish religions of men. And what is iniquity, if this is not? What is impiety,—what is insult and outrage to the infinite Supreme, who has condescended to give us a true religion,—if this is not? And then, look at Sabbath profanation. Does not iniquity abound here? Through this channel, iniquity has set in upon us as a deluge. It threatens to overspread the whole land. The holy rest of the Lord's day is broken upon system, and its violation is pleaded for upon principle! Influenced by a cursed love of gain, darkened by long resistance to celestial light, and blinded by sensuality, multitudes deny the sanctity, Divine authority, and perpetual obligation, of the Sabbath of the Lord; and employ it for their

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own profit and pleasure. Still further: in what a latitudinarian age do we live! Religious truth and religious error are looked upon by multitudes as equally important, or as equally unimportant. Add to all this, the bitter competition, the reckless and unprincipled speculations, and the general worldliness of the present time, and you have a faint picture of the actual aboundings of iniquity. We might have greatly enlarged on these respective points; but we need not, nor have we time.

(*To be continued.*)

INDECISION.

"Be it recollected," says the late Robert Hall, "that to the enjoyments of religion all must necessarily continue strangers who do not resign themselves wholly to its power: for the consolations of religion are reserved to reward, to sweeten, and to stimulate obedience. Many, without renouncing the profession of Christianity, without formally rejecting its distinguishing doctrines, live in such an habitual violation of its laws, and contradiction to its spirit, that, conscious they have more to fear than to hope from its truth, they are never able to contemplate it without terror. It haunts their imagination instead of tranquillising their hearts, and hangs with depressing weight on all their enjoyments and pursuits. Their religion, instead of comforting them under their troubles, is itself their greatest trouble, from which they seek refuge in the dissipation and vanities of the world, until the throbs and tumults of conscience force them back upon religion. Thus suspended between opposite powers, the sport of contradictory influences, they are disqualified for the happiness of both worlds, and neither enjoy the pleasures of sin, nor the peace of piety." Common honesty requires that every man should avow himself either for God or for His adversary. What would be thought of soldiers who in great conflicts for victory were to run from side to side as the balance of power shifted its preponderance? During the palmy days of Greece, a law was passed to punish with death all, of whatever station or degree, who did not declare themselves when dangers ran high in the republic. Every man was then obliged to take a side, or submit to an inglorious death. Neutrality was the badge of public infamy, the watchword of a nation's malediction. This was the sin of Meroz, under a higher government than that of Greece. The inhabitants of that town, a town of some consideration in its day, refused to join their brethren when they had to stand against the armies of Canaan under Sisera, Captain of Jabin's host, who had oppressed them for twenty years. By every natural, social, and moral consideration, they were bound to "come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty." They chose, however, to maintain a dubious neutrality, and refused to render assistance in the hour of peril. What was the result? Hear it in the words of Scripture:—"Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof." But why were they to be cursed? they had done nothing. *That* was the core of their guilt. It was their duty to have done something: with that duty they had refused to comply, and therefore they were doomed to wither under the blighting curse of Jehovah. In the long lapse of ages which has intervened since the defection of the inhabitants of Meroz, circumstances have undergone many revolutions; but principles have remained unaltered; and what neutrality was then, in essence and effect, it is substantially now. Every professor of religion, on his adopting the Christian name, gives a virtual pledge to maintain an aggressive warfare, without truce or compromise, against the enemies of his legitimate Prince; and that pledge can only be redeemed by a conduct conformable throughout to the stipulations which that pledge involves. To truckle with the enemy is to abandon allegiance; and in a matter where so much is at stake, the gain so great, and the loss so irreparable, no reservation can be tolerated, no compromise allowed. The covenants of redemption require

"The full consent, the whole desire,
The undivided heart."

ALL THINGS CREATED BY THE SON OF GOD.

The Scriptures of the New Testament emphatically affirm that the Son of God is the Creator of the Universe. "All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made." (John i. 3.) "All things:" all the material objects which attract the notice and engage the attention of men: the beautiful plain, the pleasing valley, the gently-rising hill, and the stupendous

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mountain, with all that they yield and all that they contain, the valuable minerals which enrich those who ransack the earth's bowels, and the waving corn and living herbage which supply the daily wants of all animal creatures, and afford them continual sustenance. "All things:" the limpid stream, the fasciuating rivulet, the gently-gliding river, and the "great and wide sea," with all its inhabitants, from the huge "leviathan, that piercing and crooked serpent," down to the smallest microscopic animalcule, "whom God has made to play therein." Yea, all this vast terraqueous globe with its infinitely diversified and magnificent scenery.

"All things:" all the brilliant luminaries which shine with unsullied lustre in the stellar system, which gild and adorn the spangled vault of heaven, and which continually travel with astonishing velocity through that immeasurable space which appears in ever-varying expansion above this earthly ball: the stars, which dwell in innumerable multitudes in the "firmament of heaven;" which, to the human eye, appear to be always changing "from glory to glory," and which exhibit in such stately grandeur the incomparable skill of their almighty Architect, as to drive the most consummate sceptical philosopher into dilemmas, from which all his wisdom, ingenuity, and sophistry cannot extricate him: the moon which "walks in brightness," which influences the ebbing and flowing ocean, which directs the mariner's course by night, and by which we distinguish times and seasons: and the sun,

> "That, with surpassing glory crown'd,
> Looks from his sole dominion, like the god
> Of this great world, at whose sight all the stars
> Hide their diminish'd heads;"

which gives light and heat, and imparts vigour and growth to all animal and vegetable creatures, and without whose influences all nature would remain in silent inactivity, and wintry gloom.

"All things:" "the morning stars" that "sang together," those celestial "sons of God" that "shouted for joy," when, at the birth of the creation, they beheld order spring from confusion, and the chaotic void adorned with everything that can beautify, and attract, and afford enjoyment or convenience to the descendants of him concerning whom it was said, that he was "created in the image and after the likeness of God." These are the glory of the creation, and were made to comprehend the will, illustrate the law, and assist in accomplishing the purposes, of their all-glorious Creator. Hence this massive globe, with its multitudinous inhabitants and diversified scenery, and the heavens, with their dazzling refulgence, are infinitely inferior to these rational and immortal intelligences: for suns and systems, with all their splendour and magnificence, were made for the contemplation and use of created minds; but minds were made for the enjoyment and glory of the uncreated and eternal God. And when, at the end of time, material nature shall again be thrown into universal chaos, and completely changed by that energy "whereby God is able to subdue even all things unto Himself,"

> "These shall flourish in immortal youth,
> Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
> The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds:"

and then they shall be in a state of ceaseless progression towards higher and still higher perfection; and thus approximate nearer and nearer to the perfect nature of God, throughout the successive ages of endless duration.

Now if such be the vast, the glorious, works of creation, what must He be by whom they were brought into being, and by whom they continue to exist? But of all these Christ is the Creator, Conservator, and Lord: "for by Him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by Him, and for Him: and He is before all things, and by Him all things consist." (Col. i. 16, 17.)

W. Lupton.

BASKET OF FRAGMENTS.

Faith is a soaring grace. The simpler the faith the stronger.

Gold can be tried: *tinsel* is afraid.

It is no wisdom to go to the edge of the precipice: the safe path is the middle of the right way.

To be thankful for what we have, and to be hopeful for what we have not, is the best and happiest way of carrying on commerce with the court of heaven.

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THE DIVINE GOVERNMENT ILLUSTRATED.

THE ENGLISH, SCOTCH, AND IRISH.

NOTHING is more remarkable than the different shades of character which exist in every nation or kingdom on the face of the earth.

Notwithstanding that our own kingdom has the same form of government in all its divisions, the same privileges held out to all the people, and the same provisions made to supply their various wants and necessities, there is still an internal something which, while it renders them as widely different from each other as are the several parts of music, makes them equally capable of being brought together into one powerful and harmonious whole. Hence comes the far-famed strength of Britain's power.

The inhabitants of England, who take the lead in national events, are marked by an uncommon degree of the spirit of generous enterprise; ever ready to execute the boldest design, so that the general welfare of mankind may be promoted. They are lovers of simplicity in appearances, but cannot dispense with substantial good, placing more value on the useful than the ornamental, let the subject be what it may. They are warm in their attachments; and always ready to show hospitality and kindness to a fellow-creature, provided he is not previously known to be unworthy of such attention.

The inhabitants of Scotland, who form the second of these united powers, are thoughtful and deliberate in all their proceedings, proverbially cautious in any new undertaking, and, generally speaking, cool in their friendships. They are, however, strongly attached to their country, and not easily moved when an opinion is once formed. They are patient under suffering, and capable of enduring great hardships.

The inhabitants of the sister isle are enthusiastically ardent in everything they take in hand, whether the cause be good or bad. They are firmly attached to their country, and as firmly to each other. Though comparatively destitute of the spirit of enterprise, they are willing to lend a helping hand in times of danger to the warriors of the neighbouring island, which must add greatly to our force; for, what the Irish do, they do it with their might.

Thus the English strike off their cause with firmness and decision; the Scotsman throws in his undertoned precaution, mellowing it down to greater softness; while the Irish add, by native energy, louder, deeper notes: and the harmonious chord swells upon each gentle breeze, and reverberates among the hills of every clime.

M. B.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE WATER-ROOT.

BOUNTY OF PROVIDENCE.

THIS interesting root, which has doubtless saved many from dying of thirst, is met with throughout the most parched plains of the Karro. It is a large oval bulb, varying from six to ten inches in diameter, and is of an extremely juicy consistence, with rather an insipid flavour. It is protected by a thin brown skin, which is easily removed with the back of a knife. It has small insignificant narrow leaves, with little narrow dots on them, which are not easily detected by an inexperienced eye. The ground around it is generally so baked with the sun, that it has to be dug out with a knife. The top of the bulb is discovered about eight or nine inches from the surface of the ground, and the earth all around it must then be carefully removed. A knowledge of this plant is invaluable to him whose avocations lead him into these desolate regions. Throughout the whole extent of the great Kalahari desert, and the vast tracts of country adjoining thereto, an immense variety of bulbs and roots of this juicy description succeed one another monthly, there being hardly a season in the year at which the poor Bakalahari, provided with a sharp-pointed stick hardened in the fire, cannot obtain a meal, being intimately acquainted with each and all the herbs and roots which a bountiful hand has provided for his sustenance. There are also several succulent plants, having thick juicy leaves, which in like manner answer the purpose of food and drink. Above all, a species of bitter water-melon is thickly scattered over the entire surface of the known parts of the great Kalahari desert. These often supply the place of food and water to the wild inhabitants of those remote regions; and it is stated by the Bakalahari that these melons improve in flavour as they penetrate farther to the west. Most of these roots are much eaten by the gemsboks, which are led by instinct to root them out. The elephants also, apprised by their acute sense of smell of

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their position, feed upon them, and whole tracts may be seen ploughed up by the tusks of these sagacious animals, in quest of them. —*Hunter's Life in South Africa.*

THE PINE-MARTEN.

According to the statement of Cuvier, "the martens differ from the true weasels by having (commonly) an additional false molar above and below, and a small tubercle on the inner side of their carnivorous tooth; two characters which somewhat diminish the ferocity of their nature." "They are handsome, and remarkably lithe, active animals, with larger ears than the weasels, and fine bushy tails; are also more arboreal in their habits. The scent they diffuse when irritated is not disagreeable. Hence our native species are designated *sweet-mart.*"

"There are two species in Europe, very closely allied together: the yellow-breasted or pine marten, inhabiting wild districts; and the white-breasted or beech marten, which frequent woods near human habitations." Many think these varieties merely of the same, but this opinion is not held in the best-informed circles. Among the other species may be named the fishing marten of Canada; and the sable, celebrated for its beautiful fur.

The animals represented in our cut came from Russia. "Their colour," say the authorities of the Zoological Society, "during the winter was, with the exception of the throat and the margins of the ears, (which were likewise yellow,) of a deep chestnut with somewhat of a blackish tinge, and their hair extremely long and fine. In summer they assumed a much lighter tinge, and their hair became so much shorter as to give them the appearance of being scarcely more than half their former bulk. The extremities of their toes, which had been well protected by lengthened wool throughout the cold weather, were also stripped of their covering, and the claws completely exposed. In manners they were lively, active, and good-humoured: they slept much during the day, but frequently indulged in whirling themselves, half climbing and half leaping, round the inside of their cage with such rapidity as almost to elude the sight."

In the fur countries of America the pine-martens are exceedingly numerous. It is said that at least a hundred thousand skins are annually collected.

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THE MONITOR.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

Self-knowledge heals our animosities, and greatly cools our debates about matters of dark and doubtful speculation. One who knows himself sets too great a value upon his time and temper, to plunge rashly into those vain and fruitless controversies, in which one of them is sure to be lost, and the other in great dangor of being so, especially when a man of bad temper and bad principles is the opponent; who aims rather to silence his adversary with overbearing confidence, dark unmeaning language, authoritative airs, and hard words, than convince him with solid argument; and who plainly contends, not for truth, but for victory. Little good can be done to the best cause in such a circumstance. And a wise and moderate man, who knows human nature, and knows himself, will rather give his antagonist the pleasure of an imaginary triumph, than engage in so unequal a combat.

An eagerness and zeal for dispute on every subject, and with every one, shows great self-sufficiency, that never-failing sign of great self-ignorance. And true moderation, which consists in an indifference about little things, and in a prudent and well-proportioned zeal about things of importance, can proceed from nothing but true knowledge, which has its foundation in self-acquaintance.—*Mason.*

SELF-DENIAL.

The great duty of self-denial, which our Saviour so expressly requires of all His followers, (plain and necessary as it is,) has been much mistaken and abused, and that not only by the Church of Rome, in their doctrines of penance, fasts, and pilgrimages, but by some Protestant Christians, in the instance of voluntary abstinence, and unnecessary austerities; whence they are sometimes apt to be too censorious against those who indulge themselves in the use of those indifferent things, which they make it a point of conscience to abstain from. Whereas, would they confine their exercise of self-denial to the plain and important points of Christian practice, devoutly performing the necessary duties they are most averse to, and resolutely avoiding the known sins they are most inclined to, under the direction of Scripture, they would soon become more solid, judicious, and exemplary Christians: and did they know themselves, they would easily see, that herein there is occasion and scope enough for self-denial, and that to a degree of greater severity and difficulty than there is in those little corporeal abstinences and mortifications they enjoin themselves.—*Ibid.*

LETTER-CARRIER.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MR. WILLIAM CARVOSSO,

To a Young Person, one of his own children in the faith of the Gospel.

Dowstall, Sept. 15th, 1827.

* * I can assure you, my very dear Susanna, yours was not an unacceptable letter to me. I read it over and over again. It gave my faith a good lift. That was not all: it was the means of knitting my heart to yours more fully. I hope you still continue to grow in grace. So you will while your eye is single, and you aim at His glory in all things. I perceive you are stripped of all self, and laid at the feet of Christ.

"O may you ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!"

Amen and amen! I see how you travailed in soul for perfect love; and, glory be to God, not in vain. As soon as you made a venture, according to your faith it was done unto you. Then you felt you were nothing, and Christ was all in all. What a happy state, to feel such depths of humble love! Methinks I hear you say,

"'Tis here I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Conceal'd in the cleft of His side,
Eternally held in His heart."

This is your privilege. We must take no notice of what "lukewarm" professors say of it. We know the will of God is our sanctification. The Gospel calls us from a state of sin and bondage into a state of liberty. St. Paul, when writing to the Thessalonians, (1 Thess. v. 16—18,) told them it was their privilege to "rejoice evermore," to "pray without ceasing," and "in everything" to "give thanks;" and then he adds, "For this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." He exhorted them also not to "quench the Spirit," but to "abstain from all appearance of evil." Then you will perceive, my dear Susanna, what a prayer he put up to the God of heaven in their behalf: "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." He was not afraid nor ashamed to tell them what his thoughts were on these important points of

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Gospel truth. No; but he declares to them boldly, "Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it." I hope you will read the whole chapter; and I pray the Lord to make it a lasting blessing to your soul. Treasure it up in your heart, and take care you never lose it.

Last night, while I was lying on my pillow, these words came to my mind: "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee." While meditating upon them, O what a blessing did they prove to my soul! You will find these words in the 119th Psalm. Read the whole of it: it is most excellent. O what a blessed thing it is to be truly a Bible Christian! I hope you are found more and more treasuring up God's most holy word in your heart, "that you may grow thereby," and be prepared for every fresh attack of the enemy. Jesus said to him, "Thus it is written." So we must steadfastly resist him by faith in the written word. A few days back I was turning over my thoughts on the Christian warfare. Heavenly light broke forth upon my mind. It gave me to see more clearly than ever that God had provided an instrument, or "shield," for me and for all Christians, which, if well exercised, was sufficient to quench all the fiery darts of the adversary, were they a thousand times more than they are. O how did my heart leap for joy! I must tell you, my enemies all fly before me; and I am enabled to shout, "Victory! victory!" through faith in the blood of the Lamb.

"If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdued;
Repell'd his every fiery dart,
And quench'd with Jesu's blood."

My dear Susanna, I send this as a present to you. I hope you will not forget to carry your shield every day with you into the field of battle. You are sure to be taken prisoner, if you do not. May the Lord stir us up to say, in the language of the poet,

"What though a thousand hosts engage,
A thousand worlds, my soul to shake?
I have a shield shall quell their rage,
And drive the alien armies back;
Portray'd it bears a bleeding Lamb;
I dare believe in Jesu's name."

You know this is very strong language; but while this spirit of faith is kept up between God and the soul, as I have hinted above, nothing can stand before it. No unbelief can show its face. While faith is in lively exercise, we are able, in the strength of Jesus, to say,

"Ten thousand snares my paths beset;
Yet will I, Lord, the work complete,
Which Thou to me hast given;
Regardless of the pains I feel,
Close by the gates of death and hell,
I urge my way to heaven."

I trust you are still diligent in attending to your class, in your closet duties, and in the use of all the means of grace. Our souls cannot prosper else. We have no stock in hand. It is a momently salvation. His grace is sufficient. That is enough. May the Lord increase your faith!

I am still very poorly; and we have had a great deal of sickness in the family of late, and death too. It has carried off a grandson of mine. He was nineteen years of age, a very stout, strong, promising young man. Some time before this took place, he had chosen the Lord for his portion, and got his interest clear in the blood of Christ. He left a dying testimony behind him that he is gone to glory. I saw him breathe his last. O the blessedness of dying in the Lord! His death was almost sudden. O what a necessity of being always ready! "In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." Come, my dear sister, let us make a fresh start for the kingdom. I want to set out afresh every moment. Every moment, Lord, I *want* the merit of Thy death; and every moment I *have* the merit of Thy death. This is not going too far. Were He to cease to plead for me for a moment, I must be lost. "For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us." (Heb. ix. 24.) When you can see these things clearly, it will give a wonderful lift to faith. I wish you to read the 545th hymn. It will give you some light on the subject. The atonement of Christ is a subject we ought to be well acquainted with, and well established in. Otherwise we are likely to be carried about with every wind of doctrine, and temptation of the enemy. My prayer for you is, that you may be kept as a fountain sealed, as a spring shut up from all but Himself. He hath promised to water you every moment, and, lest any hurt you, to keep you night and day. * * *

Your affectionate, though unworthy, father in the Gospel, W. CARVOSSO.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF G. S. L——.

G. S. L—— was born in the small town of W——, in Kent. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, but wholly destitute of religion; and, from the example set before him, there was little hope that George would become a blessing to them. He received an excellent education at the endowed school; and two circumstances that occurred during his youth made a lasting impression on his mind. The first was the death of a beloved sister; the other, the death of a

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schoolfellow, who was drowned, while bathing, with himself and other boys, in the river Stour. At the age of fourteen years he was apprenticed in the city of C——; and, being naturally clever, and attentive to business, he gained the favour and confidence of his master. His disposition was quiet and retiring; and, with one or two companions of like tastes with himself, he usually spent his spare time in walking into the fields, gardening, &c., and on Sundays attended the cathedral, merely to gratify his taste for music. On several occasions his attention was called to the statements of the Minister; and he thought, "What does all this mean? I have no interest in these things." To these reflections followed a desire to become acquainted with the truths of religion. From mere curiosity, in the first instance, he went, on a Sunday evening, to the Wesleyan chapel; and from what he heard there, his impressions became deepened, and he earnestly desired to possess those blessings of which he heard. After service one evening, he was invited by a young friend to come to his uncle's class on the next Sunday morning. He consented: his heart was now opened to receive the truth as it is in Jesus. He was soon made happy in the pardoning love of God. He became a member of our Society in the town, and a Teacher in the Sunday-school; and evinced the reality of the change by a becoming deportment, and perseverance in the duties devolving on him. I think it was in the spring of 1845, on a Sunday afternoon, at a friend's house in the village of B——, that I first met George, in company with other young friends. I was pleased with his good sense and behaviour; and, on our return, took his arm, and began to converse freely with him on religious subjects, and soon discovered that he possessed considerable information. I felt desirous of knowing more of him: we sought each other's company, and soon became sincerely-attached friends. There commenced a sanctified friendship, which was unbroken on earth; and, if a disembodied soul can have sympathy with its fellow, while confined within the walls of this clay tenement, it is unbroken now. I retain a vivid recollection of his person, manner, and conversation; and remember that whenever he had an opportunity to speak to me, when I was passing the shop, he would ask a few questions, and then refer all to God. He ever cherished a thankful spirit, was always cheerful, and his happy countenance showed the blessedness of attaining power to "rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks." He soon ventured to address the Sunday-scholars, and evinced talent that was brought into wider operation by his becoming a Local Preacher.

He felt deeply the necessity of Divine —nce, and progressive personal piety, to fit him for this important work; but, being assured the call was from God, he laboured to become an acceptable servant in his Lord's vineyard: the people soon became attached to him, and he was made instrumental of good to many. He admired and made good use of the Rev. J. Wesley's "Notes on the New Testament;" and afterwards studied the writings of the Rev. Richard Watson. Here he found full scope for his expanding mind; and, grasping with firm assurance the glorious truths of Divine revelation and doctrine, as explained and enforced in the "Institutes," proved the blessed advantages of a sound theology. Accustomed to order and punctuality, he attended to his appointments faithfully. In the construction of his sermons he laid his acquirements in general knowledge under tribute, placed the great truths of the Gospel before his hearers in attractive forms, took pains to select suitable hymns, and, above all, to recommend the doctrine he proclaimed by holy conversation and a blameless character. His life was hid with Christ in God. In the beginning of the year 1849 he felt persuaded that he was called to devote himself to the work of the ministry. The Mission-field presented the greatest attractions to his heart. Every circumstance seemed to favour his purpose; and, while he made it the subject of earnest prayer, seeking to obey the will of God, his way appeared opening: he was recommended to the District-Meeting, preached before the Ministers, passed examination there with credit, and again before the Examining Committee in London, and returned to await the issue at the Conference of 1849. On the 31st of July he received a letter from his Superintendent, who expressed deep sorrow at having to communicate that a number of young men who had passed in London, and he among them, were not received by Conference. The great number of candidates precluded the possibility of their being all employed. The effect of this disappointment I will give in his own words, contained in his last letter to me. He says, "I wrote you a letter full of hope, having passed my examination before the London Committee; but now that hope is for ever blighted. I murmur not: the Lord forbid. I can only say, with lowly submission, 'The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?' Yes: may God give me entire resignation to His holy will. I am shut out, perhaps for ever, from entire devotion to that work which is the delight of my soul; but the Lord has a wise end in view. I trust I can say, by His grace, 'Thy will be done.'" Again, he says, "I feel this stroke most deeply, but pray that it may be sanctified to my soul's good: I have no doubt that it will. O, may His grace sustain me! I am comforted with the thought that I can still preach Jesus Christ." In the absence of his Superintendent, he was appointed to supply for

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him at the chapel in C——, on the following Lord's-day morning. I think it was the last time he entered the chapel where he had first heard the word that directed him to Christ for forgiveness and salvation.

Feeling now unsettled, and anxiously awaiting the direction of Divine Providence as to his future course, he returned home to visit his parents, at the pleasant seaport of F——. His active mind would not allow him to remain idle: he pursued his studies, read, and preached nearly every evening in the neighbouring towns and villages. On the morning of the 4th of September, after studying for a few hours, he put aside his books and desk, and said to his mother, "The morning is so beautiful, I think I should enjoy a bathe." After making a request about his dinner, with which his indulgent mother complied, with his accustomed smile he bade her "good morning." On his way to the sea-side he called at a friend's house, for a young companion who had promised to accompany him; but not finding him at home, he walked on with another friend, as far as the pier. After some cheerful conversation, they parted, and George proceeded along the beach to the bathing-place. He entered the water; and, either by striking against a post in diving, or being attacked with cramp, (to which he was subject,) he disappeared from the surface. Persons who were passing along the shore saw the clothes; but not seeing any one in the water, (he had been seen by some boys a few minutes before,) they immediately went for boats and drags, and soon found the body. There were signs of life; and, if immediate and judicious means had been used, he might probably have been restored. But time was lost: they knew not where to send for his friends. Just then, the young friend who had intended bathing with him, came to the top of the cliffs; and, seeing the people collected together, hastened down to the spot, and recognised the countenance. He was so overcome by the sight, that he could not recover himself sufficiently to give immediate attention, but went for the father and brother, and in the mean time dear George was removed to a building near the place; but during this delay life became extinct.

About an hour after he had left his mother, she went to the window, and, looking towards the sea, saw some boats pulling out; and the thought instantly came across her mind that he was drowned. The impression was soon confirmed by the arrival of the mournful intelligence. Within two hours, he who had left his mother with smiles, in full health, and in the vigour of youth, was brought again into her presence a lifeless corpse. The happy smile was still there, and his countenance retained it till he was buried, on the Thursday following. On Sunday a funeral sermon was preached, to improve the circumstances of his death to the spiritual good of the living. His grave is near that of another youth, who was drowned about twelve months before, and at a little distance from the edge of the cliff, opposite the fatal spot.

Even the tribute of friendship, liable to partiality, fails to do justice to his character. His life was blameless. He was ever deeply anxious for the salvation of his parents and brother; and, as a son, a brother, and a friend, with an affectionate, warm, and generous disposition, he was sincere and faithful. His memory is enshrined in the hearts of many attached friends, and in none more than in those of my own family. My mother, in writing to me, said, "Well do I remember his kindness to, and affection for, the dear children. He used to bring them interesting little books, and was very much beloved by them. His happy countenance told of the peace that reigned within. He emphatically 'walked with God,' with heaven and eternity ever in view." It is very remarkable that when he wrote his name in his Wesley's Testament, in the year of his death, he put under it, "Time, how short! Eternity, how long!"

In giving this memorial, it is my earnest prayer that it may be sanctified to the good of many, and bring glory to God, for the Redeemer's sake.

Instead of adding any reflections on this affecting and mysterious providence, I shall give the words with which he prefaced his last letter to myself:—

"How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! how much of mystery is there in the dealings of the all-wise God with the creatures of His hand!"

Northampton. JUVENIS.

POETRY.

TO A FRIEND,

ON RECEIVING HER FIRST TICKET OF MEMBERSHIP.

THOU art enlisted;—and thy name on high,
In heaven's bright book of life, is now enroll'd
Where shine the records of true chivalry,
Heroic deeds of Christian warriors bold.

Thou art enlisted;—wilt thou still pursue
The path to life, unyielding to dismay,
When hell's dark hosts unnumber'd rise to view,
And frowning legions throng thy darksome way?

Thou art enlisted;—does the world to thee
Seem other than a foe, a deadly foe,

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Beneath whose smile lurks darkest treachery?
Arm! arm! or feel the murderer's direst blow.

Thou art enlisted;—and to thee 'tis given
To wield that arm which is omnipotent;
To gather to thy side the hosts of heaven,
In answer to thy heart's warm pleadings sent.

Thou art enlisted;—and O never let
Thy soul, unharness'd and unwatchful, sleep.
Fear, fear to dim thy dazzling coronet;
Dread, dread the tears apostate spirits weep.

Thou art enlisted;—lo! thy Captain's finger
Pointing to deeds in heaven's high court renown'd;
Fight on, nor flee, nor shrink, nor quail, nor linger,
Endure, be valiant, conquer, and be crown'd.

H. Y. H.

POPERY.

MECHANICAL CONSCIENCES AT STONYHURST.

Mr. Andrew Steinmetz thus describes the processes of confession and penance in the Jesuits' College at Stonyhurst:—

It may be asked what we examined our consciences to find? I will state a few novice-sins, and the result of this proceeding will render the matter perfectly intelligible. Suppose a novice walked rather hurriedly—it was a fault. If he contradicted his brother in conversation—it was a fault. If he failed in the custody of the eyes—it was a fault. It might happen that he spoke more to one than another—it was a fault. He laughed too loudly—that was a fault. In fine, he has not "done his best" in every public duty—this is a fault. These are sins; but every novice has some particular *failing*, which he has determined more or less fervently to vanquish: here, then, is an interesting battle to fight. I will copy from my diary at Hodder, five resolutions made on the "day of St. Stanislaus."

"Resolutions on St. Stanislaus.

"Henceforth, my continual thoughts will be Jesus, Mary, Stanislaus. O Lord, it is good for us to be here! Let me make three tents; one for Thee, one for our sweet Mother, and one for Stanislaus. I will wait upon you, not daring to enter, but standing without, and ministering. O sweet! O most sweet Jesus! never more permit me to be separated from Thee!

"Res. I.—To do everything in the best manner.

"II.—Never to go to public duties with dirty shoes, &c.

"III.—To keep my room in order.

"IV.—To conform to the will of others.

"V.—To do nothing extra without the consent of the Superior.

"Jesus! Mary! Stanislaus."

Every novice kept a small piece of paper, (one is still in my possession,) ruled with seven lines, for every day in the week; and he made dots on the lines, accordingly as he broke his resolution. The number should, of course, diminish on the lines with the days of the week.

The subjoined is the form of the Soul's Day-Book for casual entries; the two lines referring to the two daily examinations.

Thus, by sheer necessity, were the sins to diminish in number by the end of each week!

Had you been in the chapel during this examination, you would have wondered why some of the novices left their places, and went into the Superior's room, one by one; returning after the lapse of a second or two. The Superior stood in his room: the novice knelt before him, and said, "Holy Father! I have done such and such a thing, for which I beg permission to perform such and such a penance." The Superior gave leave, if he thought proper; or commuted the penance into something else, more or less severe. It must be remembered that only public faults could be thus proclaimed; but, of course, with permission, public expiation of a *private* fault might be made.

The clock struck: we went to the refectory. We stood around; not all, for the novices who had gone into the Superior's room were now kneeling on the floor, with their arms outstretched at full length, in the form

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of a cross. The Superior said grace: those who were standing took their seats, and those who were kneeling began their "public confession."

As there were penitents every day, the novices were divided into three companies, for that purpose; five or six in each company doing penance in rotation on the appointed day.

Kneeling, as I have described, and the Superior standing in his place, the first penitent would stoop, kiss the floor, and confess, as follows:—

"Holy Father! I acknowledge my fault in having neglected the custody of eyes on one or two occasions, for which fault holy obedience enjoins me to do penance."

This penance was probably a *De Profundis* for the souls in purgatory; that is, he repeated to himself the 130th Psalm, kneeling where he was, with outstretched arms.

The second penitent would say,

"Holy Father! I acknowledge my fault in talking too loud during recreation; for which," &c., &c.

He probably had to say the "*Miserere*," or 51st Psalm.

When the Psalm was concluded, the penitent kissed the floor again, rose, and went to his place at the table.

The third penitent would say,

"Holy Father! I acknowledge my fault in having been too positive in maintaining my opinion; for which fault," &c., &c.

His penance was, perhaps, to rise, after having dined, with his can in his hand; he then went to a brother, knelt before him, and presented his can to be filled: he drank the drink of humiliation, kneeling.

A fourth would say,

"Holy Father! I acknowledge my fault in having spoken somewhat sharply to a brother; for which fault," &c., &c.

He went to the brother, and kissed his feet.

The fifth might be the *porter*. He might say,

"Holy Father! I acknowledge my faults in having neglected several duties, and in scandalising my brothers by my worldly remarks in conversation; for which faults," &c., &c.

He stooped, kissed the floor, rose, and, proceeding from brother to brother, he kissed the feet of *all*, the Superior included.

This penance affected me very much when I first witnessed it, which occurred during my retreat.

Sometimes the penitent would eat his dinner *kneeling*, at a small table placed for the purpose in the middle of the refectory.

On one occasion a novice prostrated himself at the threshold of the door, crying to each brother as he stepped over him, "Pray for me, brother!" This penance occurred but *once* in my year. It was during the awful time of the "thirty days' retreat;" and the penitent was—*myself*.

The penitent chose his penance; or, rather, the penance presented itself to his mind in the similitude of an inspiration. So much, indeed, was this symptom a part of my mind's distemper during my novitiate, that the idea of what I wished to do remained in my mind as the remembrance of the penance performed. Thus, upon reflection, I am unable to say whether I actually prostrated myself, as my mind suggested, or only *knelt* by the door and repeated the words. When I wrote the passage, I had a full conviction that the penance was performed as I have given it; but a few days since the thought suddenly occurred to me that I had requested permission to perform that penance, but it was commuted by the Superior into the last-mentioned modification.

Of course we dined in silence; but a rule of the Summary enjoins that "whilst the body is refreshed, the soul, too, may have its food." Accordingly, we had a reader. The first thing read was the "Roman Martyrology," that is, the notice of the saint for the day; then followed the *Fasti Societatis Jesu*, giving the commemoration of the saint of the Society, or eminent member, for the day. If there was no "Brief" to be read, the reader proceeded with the work in hand.

The work in hand was, of course, appointed by the Superior, and always spiritual, or directly in accordance with the scope and aim of the novitiate. When I first went to the novitiate, the work was the one alluded to in the first article, as "Hints on Etiquette." I regret that I can neither remember the name of the book nor of the author. Every sentence was an axiom on politeness, and in accordance with the most rigid opinions on that subject. It was written by a German, and in Latin. I need not state that the "Martyrology" and *Fasti* were also in Latin. Among the works read in the refectory during my year, I may mention the "History of the Church of Japan," detailing the exploits of Xavier and his companions; "Christian Perfection," by Rodriguez; "Difference between Temporal and Eternal," —a truly awful affair; "The Lives of the Saints," by Alban Butler.

After dinner, we went to the chapel for a few minutes; this being a visit to the "blessed Sacrament;" for the "holy elements" were constantly kept on the tabernacle of the altar.

This visit ended, we walked demurely to the recreation-room.

* * * * * *

A Jesuit can expect nothing, as far as his individual ambition is concerned. He must consider himself perfectly worthless, till the voice of God—that is, of his Superior—shall call him forth from penance to power, from prayer to politics, from obscurity to renown. But from his birth in the novitiate, to his death in the Society, all that he is permitted to think himself is, that he

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is only a too-fortunate fellow-labourer in the Society of Jesus. Meanwhile, he must patiently gnaw like the beaver; he must float-down the felled trunk like the beaver; he must gather and carry mud like the beaver; and he must "lend a hand" to build up the dam and the habitation like the beaver; but he must be content with his allotted nook, his *angulus terræ*, in the absolute monarchy wherein his lot is cast. If not, he must put forth his ambitious claims, like the clever Pope of old, in the celestial form and figure of consummate wisdom, unapproachable tact, discretion, and humility, such as to deceive Lucifer himself.—*The Novitiate.*

POPERY IN SMALL TOWNS.

The Romanists, indefatigable as they are, and united, just now, in the prosecution of their greatest object, the perversion of England, are quietly establishing themselves in new provincial stations. It is not uninstructive to ourselves to mark their policy, and to be made aware of their own statements. At Hartlepool, on the 27th of August last, when a new church, or mass-house, was opened by Cardinal Wiseman, four Bishops, and a train of Priests, the Cardinal expressed his gratification in these words: "I rejoice at this meeting; for I believe there is no occasion when Catholics meet with so much pleasure as when they receive a practical proof, as they now do, that religion is quietly, but solitarily, progressing. *I value the building of a church in a small town, or in a village, far beyond half a dozen churches in great cities*, because, where there are large masses, it is much more easy for religion to make its way; but in a smaller and quieter place, it is not so easy to act on the public mind."

Very true, if Romanism be "religion." The demoralised masses of large towns, the inhabitants of the undrained, unventilated, and obscure regions, where filthiness pollutes both flesh and spirit, present slight resistance to its progress. It is a "religion," if we must call it so, that broods over the haunts of collective wretchedness, and luxuriates in the track of beggary and vice. Vulture-like, it swoops over fields of squalor, disease, and crime. Yes; it does most vigorously infest the masses. But let the Christian people, in quiet, orderly, Sabbath-keeping country towns, take heed that their simplicity do not cheat them into acquiescence with that which corrupts not only the masses in towns, but even the sparse population of the country, wherever it is dominant. The Christian people of small towns have often starved out stage-players by leaving them without an audience; and so let them starve out the scenic mummeries of Popery by abstinence, rigid abstinence, in every case, from frequenting the places where they are exhibited; and let them seek to render their own Protestant worship more attractive to serious and conscientious people, by praying for the spirit of demonstration and of power, to warm every heart, to make the Preachers truly eloquent, and the hearers truly happy. We must make sure of this *attraction*, and leave others to make the best of theirs.

PARENTAL MONITOR.

GREGORY OF NAZIANZUM.

Not long after its erection, Gregory's church* was the scene of an interesting transaction, upon which every Christian mother's heart will dwell with complacency. Among the more prominent articles of its furniture was the Sacred Roll, which contained *the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments*, and which was placed in the chancel. Thither the pious Nonna was seen to bring her first-born infant son Gregory, hereafter to be surnamed "the Divine," or, adhering rather to the exact meaning of the title *Theologus*, as then understood, "the defender of the Deity of our Lord." Baptism in those days was more rarely administered to infants, in consequence of the wide prevalence of an erroneous opinion concerning its efficacy, and the danger of falling from grace given; but Nonna still yearned to devote her son to God, and she chose a simple and touching method of doing so. Taking him up to the sacred volume, she placed it between his infant hands, and so offered him to God as a holy Priest and Minister of the word. In the midst of an edifice, which probably displayed already the priestly and sacrificial ornaments, indicating the coming dangers of the church, an infant, holding forth the everlasting Gospel in his arms, was an emblem of the most precious offering which a mother's faith could bring.—*Christian Observer.*

[Nonna did not substitute this ceremony for baptism. Notwithstanding the prevailing error as to that sacrament, which was at once neglected and abused, she expressed her profound veneration for the word of God, and her desire that her infant son might be trained up in the knowledge and admonition of the Lord; thus to be preserved from error as well as from sin. In *this* she is an example to Christian matrons.—Editors.]

* Erected in Nazianzum, by the father of Gregory Nazianzen, the subject of this anecdote, at his own cost.

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PAPERS ON BOTANY.

PHLOX.

The *polemoniaceæ*, or phlox family, are herbaceous or climbing plants, with opposite or alternate, simple or compound, leaves. They inhabit temperate countries chiefly, and they abound in the north-western part of America. There are seventeen genera enumerated by Lindley, including one hundred and four species. They are for the most part gay-flowered; but none of them possess either medicinal or other real value.

ANECDOTES.

SIMPLE TRUTH.

The following fact occurred at the farm of Abingdon, in the parish of Crawford-John, Scotland, at the distance of well nigh a century from the present day. It was then, as it is in a greater or less degree still, the practice among the farmers to lodge the wayfaring poor; and as the farmer's room is often but small, and the characters of such random guests sometimes doubtful, they are furnished with blankets and straw in some of the outhouses, where, however, they are very comfortably sheltered. It was in the practice of this generous hospitality, that the character of the humble subject of it was revealed to view.

Says the narrator to his brother: "I remember an anecdote of my mother's, which Sir Walter Scott would have valued. A poor wandering simpleton, or idiot, came to her father's house one winter evening, and sat by the fire. It was soon noticed that he was unwell. On being asked, 'What ailed him?' his reply was, 'Am unco cauld.' After giving him warm gruel, he was put to a comfortable bed in the kiln. At a late hour one of the maid-servants came in, saying, that 'the poor thing in the kiln was aye muttering and speaking to himsel.' My

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mother and others went to listen, when they distinctly overheard him repeating over and over again the following bit of rhyme:—

'Three o' Ane,
And Ane o' Three:
And Ane o' Three
Will save me.'

The next morning dawned, but the soul of the poor wanderer had gone to the bosom of that 'Ane o' Three,' on whose mercy he relied. My mother," the narrator adds, "could not relate the anecdote with dry eyes." Is there not in the simple language of this poor wanderer, the distinct recognition of the doctrine of Trinity, and of the mediatorial work of the Saviour, together with His divinity, as that "Ane o' Three," to whom the simple soul committed itself in full confidence that, in its own appropriating language, He "will save me." It reminds us of the Saviour's striking language, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

TRUE SELF-DEVOTEDNESS.

The most striking instance of self-devotedness in the cause of Christ of which I ever heard in these days of deadness, I was told of last week by an English Minister. I will relate it to you just as I heard it, to stir up our cold hearts, that we may give ourselves to the Lord. The awful disease of leprosy still exists in Africa. Whether it be the same leprosy as that mentioned in the Bible, I do not know; but it is regarded as perfectly *incurable*, and so infectious that no one dares to come near the leper. In the south of Africa there is a lazar-house for lepers. It is an immense space, enclosed by a very high wall, and containing fields, which the lepers cultivate. There is only one entrance, which is strictly guarded. Whenever any one is found with the marks of leprosy upon him, he is brought to this gate, and obliged to enter in, never to return. No one who enters in by that awful gate is allowed to come out again! Within this abode of misery there are multitudes of lepers, in all stages of disease. Dr. Halbeck, a Missionary of the Church of England, from the top of a neighbouring hill, saw them at work. He noticed two particularly, sowing peas in the field. The one had no hands, the other had no feet; these members being wasted away by the disease. The one who wanted the hands was carrying the other, who wanted the feet, upon his back; and he again carried in his hands the bag of seed, and dropped a pea every now and then, which the other pressed into the ground with his foot: and so they managed the work of one man between the two. Ah! how little we know of the misery that is in the world! Such is this prison-house of disease. But you will ask, Who cares for the souls of the hapless inmates? Who will venture in at this dreadful gate, never to return again? Who will forsake father and mother, houses and lands, to carry the message of a Saviour to these poor lepers? Two Moravian Missionaries, impelled by a Divine love for souls, have chosen the lazar-house as their field of labour. They entered it, never to come out again; and I am told that as soon as these die, other Moravians are quite ready to fill their place. Ah! my dear friends, may we not blush, and be ashamed before God, that we, redeemed with the same blood, and taught by the same Spirit, should yet be so unlike these men in vehement, heart-consuming love to Jesus and the souls of men.—*M'Cheyne.*

MISSIONS.

LANGUAGES SPOKEN BY WESLEYAN MISSIONARIES.

The Wesleyan Missionaries are men of action. They preach and labour much, but write little, considering the facilities now afforded by the press. They resemble, in this respect, the first messengers of Christ, who were content to work, to triumph, and to die, unheeded by any besides the crowd of angelic witnesses, and God, the Judge of all. Their learning, and especially their power of language, has obtained, comparatively, little notice; and no one has yet attempted to estimate the treasure of linguistic talent which is distributed among the messengers of our church. Often, in the transit between Newcastle and Sunderland, during the last Conference, Ministers who had spoken and written in five or six foreign languages, found themselves sitting together in the same compartment of a railway carriage. And it is certain that the word of life is ministered, every Lord's day, within the circle that is related to the British Conference alone, in about twenty-five different languages or dialects. Henceforth the number is likely to increase rapidly, as new fields of labour open in the great continents and archipelagoes of our globe, as the number of educated young men who embark as Missionaries multiplies, as these effective students, free from the necessity of frequent removals, are encouraged to spend the entire period of their ministerial life in foreign work, and as the rising native ministry, nurtured in Indian,

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African, and other colleges, *after* having been baptised with power from above, use the pentecostal gift, and carry the message of salvation into regions that are almost closed against us now by the barrier of strange language. But that barrier gives way. O may the Holy Spirit of God give utterance to His servants everywhere in these five-and-twenty tongues, and call forth in all of them the incessant answers of inquiry, of prayer, and of praise! Then shall "Abba, Father" resound from myriads, each day renewed, in every land and every tongue. And on every Lord's-day morning when we pray at our happy firesides, and in our congregations, let us not fail to intercede for those who publish, and for those who hear, the word of life, even within the borders of our communion only, in those five-and-twenty languages. Nor shall other churches be forgotten, while we are pleading before the throne of universal mercy.

AN AGED BENGALEE CONVERTED IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Among a number of adults baptized at Plaatberg in 1842, was a native of Bengal, named Mey, an old man, supposed to be not less than eighty years of age. While yet a boy, he was brought to the Cape of Good Hope, and sold for a slave to a Frenchman, in whose service he remained for some years. He was subsequently transferred from one owner to another, till at length he found himself in the Roggeveld, one of the distant and least-cultivated districts of the Colony, where he married, and had a large family of sons and daughters, who were nominally free, but virtually slaves, inasmuch as they grew up under servitude to the Boers, who formerly made no difference in their treatment of bond and free coloured labourers. The ordinance issued by Lieut.-Governor General Bourke, in 1828, for the improvement of the Hottentots, and other aborigines of colour, set them fully at liberty to enjoy the fruits of their own industry, with all the blessings of civilised life.

In 1838, four of Mey's sons, and two of his daughters with their husbands, hearing of the Plaatberg Mission-station, and the spiritual advantages which the people there enjoyed, resolved on removing thither, and speedily put their resolution into effect; but the old man, with his wife and some other members of his family, remained behind. When the sons and daughters had been at Plaatberg more than three years, and had all become consistent members of the church of Christ, they were surprised and delighted to see their aged father arrive amongst them as a visiter. He intended staying only a few days, and then returning home with his son-in-law, in whose waggon he had made the journey from the Roggeveld to Plaatberg. To this arrangement his children strenuously objected, urging him to prolong his stay, principally that he might have an opportunity of hearing God's word, and learning the way of salvation. He yielded to their entreaties, and took up his temporary abode with his eldest son; who, being himself truly converted to God, was untiring in his efforts to bring his beloved father to a knowledge of the truth, not only placing him under the sound of the Gospel, but also exhorting him in private to flee from the wrath to come, and praying incessantly to God on his behalf.

By the use of these divinely-appointed means, the old man—the sinner of fourscore years—became concerned about the state of his soul, and began to cry to God for mercy. He continued for seven months a seeker of salvation, sometimes very earnest, at other times apparently less so, but uniformly professing to feel a strong and unabated desire for the blessing. On one occasion the Minister, when meeting the class to which this interesting penitent had united himself, inquired particularly into the state of his experience. His answer was simple, but affecting: "*O myn Heer, ik soek, en soek, maar kan niet krygen.*" ("O Sir, I seek and seek, but cannot find;" meaning the pardon of his sins.) He was encouraged to persevere; and told that if he prayed with his whole heart, believing at the same time in the Lord Jesus Christ, he could not fail to obtain the object of his wishes. The words of the Minister were blessed to his soul; and, as the time fixed for returning home was drawing nigh, his son urged him still more earnestly to make sure of his soul's salvation before his departure. He prayed without ceasing; and he did not pray in vain. God looked mercifully upon him, and deigned to favour him with an assurance of His forgiving love. Then, coming to the Minister, with the tears of joy in his eyes, he declared what God had done for his soul. "Now," said he, "the burden of my sins is removed, and my heart is filled up with the joy of the Holy Ghost." Connected with this revelation (of peace), there was presented to his imagination one of the most beautiful karosses he had ever beheld, with which he supposed himself covered by the hand of God; to him, doubtless, an emblem of the righteousness of Christ, and of the infinite mercy extended to his guilty soul.

Having given the Minister the above particulars, he requested to be baptized, which, as he had already received the Holy Ghost, could not be scripturally refused. At an early opportunity, therefore, the solemn and important rite of baptism was administered to him, with special tokens of the Divine approbation. He thus became a member of Christ's church, and, like the eunuch, baptized by the Evangelist Philip, "went on his way rejoicing." Soon after, when about to leave the station on his return to the Roggeveld, he said, it was only for a short season, as, if spared, he

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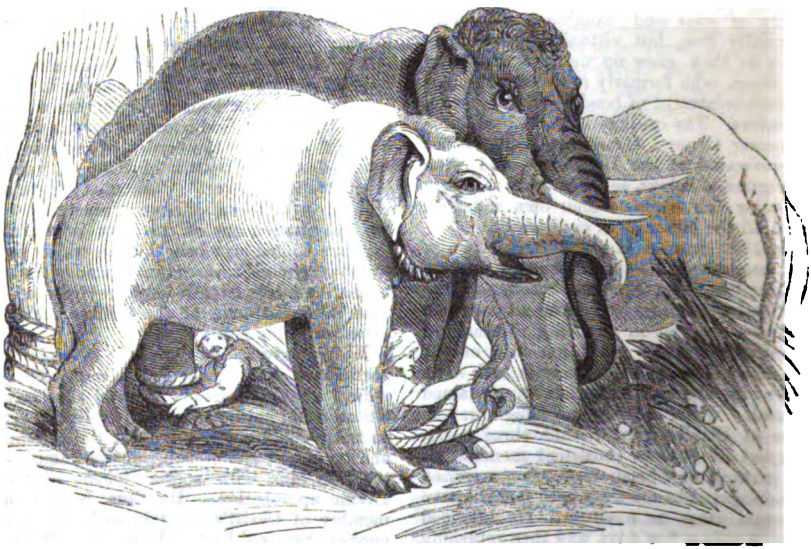
would return with his wife, to spend the remainder of his days in the bosom of his family, and in the fellowship of God's people.

The old man, but youthful convert, was faithful to his word. At the end of one year from the time of his leaving, he again made his appearance. During his absence he had cleaved to God with full purpose of heart, and consequently was enabled to return, not only without spiritual loss, but with a larger measure of the grace of life. He still lives, a monument of the power and grace of God.—*South African Christian Watchman.*

WESLEYAN METHODISM IN CANADA.

We are advancing gradually in this country, as you will see by the Minutes which I forwarded. The years 1847 and 1851 contrast very pleasingly:—then there were 21,749 members; now there are 26,213. Then there were stationed 180 Ministers; now, 220. Then the total revenue of the Contingent Fund was £455. 6*s.* 7½*d.*; now, £1,322. 0*s.* 2*d.* Then the Superannuated Fund was £379. 8*s.* 10*d.*; now, £610. 15*s.* 9*d.* Then the Chapel Relief Fund was £86. 8*s.* 1*d.*; now, £213. 16*s.* 1½*d.* Then the amount raised for the Auxiliary Missionary Society was £2,430. 16*s.* 3*d.*; now, £4,031. 16*s.* 9*d.* (The whole of these figures are in currency.) We are extending our work to the north. A Rev. M'Dougall has just gone to Lake-Huron, with the necessary implements to build himself a house, and establish a Mission among a destitute class of Pagans, who have a settlement about eight miles from the Bruce-Mines. It is a post whither large numbers of the Ojibeways resort on their way to the Manitoulin Islands, to receive their presents. The Missionary was received by the Conference with the expressed stipulation of devoting himself to Indian work. He has spent much time amongst them as a trader, is already partially acquainted with the language, and promises fair for usefulness. Our ranks are to be increased by the return from the Western States of the Rev. Thomas Hurlburt, who is said to be the best Indian scholar in these parts. I have translations of the First Catechism, Additional Hymns, &c.; but am afraid to publish, from the want of a critical reader. Why not give us the whole of the north-west for cultivation? Of course, you would have to help us for a while.—*Letter from the Rev. Enoch Wood.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.



CAPTURE OF WILD ELEPHANTS.

In Judges xvi. 7 we find an indication that the ropes in use among the Hebrews were of crude vegetable tendrils, pliable rods, fibres, or leaves. As the word translated "withs" is a general word for a

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rope or cord, we should not have known this, were it not that the epithet "green" is here employed. "Green ropes," as distinguished from "dry ropes," is the proper meaning, the peculiarity being in the greenness, not in the material. It may imply any kind of crude vegetable commonly used for ropes, without restricting it to withs, or tough and pliable rods twisted into a rope. It is true that such ropes are used in the East, and, while they remain green, are stronger than any other; and so far, the probability is that such are here particularly intended. In India the legs of wild elephants and buffaloes newly caught are commonly bound with ropes of this sort.—*Dr. Kitto.*

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

THE OBLIGATION OF LIBERALITY.

One says, "I will give to-morrow," to excuse himself from giving to-day. Alas! do you know whether you shall be alive to-morrow in this place? Another says, "I am poor; I have need enough myself of all my means." Yes, you are poor, you are destitute: but it is destitution of love, of benignity, of faith, and of mercy. A third says, "Whom do I wrong? I keep only mine own." I ask you, from whom did you receive those riches, and whence did you bring them? Did you not come naked from your mother's womb, and shall you not return naked to the dust? Whence did this wealth come? from chance? What is this but Atheism? If you confess that you received it from God, why did it fall to your lot rather than to another's? God is not unrighteous in the unequal division of property among men. Why are you rich, and why is this man poor? It is, that you may receive the reward of dispensing your goods faithfully, and that the poor may receive the recompense of his patience. When, therefore, you appropriate to yourself the wealth which belongs to many, and of which you are the steward, you act unjustly.—*Basil.*

"WHAT O'CLOCK IS IT?"

When I was a young lad, my father one day called me to him, that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute-finger and the hour-hand, and described to me the figures on the dial-plate, until I was pretty perfect in my part.

No sooner was I quite master of this additional knowledge, than I set off scampering to join my companions in a game of marbles.

"Stop, William!" said he: "I have something more to tell you."

Back again I went, wondering what else I had got to learn; for I thought I knew all about the clock as well as my father did.

"William," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of the day: I must teach you how to find out the time of your life."

All this was strange to me: so I waited impatiently to hear how my father would explain it; for I wanted sadly to go to my marbles.

"The Bible," said he, "describes the years of a man to be threescore and ten, or fourscore years. Now, life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the fourscore years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life; and this is the case with you. When you arrive at fourteen years old, it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one years, it will be three o'clock; at thirty-five it will be five o'clock; at forty-two it will be six o'clock; at forty-nine it will be seven o'clock, should it please God to spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of your life; and looking at the clock may remind you of it. My great-grandfather, according to this calculation, died at twelve o'clock, my grandfather at eleven, and my father at ten. At what hour you or I shall die, William, is only known to Him to whom all things are known."

Never, since then, have I heard the inquiry, "What o'clock is it?"—nor do I think I ever looked at the face of a clock,—without being reminded of the words of my father.

ONE'S OWN HISTORY.

The history of a man's own life, is to himself the most interesting history in the world, next to that of the Scriptures. Every man is an original and solitary character. None can either understand or feel the book of his own life like himself. The lives of other men are too dry and vapid when set beside his own. He enters very little into the spirit of the Old Testament, who does not see God calling on him to turn over the pages of this history, when he says to the Jew, "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years." He sees God teaching the Jew to look at the records of his deliverance from the Red Sea, of the manna showered down on him from heaven, and of the Amalekites

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put to flight before him. There are such grand events in the life and experience of every Christian: it may be well for him to review them often.—*Cecil.*

CONVERSION.

When a sinner is converted, he not only lays down his arms, but repairs to the camp of Immanuel to fight for him. Thus it is said of the celebrated Jerome, Origen, and Tertullian, that they came into Canaan, laden with Egyptian gold; that is, they came into the church, full of excellent learning and abilities, with which they eminently served God. O blessed victory, where the conqueror and the conquered both triumph together!—*Dr. Nettleton.*

MEMORIALS OF THE GOOD AND GREAT.

SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, Bart.

Part III.

It was in humble reliance upon God that Mr. Buxton had laboured for the emancipation of the Negro; and after success had crowned his exertions, he was no less earnest in prayer that freedom might be to him a real blessing. Five days before the 1st of August, on which the emancipation of the slaves was to take place, he thus wrote in his "book of meditations:"—

"I prayed for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on those seven hundred thousand oppressed and persecuted children of our common Father who will be liberated on that day. O Thou, who hast been indeed their merciful Deliverer, who, for the oppression of the poor and the sighing of the needy, hast arisen, and set them in safety; add, we beseech thee, to all Thy benefits, such an effusion and outpouring of Thy Spirit as shall make them a people peculiarly obedient to Thy commandments, and peculiarly visited by Thy presence; and as, by Thy goodness, they are changed from slaves to free men, may they also be transformed from Heathens into Christians, in deed, in spirit, and in truth."

We can well imagine that it was with the most intense anxiety that Mr. Buxton and his friends waited for intelligence from the West Indies, when the day was past on which slavery was to end. Bloodshed, rioting, drunkenness, and almost all other forms of evil were the results of emancipation predicted by its opponents. At length, intelligence arrived that the 1st of August had passed over quietly; that thousands of the slaves had spent the last evening of bondage in their chapels; and when the hour of twelve struck, had there given thanks to the Father of all, who had heard their cry, and had delivered them. Mr. Buxton's heart overflowed with gratitude; and, ascribing all the praise unto Him to whom it was due, he rendered the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and called on the name of the Lord.

The great work of emancipation was still, however, to be completed; and Mr. Buxton assiduously watched over the carrying out of the great measure to which Parliament had given its sanction. He now, too, turned his attention to the condition and treatment of the aboriginal inhabitants of our colonies, and to the slave-trade, as conducted by foreign nations. The latter he examined more closely than he had hitherto been able to do. January 1st, 1836, he thus records his desires at the beginning of another year:—

"Grant, then, O Father, to Thy weak, poor, most unworthy servant, that I may be the true servant of the Lord; that I may belong to Him, and may be made useful through the fructifying influence of His Holy Spirit; that that Spirit may carry the whole man to His blessed service; that He being my ruler and guide, I may be enabled to do something this year for the Negro race,—something towards delivering them from the remnants of their cruel bondage,—especially something for their souls; and may large flocks be brought to Thy fold. May I this year do something towards the further abolition of the slave-trade, and something for the natives of our colonies."

In the following year, Parliament was dissolved, owing to the death of the King. Mr. Buxton's friends urged him to retire into private life. He himself had felt serious doubts, arising from impaired health, as to the propriety of standing again for Weymouth; but he felt unwilling to take the responsibility of retiring from a post where he had been able to promote the good and happiness of his fellow-men. As the period of election, however, drew near, it began to appear doubtful whether he should be returned. He then wrote:—

"I don't care a straw about the disgrace. If I am turned out, I cannot help it: I have done my best, and I shall be satisfied. But if I were to go out of my own accord, I think my conscience would reproach me."

During the election, he thus wrote to Mrs. Buxton, after telling her that he had no expectation of being returned:—

"I must now get ready, and do not expect to be in any way disturbed by the events of the day; but before it closes, I

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shall be a man of leisure; that is no mean blessing; a man not slaving himself to death, but with time to walk, to read, to sleep, to reflect,—and, better than these, time to pray.

"One o'clock. Well, my dearest wife, your wishes are realised: the troubles and worries of Parliament are over with me; and now we must be as happy, as healthy, and as long-lived, as possible. I am perfectly well satisfied with the result, and view it as a release from a vast deal of labour."

This failure was more honourable to Mr. Buxton than could have been success, had it been purchased in the manner proposed to him. In a letter to his brother-in-law, he writes:—

"Before I went down to Weymouth, I began to fear; for one of my supporters told me, that if I wished to secure the election, it would be necessary to open public-houses, and to lend money (a gentle name for bribery) to the extent of £1,000. I, of course, declined. It might, or it might not, be my duty to get into Parliament; but it could not be my duty to corrupt the electors by beer and bank-notes."

On quitting Parliament, Mr. Buxton had looked forward to a period of repose; but this was not realised. Even before that time, an idea had taken hold of his mind, the development of which proved more than sufficient occupation for all his remaining years.

"I well remember," writes one of his sons, "the commencement of that long train of toils, anxieties, and sorrows. While my father and I were staying at Earlham, in the beginning of the summer of 1837, he walked into my room one morning at an early hour, and, sitting down on my bedside, told me that he had been lying awake the whole night, reflecting on the subject of the slave-trade, and that he believed he had hit upon the true remedy for that portentous evil."

The idea that now struck him so forcibly was this: that "though strong, external measures ought still to be resorted to, the deliverance of Africa was to be effected *by calling out her own resources.*" In short, he not only desired stringent treaties with foreign Powers on the subject of the slave-trade, and heavy penalties inflicted upon those who dared to traffic in human flesh; but he longed to see the inhabitants of Africa educated and Christianised, the soil of Africa made productive, and the white sail of commerce visiting her shores. With his whole heart and mind he sought to bring about such results. "His task was twofold: on the one hand, he had to prove the magnitude of the evils now existing in the human traffic, and consequent condition of Africa; on the other, he had to point out the capabilities of Africa, and thence to deduce the possibility of her becoming peaceful, flourishing, and productive, by her force of legitimate commerce." Ultimately, he embodied the results of his investigations in a work which he gave to the world on "The Slave-Trade and its Remedies."

The publication of this work was soon followed by the formation of two societies;—the one having in view the diffusion of Christianity and the blessings of civilisation and free labour amongst the tribes of Africa; the other having a commercial character, and seeking to unite with the above objects the pursuit of private enterprise and profit. It led, also, to a resolution on the part of the Government to send out a frigate and two steamers to explore the Niger, and, if possible, to set on foot commercial relations with the inhabitants on its banks. Thus originated the "Niger Expedition."

It was with no little joy that Mr. Buxton heard of this determination; and he took the deepest interest in all the preparations for that expedition. Our limits will not permit us to dwell on his exertions to promote its success, or on the deep sorrow he felt at its failure. Nor can we give even a solitary extract from some interesting letters which he wrote during a short tour which he made in Italy. Suffice it to say, that he returned home, to use his own words, "more Protestant than ever; if that be possible."

Soon after his return, the rank of Baronet was conferred upon him by Her Majesty the Queen; an honour which he willingly accepted, upon finding that it was a spontaneous mark of Her Majesty's approbation of his conduct.

This honour he did not long live to enjoy. It soon became apparent that the evening of his busy day had come. It was an evening serene and peaceful, giving promise of a glorious morrow. "Towards the end of November, 1843, Sir Fowell's family were alarmed by a great increase of bodily weakness, accompanied by a loss of memory, and, at times, a confusion of ideas most distressing to those about him. Oppression on the brain, no doubt, existed; and for several weeks he was very seriously ill; but at the end of that time, he was again restored in a surprising manner to his usual measure of bodily strength, and to perfect clearness of mind, although he was never able afterwards to bear exertion, either physical or mental."

During his sufferings he manifested the most exemplary patience. When some one expressed sympathy with him in his sufferings, he replied, "O! it is the gracious act of our most merciful Father: let us most peacefully acquiesce."

"His own trials made him feel most acutely for those of others. Being asked one night why he was sighing so heavily, he replied, 'For the suffering that is in the world.' Thanksgivings, however, were

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perpetually on his lips. On one occasion, he exclaimed with great fervour, 'O Lord, with my whole soul I thank Thee that, instead of ease, and prosperity, and the best things of this world, Thou hast sent this illness.' And, afterwards, he earnestly prayed that the insight granted him into heavenly things might never be obscured or fade from his view; but that he might ever pant after them, and give his whole soul, and heart, and strength, to the Lord who had had mercy upon him."

In the beginning of 1844, his health considerably improved; and, though weak and languid, he spent a tolerably cheerful summer.

"In the fine summer mornings, he would often rise at four or five o'clock, and go into his dressing-room, where his voice could be heard for an hour or two at a time in fervent prayer. When remonstrated with on the risk to his health, he would answer, 'I have not time enough for prayer.' One night, his voice being heard after he was in bed, he was asked what he was saying: 'Praying hard,' was his reply; adding, 'I have been praying *vehemently* for myself, that I may receive faith, that I may receive the grace of God in my heart, that I may have a clear vision of Christ, that I may perfectly obey Him, that I may have the supporting arm of the Lord in every trial, and be admitted finally into His glorious kingdom.'"

To the very last he continued to take the deepest interest in every measure that had for its object the relief of human misery, at home or abroad. "He continued to take a lively interest in everything connected with his poorer neighbours: indeed his own needs seemed to open his heart more than ever to the wants of others, so that it was necessary to avoid mentioning cases of sorrow or suffering, from the pain it occasioned him. He was most anxious that the villagers should be supplied with soup and other comforts; and never did his countenance brighten up with more satisfaction, than when he caught a view from his bed of the train of women and children walking home over the grass with their steaming cans and pitchers."

About a week before his death, says his biographer, "at night he began talking, apparently in his sleep, of the conversion of the Heathen, and of longing to be at work for them; saying, 'I am ready to undertake all the working part.' . . . . After a time of great exhaustion, he said, 'Christ is most merciful, most merciful to me. I do put my trust in Him.'"

On the 19th of February, 1844, his extreme exhaustion, and symptoms of increasing oppression, gave evidence that his end was drawing nigh.

"He was very much exhausted, but tranquil in body and mind. Towards the afternoon, symptoms of increasing oppression returned; and, as the evening advanced, it was evident that he was entering the valley of the shadow of death. He sank into quiet sleep, his family collected round his bed, but no longer to be recognised by their honoured head: it was only to watch the peaceful departure of the spirit. He lay perfectly still; and, about a quarter before ten o'clock, fell asleep in his Lord."

Thus lived and thus died, having scarcely completed his fifty-eighth year, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

[All notices for this department, if not sent by one of the Ministers of the Circuit, must be authenticated by his signature, in addition to that of the sender.]

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age	Date of Death.
Allwood, Mrs. Ann,	Mansfield Woodhouse,	Mansfield,	76	April 25th, 1851.
Armstrong, Mary Ann,	Brookborough,	Brookborough,	22	Aug. 10th, 1851.
Dawson, Mary,	Heapbridge,	Bury,	39	June 9th, 1851.
Hall, Mr. George,	Temple-Town,	South-Shield	81	March 18th, 1851.
Hannah, Mr. Robert,	Strabane,	Strabane,	54	June 29th, 1851.
Hogbin, Mrs. Maria,	Ramsgate,	Margate,	40	June 25th, 1851.
Lee, Mr. William,	Woodborough,	Mansfield,	46	April 30th, 1851.
Lee, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Woodborough,	Mansfield,	84	Nov. 1st, 1850.
Little, Mr. James,	Cross,	Brookborough,	52	June 17th, 1851.
Martin, Mary,	Temple-Town,	South-Shields,	26	Aug. 14th, 1851.
Richey, Jane,	Carnikency,	Brookborough,	86	July 20th, 1851.
Tiffin, Eleanor,	Dearham,	Workington,	85	April 21st, 1851.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

DECEMBER, 1851.

WESLEYAN-METHODIST QUARTERLY TICKET, FOR DECEMBER, 1851.

Ticket for December! December, the last month of another year! Twelve months ago I stood on its threshold, while yet it lay in the darkness of futurity: now, I reflect on it as matter of history, as "a thing of the past." Rational, immortal, accountable for time, talent, opportunity, I have been passing through 1851. What report to heaven has it borne concerning *me?* It is wise to "talk with past hours;" wise and pious to "remember all the way in which the Lord hath led us." Whether wisdom or folly may have marked our steps, the retrospect tends to improvement. The man who has "come to himself" cannot look back without being instructed and edified. To himself reason makes him accountable. Hear him in solitude: "I thought on my ways." Behold, now is the judgment set. He stands before himself, and "the books are opened."

Have I lived through 1851? That remarkable, long-talked-of year '51! What must be said of the part *I* have taken in it? As a Christian man, how have *I* acted?

1. Let me inquire *how I have dealt with sin.* Has it continued to be viewed by me as "an evil," "bitter," "abominable thing," a thing which "God hates?" Has my hostility to its malignant principle been such that I could not bear the "appearance" of it? If, by the wiles of the tempter, and by my own unwatchfulness, I have at any time been overtaken with sin, have I confessed and bewailed it as I ought? Under the guilt of sins of commission or of omission, have I, at the first recollected moment, sought to present to my offended God the sacrifice of a broken and a contrite heart? Have I daily so cherished "the sensibility of sin," as to mourn over it with humble fear and "penitential pain," while I have believingly sought, at the foot of the cross, to catch "the healing stream?"

2. What *motives* have actuated me in the discharge of duty? When I have been engaged in commendable works, and seen of men, have I always remembered, "God looketh on the heart?" Knowing it is so possible to be outwardly "fair" and yet inwardly "rotten,"

"Lest that my fearful case should be,"

have I daily endeavoured to work out my own salvation "with fear and trembling?" Has that prayer of godly jealousy been so often on my lips as it should be,—"Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and see

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if there be any wicked way in me?" My Saviour having graciously promised that if "my eye be single," I shall be "full of light," have I, throughout the year, laboured so to live in the duty as to realise the privilege?

3. It has pleased God to give each man great power over others for good and also for evil: what has, this year, been the character of *my personal influence among men?* If it be a fact—as I believe it is—that I cannot live in this world without giving a moral impetus to others, and thus moving them onward either in the right way or in the wrong, am I assured that my conduct has tended to move my fellow-creatures in the right direction only? Is there any reason to fear that I have been "a stumbling-block" to them that are "weak?" By "doubtful disputations," and by not "walking circumspectly," have I been guilty of "destroying the work of God," or been the cause of the weak brother perishing for whom Christ died? Fearful thought! O, let me duly consider it for the future! By one wrong step in the past twelve months, I may have been the cause of destroying the soul of another; yea, by such a careless step I may become the cause of perpetuating destruction in a family to the "third and fourth generation." Am I a parent, a master, a professor of religion, an office-bearer in the church of Christ? Am I a man of years and character, or a youth with power to interest the attention and affection of others? Have I, holding one or more of these relations to civil or religious society, made it a point to strive to do good, and to fill with truth and holy love every circle I have moved in? Have I lived as the "salt of the earth," in the due and constant exercise of its "seasoning power?"

4. What is the past year to me in comparison with others of my life? Has the memorable 1851 been better to me than other years that have preceded it? If the world has gone, obviously gone, forward in civilisation, have *I* gone, obviously gone, forward in virtue and holiness? On a candid scrutiny, is my progress more than ordinarily visible? Have I advanced in knowledge, in "the knowledge of God, and of Jesus Christ whom He hath sent?" I have seen the "great exhibition" of God's power and goodness through another twelve months, another vast circle of the earth's orbit; and am I wiser and better for it? nearer perfection? more humble, meek, and lowly? more Christ-like? Have I less of doubt and fear? more of hungering and thirsting after righteousness? Is there less of mist and cloud over the river of Jordan and the hills of Canaan? Am I nearer and dearer to Christ? Is Christ nearer and dearer to me? Have I more of heaven below, and a stronger, happier assurance of heaven above? Is it so? Then welcome December of the great year 1851! I will thank God, and take courage. So much for the *period* and *position* in which the "Ticket" lands me. And now, what is the counsel in the text written on it?—

"FULFIL YE MY JOY, THAT YE BE LIKEMINDED." (Phil. ii. 2.)

Admirable injunction! Timely, appropriate, pathetic. The reading of these words will touch the hearts of many. How delicate the command! How directly it comes from the heart! How well adapted to make its way thither! "If there be any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the Spirit, if any bowels and mercies, *fulfil ye my joy, that ye be likeminded.*"

Their Minister and spiritual father, who had suffered so much for them at Philippi, to bring them to God, and to the consolation in Christ which they all now enjoyed, and who was at this moment a prisoner in the same holy cause, he—their affectionate Pastor, Teacher, and friend—entreats them, as the latest balm to his sorrowful heart, that they would all live in peace and union, and love one another. He bids them think how affection and kindness

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towards one another would add to their own comfort and happiness; how directly it was in accordance with the "mind that was in Christ Jesus," and "communion with the Holy Ghost;" and how it entwined itself round the vitals, "the bowels," the tenderest heart-strings of that religion which he had, with so much sacrifice, and suffering, and peril, been instrumental in giving them. He wished them also to know that his very life was bound up in their sweet and visible union with Christ and with one another. "I, Paul the aged, your own father in the Gospel, now an exile and in bonds for Christ's sake and your sake, a martyr for Jesus, just about to put off this tabernacle and put on his crown; I, your benefactor and brother beloved, have one dying request to make to you: O, complete ye my earthly happiness by loving one another, forbearing one another, forgiving one another, as God for Christ's sake has forgiven you."

Ministers of Jesus, of all ages, have often had much grief of heart because the members of their respective flocks have not been "likeminded." To be of one mind in Christ, so as to see alike on all minor points, is indeed a thing the Apostle himself durst not hope for. But while he allowed latitude on questions relating to meats and drinks, holidays, and certain obsolete or unimportant ceremonies, he bade them not disagree in *heart* about such things; not to "bite and devour one another" for things which in themselves little concerned truth or purity, God's glory or man's real welfare. For mere outward peace one with another, we may not sacrifice holy principle; but that "liberty" which is secured to man's heart, "where the Spirit of the Lord is," permits him, in God's "reasonable service," (within certain limits,) to "become all things to all men." How amiable the spirit of the great Apostle! "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves. Let every one of us please his neighbour for his good to edification," "even as I please all men in all things, not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved." O that it would please God to write indelibly on the hearts of Pastors and people, of all denominations, on the heart and mind of every follower of Jesus, these apostolical lessons concerning "the law of kindness!"

This, however, will not be done without effort on our part. "According to the Gospel," and according to principles essential to the human mind, God will not make us loving creatures unless we are "willing," and have a mind to work "with Him," in the use of appropriate means. If we would claim, and seize, and enjoy as our own "heritage," the grace described in the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, we must "follow after charity" with energy and ardour as of the hunter pursuing game. Bent on success, he is blind to obstacles and difficulties. Just so must it be with us, if we would succeed in following "peace with all men," and realise the "joy" of being "likeminded." In the natural enmity of our hearts, the diversities of judgment and manifold forms of selfishness in others, and withal in the divisive wiles of Satan, there are hinderances and obstructions both numerous and formidable. To overcome these, we must first use faith and prayer, stimulated and assisted by the "power of the Spirit" and the "great and precious promises." We must look to Calvary, see how the Captain of our salvation conquers, and listen to the eloquence of the "five bleeding wounds" on the mode of gaining victory over human enmity. While from highest motives we make sacrifices for peace' sake, we must occasionally "wink at" the ignorance that does us the grossest injustice, and say, with our great Exemplar, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." In seeking to make the followers of Jesus "likeminded," we must go on "in tears," to sow our seed in the morning, not withholding our hand in the

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evening, and then, husbandman-like, have "long patience" to "reap with joy" the "precious fruit" thereof. We must give another careful reading to Wesley's sermon on the "Cure of Evil Speaking," and prayerfully resolve from day to day to avoid needless speaking of the faults of others in their absence, and courteously to check those who in our presence indulge in that sin. And while we are active in the duties of "instructing, exhorting, reproving," and are advocates for the truth,—all the truth as it is in Jesus,—we must ourselves be examples of submissive meekness, lowly humility, general kindness.

Think, O think, how acceptable to heaven, how adorning to the Gospel, how cheering to the hearts of God's servants, to see you all "likeminded!" to see you all, forgetful of past animosities and differences, with one heart, striving together to get good and to do good. O, my brethren, "I beseech you" all, by the purity and happiness of that religion which bears the name of Christ; by the oneness and consolation of the love of God and man inspired thereby; by the sweet unity and holy fellowship of the Spirit which "worketh all in all;" by the yearning compassion, pitifulness, and tenderness of all those who are adorned with "the beauties of holiness;" by the bleeding hearts of God's faithful Ministers who have witnessed "divisions" and "schisms" among those whom they love; and by all the vivid "joys" which they realised in beholding "the multitude of them that believe" of one heart and of one soul: yes, O yes! by these, and by all other Christian considerations, we beseech you, brethren, "be likeminded." B. C.

THE YEAR CROWNED WITH GOODNESS.

"Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness" was, on a memorable occasion, the grateful language of David, King of Israel, the watchful and admiring contemplator of the works of his God, as displayed in the wonders of creation and bounties of Providence; works which frequently awakened in him the loftiest sentiments of exalted praise: for the piety of the Psalmist was fervent, yet rational, founded on righteous principles, and not the mere impulse of momentary passion. In nothing was this more manifest than in the beautiful grace of gratitude for which he was so remarkably eminent. Praise to God was often the subject of his song, it being his delight to recount and record the blessings God so richly bestowed. He lived in the spirit of thanksgiving, for which his observant mind furnished him with frequent occasions. Daily benefits were not allowed to pass unnoticed; he owned the Hand that renewed them every morning, and kindly continued them every evening: and even the lengthened year of God's goodness was gratefully reviewed. Thus in regarding and confessing the kindness of the Father of all mercies, he presents an example worthy of imitation to all generations. In his conduct were united duty and interest: duty, to which intelligent beings are called by powerful and constant obligation; and interest, the most pleasing and profitable,—for the remembrance of past favours is ever calculated to encourage prayer and confident trust in God. And in this there is a double enjoyment of God's blessings; an enjoyment in their use, and an enjoyment arising from the pleasurable recollection of them. Stated seasons for this employment cannot fail to be profitable; and the termination of a year is one of those seasons most favourable to reflection, and abounding in subjects for devout meditation. It may have been varied in its scenes, and eventful in its circumstances; but will have had its joys as well as its

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sorrows, its days of light as well as its nights of darkness: and when the one is contrasted with the other, its blessings will be found to have far exceeded what may have been deemed its ills. To the close of such a year we are, in the order of the providence of God, again approaching; a year of valuable and numerous favours, a year of God's special goodness;—as is confirmed by indisputable facts of the most pleasing character; for the visitations of the year have been bright and cheering. Not that the goodness of God is excluded from dispensations accounted painful and gloomy; for even these have frequently been found pregnant with the most valuable and useful blessings. It is, indeed, more congenial with the feelings of nature to contemplate those scenes which are manifestly gracious; and many such the closing year has known, confirmatory of the truth, that it has been a year crowned—or covered—with God's goodness.

Inattentive to time, seasons, and circumstances must those be who have not seen the goodness of God in public and general mercies. On a few of these the mind may profitably dwell.

It has been a year of national peace. The value of this blessing can scarcely be estimated: it is best perceived when placed in contrast with the calamities of a state of war. For war, however successful and accounted glorious, is a curse to a land: it may have its triumphs and conquests, but it has also its debts and desolations. It increases the burden of taxation, it makes many drink of the cup of painful bereavement, and calls forth in families the voice of wailing and bitter woe. But from this dread scourge, which has been so frequently the rod of Jehovah's wrath on nations, we have been preserved during the year, both at home and abroad. With no foreign power have we been involved in the strife of blood; and our internal peace has been the calmness of soft repose. The outbreak in a distant colony can scarcely be accounted an exception, nor be considered to assume a national character. Thus the inhabitants of the land have been allowed quietly to follow the pursuits of industry, merchandise, and science, and to have friendly intercourse with the inhabitants of distant lands, who have flocked to our shores, in the fullest confidence of security during their sojourn among us; intercourse which may not only have a favourable influence on the manufactures and commerce of our country, but, it is hoped, will bind in closer bonds of amity and brotherhood the families of our common earth. In this display of goodness, the hand of Providence may be seen, and ought to be confessed; for it is God who makes wars to cease, and ordains the blessings of peace.

We may also remark that *it has been a year of exemption from the ravages of disease.* That alarming and astounding visitation of years not very remote, has been almost unknown in the present. Here and there it may have had its solitary victims, to remind us how completely we are at the disposal of God, and how easy it would be for Him to say again to the destroyer, "Go through the land;" but from its fell rage and devastation we have been preserved. So free, indeed, has the year been from any remarkable affliction, that the mortality of the nation has scarcely reached its average; a fact which, if taken in connexion with the vast influx of visiters, and the congregating together of large masses of people, must be admitted to be a manifestation of God's great goodness towards us and care over us. Strong claims may be urged on behalf of prudential regulations, and sanitary improvements: but, while their influence may be readily admitted, we must trace the general health of our country to providential goodness; for, without this, the measures of men, however wise and benign, will avail but little. God only can save from the "pestilence that walketh in darkness and the

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destruction that wasteth at noonday." "Yes," the grateful heart will exclaim, "this is of Thy goodness, O Lord!"

We may further add, *it has been a year of providential bounty.* In the fruitfulness of the cultivated field, the goodness of God has been very visible. The harvest was looked forward to with considerable concern; and, had it failed, the consequences would have been felt heavily indeed by various classes of society. But, through the blessing of God resting on the toil of the husbandman, the earth has yielded her abundant increase. In the beautiful poetry of the Psalmist, the inhabitants of our land may sing, "The hills have rejoiced on every side, and the valleys also, covered over with corn, have shouted for joy." In this many may only see the hand of man, and conclude that it is only in the course of nature; but the rightly-instructed mind will trace it to God's free goodness. Had He not blessed, man would have ploughed and sowed in vain. It was God who seasonably watered the earth from His chambers, the furrows were made soft with His showers, to receive the corn He had prepared; then He blessed the springing thereof with His nourishing, maturing sun, causing the grass to grow for the cattle, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart. So acknowledged the Psalmist: and so man should now be ready to confess; for if the want of bread is a curse, the fulness thereof is a blessing manifesting God's goodness; and this with a liberal bounty has marked the year. To the goodness of this bounty there has also been added the goodness of watchful care, in reserving to our land "the appointed days of harvest." It would have been an easy thing with Him to have blighted the hopes inspired, to have sent the mildew, the incessant rain, or the lightning's withering flame, and thus have destroyed the promise of abundance; for the elements are under His control. It is with Him to send cold or heat, to withhold or bestow rain, to clothe the heavens with blackness, or illumine them with the bright beaming of the ripening sun. But, for numerous weeks, and that throughout the land, harvest-weather was continued, till the whole was reaped and safely gathered. In these favours of His providence, the year has been crowned with His goodness; and this goodness is the more remarkable and gracious, inasmuch as it has been bestowed in the midst of great national transgression. It has been good for evil; thus heaping on us coals of fire, to melt us down into contrition, and, if possible, to quench our wrath with the gifts of His love. And if, as a nation, we are constrained to confess that the year has been crowned with goodness, equally so have many as individuals cause to acknowledge the same, having proved it to be a year of great spiritual goodness to them, and that in family mercies and personal favours. Some may have lain on beds of languishing, or drunk of the bitter cup of bereavement; but even painful afflictions were designed to promote the fruits of righteousness, and many afflicted ones have found the furnace of fire to be as a temple of communion with God; and health has been again restored. And even the removal of friends has been admonitory; for

> "Stricken friends are messengers of love,"
> "For us they sicken, and for us they die."

But what multitudes there are who have had uninterrupted vigour and strength, and can yet number unharmed the members of their family-circles! To have had ability to toil for daily bread, and pursue the various vocations of life, and thus provide for personal and family wants, is goodness from the Lord: for it is in Him the creatures live, and move, and have continual being. Thus, during the year, many have found the Lord to be their Keeper and

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their Shade, blessing their going out and their coming in, and preserving them from all evil.

Yet still more abundantly He has crowned the year with spiritual mercies, to aid in the important work of the soul's salvation. For this purpose, Sabbaths have statedly returned, ordinances of religion have been multiplied, the Gospel has been faithfully preached, the throne of grace rendered accessible, the Scriptures given for instruction, and the Holy Spirit always near to enlighten, influence, and guide. There has indeed been line upon line, and precept after precept, a goodly heritage of sacred advantages. With these privileges, many positive blessings have been bestowed: such as light in darkness, strength for duty, vigorous faith, blooming hope, and peace, love, and joy in the midst of worldly trials and mental conflicts. In these things, reviewing the year, happy families and thankful individuals will be led with sincerity to exclaim, "Thou, Lord, hast crowned the year with Thy goodness." Nor should it be overlooked that it is eminently the goodness of God, whatever instruments have been employed. The statesman may have been wise, prudent, and pacific in his plans and purposes; municipal bodies may have been stringent and watchful in their measures to guard against the occasions of disease; the husbandman may have been laborious and skilful in the cultivation of his land; and the Christian instant in season to avail himself of the ordinances of the Gospel: but vain would have been all the measures and endeavours of men, without the blessing of God. On every favour, both of providence and of grace, there is written, "This is God's goodness. This is God's gift." Happy the nations who thus own His hand, and are led by His goodness to walk in His ways, ceasing to do evil and learning to do well. Happy the men who thus own Him to be their bountiful Lord, and render thanks to Him acceptably for benefits received from His hands, and that not only in the service of songs of praise, but especially in the obedience of a holy life. "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord." (Psal. cvii. 43.)

Chelsea. N.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION:

ITS ATTAINMENT.

Get four things established in your mind: 1. That the blessing *may* be attained. 2. That it *must* be attained. 3. That it is attainable *now*. 4. That it is attainable only by simple *faith*: faith in the atonement, without reference to the merit of works, past, present, or to come. "Fear not, only believe."

1. That it is *attainable* is sufficiently proved by one passage of Scripture: "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it." (1 Thess. v. 23, 24.) This is a surprising text: surprising to those sincere souls who, from ordinary teaching and habits of reflection, have been led into a sort of settled apprehension that the evil over which they mourn must of necessity continue, because there is no available remedy: and surprising for its singular expressiveness, precision, and clearness.

Here is not only a plain invocation for the precise thing, founded on the promise necessarily understood; but also a request that the blessing, when received, may continue to be enjoyed from that memorable period to the end

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of life. And, as if the Spirit of inspiration would leave no room for the adversary of holiness to offer one temptation to unbelief, he uses an expression nowhere else introduced in the volume of revelation. And a peculiar definiteness of language seems reserved for this subject. We are to be kept "blameless;" and this blamelessness, extending to the "whole spirit and soul and body," is to be perpetuated to the utmost limit of probation. To all this is added the strong and unequivocal assertion, that the "faithful" God, who "calleth" His people, will accomplish the glorious work.

2. This blessing *must* be obtained; being that "holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." Only the "pure in heart" can have that blissful vision. "There shall in no wise enter into" the holy Jerusalem "anything that defileth." If we would enter heaven, we must in the final hour be found of God "without spot and blameless." Whether, therefore, we regard the faithfulness of the covenant God, or the security of the believer, entire sanctification must be obtained here.

3. But this great salvation is attainable *now*. It must be obtained at some moment between this and the mortal hour. None deny that it is attainable at death; but neither can it be denied that death may happen to the believer any moment, even the very next. Hence the command of Christ, "Be ye ready;" that is, Be now and always ready; "for ye know not the hour when the Son of Man cometh." Not the pangs of death, nor the weakness of disease, nor the merit of duty, nor the lapse of time, can save. This is the work of CHRIST, of CHRIST only, who is ever ready and ever mighty to save. Assure yourself, therefore, if you are ready to look to the Crucified, that you may have the blessing now.

4. To come to Christ now, is to believe. In Christ are "all spiritual blessings;" and *faith* is the only channel by which they flow to the sinner. This channel may be large or small, and the comparative extent of its capacity regulates the measure of the imparted blessing. "According to your faith be it done unto you."

The power of the incarnate Saviour, as manifested in healing the diseased, confirms and illustrates these views. He required faith in those who would be healed: He ascribed the application of the healing efficacy to faith. It is even said of Him, that He was unable to perform certain miracles "because of unbelief." The woman who pressed through the crowd that "thronged Him," and, in believing hope, "touched the hem of His garment," was healed of her "plague." It is recorded that, on one occasion, when His fame had attracted around Him multitudes of diseased persons, "as many as touched Him were made perfectly whole." It was not the length of their journey, it was not the violence of their prayers or cries, that healed them; but they were healed by their believing approach to Christ. Even so it is with those who desire inward holiness, and seek the cure of their inbred malady. They are healed, they are sanctified, by faith in Christ. Faith receives from Him a Divine and holy influence, changing the enmity of the carnal mind into the image of Him whose name and nature is love.

Many of our invaluable hymns were written under the immediate conviction that Methodism was "raised up to spread scriptural holiness through the land." The ninety-fifth hymn, addressed to the "Author of faith," and describing "inward religion," is an admirable composition, an instructive homily on the way of faith. Here the principle is characterized as a "realising light," a "kindled fire," an "active flame;" and the work of faith is to disperse the "clouds" and "shadows" of time; to connect with the present things "past" and "future;" to exhibit "the invisible to mortal eye;" and to receive into the human heart "pardon, and holiness,

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and heaven." Catch the fire of this hymn, and you have the spirit of Caleb and Joshua. Did they say of the promised land, when they came in sight of it, full of giant enemies as it was, "Let us go up at once and possess it, for we are well able to overcome it?" Just so will you claim the Canaan of perfect love, while your soul is animated by this strong confidence.

But the question is, How shall this faith be put in exercise, so as now to receive the blessing? "I want so to believe as to enter in: how shall I do it?" One thing to be borne in mind is, the distinction between works in order to "the faith that sanctifies," and works in order to sanctification. If sanctification were by works, Christ would be lost sight of. But works in order to the faith that sanctifies, are the well-directed struggles of the wise and able mariner to gain the "desired haven." The notion of sanctification by works fosters pride, exalts self, and leads to the cry, "The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, are we:" "Stand by thyself, come not near me; I am holier than thou." But works in order to the faith that sanctifies, lay the leper, all loathsome and helpless, at the feet of Christ, and then send him to exalt the riches of Divine mercy by telling what great things the Lord hath done for him.

The want of inward holiness must be known and deeply felt, before you can cordially and heartily appropriate Christ and His great salvation. This is a branch of self-knowledge attained by much prayer, by increased attention to the purity and spirituality of the law, and by continuous efforts to gain complete mastery over sin.

In order to obtain the blessing, you must believe for it, casting yourself, with all your sins, on "the atoning God." It is observable that those who were healed by Christ did not all urge their plea in the same manner. In some, faith presented the distressed object before the Saviour's eye, and prompted the prayer that reached His ear. Others seemed not content with this passive faith: they pressed on till they came so near to Christ that they placed themselves in contact with Him. "They touched Him." This was not offensive to Christ; for "as many as" thus "touched Him were made perfectly whole." Now this distinction obtains in the exercise of faith for the sanctifying grace. Many in pursuit of the blessing have received Christ, and have been "changed into the same image," while simply waiting in devout expectation. At the moment of spiritual healing they lay passive, only breathing out their wishes to God.

But "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." This was illustrated by those who pressed forward; as it were, "seizing" and "claiming" the blessing from Christ. Such faith is beautifully described in the four hundred and seventeenth hymn.

This brief essay may be concluded with one remark. In every effort of faith take care that you forget not the Holy Spirit. The work is His: grieve Him not by neglect. He will not give His glory to another. Approach for the struggle full of prayer and with holy trembling. Know that the Spirit of God must work with you and in you, or you can do nothing. The faith that really saves from sin must be the "gift of God," a "Divine evidence and conviction." Our God will be "had in reverence" of all who would enter the "holiest place." Have *you* entered? Gratefully adore. Beholding the glory of the Lord, "stand in awe, and sin not." C.

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THEOLOGY.

THE ABOUNDINGS OF INIQUITY.

A SERMON.

"And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold. But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."—Matt. xxiv. 12, 13.

(*Continued from page* 334.)

II. We proceed to consider the baneful effects of such a state of things. It is most deteriorating, perilous, and deadly. "Because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold." At such seasons, the atmosphere of the church is charged with the most dangerous and destructive elements. Apostasies from the truth, and from the love and righteousness of God, will be glaring and frequent. The foundations of true religion and piety will be sapped. Religion will be extremely superficial; and consequently, religious principle will be weak, base, and ineffective. Religion will be much talked about in name, and great professions will be made in regard to it as an undefined something; but from the religion of God, the religion of Divine truth and holiness, there will be a fearful departure. Men, and even religious men,—men of true faith and love,—will be exposed to the danger of being gradually, and almost imperceptibly, moved from the rock of pure, Christian truth. The influence ever tending to destroy unsophisticated views and convictions of scriptural truth, to wear out piety, and put an end to the correctness and strictness of their lives, will be withering indeed, and, if not resisted, will hurry them away into the gulf of general indifference to Divine things. To the sincere and genuine followers of Christ, even open opposition and persecution are not so dangerous, because not nearly so subtle and insidious. At such times, hypocrites and false professors may apostatise by multitudes, and some few real believers may prove unfaithful; but the danger to true religion, on the whole, is not so great in times of persecution, as amid the disguised and subtle aboundings of iniquity. The former may crush a part of the building, but the latter sap its very foundations. The former may cut off a few members from the body, but the latter eat out the very vitals of the body itself. Persecutions may drive multitudes of hirelings and mere nominal professors from the church, and scare a few of its sincere members into apostasy; but the aboundings of iniquity, and especially in the subtle forms which now prevail, will blight the fields of Zion, and spread the cold and dreariness of winter over all her dwellings. In short, the love of many will wax cold. Multitudes will not merely leave their first love, while deep spiritual religion declines, and a less religious strictness prevails, but they will lose their religion altogether, their love to God will become extinct, and the land will abound with open, and especially with secret, apostates. Thus the influence now bearing upon religious men, and religious principle, and which, alas! has set in almost like an irresistible torrent, is replete with danger, and is most destructive of the pure light and love of God in the souls of men.

There is much religious form; and there is a fearful lack of religious life, power, and purity. The prevalence of subtle and insidious forms of iniquity has diffused a gradual but deadly poison through society, and produced a fearful deterioration in its moral and spiritual soundness. Great numbers hold religious truth and principle—I mean the religious truth and principle found in the oracles of God—with an enfeebled hand. There is a weakness and a looseness in their religious convictions, a confusedness in their views, and an inconsistency in their conduct, indicative of spiritual darkness and coldness. Persecution and opposition have not extinguished the lamp of pure and unadulterated truth, nor quenched the sacred flame of Divine love; but the insidious forms of iniquity have gradually bedimmed their spiritual sight. In thousands of instances they have cooled, and in thousands more quenched, their burning spiritual affections. To do this, the forms of the iniquity now abounding powerfully tend. What more calculated than the wretched principle of expediency,—than a deep indifference to the one true religion,—than indistinct views of the sanctity and obligation of the Christian Sabbath,—than a latitudinarian spirit as to things which God has made fixed and absolute,—than a disposition to regard religious error as harmless, if not to look upon it with favour,—and than a subtle and general worldliness: we say, what can be more calculated than these forms of iniquity, operating, as they do, in conjunction with

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its grosser forms, to make the love of truth, of God, of holiness, to wax cold? And here lies the danger; here is the subtle and deadly poison. Comparatively few have the disposition, and still fewer have the courage, to expose this state of things, to strip iniquity of its disguises, and to sound the notes of a faithful and earnest warning. A false, a bloated, liberalism has blinded thousands: and in many instances, where there is dissatisfaction with the present state of things, and a disposition to lift up a warning voice, the monitor is encountered by an array of charges of bigotry, illiberality, intolerance, and the like. There are, it is true, warm contests waged between various parties; but we are afraid that they produce little beside death. *Love*, love to God and man, is waxing cold. Apostasies from pure, Bible, heartfelt, sanctifying religion, are numerous. Piety is superficial, spiritual life is at a low ebb, and the progress of real, vital religion is slow and questionable. The times, although in some respects promising and propitious, are yet full of peril. These are facts which, with a voice of thunder, speak to every observant mind, and proclaim, "Take heed to yourselves! beware, and watch." My brethren, let us improve the warning. Let us bring the matter home, and see if the declaration of the text has not been fulfilled in us, or in some around us. The question is most momentous. Let us attend to it with the deepest interest, and with the greatest energy. And may the Lord help us!

III. And especially let us mark the encouragement given to persevering fidelity. "But he that shall endure to the end, the same shall be saved."

"But he that shall endure to the end." This is an important condition. It denotes unflinching faithfulness to Christ, and unwavering and undaunted perseverance in the course which He has marked out for us. All the subtle and insidious, as well as open and revolting, forms of iniquity are to be withstood, and their baneful influence on ourselves zealously watched against. Principle—real, simple, genuine principle—must be held fast, and sternly followed. Expediency, as a substitute for principle, must have no share in our estimation, and no place in our motives. Further, the one true and only Divine religion must be regarded as paramount; and a deep conviction of its exclusive claims and supreme importance must be cherished and acted upon by us. Instead of regarding it with indifference, we must embrace it, defend its sovereign claims, and insist on its absolute pre-eminence, with the deepest and liveliest interest, and with all the energy we can command. The Lord's day, too, the Christian Sabbath, must be kept honoured, and sanctified by us; and its Divine authority and perpetual obligation be fully and zealously maintained. Cloudy views and an easy practice, in reference to the holy Sabbath, will soon destroy our religious affections, and produce a deathlike coldness in our souls. In fact, the man who can violate the day of sacred rest, affords decisive proof that his love to God, and to God's service, has waxed cold already. If, then, we would endure to the end, if we would be faithful unto death, all this must be avoided.

Still further: we must zealously repudiate, and utterly renounce, everything like a latitudinarian spirit; faithfully avoid and condemn all religious error; and in this age of worldliness, conduct ourselves as citizens of heaven. Such, whatever amount of reproach, suffering, and loss it may cost us, is the manner in which we must feel and act, if we would be found amongst those who endure to the end. Amidst opposition, persecution, reproaches, in spite of the cry of bigotry and intolerance, amidst defective and illusory views of the standard of religious truth and principle, amidst hosts of apostates and heartless professors of religion, in an age of expediency and worldliness, we must take and *maintain* a decisive and determined stand on the side of Divine truth and righteousness. Nothing, in short, must move us from our steadfastness to God and His holy Gospel. We shall have much to encounter, it is true, if we act thus. But all this the text implies. The term *endure* denotes that we shall be much pained and troubled. Our faith, patience, and charity will be severely tried. We shall have to *bear* a great deal. Suffering, reproach, persecution, and even abandonment, may be our lot. We shall have to bear up against the heavy pressure of a torrent of iniquity. We shall often be hard pressed. But here is our duty: *we must endure.* Patience must have its perfect work. Love to God must be kept burning. Perseverance must be complete. Nothing must turn us aside, or make us stop short. Spite of earth and hell, we must fight our passage through. To fall short of enduring to the end, for a month, for a week, for a day, for an hour, *is to perish!* Nothing short of an endurance to the end, even to the moment of death, will be

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regarded as a fulfilment of this condition of salvation. Not that we need slavishly fear; providing we only earnestly desire, and, in humble dependence on God, resolve, to be faithful to death. But on this we must fix our eye; and at all times, and in all circumstances, at this we must steadfastly aim. Aim at it in adversity; aim at it under persecution and suffering; aim at it amidst smiles and frowns, in ease and in prosperity; aim at it everywhere and at all times. All these seasons are full of danger. Some whom persecution and opposition could not overthrow, have fallen before ease and prosperity. They had withstood the violent shock, but a gentle insinuation has cast them down. Brethren, by God's grace, resolve to endure at all times, and to endure to the end. Yield to no circumstances.

Consider the blessed encouragement to this. How sustaining and animating! "But he that shall endure to the end, the same shall be saved." Be faithful until you reach that solemn and all-important point—death; and all will be secure for ever. Beyond this there is no foe, no peril, no possibility of perishing. This closes your probation, finishes your state of trial and danger together, and, if you have been faithful, irrevocably fixes your lot among the blest. You "shall be saved." You shall escape trouble, suffering, danger, punishment, death, hell; escape wrath, misery, and eternal destruction. You shall escape perishing amid the horrors and agonies of "the blackness of darkness." While all the wicked, while apostates and unfaithful professors, sink into black despair, plunge into the awful depths of everlasting torment, and are crushed and agonized by the vengeance of God, infinite and eternal, you "shall not be hurt by the second death;" between you and it there shall be a great impassable gulf. And what a salvation is this! If there were nothing else, this would be worth all we can endure. But this is only the negative side. This is the lowest part of eternal salvation. The believer who is faithful unto death, shall not only "not perish, but have everlasting life." He shall be saved eternally. He shall see God in His beauty and glory, be satisfied with His likeness, rise resplendent with His image, breathe seraphic love and joy, and be perfectly secure and happy beneath His smile for ever. "He shall be *saved*." A meaning is compressed into this word which it will take eternity to expand and unfold. It comprehends a blissful and glorious immortality; "a crown of life;" a "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." It comprehends the full, the satisfying, the everlasting enjoyment of God. It comprehends, in short, all of safety, honour, glory, and happiness, that spiritual and immortal man can enjoy Think, my brethren, of a perfect deliverance from the deepest and most prolonged misery, of perfect and eternal security, of the unclouded vision of God and the Lamb, of an eternal dwelling amid the ravishing beauties and glories of the new Jerusalem, of trees of life and rivers of purest blessing, of the brightening splendours, bursting joys, and swelling notes,—think, in a word, of all that Jehovah has revealed or intimated of perfect bliss and glory; and then, so far as mortals can, you may think what it is to be saved. And shall not all this lead us to endure to the end? Shall we be unfaithful in the prospect of happiness and glory like this? Rather let us gird on our armour anew. By God's grace, let us nerve, let us fortify, ourselves more vigorously to prosecute the conflict. The grand, the solemn, the all-decisive period draws near. Dangers may grow thicker and fiercer as we approach the point,—the infinitely important moment of victory. But God is on our side, our Captain bids us fear not. He arms and strengthens us for the combat; and if we faithfully endure a little longer, the shouts of a final victory will soon burst on our ear, and triumphant angels will welcome our spirits home to God. Amen.

S. L. A.

TO THE UNAWAKENED.

"Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."—Matt. xxiv. 44.

These were our Saviour's words to His disciples, when telling them of things that should be hereafter; and these are His words to us now. Death often comes without a moment's warning: sooner or later all must die: and should we not strive to "make our calling and election sure?" If He come and find us watching, well: but if not, what is the sentence for those who wait not their Lord's coming? They shall be cast into "the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone;" where "there shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth." Lord, save us from this horrible pit!

"Be ye also *ready*." This implies the necessity of preparation. We are all

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sinners, lost sinners, undone, and cannot come to God, but through Jesus, His beloved Son: and grace sufficient is offered to every one of us, in order that we may come. None can be "*ready*" unless they have "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb:" unless they feel their hearts renewed, and their sins forgiven, for the sake of Him who died on Calvary: unless they have conscious acceptance "through the Beloved;" and these alone can be said to be "*ready*," waiting till their change come.

"For in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." His coming shall be sudden and unexpected. None knoweth its time; "not even the angels which are in heaven, but my Father only." It may find some in the ball-room, threading the mazes of the dance, and hurry them away to the depths of an unseen, unthought-of eternity. Others it may find in the ale-house, drinking perdition to themselves, and often to their families also; and these may only awake from their sleep to find themselves the prey of "the worm that dieth not, and of the fire that is never quenched." And now, look inside this little chamber, and behold a fair young form stretched on a bed of languishing; and hear from those pallid lips such words as these, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Death comes there too; but O, how gently, how softly, he places his cold hand on the pale brow, and the spirit passes away to that God who gave it! Or, again, look at that venerable old man, whose limbs have refused to support the feeble frame, and whose every breath seems as though it would be the last: hear what he says,—"Though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another." And then the aged pilgrim sinks to rest on the bosom of his Lord. O, may I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his! To Christians the hour of death, though it may come unexpectedly, is a blisseful hour; for thenceforth they shall be for ever in heaven.

And now let me address a word to the gay and thoughtless, to the lovers of pleasure more than of God. Would you like your call to come when you are in the height of mirth and excitement? Would you not, if you saw the grim form of death advancing, flee, crying, "I am not yet *ready?*" Would you like to see him come, when in the midst of your revelry? would not your cry be, "I am not yet *ready?*" Pause then, pause, and think. Death will wait for no man. He calls, and you must go. O, tremble and prepare! What will it avail you in the last great day, to say, "It was so sudden that I had no time?" *No time*, sinner! What! many long years for mirth, and yet *no time!* "Prepare to meet thy God." "Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." Let me earnestly entreat all those who read these lines, and are still unsaved, to make sure work for eternity. And you who know Jesus I would encourage to press forwards; for there are heights and depths still unknown, even to you. And may we all remember the words of our Saviour, when he said, "Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come;"—whether "at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning. And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch!" E. M. B.

BASKET OF FRAGMENTS.

Those pay dear for pleasantry who joke at the expense of truth: others are very apt to conclude that if they disregard it in jest, they will also in earnest.

To judge by externals, is to test gold by the glitter; when, in truth, the refiner's crucible is the only place for proving the pure metal.

The moment a sapling becomes united to Christ, that moment the sapling becomes a fruit-bearer; and, if you are trees of the Lord, do not be surprised if you feel His pruning-knife:—*all his fruit-bearers feel it.*

Suppose the greatest sinner on the face of the earth were to come in here. Do you ask me what he must have done in order to have become such? O, he must have heard of the Gospel's salvation, and despised it!

To return the love of friends, is the charity of publicans from the compact of advantage; but to be well-minded towards enemies, is among the heights of the Christian law, and an imitation of the Godhead.

Be great students of the cross of Christ: it is the great means of resisting Satan.

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DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

GOD'S CARE OVER A MISSIONARY.

The promise, "Lo, I am with you alway," doubtless includes protection from danger. The Missionary company which left Leith on the 7th of September, 1820, experienced a manifold fulfilment of this promise. There were together Sultan Katte Ghery, a descendant of the royal family of the Crimea, his wife, a daughter of a respectable gentleman in Edinburgh, myself, and one or two other passengers. After traversing the German Ocean a few days, with a favourable wind, a Sabbath occurred. As we were all suffering from sea-sickness, there was no public service; but in the evening we made an effort, and held a social meeting in the cabin, after which all went on deck, and continued to walk about till near nine o'clock, when there was a general move towards their respective berths. The Captain, too, retired; and only the Mate, myself, and two or three seamen, remained on deck. Again and again I resolved to retire to my cabin, but still continued alternately to recline on a bench, and move about on the quarter-deck, till it approached the hour of midnight, and I began to take myself to task for such unaccountable conduct. When these thoughts were passing in my mind, I looked across the quarter-bows of the vessel, and observed the high and rocky coast of Denmark, apparently within a few hundred yards of us. The alarm was instantly given; the Mate gave an immediate order to put the ship about; and the Captain, aroused by the bustle and noise, came on deck. After making inquiry as to the manner in which our danger was discovered, he observed, that if we had kept on in the same course a few minutes longer, we must all have perished. The vessel was sailing at such a rapid rate, that she would have gone to pieces by the first stroke against the rocks; and there was such a surge produced by the high wind lashing the sea against them, that all the boats must have been swamped, while to scale the precipices would have been impossible. On inquiring of the Captain why he had not been keeping a better watch, he informed me that, according to his reckoning, he was still fifty miles from land; and that there must have been a strong current in the ocean, occasioned by the prevalence of a westerly wind, which had impelled us onward much quicker than the log indicated. I looked back with a thankful heart upon the dreadful peril from which a merciful Providence had delivered us, and could then understand the reason why I had been prevented from retiring at my usual hour of rest. Eternity will never efface the impression made upon my mind by this manifest interposition of a kind Providence. On that spot I dedicated myself anew to my kind Preserver, who had thus so wonderfully "delivered my soul from death."

I must add, as another instance of God's mercy, and the fulfilment of His promise, a second deliverance, but accomplished by other means. In the autumn of the year 1821, when I was living in a Russian fort, in the midst of a mountain-tribe called the Inguish, I was subject to repeated attacks of intermittent fever, which caused some alarm to the Russian officer who commanded the detachment of the army stationed there. He repeatedly invited me to occupy one of the two chambers of which his cottage consisted; supposing that the dampness of the subterranean residence which I occupied was the cause of my sickness. At last, finding that I should rather gratify than inconvenience him and his wife by my compliance, I removed to the Captain's house. The hovel which I quitted was formed by digging a space about twenty feet by twelve out of the brow of the hill, and throwing the earth over the precipice, which formed one side of the fort: this was boarded up on three sides, so as to prevent the soil from falling in, and a wooden front, with one or two small windows, formed the remaining side of the structure; to which a path from the hill above led through a cook-room on one end of the dwelling. The covering was composed of beams laid across, which supported an immense mass of earth, so solid, that the roof was in a line with the open space of the fort, and, indeed, formed part of the promenade. During the summer, I observed no dampness, and the beams appeared so strong that I felt no suspicion of danger. In the course of about a week after I had removed to the Captain's house, my servant came into my apartment at an early hour, and, with a very sad countenance, asked me to accompany him to see something which had arrested his attention. I followed him to the spot where a few days before my dwelling stood, the beams of which had given way, and the whole mass which they supported, enough to bury a hundred men, had fallen in; and the largest portion of it lay on the very spot where I used to sleep. I had often accounted my fever an affliction; and one night felt so ill, that I attempted to rise and write to my friends, informing them that, if found dead in the morning, they might know that sickness, and not violence, was the cause. Now, however, it appeared that this fever had been sent, not to destroy, but to save my life; for, if I had continued in my former habitation, it must have inevitably become my grave. I will neither attempt to recall nor to describe the feelings which I experienced on witnessing this desolation,

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but have often reflected with gratitude upon my preservation, and have felt rebuked when disposed to distrust the kind providence of God over myself and family. —*Rev. George Blyth, of the United Presbyterian Church.*

PARENTAL MONITOR.

THE MOTHER'S MISTAKE FATAL.

Who among the children of men requires so much wisdom as the mother of a family? The statesman requires wisdom that he may so advise or direct as to secure the happiness or prosperity of the nation; but should one statesman act unwisely, another may step in to repair the evil, and so his country may be saved from impending ruin. The merchant needs wisdom and skill, foresight and tact, that he may guide his affairs with discretion; but should all his plans be frustrated, and riches make themselves wings and fly away at one period of his life, he may have them restored at another; so that at the close of his life, he may leave his family in ease and comfort. The farmer needs wisdom in cultivating his land and arranging his stock, so as to bring him the best return for his labour and toil; but, should he fail one year to realise his hopes, the next may make up the deficiency. The navigator needs wisdom to guide his frail bark over the trackless deep, so that he may escape the rocks and whirlpools which may lie in his way; but, should he be unfortunate, and become a wreck, he has a chance of being saved by holding on by the rigging or in his boat, and in this painful situation he may find timely help from another voyager. But the mother!—if she make a mistake in her mighty work, the probability is that it will be fatal. Her little bark, which has just been launched in the ocean of life, will find many rocks and quicksands and whirlpools in its way; she, the mother, is to be the pilot for the most important part of the voyage; and, if she fails to guide it aright, dreadful will be the wreck, when it dashes over the precipice of time into eternity. There will be no kind hand to help, no returning seasons to repair the injury: the work is done, and done badly; and eternity will echo and re-echo the dreadful tale of a child lost through a mother's neglect.

OUR SERVANTS.

THE FAREWELL,—A PARTING ADDRESS TO SERVANTS.

BY THE REV. DAVID HAY.

No doubt the time and place are fresh in your recollection, when you bade farewell to your parents and your home. On that day your heart overflowed with feeling, and your eyes with tears. While you were preparing to depart, you were sometimes excited by the prospect of the new circumstances in life in which you were about to be placed; and, at other times, you were depressed at the thought of the separation which was at hand. All this was natural; and had it been otherwise, there must have been either a sad fault in you, or in your home. But there was *one* who felt the pang of separation more keenly than even you. Yet it was not grief so much, as affectionate anxiety for your welfare. Your *mother* knew that she could no longer retain you; that it would not be for your advantage to do so; that this step was absolutely necessary in the circumstances of the family; yet she could not but feel much at parting with you, and with trembling apprehension she saw your frail bark launched on life's rough sea. She knew how many rocks are there! and how vast the number of those who have, in one or other of its tempests, suffered shipwreck in their reputation, and with it have perished life's fairest prospects. Perhaps the painful and distressing case of the child of some friend or neighbour was present to her mind, and her soul trembled, lest the same evil should befall her daughter also. If she were a religious mother, she not only gave you the warnings of experience, and the advices of affection, but pointed you especially to religion as your only safeguard, and commended you in prayer to the God of providence and grace. Though distant from her, she knew that you might ever find your heavenly Parent near; and to Him she would direct you to look, and in Him to put your trust. Whether this were so or not, and whatever may have been your conduct to your Father who is in heaven, He it is who has preserved and delivered you. You owe your life and safety to His protection and blessing. May you serve Him in the spirit of grateful love on earth, and eternally adore your redeeming God in the society of the glorified, where farewells are never heard!

In this world, we must expect our intercourse to be often interrupted. From those in whom, by frequent association, we have become interested, we must part. You and

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I have had some fellowship of late, but the time has come for me to bid you farewell. Before I do this, allow me, once more, earnestly and affectionately to address you. I must confess that my interest in you has increased with my effort to do you good, and I will not abruptly withdraw. I have been reviewing the subjects which have been brought under your consideration; and the more carefully you weigh them, I am sure you will be convinced, that you have been furnished with counsels and cautions which have a direct bearing upon your interests and happiness. I am most anxious, both for your own sake and that of the families in which you may live, that you should practically carry out the suggestions which have been offered. Do not be content to remain just what you are. Whatever excellencies you possess, you may greatly improve. You may yet learn much from your own experience,—from your observation of the conduct of others,—from the suggestions of friends,—and also from the remarks of those who are unfriendly to you.

1. Your *past experience* should teach you some valuable lessons. You have no doubt had occasion to mourn over inconsiderate, and even sinful, acts. One hour's folly has made a week bitter, and, in some instances, life itself less sweet and joyous. And are these things to be lost upon you? Are you to go on inflicting upon yourself and others troubles and sorrows, which a proper regard to the past might prevent? Surely not; rather let your bygone errors make you more watchful for the future, and avoid the evils from which you have suffered. It is an old and familiar proverb, that "a burnt child dreads the fire;" it is made cautious by the pain it has suffered: and shall not the smart of past imprudence make you more careful in time to come? You have also had an experience of another kind. You have proved that a correct and sincere deportment has always yielded you comfort in the end. There is always an advantage eventually in doing what is right. Just in proportion to your diligent and honest performance of the duties of your station, you have found satisfaction. Then do not be allured by any tempter or seducer to leave a good path and a right way.

2. You may learn from the *conduct of others*, how you may best regulate your own. You will observe the ways of those around you, and especially those with whom you have intercourse. Instances of exemplary virtue will come before you, which you will do well to imitate. And because they have served others well, they have effectually served themselves. You have seen the opposite of these. Cases have come under your observation in which the parties have yielded to indolence, deceit, and treachery; and as they have sown, so have they reaped. Their reward has been according to their deeds,—first disgrace, then ruin. Take warning from such, lest you should be entangled by their sins, and caught in the snare of your great and fearful adversary, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour.

3. Take good heed to the *advices, cautions*, and even *reproofs*, of those who sincerely seek to promote your interests. If marking serious defects in you, they point them out, do not be offended, or suspect, on this account, the genuineness of their friendship. If, in consequence of your inexperience, they see you exposing yourself to danger, reject not their kind and earnest caution, though your proud and foolish heart incline you to resent the interference. And should you have fallen into error, and even into sin, and they reprove you, do not hesitate to confess your fault, and never attempt a justification in which your conscience will not support you.

4. And you may also learn valuable instruction from those who have never showed a friendly disposition towards you, but the contrary. There is often truth in their remarks, though made under the influence of an unkind feeling; and their very rancour and bitterness may be turned to good account. And, at any rate, the animosity of such is far less dangerous than the seductive flattery of the selfish and the insincere. From their society no advantage can be gained, but much evil may result. It appears, therefore, that from every circumstance in life you may learn something that may be of service to you; and that you may be always increasing your knowledge, and practically applying it to the duties of life.

And now, in conclusion, I ask you to reconsider the various subjects which have been brought before you. I have admitted that many servants go out into the world under great disadvantages, with scarcely any preparation for the duties of their station. But I have reminded you that, however uninstructed you might be, God has provided you with an infallible standard of duty in the Bible, in which you, as servants, are fully taught the nature and spirit of your duties. When you enter into an agreement as a servant, you are responsible to your heavenly, as well as your earthly, Master. Take care that you act so as to please God, and secure the approbation of your conscience.

I have endeavoured to impress upon your mind the value of a *good character*, and pointed out the way in which you may secure it. Never be indifferent to this. Your respectability, if not your bread, depends upon it. A good character is a treasure to any servant; while the loss of it will involve her in poverty and shame.

And, further, I have directed you to *religion*, as the only source of true happiness. Whatever respect you may secure in conse-

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quence of your activity, ability, and integrity, you can only find satisfaction in loving and serving your God and Saviour. On that important matter, I hope you have already decided. You have abandoned the service of the world and sin; and in a denial of yourself, and a taking up of the cross, you are resolved to follow Christ. Having passed the strait gate, let me exhort you to walk in the narrow way, which leadeth unto life. You have tried the pleasures of sin, and proved them vain and delusive: you will find it better to suffer affliction with the people of God, knowing that there is a final recompense of reward.

Take care where you take up your abode. Always give the preference, if you have a choice, to a place in a religious family. There are families so worldly and so wicked, that you ought on no account to enter them; yet, if your lot should ever be cast among those who are not followers of the Saviour, be mindful to witness a good confession. This you can only do by a life *consistent* with the religion you profess. Live with your fellow-servants in peace. In seasons of domestic sickness, do all in your power to diminish the burden of suffering and trial: unkindness and incivility, at such times, are cruel inflictions.

I have now briefly touched on those matters on which I have offered the best and most suitable advices in my power. I press them on your serious and careful attention. I have aimed at your profit. I am fully aware of your trials, dangers, and disadvantages; and this is not the least, that when perplexed, you have so seldom a judicious adviser at hand. Those to whom you are most disposed to listen are generally the most incompetent to guide you; while those who are best qualified you regard with distrust. The question is not what advice pleases you the best, but what advice is best for you to follow.

And now it only remains that I should commend you to God, and to His grace, praying that you may be willing to be guided by His counsel; and that, in every period of your life, acknowledging Him in all your ways, He may direct your paths, and finally bring you to a city of habitation. And with this prayer, I bid you FAREWELL.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE AGOUTI.

THIS animal is about the size of a hare; its nose is long, and the upper lip deeply divided; the skin is chestnut brown, mixed with red, of a sleek and shining appearance; the legs are very slender, and almost naked.

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When satiated with food, it conceals what remains. Its food consists of roots, fruits, and nuts. It is a native of South America, and is hunted by the natives on account of its flesh, which resembles that of a rabbit.

It is easily tamed, and delights in gnawing every thing that comes in its way. The female produces, at all times of the year, from four to six at a birth.

Our woodcut represents the long-nosed agouti; which is said formerly to have inhabited most of the West Indian islands, but is now almost confined to St. Lucia. But it still abounds in Brazil and Guiana. According to Laborde, all the woods of Guiana are full of it, whether on hills, on plains, or in marshes.

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE INFIDEL AND THE DYING CHILD.

The child's disease was scarlet fever. Ten days and nights of ever-deepening gloom had passed; and in the silent night, having insisted that Evelyn, who had herself shown symptoms of illness through the day, should retire to bed, Euston Hastings sat alone, watching, with a tightening heart, the disturbed sleep of the little Eve. It was near midnight when that troubled sleep was broken. The child turned from side to side uneasily, and looked somewhat wildly around her.

"What is the matter with my darling?" asked Euston Hastings, in tones of melting tenderness.

"Where's mamma? Eve want mamma to say, 'Our Father.'"

Euston Hastings had often contemplated the beautiful picture of his child kneeling with clasped hands beside her mother, to lisp her evening prayer; or, since her illness forbade her rising from her bed, of Evelyn kneeling beside it, taking those clasped hands in hers, and listening to Eve's softly-murmured words. Well he knew, therefore, what was meant by Eve's simple phrase, "To say, 'Our Father.'"

"Mamma is asleep," he said: "when she awakes, I will call her."

"No, no, papa: Eve asleep then."

"I will call her at once, then, darling;" and he would have moved, but the little hand was laid on his to arrest him.

"No; don't wake poor mamma: papa say 'Our Father,' for Eve."

"Will Eve say it to papa? Speak, then, my darling," he added, finding that though the hands were clasped, and the sweet eyes devoutly closed, Eve remained silent.

"No; Eve too sick, papa; Eve can't talk so much. Papa, kneel down and say, 'Our Father,' like mamma did last night: won't you, papa?"

Euston Hastings could not resist that pleading voice; and kneeling, he laid his hand over the clasped ones of his child, and, for the first time since he had murmured it with childish earnestness in his mother's ear, his lips gave utterance to those hallowed words of prayer. At such an hour, under such circumstances, it could not be uttered carelessly; and Euston Hastings understood its solemn import; its recognition of God's sovereignty; its surrender of all things to Him. He *understood* it, we say; but he trembled at it. His infidelity was annihilated; but he believed as the unreconciled believe, and his heart almost stood still with fear while "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven," fell slowly from his lips. Soothed by his compliance, Eve became still, and seemed to sleep, but only for a few minutes. Suddenly, in a louder voice than had been heard within that room for days, she exclaimed,—

"Papa, papa, see there! up there, papa."

Her own eyes were fixed upward on the ceiling, as it seemed to Euston Hastings, for to him nothing else was visible, while a smile of joy played on her lips, and her arms were stretched upward as to some celestial visitant.

"Eve coming!" she cried again. "Take Eve."

"Will Eve leave papa?" cried Euston Hastings, while unconsciously he passed his arm over her, as if dreading that she would really be borne from him.

With eyes still fixed upward, and expending her last strength in an effort to rise from the bed, Eve murmured, in broken tones, "Papa come too—mamma—grandpa—little brother—dear papa—."

The last word could have been distinguished only by the intensely-listening ear of love. It ended in a sigh; and Euston Hastings felt, even while he still clasped her cherub form, and gazed upon her sweetly-smiling face, that his Eve had indeed left him for ever.

And yet not for ever. He straightway sought the Lord, and has now followed her to glory.—*Charms and Counter-Charms.*

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BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM WOODHALL,

OF EDMONDSLEY, NEAR DURHAM.

WILLIAM WOODHALL, the subject of the following brief biographical reminiscence, was born in Arkengarth-Dale, near Richmond, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. His parents were exemplary in their deportment, and carefully instructed their children in the word of God. While yet a child, William was visited with the enlightening influence of the Holy Spirit. His conscience was remarkably tender. He imbibed a love for the Bible and the means of grace. His natural disposition was kind and amiable, which gave a peculiar charm to his youthful character. Among his associates he was a confidential friend. These hopeful features of early piety were transient; like the morning cloud, they swiftly passed away. As is too often the case,—especially when youths are prematurely introduced into the busy scenes of active life, in the absence of parental control, and without affectionate, faithful supervision,—William yielded to the fascinating temptation of worldly pleasure, and among ungodly companions soon became careless and wicked even as others. He could not, however, entirely throw off the restraint of conscience, and often endured agony of mind arising from deep conviction of sin. It was not until he had arrived at man's estate, and had become a husband and a father, that he was induced to abandon the way of the ungodly and the sinner. His increased responsibility, and the fearful consequences of his evil example, were vividly brought before his mind. He again resorted to the house of God, where the word preached as a sharp arrow pierced his soul: he fell on his knees a subdued penitent, and cried for mercy. At a subsequent prayer-meeting, while earnest intercession was made for penitents, he was enabled to rest his soul on Christ as his Saviour, and obtained a clear and satisfactory evidence of pardon, the comfort of which he never again lost. He lived by the faith of the Son of God. Amid the buffetings of Satan, the anxieties of worldly care, and the lowering clouds of adversity, he could ever say, "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed! Jesus is mine, and I am His."

He was a man of prayer, and walked humbly with his God. His Bible was his constant companion: while he drew comfort from its sweet promises, he sought to walk in the truth; and his whole life exhibited the power of Divine grace. It was his delight to do good. He was sincere, zealous, and intelligent. His peculiar fitness for the important office of a Leader did not escape the watchful eye of his beloved Pastor. He was entrusted with the charge of a class, which he met for twenty-four years in the same room in which he obtained forgiveness of sins through faith in the precious blood of Christ. Often would he advert, with irrepressible emotion, to the hour, and point to the spot,—hallowed in his memory as was Bethel to the ancient Patriarch,—where his soul, disburdened of her load, was filled with peace which passeth understanding. He delighted to kneel on the same spot, and renew his solemn vow of self-dedication to God. He was enthusiastically attached to Wesleyan Methodism, but without bigotry; nor would he suffer its doctrines or discipline, its Ministers or members, to be unjustly maligned in his presence. By integrity, uprightness, and industry, he won for himself general esteem.

In 1832 providential circumstances led to his removal from this interesting sphere of usefulness, justly endeared to him by so many pleasing associations; and he came to reside with his daughter and son-in-law at a small village near Durham. One who knew him well observes, "At this time he seemed to enjoy a high degree of grace, and to have attained the sanctity of a father in Christ;" nor did his piety here suffer declension.

There were, in the neighbourhood, a few persons "that feared the Lord and thought upon His name:" these were formed into a small class, of which he was appointed the Leader.

During the last "strike," which proved so mischievous and destructive to the cause of God throughout the coal-mining district of the north of England, this little class was nearly disbanded; but he remained faithful. And no one more feelingly deplored the blight which that outbreak of disaffection spread over the garden of the Lord. His regret was not sentimental, but practical: he did all in his power to counteract the prevailing evil, and to foster a better feeling among the miners. In the respective relations of husband, father, and master, he was affectionate, faithful, and prudent; in social intercourse with his friends, he was cheerful without trifling, and always discountenanced the practice of speaking evil of the absent; while in all the transactions of life he was honourably influenced by Christian principle. He was a devout man, and maintained an unbroken consistency of character. It was his own desire to "follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."

But his character never appeared more attractive than during his last sufferings.

> "Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
> Prosperity conceals his brightest rays:
> As night to stars, woe lustre gives to men.
> Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,
> And virtue in calamities admire."

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The affliction which terminated his life was protracted and troublesome. For many months he was unable to recline on his bed, and could seldom enjoy refreshing sleep; but "patience" had its "perfect work." On one occasion when I visited him, he expressed entire resignation to the will of God; and, in answer to my inquiries respecting his Christian experience, he said, "Sir, I have examined the foundation of my hope. I have reviewed forty years spent in the service of God; during which time I have had many answers to prayer. My way is not, and has not been, 'hid from the Lord.' I have lacked no good thing. I feel that I am an unprofitable servant; but my hope rests on the Rock of Ages. 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.'" (2 Tim. i. 12.) His confidence remained unshaken, though he was severely assaulted by the enemy; and the serenity of his mind was unagitated in the midst of sufferings that were distressing to witness. His last words were,—

"O that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess."

His happy spirit entered into rest on Thursday, Sept. 23d, 1847.

JOSEPH K. TUCKER.

MEMOIR OF LOUISA CANNON,

OF BOLTON.

DIED, July 31st, 1847, at Bolton, aged twenty-three, Louisa, daughter of Mr. William Cannon, for many years a Trustee and Class-Leader in that town. She had great sweetness of disposition; but, though "the fear of the Lord" was long before her eyes, the result of the blessing of God on the careful instruction she had received, she was a stranger to "the comfort of the Holy Ghost;" and a natural reserve and timidity indisposed her to converse much in reference to her religious state.

For some time her constitution had been gradually declining by consumption; and, amidst the fluctuations and sometimes deceitfully-flattering stages of that malady, she cherished an ardent love of life: but, at length, finding that she must prepare for death, she began to seek the Lord with great earnestness. She was much encouraged by reading a piece of poetry, in "The Youth's Instructer," for October, 1838, entitled, "The Sleep," the concluding line of each stanza being,

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Not unfrequently she stated how profitable she had found it to peruse those lines, which she evidently understood to allude to that sleep in death, that peacefully falling asleep in the Lord, which she desired to experience.

A short time before her death, taking her father's arm, and walking with him into an adjoining room, she said, "I wish I could give myself up;" and it being replied that God would give her strength to do so, she expressed herself as not being quite satisfied as to her religious state. An interesting conversation then ensued, during which her father repeated the words, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "I will try to believe," was her reply; and then immediately she added, "I do believe." From that time she doubted no more; but, not unfrequently, as if to strengthen her faith, she repeated the passage which at first had afforded foundation to her hope: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ!"

The change in her deportment was now very perceptible. When, apparently, she had but a few hours to survive, all the family being called into her room, she who had once been so timid, now took her leave of all with as much composure as though she had been going on a short journey, and kindly and affectionately addressed suitable advice to each. On her brothers and sisters especially she urged to be kind to their parents, to read their Bibles, and to pray much to God.

Her sufferings were severe. "I often wondered," she observed, "what it was to die; but now I know. I did expect to die; but did not think it would be so soon." More than once she desired her father to pray that she might have an easy passage to heaven: and the prayer was heard; for whilst, with great emphasis, repeating,—

"Take my body, spirit, soul,
Only Thou possess the whole,"—

her voice failed, and, without a struggle, she sank into the arms of death.

JAMES E. MOUNTON.

POETRY.

THE FAREWELL.

BY THE REV. RICHARD BAXTER.

TIME and work end: blest souls are gone before;
Assumed lights may serve to kindle more.
dead can speak: God can His lamps restore.
The winds that blow them out will quickly cease:
High pride, rough passion, God can soon appease;
Truth, love, and concord raise with great increase.

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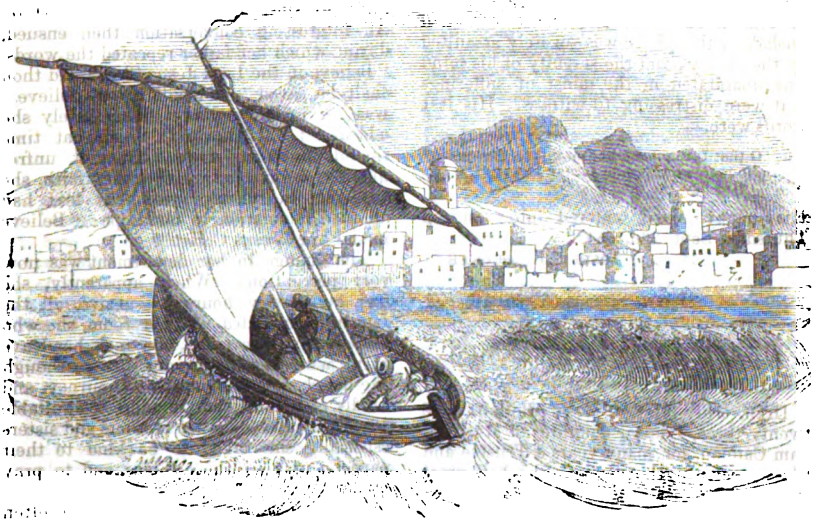
The wise, pure, peaceable for this He 'll choose,
Proud worldlings, raging fools, He will refuse,
And snuffers, not extinguishers, will use.
Yet Satan will not cease: tares will be sown;
Rulers and guides he'll strive to make his own:
By storms and scandals some will be o'erthrown.
Diotrephes must rule, Judas be rich:
The ignorant will err, young ears will itch;
The blind will lead the blind into the ditch.
Lord, convert Saul; check Jewish rage,
And sects, which sad church-wars do wage;
Let light and love proud wrath assuage.
But those blest souls who dwell with Thee
Better things see,
And better be,
Than Adam, or the Golden Age.

ORIENTAL SCENES.



VIEW OF SUEZ.

This town is situated at the head of the western arm, or gulf, of the Red Sea; a little more than sixty-two geographical miles to the east of Cairo. It is poorly walled on three sides, being open to the sea on the north-east, where is a good quay. There is a bazaar, or street of shops, tolerably furnished with goods from Cairo. The population includes more than a thousand Moslems, and more than a hundred Christians of the Greek Church. The transit of the productions and merchandise of the East from the Red Sea to the Nile has always made this an important station, and caused the existence of a city in the vicinity, though the present town cannot be traced to a more remote origin than the early part of the sixteenth century.

"We arrived at Suez," writes a recent traveller, "on the shores of the Red Sea. It is a small town, with a few ruined houses. No garden, tree, or green spot is visible in the whole neighbourhood; and no drop of sweet water is to be had,—that which is at all palatable having to be fetched from a distance of three leagues, on the other side of the sea, and even this has a saline flavour. The town derives its importance only from its harbour, in which a large number of pilgrims annually take ship for Mecca. The steam-boats, for communication between England and India, lie to the south of the town, on the wide bosom of the bay."

Some writers of eminence have been disposed to place the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea, recorded in Exodus xiv., near Suez. But it is too evident that many of those who adopt this opinion forget the *miraculous* character of the event. It is well observed by Dr. Kitto, that "the object of all scientific investigation" in regard to this matter, from Niebuhr downward, "has been to find some place where the

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ebb of the tide, assisted by a wind, might bring the waters so low as to afford the Israelites a safe passage: and hence a place has been fixed upon near Suez, where the ebb alone now leaves a narrow arm of the bay fordable. Since so accomplished a traveller as Niebuhr advanced this view, ordinary travellers, taking no particular interest in the question, have usually assented to his conclusion; but of those who have examined the matter as an interesting point of Scripture history, Dr. Robinson is almost the only one who has concurred in Niebuhr's view.... Mr. Lieder, after spending several days in the locality, concluded that the miraculous passage did not take place at Suez, but did take place eighteen miles further down, at the place where the mouth of the valley of Bedéa, or Tawirah, opens upon the shore of the Red Sea."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE SPIDER'S THREAD.

Reader, when thou hast gazed upon the beautiful webs of the geometric spider that glitter so abundantly in the fields and by the roadside on a dewy morning, or when thou hast, with unsparing hand, swept from the wall of thy dwelling the less pleasing net of the house-spider, hast thou ever considered how important a part the delicate thread of this despised web-spinner plays in the affairs of men? If thou hast not, follow me awhile, and I will tell thee part of the wonders it has contributed to accomplish.

It is then, in some sense, the *astronomer's measuring-line*, by which he has taken the distance of the sun, moon, and planets, and has approximated to that of a few of those remoter luminaries, the fixed stars. By it he has ascertained that these latter, though called "*fixed*," and until lately supposed to be absolutely permanent in space, are in reality perpetually moving with great velocity, and in orbits of inconceivable magnitude. By means of it he has tracked the comet in its erratic course, and has learned the diameters of the numerous orbs that compose the solar system. He has even *weighed* these distant and ponderous bodies, suspending them, as it were, to his balances by the slender and almost invisible thread spun by a weak and insignificant spider. And to the delicacy of these wonderful balances we are wholly indebted for that grand discovery, the detection of the existence of the planet Neptune, and the determination approximately of its position, before a ray of its feeble light had been caught by the searching glass of the observer.

But how,—some of my readers will by this time exclaim,—how can the spider's thread have, in any way, contributed to these wonderful results? The answer is, that all these results are due to the remarkable *accuracy* that has been obtained in astronomical observations; and that in order to make accurate observations, the astronomer must have delicate instruments, one essential feature of which is some means of determining *exactly* the instant when a heavenly body crosses the central line, or *axis*, as it is called, of the telescope. For this purpose, a line of some kind, or, more correctly, a system of lines, must be stretched across the tube, in or near the focus of the eye-glass, marking precisely the axis of the instrument. A fine thread of silk or linen, or even the finest human hair, or the most delicate wire, is too coarse and uneven for the purpose where great exactness is required. A *spider's thread* is found to answer perfectly. Hence it is used in nearly all the better class of astronomical instruments; and daily, in various parts of the world, astronomers are watching the passage of the sun, the moon, the planets, and the fixed stars, behind the fine spider-lines that stretch across the tubes of their telescopes.

The results already mentioned as attributable in part to the fineness and regularity of the spider's thread,—a thread which, slender as it is, is composed of some hundreds, nay, according to Reaumur, of some *thousands* of fibres,—are of themselves sufficiently remarkable. But when we consider their relation to nautical astronomy,—that the lunar and other tables used by the navigator in determining his position at sea, owe their accuracy in part to the nicety of astronomical observations, and hence to the delicacy of the spider's thread,—the importance of this singular product of animated nature rises still higher in our estimation. It is not too much to say that it has contributed to the preservation of human life, and that the "oak leviathans" of the ocean are in some sense guided in their course, and drawn aside from sunken rocks and the lurking dangers of the deep, by the light and slender cord so curiously elaborated by the spinning-apparatus of the spider.

As an illustration of the accuracy with which the position of a vessel at sea may be obtained from astronomical observation, I will introduce, although it may appear to be somewhat of a digression from our subject, an anecdote from J. F. W. Herschel's

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"Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy," with some of the author's accompanying remarks. Speaking of the practical verifications of astronomical predictions, he says: "Eclipses, comets, and the like, afford but rare and transient displays of the powers of calculation, and of the certainty of the principles on which it is grounded. A page of 'lunar distances' from the Nautical Almanac is worth all the eclipses that have ever happened for inspiring this necessary confidence in the conclusions of science. That a man, by merely measuring the moon's apparent distance from a star with a little portable instrument held in his hand, and applied to his eye, even with so unstable a footing as the deck of a ship, shall say positively, within five miles, where he is, on a boundless ocean, cannot but appear, to persons ignorant of physical astronomy, an approach to the miraculous. Yet the alternatives of life and death, wealth and ruin, are daily and hourly staked with perfect confidence on these marvellous computations, which might almost seem to have been devised on purpose to show how closely the extremes of speculative refinement and practical utility can be brought to approximate. We have before us an anecdote communicated to us by a naval officer,* distinguished for the extent and variety of his attainments, which shows how impressive such results may become in practice. He sailed from San Blas, on the west coast of Mexico, and after a voyage of eight thousand miles, occupying eighty-nine days, arrived off Rio de Janeiro, having, in this interval, passed through the Pacific Ocean, rounded Cape Horn, and crossed the South Atlantic, without making any land, or even seeing a single sail, with the exception of an American whaler off Cape Horn. Arrived within a week's sail of Rio, he set seriously about determining, by lunar observations, the precise line of the ship's course, and its situation in it at a determinate moment, and having ascertained this within from five to ten miles, ran the rest of the way by those more ready and compendious methods, known to navigators, which can be safely employed for short trips between one known point and another, but which cannot be trusted in long voyages, where the moon is the only sure guide. The rest of the tale we are enabled by his kindness to state in his own words: 'We steered towards Rio de Janeiro for some days after taking the lunars above described, and, having arrived within about fifteen or twenty miles of the coast, I hove to at four in the morning till the day should break, and then bore up; for, although it was very hazy, we could see before us a couple of miles or so. About eight o'clock, it became so foggy that I did not like to stand in farther, and was just bringing the ship to the wind again before sending the people to breakfast, when it suddenly cleared off, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the great Sugar-Loaf Rock, which stands on one side of the harbour's mouth so nearly right ahead that we had not to alter our course above a point in order to hit the entrance to the Rio. This was the first land we had seen for three months, after crossing so many seas, and being set backwards and forwards by innumerable currents and foul winds.' The effect on all on board might well be conceived to be electric; and it is needless to remark how essentially the authority of a commanding officer over his crew may be strengthened by the occurrence of such incidents, indicative of a degree of knowledge and consequent power beyond their reach."

Another anecdote illustrating the same thing I remember to have met with somewhere; but, not being able to find it, I cannot give the authority of the minor details. Among the passengers of a certain vessel was a mathematician, who in the course of the voyage occasionally amused himself by making observations from which to obtain the ship's place on the ocean. On one of these occasions, after thus obtaining the vessel's position, he found upon examining the chart, that the course they were pursuing would very soon bring them upon some dangerous rocks. He immediately informed the Captain; but he found him unwilling to admit that they could be in the position indicated. The mathematician returned to the cabin, went over his calculations, and, finding them correct, he applied again to the Captain, who still persisted that the calculations of the mathematician were wrong. The latter, confident of the correctness of his results, resolutely demanded that the course of the vessel should be changed; and at length, by resorting to threats, induced the Captain to yield. The vessel was turned aside, and soon after they passed in sight of the danger they had so narrowly escaped.

But to return to the spider's web. I will add one more illustration to show what it is capable of accomplishing. Those who attended the lecture of Professor Mitchell, delivered in this city on the 10th instant, will at once know upon allusion, in this connection, to that exceedingly interesting discourse, what this illustration is. Professor Mitchell, after stating that the great obstacle in the way of determining the parallax of the fixed stars, and from it their distance, is the difficulty of noting the precise time when a star crosses the meridian, proceeded to describe the usual method, that of counting the beats of the clock during the time of observation, by which means the most practised observer cannot obtain the time nearer than within two-tenths of a second. The lecturer then explained to his

* Captain Basil Hall, R. N.

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audience how, by an invention of his own, he is able to divide a second into a thousand appreciable parts. To do this he converts *time* into *space*, *seconds* into *inches*, by causing the beats of the clock to be recorded (by means of a little magnetic telegraph) on a revolving disc, so that the distance between the marks thus made represents a second. Now the instant a star crosses one of the spider-lines in the telescope, the observer touches the telescope-key with his finger, and thus causes a mark to be made on the same revolving disc. The position of this mark among those made by the beat of the clock, gives the *time* of the observation; and, as its distance from the preceding second's mark can be very accurately measured, the time is obtained with corresponding accuracy. Now, the great difficulty in this arrangement was to break and connect the galvanic circuit, at every giving of the pendulum, by an apparatus so delicate as not to interfere with the regularity of the clock's motions.

A very delicate wire lever was constructed, which, by being made to vibrate, alternately broke and completed the circuit. How to connect this with the clock without interfering with its rate of motion, was the next question. A very fine human hair was tried; but, as the Professor told us, it was "too rough, too coarse, too *cable-like*" to answer the purpose. A fibre of silk was next tried, with no better success. At length a SPIDER'S THREAD was selected; and it worked to entire satisfaction. For *twenty months* that slender line has been moving to and fro in the Cincinnati Observatory, measuring off second after second on the revolving disc, and in this way exhibiting accurately the time of a multitude of astronomical observations, thus connecting, as it were, as the distinguished lecturer remarked, the heavens and the earth.

Reader, when next thou brushest the cobweb from the wall, or thine eyes light upon the circular webs glittering with pearly dew-drops on the hedge-row and the grass by the way-side, remember what the spider's thread has accomplished.—*Philadelphia Friend.*

MISSIONS.

MARTYRDOMS IN MADAGASCAR.

IN May, 1850, (observes the late Mr. Freeman,) it was ascertained by the Government that many of the people were still, in defiance of the law, assembling for Christian worship. Officers were accordingly sent to apprehend them; and, on reaching the spot, many miles distant from Antananarivo, they themselves were astonished to find so many assembled in the act of worship, and having, moreover, a chapel, which they had built for themselves. They were in number upwards of one thousand. The first step was to ascertain who were the leaders of the party, and who had built the chapel; and then to discriminate between those who had been already convicted on previous occasions, and those who had recently united with them. An immense assembly of the people was convened to be present at their "trial;" or rather, at the delivery of a message from the Sovereign, and the final sentence regarding the punishments to be inflicted. Four of the Christians, nobles of the land by birth, were condemned to death at the stake. Fourteen were also put to death by being thrown over a steep and precipitous rock. They were bound with cords, and suspended for a time over this dreadful precipice, and asked if they would take the oath proffered to them, implying that they would never transgress in this matter again; and, on their steady refusal, the cords were let go, and they were dashed pieces. Hurled from the rocks, their cry went up to heaven, and their spirits joined the glorious company of the martyrs.

Penalties have been imposed on all the rest, whose total number, it afterwards appeared, amounted to upwards of one thousand six hundred!

Now, "thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory," that His word is still mighty to subdue the hearts of men to obedience and faith; that so goodly a company of confessors could be found in Madagascar, and that so large a number has proved "faithful" even "unto death."

GENOTE, THE KAFFIR.

THE late Mr. Freeman mentions a Kaffir, of the name of Genote, whose case is remarkable. Some years ago he went, in sheer curiosity, to see a Missionary. Zwart Booy, as Genote was usually called, remembered much that was said, and could not dismiss from his mind the exhortation to "flee, for there was danger." Yet the poor Kaffir knew of no danger except that of being wounded or killed in war. A little later a friend brought him to the Missionary, and said, "Have the kindness to speak to this old man: he has been restless and sleepless these two nights." When asked about the cause of his uneasiness, "O!" said he, "my sins! my sins! The immensity of my sin makes my heart as heavy as a mountain of lead. I have no knowledge,

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no wisdom. Tell me, therefore, what to do." The Missionary spoke of God, and found he had now a tolerably clear perception of Him as Creator and Preserver. "But," said the man, "I want something more. I cannot be satisfied. I cannot rest. Tell me what it is." To his anxious and prepared mind, the words of life and the wonders of redeeming mercy were unfolded. The poor Heathen listened with breathless interest. Light was breaking in. "Tell me again," said he; "for I am old and stupid." His eyes were fixed; tears streamed down his sable cheeks; his tall figure trembled with mental agitation; and, as soon as he could find utterance, he expressed his wonder at the mercy of God. At length he resolved to come and live near the Missionary. He tried to arrange this with some of the people; but he had some difficulty in securing pasturage for his cattle. In his perplexity, he nobly said, "I am a Kaffir, and I am fond of my cattle; *but I'll get rid of the last of them*, if I cannot otherwise come to reside here to hear the word."* As the Missionary was needing a shepherd, he proposed to him to come and tend the herd, and that he might graze his cattle with them; and he should be paid for his services. Genote was silent a few minutes, and then said, "That is not *your* plan: it is," said he, pointing upwards, "it is *He* who has put it into your heart."

* Matt. xiii. 45, 46.—"The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls: who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it."

PAPERS ON BOTANY.

EVENING PRIMROSE.

The *onagraceæ*, or evening-primrose family, are briefly described by Professor Balfour as "herbs or shrubs, with alternate or opposite, simple, not dotted leaves, and with the flower usually tetramerous;" that is, of four parts. "They inhabit chiefly temperate regions, and are found abundantly in Europe, Asia, and America, and sparingly in Africa. Some yield edible fruits; others furnish edible roots. Many have mucilaginous properties, while a few are astringent.... There are about thirty known genera, and upwards of four hundred and fifty species."

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A NEGRO LOVEFEAST.

Whilst innumerable difficulties crowd upon the pathway of the Missionary to the blacks in our "sunny south," and he is denied many of the social and religious privileges his brethren on Circuits and stations enjoy, and meets with much to discourage him in his arduous and responsible work, he is not entirely destitute of seasons of enjoyment. In the wilderness through which he travels he occasionally finds an oasis, where he is refreshed and invigorated, and prepared for the duties and trials that await him. In the black man's smoky cabin, beside his dying bed, he often feels that he occupies a "privileged" spot, and stands "quite on the verge of heaven." In the lovefeast, the class-meeting, the prayer-meeting, as well as the great congregation, he not unfrequently realises the presence and blessing of God, and rejoices in witnessing the manifestations of His grace to others. The coloured people are strongly attached to the peculiarities of Methodism. They love class-meeting and lovefeast; and who, that has attended one of their lovefeasts, has not returned home with the conviction that many of them were the children of God by spiritual regeneration? Not a great while ago, I attended a lovefeast on one of the Missions of the South-Carolina Conference, where the members of the church seemed to enjoy much heartfelt piety. After the usual introductory services, the members were permitted to tell each other something of their Christian experience.

The first who spoke was *John*. He said: "I feel tankful to my Preacher dat I am preserb to see de fust Sunday in de mont. Tongue can't 'spress my feelins when I hear de bell ring dis mornin. I tink I feel like King David, when he say, 'I was glad when dey say, Let us go up to de house ob de Lord.' My Preacher, I lub my Jesus. I want to lub Him wid all my heart, and sarb Him wid all my might. I lub all my bredren and sister, and determine, by de grace ob God, to meet dem in heben."

Old Richard. "My Preacher, I feel tankful I lib to see anoder lub-feast. I been long time in de sarbis of God; and dis mornin I feel determine to go all de way to heben. Glory to God, my bredren; dere's noting like 'ligion! I feel de joy ob de 'ligion in my soul: God bless me on de way to dis lub-feast; and now, while talking, I feel de lub ob God burnin on de altar ob my heart. I want to be faitful till det; and when I'm ded an' gone, I want my bredren to know dat one more sinner been sabe from de debil. Glory to God! I almost home."

Thomas. "Tank God, my Preacher, I'm alive, and allow to meet you here to-day. I don't git along so fast as some of my bredren in de way to heben; but I feel determine to do de best I can. I know I got to die, and after dat to go to judgment; and I know if I don't sarb God in spirit and in trute while I lib in dis world, I neber can see His face in peace. Pray for me, dat God may make me a faitful man, and sabe me at last in heben."

William. (Class-Leader.) "Tru God's good probidence, I lib to see anoder lub-feast. I feel tankful dat I am here to-day. When I was a young man, I was awaken by de preaching ob de Gospel. The Spirit ob God stribe wid me day after day, and week after week. I cry and pray at home, in de field, at church, and ebery way I go, but I find no peace till one day God help me to trus in Jesus. Den light shine into my soul. Den de Spirit bear witness wid my spirit, dat all my sins was pardoned, and I got berry happy, and gib glory to Jesus. Since den I try to be faitful. To-day my heart burn wid de lub of God. I beg you all to pray God to make me a useful Leader, and sabe me and my class in heben."

Nancy. "I feel, my Preacher, dat I'm not wordy to come unto de house ob de Lord. But God for Christ's sake hab mercy on me, and pardon my sins, and gib me an ebidence ob acceptance wid Him, and I feel dis my duty to speak for Jesus. I aint ashamed to own my Lord. He is de Friend of sinners. He lub me, and gib Heself for me, and now prays for me in heben. I don't expect to see anoder lub-feast. I'm goin down de riber bery fast: in a little time I'll cross de bar, and den enter de ocean. I want to lib a holy 'oman. I neber will gib up my shield, or lay down my arms, till I march up de hebenly street, and ground my arms at de feet ob Jesus. My Preacher and my bredren, pray for old Nancy; pray dat God will gib me grace to conquer, and den take me home to rest."

(As the old woman resumed her seat, I looked round upon the congregation, and saw but few who did not appear deeply moved. None doubted Old Nancy's piety. She had been a faithful servant and a consistent Christian many years.)

Joseph. "I'm glad to see and enjoy dis lub-feast. I feel dis mornin dat I lub my Jesus; and I feel determine, by de Lord's help, to follow Him to de end. I know dat I am weak and helpless, and widout Jesus I can do noting dat is good. My bredren, when you bow at de mercy-seat, cry out for poor brudder Joe, who is trying to get to heben."

Betty. "Tank God, I'm spared to see dis glorious Sunday mornin, and meet you all once more. I no been here for some time. I been 'flicted—had great pain ob body,

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but Jesus been wid me, and make all my bed in my sickness. Sixteen years ago I was converted, and joined de church; and I hab enjoy religion eber since. I would not gib my religion for de world. My religion make me happy, and all de wicked people on de plantation can't make me unhappy. I can lub dem dat hate me, and pray for dem dat tell lies on me. I try to grow better as I grow older. I feel to-day dat I hab hold on Jesus. I hold Him wid a tremblin hand, but I will not let Him go. My heart feel like a bowl dat is full and runnin eber. Glory! glory! glory to Jesus for ever!"

Jack. "Me is one poor African. Me born in dat koontry. Neber hear 'bout Jesus and heben, till dey bring me to dis koontry. Here Missionary tell me 'bout Jesus. Jesus die to sabe poor Jack; and Jesus hear me, and forgib me sins. Now me happy. Now me lub Jesus. Me can't talk better. Pray for Jack: pray God to send Missionary to Africa to tell all de people 'bout Jesus."

Others spoke, but I heard them not. The last words of old Jack had taken possession of my mind. I thought of Africa. The bones of Cox and Barton are there! They fell with "victory" on their shields. They have gone to their reward. Thank God! thousands of Africa's sons and daughters have received the Gospel, and have been made wise unto salvation.—*American Paper.*

POPERY.

FASTING AND MURDERING.

Sir T. Fowell Buxton gives the following chapter of facts, in illustration of the practical results of Romanism at home, where there is the most of it, and it is in its best estate:—

"The jail at Civita Vecchia is an old, strong fortress, close to the sea, and contains one thousand three hundred and sixty-four desperate-looking criminals, all for the most aggravated offences. I am sure you never saw such a gang of malefactors, or such a horrid dungeon. We went first into a vaulted room, with a low ceiling, as I measured it, thirty-one yards long, and twenty-one broad. The noise on our entrance was such as may be imagined at the entrance of hell itself. All were chained most heavily, and fastened down. The murderers and desperate bandits are fixed to that spot for the rest of their lives; they are chained to a ring, fastened to the end of the platform, on which they lie side by side, but they can move the length of their chain on a narrow gangway. Of this class there were upwards of seven hundred in the prison; some of them famed for a multitude of murders; many, we are told, had committed six or seven; and, indeed, they were a ghastly crew, haggard, ferocious, reckless assassins. A Sergeant, in uniform, was ordered to keep close by me; and I observed that he kept his hand upon his sword as we walked up the alley between the adjacent platforms. The Mayor afterwards told us that he, in his official capacity, knew that there was a murder every month among the prisoners. I spoke to a good many of them; and, with one exception, each said that he was condemned for murder or stabbing." Of Gasparoni, a Chief of bandits, Sir Fowell says,—"He greatly underrates his own exploits. To my question, 'How many people have you murdered?' he replied, 'I cannot exactly recollect; somewhere about sixty:' whereas it is notorious that he has slaughtered at least double that number. Indeed, the Mayor of Civita Vecchia assured me that he had received authentic information of two hundred; but he believed that even that number was still below the mark. It is odd enough that Gasparoni is very religious now: he fasts not only on Fridays, but adds a supererogatory Saturday. But, curious as his theology now is, it is still more strange that, according to his own account, he was always a very religious man. I asked him whether he had fasted when he was a bandit? He said, 'Yes.' 'Why did you fast?' said I. '*Perchè sono della religione della Madonna.*' ('Because I am of Our Lady's religion.') 'Which do you think was worst; eating meat on a Friday, or killing a man?' He answered, without hesitation, 'In my case it was a crime not to fast: it was no crime to kill those who came to betray me.' With all his present religion, however, he told the Mayor of the town the other day, that, if he could get loose, the first thing he would do would be to cut the throats of all the Priests. One fact, however, shows some degree of scrupulosity. The people of the country bear testimony that he never committed murder on a Friday!.... You will wish to know how Gasparoni was taken. He became such a nuisance, that, partly from the strength of the military parties which were constantly sent in pursuit of him, and partly from the diminution of traffic on the road, his funds became short, and he could not pay his spies. Without money, and half-starved, unable to obtain intelligence, and surrounded on all sides by

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troops, he was on the point of being captured, when he listened to the proposals of a Priest, who, as it is said, went beyond the authority given him, and offered him a full pardon and a pension, upon which he and his comrades surrendered. He complains loudly of the violation of the promise made to him."

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

Rosenmuller quotes from the book of Mussar the following instructive incident: "A certain man travelling through the city continued to call out, 'Who wants the elixir of life?' The daughter of Rabbi Judah heard him, and told her father, who requested her to call the man in. When he came in, the Rabbi said, 'What is that elixir of life thou sellest?' He answered, 'Is it not written, *What man is he that loveth life, and desireth to see good days? let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips from speaking guile?* This is the elixir of life, and is found in the mouth of man.'"

R. B.

CURIOSITY.

Curiosity concerning the affairs of other persons is very reprehensible. It interrupts the order, and breaks the peace, of society. Persons of this disposition are dangerous troublers of the world. Crossing the lines in which others move, they create confusion, and awaken resentment. Hence many a friendship has been broken; the peace of many a family has been overthrown; and much bitter and lasting discord has been propagated through society. Such a disposition is entirely the reverse of that amiable spirit of charity which our Divine Lord inculcates. Charity, like the sun, brightens every object on which it shines: a censorious disposition casts every character into the darkest shade it will bear. All impertinent curiosity about the affairs of others tends greatly to obstruct personal reformation. They who are so officiously occupied about their neighbours, have little leisure, and less inclination, to observe their own defects, or to mind their own duty. From their inquisitive researches they find, or imagine they find, in the behaviour of others, an apology for their own failings; and the favourite result of their inquiries generally is, to rest satisfied with themselves. Every excursion, also, of vain curiosity about others, is a subtraction from that time and thought which are due to ourselves and to God. In the great circle of human affairs, there is room for every one to be busy, and well employed in his own province, without encroaching upon that of others. It is the province of superiors to direct inferiors to obey. In all the various relations which subsist among us in life, as husband and wife, parents and children, relations and friends, rulers and subjects, innumerable duties stand ready to be performed; innumerable calls to activity present themselves on every hand, sufficient to fill up with advantage and honour the whole time of man.—*Blair.*

LOVE OF FLOWERS.

In all countries women love flowers; in all countries they form nosegays of them; but it is only in the bosom of plenty that they conceive the idea of embellishing their dwellings with them. The cultivation of flowers among the peasantry indicates a revolution in all their feelings. It is a delicate pleasure, which makes its way through coarse organs; it is a creature whose eyes are opened; it is a sense of the beautiful, a faculty of the soul, which is awakened. Man then understands that there is in the gift of nature a something more than is necessary for existence; colours, forms, odours, are perceived for the first time, and these charming objects have at last spectators. Those who have travelled in the country can testify that a rose-tree under a window, a honeysuckle around the door of a cottage, are always a good omen to the tired traveller. The hand which cultivates flowers is not closed against the supplications of the poor and the wants of the stranger.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

[All notices for this department, if not sent by one of the Ministers of the Circuit, must be authenticated by his signature, in addition to that of the sender.]

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age	Date of Death.
Brewer, Mrs. Mary,	Tiverton,	Tiverton,	67	Sept. 1st, 1851.
Martin, Mrs. Mary,	Temple-Town,	South-Shields,	26	Aug. 14th, 1851.

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